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ERRATA.

P. 22, col. 3, line 17, for *Recowitza* read *Racowitza*.
P. 99, col. 3, line 56, for *July 21* read *July 14*.
P. 212, col. 2, line 72, for *reflection* read *rejection*.
P. 248, col. 3, last line, for *Spezzia* read *Spezia*.
P. 298, col. 2, line 11, after *skit* insert *Anti-Marriage*.
P. 493, col. 3, line 57, for *Charles E.* read *Charles A.*
P. 505, col. 2, line 66, for *Hobson* read *Hodson*.
P. 584, col. 3, line 61, for *Glückspitz* read *Glückspitz*.
P. 589, col. 1, line 3, for *Schönebrunn* read *Schönbrunn*.
P. 590, col. 2, line 73, for *Radakichi* read *Sadakichi*.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft's order withdrawing 8,500,000 acres of power-site, phosphate, and petroleum lands will be welcomed as proof of his earnest purpose to maintain the policy of conservation. He insisted on the passage of the law expressly conferring upon the President the power to make withdrawals in the public interest, and giving these withdrawals a status that cannot be disturbed except by express action on the part of the President or of Congress. At no time has Mr. Taft indicated any lack of sympathy with the purpose or the general spirit—apart from questions of law—of the policy inaugurated by the preceding Administration in the matter of conservation; but it seems abundantly proved by the testimony in the Ballinger-Pinchot hearings that it would have been much cut into by Mr. Taft's Secretary of the Interior, had it not been for the vigorous protests of Mr. Pinchot. And even after Mr. Ballinger had gone back on his tracks and in substance reestablished the Garfield withdrawals, the danger was by no means over. Indeed, the closing speech of Mr. Ballinger's counsel before the investigating committee was in large part a bitter and sarcastic attack on the conservation policy as understood by Garfield and Pinchot; and it is safe to say that, but for the agitation of the subject that has been kept up for the past twelvemonth there would have been serious backsliding in this whole matter, including the Alaska coal-land question. Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Glavis may justly feel that it was not in vain that they protested and lost their official lives.

The country cannot be blamed for thinking it significant that the Republican insurgents are flocking to Oyster Bay. When Mr. Roosevelt promptly invited Messrs. Pinchot and Garfield to visit him, it might have been thought of merely as a courtesy shown to old friends and former subordinates. But with La Follette and Senator Bristow—who had publicly complained that he was politically ostracised by the President—and Representatives Madison and Murdock and others to follow, the case is plainly different. Whatever Mr. Roosevelt may be thinking of doing with or about the insurgents, it must be conceded that he is showing great activity in getting at their point of view. And it will be noted that neither Cannon nor Aldrich nor Payne nor Tawney has yet called at Sagamore Hill! Possibly, the host there feels that he is already acquainted fully with *their* point of view.

Even Senator Lodge has seen a great light on the tariff. He has ceased to defend the Payne-Aldrich bill except as a measure that was as good as could have been expected from the "crude and unscientific method" under which it was framed. This is a marked change from the Senator's original attitude. When the bill passed, he gave out a jubilant interview congratulating Massachusetts industries on having come off so well—meaning, it was understood at the time, in the matter of the cotton duties which were trickily raised. But now his talk is all about a "bad system," and no tariff being "permanent" and further revision to be made by Republicans as soon as they find out the facts from the Tariff Board. We cannot say how much the special election in the Fourteenth Massachusetts District had to do with this conversion of Senator Lodge, but it is clear that he is afraid that other elections may go the same way, and is prepared to promise as much tariff revision as may seem necessary to prevent such a calamity.

So far as now appears, the fight for primary and election reform which Gov. Hughes has been making for two years, has ended in complete defeat. After all the agitation, after the sudden irruption of Mr. Roosevelt into the field, not one line has been added to the statutes. Even the compromise which the Governor finally agreed to accept as a payment on account, was refused him. Mr. Hughes himself is aware of the conclusive nature of the result, and confesses that he can do nothing more for the cause he has had so much at heart, in the short time that remains to him in the Governorship. Thus, to all appearances, his failure is absolute.

Yet those who believe in the law of the conservation of moral energy will not say that the long struggle has naught availed. The Governor's public and searching exposures of the methods of party management at present in vogue have not been water spilled on the ground. Even his bitterest opponents have had to admit that there was much force in what he said—that "snap" primaries are indefensible; that to party dissidents should be given a chance to vote on equal terms with the regulars in the primary; that the ballot needs to be improved; that delegates should be named by the rank and file of the party, not by the boss in secret; and that many changes should be made in order to render party control more responsive to party wishes. Hence, in sheer consistency, or out of pure shame, the party politicians who have admitted all this are bound to advocate some measure of primary reform. The question will undoubtedly figure in the next Republican platform of this State. And it is certain, too, that the politicians who manage the convention will speak in praise of Gov. Hughes's whole career in office, and will endeavor to make the people of the State believe that they desire his successor to follow in his footsteps. For then they will have arrived at the time when they have to deal with the electorate, not the machine, and will cast about to make up in every way possible for that "strength illimitably needed" which they have lost in the retirement of Gov. Hughes.

Every Southern protest against lynching and mob law counts in the struggle for education in the law-abiding spirit, and should be hailed as a reinforcement. In the Montgomery *Advertiser* we find a vigorous utterance apropos of a recent lynching in Florida. A mob set out to catch a negro charged with assault, found a black man in the woods, shot him to death, and returned "satisfied." But a few hours later the real criminal was discovered and confessed his guilt. Now, it is not merely the fact that the mob lynched the wrong man which rouses the *Advertiser* to righteous indignation. If it had lynched the right man the crime would have been

nearly as great. The terrible thing is the outbreak of mob law in any of its manifestations, and the real cause of alarm is the tolerance of it. It is an old comment, but one that cannot be too often enforced, which the Southern newspaper makes in saying:

> Mob law is a menace to the safety of human life, a threat to property, in any community which tolerates it. When a mob successfully accomplishes its purposes and escapes unpunished, the community which tolerated the crime will sooner or later feel the violence of some new form of lawlessness.

In a recent primary election in Birmingham, Ala., at which the question was submitted, the result was overwhelmingly in favor of the commission plan, the majority for it being, it is stated, the largest ever recorded in the history of Birmingham on any subject. There were 4,962 votes for the plan, and only 693 against it. Even more significant, in view of the size and importance of the city, is the agitation of the subject in Baltimore, although there the matter is as yet only in embryo. The politicians succeeded last winter in defeating in the Maryland Legislature the project of a new charter which offered important changes in the direction of greater centralization of power and responsibility; but, instead of being discouraged, those who are aiming at more efficient city government are now very seriously considering a campaign for the commission idea. The Baltimore *Sun* squarely advocates that plan, and seems to believe that, owing to the enthusiasm which a "clean-cut, thoroughgoing reform" is capable of arousing, it will not be more difficult to get this measure adopted than it would be to force the acceptance of a less radical scheme in the face of the opposition of spoils politicians. Whatever else these and similar developments show, they are certainly convincing evidence that the old-time American contentment with dishonest and inefficient city government is a thing of the past.

A verdict for $8,000 was given to-day by a jury in the Supreme Court of Long Island City to John Kasczak, who sued the Central Railroad of New Jersey to recover damages for the loss of a leg. Kasczak was run over by a train five years ago in a freight yard at Penobscot, Pa. This was the fifth time his suit has been tried.

Five trials, and five years, to determine the liability of a railway company to a man who has been run over by a freight train and had his leg cut off! The thing is monstrous, whatever the explanation. There is something profoundly wrong in a system under which it is possible, not to say frequent. It is in flagrant violation of common sense, as well as of common justice. No system of law administration can prevent the possibility of error; we are not clamoring for infallibility. But any rational system must see to it that decision, and a decision on as satisfactory a basis as can reasonably be demanded, shall be rendered in a reasonable time. So much for common sense; as for common justice, how much does poor John Kasczak get, at the end of five years of litigation, out of the $8,000 adjudged to be rightfully his? And what of the irreparable loss to him involved in the waiting itself?

We may now hope that this country has seen the end of prize-fighting in public. Even Nevada must become ashamed of being the last refuge for such a disgusting exhibition as last Monday's. To the brutality on the spot was added that of race-rioting in various parts of the country. This is the last straw. The Southern newspapers appear to have foreseen and dreaded this sequel, and did not, as a rule, give prominence to the fight. It was left for the leading journals of the educated and law-abiding North to fling about for weeks in advance their inflammable stuff. Those editors who denounced the vulgarity and indecency which their own pages exploited, will surely go a step further next time and refuse to make a display of what they confess to be demoralizing to the public. If for no other reason than the undisguised commercial exploitation of the fight at Reno, it ought to be the last one of its kind in America. It reduced the "manly art" to a scramble for money. If it was necessary in order to give a quietus to a survival of barbarism, we cannot wholly regret the climax of dollar-grabbing and brutal over-matching, miscalled a prize-fight, by which the national holiday was disgraced.

The conditions attending Harvard's third successive rowing victory at New London emphasize the passing of one ancient tradition in the athletic world. It is the tradition of the famous "Yale spirit" of never-say-die as being sufficient to wrest victory from defeat in the face of all circumstances. Yale grit is, indeed, a real and an admirable quality. But on the water, at least, Yale has now demonstrated that the will is not everything, and that not the most unshakable determination to win can bring victory unless the physical basis for it exists. The fact stands out that for three years Harvard has had the better men in her boat and the better system behind them. In 1908 Harvard finished alone, with the Yale crew in a state of collapse at the beginning of the third mile. In 1909 Harvard won by four lengths. Last week she won by five. On form as well as on performance the Cambridge crew has been the perfect machine as opposed to merely good men in a boat such as Yale has put on the water. And not all the physical heartbreak and all the determination in the world will, on the long average, overcome such a handicap. It may be regrettable, perhaps, that the fine individual resourcefulness which is the main justification of sport, should be giving way before drill, method, and strategy; but the fact must be recognized, even as Yale is sure to recognize it before long.

The world's sympathies will go out to the sorely-tried heart of Count Ferdinand Zeppelin. The recent disaster near Osnabrück means something more than a temporary setback. Coming so soon after the wreck of the Zeppelin II, it seriously threatens the entire scheme to which Count Zeppelin has devoted several fortunes and a lifetime. The Deutschland is the third of Zeppelin's great cruisers to meet destruction just when hope in them rose highest. Once more the lesson has been driven in that, while man may have conquered the air, he is not yet master of the tempest. The vast bulk which in the Zeppelin air-ships is intended to constitute an element of safety, has only proved a source of added danger. Where a smaller ship might scurry before the wind or drop to the nearest flat piece of ground, the monster Zeppelins rear and plunge and dash themselves into fragments for lack of adequate landing space. The Zeppelins' greater size only presents a greater surface of attack to the storm, and their rigid framework makes any involuntary earth-contact almost synonymous with destruction. The German

military engineers have always been distrustful of the Zeppelin cruisers. Their own smaller machines of the Gross and Parseval type have made no such long-distance records as the Zeppelins, but neither have they encountered such signal disaster. There will be no talk for some time of airship voyages across the Atlantic. A recent German cartoon showed Count Zeppelin gazing at the wreck of his second cruiser; below was the legend, "*Alter Herr*, what think ye now of the North Pole?" The German cartoons of to-day may be showing the newest Zeppelin wrecked in the same Teutoburg forest where Varus once lost Augustus's legions, and Count Zeppelin enduring something of the famous agony that beset the Roman emperor.

Mr. Lloyd George's second budget is, of course, in no danger of mishandling in the House of Lords; that possibility has been disposed of once for all. Nor is there any considerable opposition to the budget in the Commons, except for Nationalist dissatisfaction with the whiskey duties, which, however, Mr. Redmond is willing to swallow for the sake of harmony. It is the Government itself that will now hold up the budget, using it once more as a weapon in the fight over the veto. There will be a session of Parliament in the autumn, and until that time final action on the finance bill is to be postponed. Meanwhile, the conference between the party leaders is to go on. If the Liberals obtain satisfactory concessions, well and good. If the conference comes to naught, the fight upon the Lords will be reopened at the coming session and once more the Government will be in a position to threaten a refusal of supplies. On their side must be counted one factor which ordinarily receives much more attention in American politics than it does in England, but which must make itself felt there, too. England to-day is prospering. Trade is steadily on the increase, to the discomfiture of the ardent Tariff Reformers; and the automatic increase in the public revenue makes things much easier for Mr. Lloyd George; so much easier that he can afford to say with a fine disdain that he doesn't care a snap for the decline in the liquor revenues. The moral gain implied in a decrease of liquor consumption is sufficient compensation.

At this distance from Paris, it is difficult to see what standing-ground there was for the agitation in favor of a commutation of the sentence of Liabeuf, the "Apache" who killed one policeman and wounded others, and who has been executed, except in the eyes of two classes—opponents of capital punishment and radical Socialists. Of course, if nobody ought to suffer the death-penalty, Liabeuf ought not; and if every crime that can be traced to the imperfections of the existing social organization is a crime of society and not of the individual, Liabeuf was but a specimen of social evil and not a criminal. To be sure, there was more than this in the special case; there was something on which a strong appeal to the emotions might be based, and the Socialists made the most of the opportunity. It is admitted that he had served terms in prison for thefts which he had actually committed, but he was afterwards imprisoned for a disgraceful offence, of which he was innocent, through an error of the police; and ever after was filled with a passionate and uncontrollable wrath against the police in general. But with this as a background, the Socialist orators put forward the standard arraignments of society and their denial of its right to punish those whom it has made criminals. "Society, which did not help Liabeuf to live, has no right to take his life from him," says one; another speaks of "this terrible Paris, where want that toils and want that prostitutes itself go side by side." Very dreadful, no doubt; and perhaps—who knows—a sufficient reason for wiping out the whole system and starting a new world, where we shall all be virtuous and happy. But so long as we keep this present kind of world going, we have got to govern it according to its kind.

The Liabeuf "affair" receives its last appropriate touch in the characteristic declaration by Gustave Hervé. From his cell where he is now under a four years' sentence for inciting the criminal classes to violence against the police, the noted anti-militarist and anarchist has sent forth a trumpet call for some one to assassinate President Fallières. The psychology of the extreme revolutionary and of the French politician are admirably illustrated in the incident. Only a little while ago Hervé's application for clemency was laid before the man whose death he now advocates. It is a seeming inconsistency which the ardent revolutionist has no difficulty in explaining away. All is fair in war, and particularly in that *guerre sociale* of which Hervé is the most conspicuous prophet in France. Make use of the enemy when you can and get him out of the way when you have the opportunity; false pride has no place in war. But if we ask what Gustave Hervé might hope to gain by so senseless and so criminal a declaration, the answer is that he would gain that prestige which in France particularly attaches to any utterly sensational position. The *geste magnifique* wins the crowd, and there is potency still in Danton's famous prescription, *toujours de l'audace*. The fact stands forth that Hervé has been coming steadily nearer to predominant influence among French Socialists and laborists.

The flat denial by the Prince Regent of China of the request of the provincial delegates for the immediate establishment of an Imperial Parliament brings to a head the contest which has for some time been going on. It is partly a contest between centralization and a large provincial autonomy. On the part of the Prince Regent, it required courage, in the face of strong appeals, to postpone the inauguration of the Parliament for nine years. This will test the determination of the delegates who have for some time been agitating in Peking. Several of them have declared that they will commit suicide if their demand is not granted. The next few days will show whether a clash, greater than any that has taken place thus far, shall occur between the central government and the provinces. It should seem that for China, in her purpose to carry out reforms, there is no escape from the alternative of revolution or an Imperial Parliament. There is no way for the central government to increase revenue and the taxation of the provinces without in some way allowing the people of the latter to be represented. Yet without increased revenue, the Imperial Government will be unable to meet its obligations. A stamp tax has been suggested, but has been stoutly opposed. Thus the Government is face to face with the question whether the appeal of the provinces shall be listened to, and, through representation, increased revenue be made possible.

REMAKING THE SUPREME COURT.

The sudden death of Chief Justice Fuller on Monday comes as a fresh reminder to thoughtful people of the critical days which the Supreme Court is facing. One-third of its membership has gone to the Great Assize since Mr. Taft became President, and it is altogether probable that he will have also to fill the vacancy caused by Justice Moody's disability. Indeed, it is virtually certain that the President will have a fifth appointment to the Supreme Court to make before his term expires, so that, by 1912, a majority of the entire court will have been named by Mr. Taft. This fact alone, quite apart from the questions of transcendent legal and political importance shortly to be passed upon by our highest judicial tribunal, would show through what an emergency it is passing.

Judge Fuller could not be called by his record a great Chief Justice, though he had fine abilities and discharged the duties of his position to the entire satisfaction of his colleagues on the bench as well as of the bar and the public. In passing upon the mass of routine motions that came before him he displayed industry and good judgment; while in what he had to do in making up the calendar of the court and setting down cases for argument, his courtesy and sound sense were universally recognized. It is said, too, that in the private consultations of the judges, and in assigning the writing of the opinion of the court, the Chief Justice was never wanting in tact or in a shrewd but kindly estimate of the personal characteristics of his fellows. When it fell to him to prepare the decision of the court, he showed himself master of a lucid style which sometimes had even a literary quality. His service fell in a period when it was customary to speak of the Supreme Court as weak. By this was meant usually that its important decisions were by narrow majorities; and that there appeared to be no powerful and dominating mind in it that could persuade the others to unanimity along a well-marked line of legal interpretation. Yet this may have been, after all, due more to the nature of the cases thrust upon the court than to special weakness in its personnel. At any rate, Judge Fuller was no Marshall or Miller to impose upon his brethren the unifying conclusions of an intellect of greater range and deeper penetration than their own.

It is this fact, however we may account for it, that causes so keen an interest to be taken in the question of the successor of the Chief Justice. There had been from the first news that Gov. Hughes was to go to the Supreme Court, a general feeling that the reversion of the Chief Justiceship would be his in time. It was said, to be sure, that precedent was against making one of the associate justices the Chief Justice. It would look like an invidious choice. This would not necessarily follow. Indeed, we believe it was the wish of the other judges that Miller should be made Chief Justice when President Grant appointed Waite, as it also was that Field should be so honored when Mr. Cleveland named Judge Fuller. But as the situation now shapes itself, the objection, even if valid in ordinary cases, would not lie against making Gov. Hughes Chief Justice. He would not have served at all, though confirmed as associate justice; and the President could re-designate him as Chief Justice without the slightest danger of hurting the feelings of any of the judges now in the Supreme Court. Mr. Taft has, of course, given no sign of his intentions, and probably will not for some time to come; but the high admiration in which he is known to hold Gov. Hughes lends color to the general expectation that he will ask the latter to succeed Chief Justice Fuller.

Should any further break occur in the ranks of the Supreme Court judges, or even if only Justice Moody elects to retire on full pension, as he may by special act of Congress, the numbers of the Court would be so depleted that it would not be in a position to do any work of importance at its sitting in October. On the other hand, President Taft has very properly announced that he will make no interim appointments to the bench. He wishes no judge to sit who has not been confirmed by the Senate. Yet it might be awkward for the Supreme Court, and unfortunate for the great issues set down for reargument before it, if their full strength could not be given to the judges until after Congress meets, in December. A clear way out would be for the President to call the Senate in extra session, say, at some date in October, for the purpose of confirming judicial appointments. Then commissions could be issued and the Supreme Court might be restored to its full working capacity early in November.

Whatever the decision respecting this, or whatever the choice of new judges made by President Taft, no one can be in any doubt concerning the high importance of securing the ablest men attainable for the hearing and decision of the great and crucial cases so soon to come before the Supreme Court. It is a juncture at which the most commanding intellect and the loftiest patriotism might feel irresistible strength in an appeal to go on the bench. If it falls to the lot of Gov. Hughes to sit as Chief Justice when the Tobacco case and the Standard Oil case are reargued, he would not need to think that he had abandoned a worthy ambition. The consequences of the decisions which he and his associate judges are to be called upon to make are so momentous and far-reaching that every patriotic fibre must be stirred in them, at the same time that they feel the immense responsibility and brace themselves to meet it. In a sense, it is new ground which the Supreme Court will have to break in its efforts to apply old legal principles successfully to the virtually new problems of modern industrialism. And the law governing in that field, which will in effect have to be remade, will be so, it is now clear, by a Supreme Court itself virtually remade.

RATES AND THE COMMISSION.

Close on the heels of the Interstate Commerce Commission's decisions reducing rates to points in the Far West, comes the announcement by the same body that it will stand by the official classification of freights announced some time ago, affecting all that part of the country north of the Potomac and the Ohio, and east of the Mississippi. Against this change of classification, it had received an overwhelming number of protests from shippers; but, after careful consideration, it has decided that there is no reason for changing its original conclusion. If the decisions cutting down rates to certain Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast points was regarded as a move actuated by hostility or want of fairness to the railways, one may hope that the action of the

Commission in the matter of classification will help to reassure those so minded.

But in point of fact there was nothing about the decisions in the Western freight-rate cases to give any ground for believing that the Commission was inclined to act otherwise than with perfect fairness. It had considered with great care an extremely complex state of facts, and had come to a conclusion after endeavoring to give its due and proper weight to every element involved. That there is no definite rule to which the settlement of such questions can be referred is unfortunately true; all that the Commission can do is to take into account the various considerations which enter into the case, and arrive at a result which shall do as little wrong as possible to any legitimate interest involved. But no legitimate interest need feel alarmed so long as this process is carried out, in good faith and with singleness of purpose, by competent men. As for the great flurry in Wall Street, ostensibly attributed to the Western freight-rate decisions, it went obviously far beyond anything that could logically be justified. Here was no general scaling down of freight rates, nor anything indicating an intention to enter upon such a policy; not even anything to show that the Commission would not be perfectly open-minded upon proposals to increase rates, backed by reasonable grounds; what it did was simply to decide that certain arrangements of freight-rates, highly distinctive and based upon special conditions affecting the points in question, were unreasonable and that in a number of those instances heavy reductions would have to be made.

Among the elements which entered into the decisions of the Commission in the Western rate cases was, of course, the earning capacity of the railways; and, by way of precaution, it has ordered, in many cases, that the new rates shall not go into effect for three months, during which time an accurate account will be kept of the revenue arising out of the particular items in question, so that a more trustworthy estimate may be made of the effect which the reductions would have upon the finances of the companies. Equally of course, the question of a higher rate for carriage from the East to an intermediate point than is charged for through carriage all the way to the Pacific Coast was a leading feature of the cases; and it is impossible to set down any principle upon which this question can be decided in every individual instance. For through rates the necessity of meeting water competition must be taken into account; and it would be impossible for the railways to make through rates which would give them an adequate share of that business, if those rates were made absolutely regulative of the business to inland points also. Just what compromise should be adopted is a question on which there is room for great difference of opinion; but the Commission finds, in the instances in which it has ordered reductions, that the railways have gone beyond reasonable limits in the exercise of their discretion. It decides on neither of these points taken by itself; but it puts this and that together as best it can. In the case of Spokane, for example, it finds, first, that the earnings of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern for ten years preceding 1908 "might fairly be termed excessive"; but it goes on to say:

> Having determined that question we did not make reductions in rates to Spokane for the reason that these revenues were excessive, and for the purpose of reducing these revenues. The rates to Spokane were held to be unreasonable, and other rates were established as reasonable, upon entirely different consideration.

Now, this sort of thing is not perfection, and there are many trials before us in its application to the vast and complicated problems of railway administration in the United States. But we believe that it not only is, but is pretty generally recognized to be, the best thing that is practically open to us for the present, and for a long time to come. It stands between the two other possibilities, either of which is superior to it in point of consistency, and, if you please, logicalness, but both of which are open to absolutely insuperable practical objections. The country will never go back to a régime in which rates are fixed arbitrarily by the railways themselves. That régime, dependent for its justification on the idea of competition, was undermined long ago, when the impossibility of anything like adequate competition became manifest to everybody; it was utterly doomed when the process of consolidation had reached the point at which half-a-dozen men virtually controlled the entire railway system of the country. On the other hand, the country is far from ready to take possession of the railways, and make both the management of the railways and the determination of rates a purely governmental function. European precedent does not furnish even a faint approximation to the immense responsibilities and difficulties that would attend such an undertaking. Debarred, then, both from leaving the matter to take care of itself and from taking hold of it in a root-and-branch way, there is no alternative but that of working our way along, from day to day, from year to year, securing as near as may be equity and stability for shippers, for localities, and for railway companies. That the Commission is doing this work with a very fair measure of success, and that the new law will greatly increase its usefulness, is, we believe, the opinion not only of the country at large but of the most representative and weighty of the railway men themselves.

EUROPEAN ANTI-CLERICALISM.

If Gambetta could return to the earth to-day he would be surprised to discover in how many countries of Europe his old cry about clericalism being "the enemy" is reëchoed. He would find in France that the campaign against the Church had gone beyond anything dreamed of in his time; in Italy he would see a rising anti-clerical tide with which the Government and all men in public life are having to reckon; while even in Spain, which so long has been "most Catholic," he would note the astonishing political developments since the execution of Ferrer, culminating in a Radical Ministry which makes a leading feature of its programme a revision of the Concordat and the severe repression of ecclesiastical pretensions. Indeed, taking the past year as a whole, the Vatican has had so many worries and complications that it might well say with the Psalmist, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

Attention is just now centred upon the aspects of the controversy in Spain. The attitude of the new Canalejas Government has provoked bitter discussion which is already having its customary accompaniment of rioting, whether by supporters or opponents of the Ministry. As usual in Spain, we witness two violent and contradictory extremes of opinion in this matter. In a large ele-

ment of the population there is a spirit of the most unbounded devotion to the Church, and of absolutely unquestioning obedience to the ecclesiastical authorities. It is the kind of extravagant zeal which was exemplified at Barcelona last Eastern when several hundred ladies joined in a public protest to the Captain-General against the fearful decay of morals which would be involved in permitting carriages on the street during Holy Week. At the other end of the line we have the great numbers of Spaniards who denounce and attack the Church in unmeasured terms, who demand the clipping of the privileges of the priests in every way possible, and who so easily break out in anti-clerical demonstrations. There must be an intermediate body of more sober sentiment in Spain, but it finds little expression in the debates in the press and in the Cortes, and is certainly hardly mentioned in the dispatches to foreign newspapers.

Just what the Spanish Government proposes has not been clearly understood abroad. In his efforts to promote religious liberty, it has been said in the telegrams that the Prime Minister induced the King to sign a decree changing the Constitution. But even in Spain they take their Constitution more seriously than that would imply. What happened was that a change was made in the official interpretation of the eleventh article of the Constitution. Under it, in 1876, when Cánovas was Prime Minister, a royal decree had denied nearly every public religious right to non-Catholics. Their meetings were held unlawful; their schools were under the ban; they were allowed to live but could not have a public burial; and, finally, they were not permitted to indicate in any way on any building of theirs that religious services were there maintained. Now, every clause of this former decree except the last one had already been abrogated; and all that Canalejas has done is to complete the process and by royal ordinance to make it lawful for a Protestant church or a Jewish synagogue so to declare itself upon its walls. It is this final step in carrying out the guarantees of entire freedom of worship in Spain that has led to the present agitation and to the crisis in the relations of the Spanish Government and the Holy See. Negotiations for a friendly recasting of the Concordat had already been begun, but no sooner had this modification of the old decree been made than the *Osservatore Romano* bitterly complained that it was an insult to the Vatican, which was very likely intended to bring about, and certainly would lead to, a rupture of diplomatic relations. Something very like that has since occurred; though in view of the firm attitude of the Spanish Government, it is probable that the Vatican will find a way to swallow its pride, just as it did in its recent mortifying experience with Germany, when it both offered an apology and withdrew an encyclical. It is plain that to adopt an uncompromising attitude with Spain would be a mistake, since not only has Canalejas an assured majority at his back, for the present at least, but even the Conservatives, as their leader, Maura, recently made clear in a speech, are convinced that the Concordat ought to be thoroughly revised.

In Italy, there have been several Parliamentary sessions taken up with the clerical question. What is chiefly agitated by the Italian anti-clericals just now is a firmer control of the religious orders and of the seminaries, together with an extension of the system of popular education, which the Church opposes. The anti-clerical demonstration in Rome a few days ago was not an imposing affair, but it is at least significant that it should even have been undertaken within sight of the dome of St. Peter's. And it is clear from the declarations of the Government that the Vatican has serious political problems on its hands without going outside of Italy.

Papal diplomacy in recent years has been compared unfavorably with what it was under Leo XIII. That Pope had certainly a wider European outlook than Pius X, and was able to manage the foreign relations of the Vatican with greater skill—or at least greater success. Changed political conditions may partly account for the difference, as may partly the coming in of a papal secretary of State, Merry del Val, who appears to be a thorough reactionary. But whatever the explanation, the fact must be admitted that the anti-clerical movement in Europe is taking on forms and a force that must give the Vatican deep concern.

RUSSIA AND THE ORIENT.

Those who out of Japan's victory over Russia and the prospect of a regenerated China have conjured up the spectre of Europe buried under an Asiatic avalanche, will find their speculations disturbed by the announcement that the population of the Russian Empire has risen to 160,000,000. This is 31,000,000 more than it had according to the census of 1897. The increase in the number of the Czar's subjects is so rapid that, by the time China is fully awakened, her nearest Christian neighbor will muster a population not so much inferior to her own. There is evidently to be no such thing as Asia overwhelming Europe by mere force of numbers. By the middle of the century, Russia, if the present rate of increase continues—and there is nothing in sight to check it, there being abundance of fertile land—will contain 300,000,000 inhabitants. Even those who have shown themselves obsessed by the "yellow peril" do not aver that China will be sufficiently awakened by 1950, or transformed by Japan's military art, to be eager to gird herself for the destruction of Christendom.

The fact is that these prophets of evil have been reckoning without their host. Frightened by the contemplation of Asiatic swarms, they have neglected to inquire what European nations are capable of accomplishing in the way of numerical expansion. Before 1950 the German Empire, which now has 64,000,000 inhabitants, will have within its present limits a population of 100,000,000. Yet even if the peoples of the white race have collectively nothing to fear from those of the yellow race on the score of numbers, there is no denying the fact that the yellow peril, so far as it affects the largest European nation, is a reality. It is evident that Russia will have to stand as in days of yore between Europe and Asia. Japan and China will be a perpetual menace to her. Not that there will ever be any danger that the Russian people may be submerged by the yellow race. A Russia of two or three hundred millions is not going to succumb to twice that number of Chinese and Japanese separated by several thousand miles from the heart of Muscovy. But the integrity of the Russian Empire may be permanently imperilled. It will be no easy matter to hold Siberia when Japan and China

awake to the necessity of breaking the bounds within which their teeming millions are confined. This is the penalty that the Muscovite will have to pay for stretching eastward under the delusion that the potential opposing forces did not need to be reckoned with. Now he realizes his weakness, and henceforth will turn his gaze toward the rising sun in an entirely different spirit from what was his wont before that terrible awakening of 1904 and 1905.

How is this going to affect the attitude of Russia with respect to her schemes of aggrandizement in the direction of the Mediterranean? Having been balked in the Far East, will she be driven to recoup herself by renewing her advance toward a fancied goal in the South? The dream conceived in the days of Catherine of Russia's mission as the deliverer of the Greek Christians who were bowed under the Turkish yoke has been realized in great measure, but coupled with this dream was the expectation that the White Czar would be enthroned on the shores of the Golden Horn. From this objective Russia seems to be further removed than ever. The carrying out of the altruistic part of her programme has only had the effect of making Constantinople slip further from her. The changes that have taken place in the Balkan Peninsula since Russia undertook her successful campaign of deliverance a generation ago have been such as almost to deprive her of any possible pretext for a fresh inroad in the direction of the Bosphorus. The states that were principalities have become kingdoms. The fetters that were supposed to bind Bulgaria to the Sublime Porte—the obligation to pay tribute—have been severed. Bosnia and Herzegovina have ceased to have even a nominal connection with the Ottoman realm. In Macedonia alone, on the European side of the straits, has the Turk any longer the power to oppress the Greek Christian, and there is to be no meddling in Macedonia without a European concert. Europe is inclined to give the Young Turks a chance, and meanwhile the years are slipping by, so that to the new generation in Russia the rôle of the Romanoffs as the destroyers of Turkey is gradually receding into the distant past.

Since Peter the Great, at the close of the seventeenth century, inaugurated the warfare of Russia against Turkey by launching his tiny fleet on the Black Sea and capturing Azov, no such long interval as the present—thirty-two years—has elapsed without a Russian attack upon the Ottoman realm. After the humiliating Peace of Paris, which closed the Crimean War, Russia took only twenty-one years to gather strength for a fresh invasion, which carried her armies to the gates of Constantinople. The Crimean war came only twenty-four years after the advance of Diebitsch across the Balkans to Adrianople, which consummated the great act of the deliverance of Greece. So it has been going on for two hundred years, but now the Russian Panslavist himself can hardly fail to realize that the dream of the White Czar seated on the throne of Mohammed II is likely to remain a dream. The "sick man" has been allowed another lease of life, and who knows what fresh vigor may yet be infused into his system through Young Turkish blood? Another crossing of the Balkans by a Gurko or a Skobeleff may be something that the future has in store, but it would seem to be a distant future. In the meanwhile Russia has not moved her frontier forward in this direction for about a hundred years. In 1812, the year of Napoleon's invasion, it was advanced to the Pruth, and it is still the River Pruth that bounds the realm of the Czars. If ever again the Russian hosts should march toward the Bosphorus, it is not unlikely that the advance will be made from the side of Asia Minor. Russia may be biding her time. She will have to wait till Europe sees what a rejuvenated Turkey can accomplish—and that is a long way off.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, June 21.

It is becoming more and more customary in the Scandinavian countries to bring out neat and inexpensive editions of books in a series. The well-known house of Gyldendal, in Copenhagen, recently started a new series called Ugens Billigste Bog (The Cheapest Book of the Week), which includes many good works, some by standard authors. These are printed on excellent paper and in clear type and are offered at an extremely low price. Series of this kind are highly appreciated by the public. Another Danish firm lately started the publication of a series called Mennesker i Litteraturens, Kunstens, Politikens og Videnskabens Tjeneste (Men in the Service of Literature, Art, Politics, and Science), which so far includes three volumes, dealing with the life and work of Holger Drachmann, Henrik Ibsen, and Viggo Hörup. The biography of Drachmann is written by the eminent Danish literary critic, Valdemar Vedel, and gives, in the space of a little more than 100 pages, a striking picture of the happy singer who never lost his enthusiasm and joy of life and who did not even with his gray hairs grow old in spirit. The Norwegian critic, Just Bing, has attempted to write the biography of Henrik Ibsen, the grand and dominating figure in our literary history, but without remarkable success. It is impossible in less than 100 pages to give a full and clear idea of the famous Norwegian poet, and in spite of many good characterizations and the author's indisputable critical ability Mr. Bing's book suffers from the lack of space to explain and develop. The third volume of the series is devoted to a sketch of the great Danish editor and politician, Viggo Hörup. It is written by Erik Henrichsen and is correct and trustworthy, but the style is rather dry and academical. Still the work attracts our interest, chiefly, perhaps, because of the interest of the subject. Hörup, who died eight years ago, was the foremost newspaper man in Denmark, owing to his brilliant linguistic and polemical faculties. But he was also one of the foremost of politicians, a member of Parliament, and one of the leaders of the Radical party. His ability to think in a logical manner, to express clearly and in a convincing way what he thought, his sharp tongue, his sneering and slashing witticisms, his courage and endurance—all contributed to make him appreciated by his adherents and feared but respected by his opponents. Hörup, so to speak, remade the Danish Radical party, and shortly before his death was chosen a member of the first Liberal Cabinet in Denmark. Among other biographies which the series is about to bring forth may be mentioned Björnstjerne Björnson, Edvard Grieg, Ludvig Holberg, Sven Hedin, and Sören Kierkegaard. The price is only kr. 1.50 a volume (about 40 cents), and the series seems already to have attracted considerable popular interest.

In the beginning of May, Mr. Roosevelt delivered his Nobel-lecture at Christiania on the peace-movement, and naturally since that time the subject has been taken up by the people of Norway with even greater interest than before. That is probably the main reason why the book by Thomas Thrap, called "Krigen's logik" ("The Logic of Warfare"), has attracted so much attention. It has been widely read and was reviewed in the principal journals by noted men, among them the ex-foreign minister of Norway, J. Lövland. The book is written in a clear style and is remarkable

for its conciseness of thought and its original ideas. The author does not believe very strongly in the measures so far adopted to put an end to the possibility of war between nations; he takes a skeptical view of peace-conferences, treaties of arbitration, diplomats' manœuvres, and the like. He does uphold as being of the highest importance the provision of some kind of international code of laws for the settlement of international disagreements. But he argues that this alone would not be sufficient; there would be needed a "court of police," a power with authority and respect, that could enforce the code's regulations. (The same idea that Mr. Roosevelt mentioned in his Nobel-lecture).

The noted Danish literary critic, Vilhelm Andersen, published recently a collection of posthumous papers of Holger Drachmann, called "Vagabundus." They make an interesting book, consisting of fragments, sketches, and rough draughts, many of which possess to the full the best qualities of Drachmann's more finished writings. The tone of the book is well characterized by a reviewer in the Norwegian *Morgenbladet:*

> Sadness is the keynote of "Vagabundus," sadness concerning things done which were better left undone and concerning things neglected which were better attended to, sadness for all the evil and pain in the world, sadness because there are so many things among men which ought to be otherwise. But in spite of the sadness that fills the lines we seem to catch a glimpse of the consolation which the poet finds in his belief that he after all is worth more than those who are so ready to condemn him.

It is a book full of subtle poetry and sad reflection, a book which will win new friends for Drachmann's inspiring art.

About two months ago, there was published in Copenhagen an anonymous book under the title of "Kvindehjarter" ("The Hearts of Women"). It attracted wide comment, and has so far appeared in no less than eight editions. The papers busied themselves trying to guess who was the author of the work, and finally came to the conclusion that it was written by a noted Danish actress and a Danish lady as joint authors. "Kvindehjarter" is the correspondence between two women who fill their letters with confidential communications concerning love and men, and, especially, with outpourings of their own sexual impulses and wants. It would be a gross injustice to maintain that the letter-writers are typical examples of present-day womanhood, for the words with which one of them characterizes herself will undoubtedly seem true to every sound reader of the book: "I am so poisoned and infected that I ought to be thrown on the nearest dunghill." But it certainly is no good sign that a sensational work like this—which is even written in a tedious and superficial manner—should find eager readers in all the Scandinavian countries and be published in so many editions. It seems to indicate that the taste of readers in the North is coming under the influence of the French decadent novelists.

Following the death of the great Norwegian poet and patriot, Björnstjerne Björnson, the publication of a so-called *mindeutgave* (memorial edition) of his collected works was started. It will appear in sixty-six parts, and the price will be only thirty öre (about eight cents) a part. Thousands of subscribers have already sent in their names, and the number is growing every day. No man was more loved in Norway than Björnson, and no books are read with more interest and greater delight than his. He was so typically Norwegian and his countrymen understood him so well that "to mention his name was like unfurling the Norwegian flag."

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the June *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Buxton Forman has an article on the "Pleasures of a Book-Man," and tells of some of his "finds" as a book-collector. Among other books he describes his copy of the "Divine Poems" of Edmund Waller, London, 1685, "of which," he says, "I know no extant copy save that in my own library." The book is rare, but three copies, at least, are in the United States. There is a copy (formerly Almon W. Griswold's) in the Hoe library, another (formerly Marshall C. Leffert's) is in the library of John H. Wrenn of Chicago, and a third is owned by Beverly Chew, long a student and collector of Waller's writings. Thomas J. Wise, the English collector, has a copy, thus making five altogether.

At Sotheby's sale of June 28, of the library of Thomas Grey, £195 was paid for the copy of the little tract in verse by Benjamin Thompson: "New England's Crisis; or a Brief Narrative of New England's Lamentable Estate at present, compar'd with the former (but few) Years of Prosperity, occasioned by many unheard of Crueltys practised upon the Persons and Estates of its United Colonyes, without respect to Sex, Age or Quality of Persons by the Barbarous Heathen thereof; Poetically described by a Well-wisher to his Country. Boston, printed and sold by John Foster over against the Signe of the Dove, 1676." As the only copy previously known lacks the title-page, we have transcribed it in full as given in the catalogue. The poem was reprinted from the imperfect copy in the Boston Athenæum by the Club of Odd Volumes in 1894.

A small quarto volume containing five pamphlets: Higginson's "New England's Plantation, or a Short and True Description of the Commodities and Discommodities of that Countrey," London, 1630 (the first of three editions); Vincent's "True Relation of the Late Battell fought in New England betwen the English and the Salvages," London, 1637 (the first of three editions); John Eliot's "Late and Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England," 1655; Eliot's "Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians in New England," 1671; and Lederer's "Discoveries in Three Several Marches from Virginia to the West of Carolina," 1672, with the leaf of License, brought £510.

"The Most Excellent Treatise of the Three Kynges of Cologne," printed by Wynken de Worde, but without date, brought £110 at the same sale.

The collection of Dutch manuscripts relating to New Netherlands, which was described at length in the *Nation* for June 9 as to be sold at auction on June 16 and 17 by Frederick Muller of Amsterdam, brought 5,100 guilders (about $2,040). The collection, the auctioneers state, was purchased by an American who is unwilling that his name should be made public.

On July 11 Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sell the libraries of Col. Hargreaves and Sir Daniel Cooper. Included are complete sets of the *Sporting Magazine, Annals of Sporting, Racing Calendar, Sporting Review*, etc.; also first editions of Thackeray and Dickens and a collection of scientific books from the library of C. Ditter of Frankfort-on-Main. The H. S. Buckley copy of the First Folio Shakespeare appears once more in this sale. This copy, which is a very good one, measuring thirteen by eight and one-eighth inches, has all the leaves genuine. The verses by Ben Jonson, preceding title, are remargined, and the portrait on title has been repaired, but other imperfections are trifling. It is in an old straight-grained red morocco binding, ascribed to Roger Payne. When sold at Sotheby's on May 31, 1907 it brought £2,400.

Correspondence.

"WICKET" IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our American historians and antiquarians have paid too little attention to the secular amusements, recreations, and sports of our colonial forefathers. It is true that the theatre, the opera, and the celebration of Pope Day (November 5) have attracted students; but with those exceptions, there has apparently been little systematic effort made to trace the history of secular amusements in this country. Thus, one looks in vain in the three most elaborate city histories yet published—the "Memorial History of Boston," the "Memorial History of the City of New York," and Scharf and Westcott's "History of Philadelphia"—for adequate information about baseball, cricket, or horse-racing. Yet as early as 1726 "wicket" was played on Boston Common; the "customs" at Harvard College in 1735 declared that "Freshmen are to find the rest of the scholars with bats, balls, and footballs"; on April 29, 1751, an international —if one may be allowed that adjective—cricket match "was play'd according to the London Method" in New York between New Yorkers and Londoners; horse races were by no means uncommon still earlier; and in the seventeenth century football, stool ball, and other games were practised. In addition, festivities were held on the anniversaries of royal marriages, of the birthday, accession, and coronation of the

King, etc. In short, life in the colonies was not—even in New England—all fasts, thanksgivings, and church-going.

May I call attention through your columns to an interesting paper on "The Old-Time Game of Wicket and Some Old-Time Wicket Players," read by Mr. George Dudley Seymour of New Haven before the Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars, and reprinted from the second volume of its Proceedings? In an article on "Pallone, the National Game of Italy," in the *Century* for August, 1907, Dr. F. J. Mather, jr., said that "the pallone looks like a huge baseball," and stated that he had "seen its like in Columbia County, N. Y., where, twenty years ago, the old Dutch game of wicket was still played." Why Dr. Mather regarded the game as Dutch does not appear, and Mr. Seymour has no difficulty in showing that it is of English origin, indeed "is essentially the noble old English game of cricket." The first glimpse we get, under the guidance of Mr. Seymour, of wicket in this country brings before us a vivid picture of a celebrated figure in Massachusetts history. In 1726 Sam Hirst—then not quite three years out of Harvard—was living with his grandfather, Chief Justice Samuel Sewall. On March 15 Sam "got up betimes," "before anybody was up," "left the door open," "came not to prayer," and "went into the Comon to play at Wicket." Whereat the good judge "was much displeased"; and when Sam repeated the offence two days later, the judge "told him he could not lodge here practising thus. So he lodged elsewhere." Cotton Mather perhaps regarded Sam's early death (in 1727) as a judgment on the "wicket" game in which he indulged.

Speaking of the match game between the New Yorkers and Londoners in 1751, Mr. Seymour says that cricket "apparently gained no foothold in New York." This would seem to be a mistake, for in an advertisement headed "To the Cricket Clubs" printed in the New York *Independent Journal* of April 19, 1786, James Rivington stated that he had "batts and balls to sell"; and in an advertisement headed "Cricket Club" in the New York *Daily Gazette* of April 20, 1789, it was announced that "the first Meeting for the present Season will be at the Old Grounds on Thursday, the 7th of May next."

Mr. Seymour has succeeded in collecting a surprising amount of information about a game now nearly obsolete, and the reminiscences he gives of old wicketers are of great interest. The most famous contest in the annals of the game took place at Bristol, Conn., in 1859, which was attended by more than 4,000 people. It is to be hoped that Mr. Seymour's admirable paper will encourage other students to give us the history of other games.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, June 24.

AN ANNUAL LURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Towards the close of each scholastic year the notice of the dwindling number of aspirants to the academic career is directed by authority to a much coveted bounty, termed "Teaching Fellowships." The treble opportunity afforded by these stipends for the prosecution of advanced study and acquisition of pedagogical experience, together with a substantial contribution towards the material support, would be wholly creditable to the generous spirit which, on the whole, characterizes the higher educational policies of this country, were it not for two questionable uses to which, more and more, this form of academic bounty is put. In the first place, the teaching fellowships serve to force up, by a species of bribe, the graduate attendance at certain universities so ill equipped for graduate work that their very participation in it must tend to dilute and vitiate the quality as well as reputation of American scholarship. Worse than this, in some institutions the teaching fellows are utilized to furnish to undergraduates elementary, intermediate, and even advanced instruction at a price cheap beyond the dreams of administrative avarice.

It will hardly do to ward off the charge by any reference to the student's freedom of choosing his own university. Under the dragnet system of competition for students, the small fry will naturally be hauled in the finer-meshed web. Also, even the little fishes prefer to bite the hook that is baited. Unfortunately, the mischief done *to* the teaching fellow as student is but half the story. The other half is the mischief done *by* him in his capacity of teacher. By the system of teaching fellowships at certain Western and Southern institutions, the high-school graduate is delivered from the hands of skilled and experienced teachers to the tender mercies of juvenile pedagogical experimenters, who are compensated for their educational exertions at a rate fairly proportioned, hour for hour, to the pay of a bricklayer or stone-mason.

In substantiation of my contention that a surrogate graduate school may be built up to the presumable detriment of both graduate and undergraduate students, I quote from the special announcement of one of our minor universities, widely circulated each year among prospective college graduates:

> The —— University offers graduate courses leading to the degrees of doctor of philosophy, master of arts, master of science, etc. Graduates of approved colleges may take any of these, upon payment of laboratory fees and a matriculation fee of $10. The university offers for the coming year, in the graduate department:
>
> (a.) Six teaching fellowships, worth $250, with free tuition, one each in Greek, Latin, history, physics, German, and mathematics.
>
> (b.) The alumni fellowship, worth $250, with free tuition, available in any department.
>
> (c.) The —— fellowship in economics, worth $175 [!], with free tuition.
>
> (d.) —— scholarships, two in number, open to graduate students, worth, each, $89.90 [marked down from $90?], with free tuition.
>
> These fellowships, except the alumni fellowship, are not open to women. Holders of fellowships may be required to teach as much as four hours weekly; not more.

It may be inferred, from the circular, that at the university in question freshmen and sophomores may, by a combination of circumstances, take eight courses of instruction, the total cost of which, to the university, shall amount to less than two thousand dollars in salaries.

OTTO HELLER.

Washington University, St. Louis, June 22.

WHISTLER'S LITTLE WHITE GIRL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the recent controversy, in which Mr. Pennell took a conspicuous part, some misapprehension may arise by the loan of my picture by Whistler (Symphony in White No. II, The Little White Girl) to an exhibition, of which the catalogue recognizes the authorization of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's biography.

I write to explain that the picture was lent in ignorance of the contents of the catalogue.

ARTHUR STUDD.

London, June 20.

ANGLING VERSUS FISHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial of June 23, on the two classes of fishermen, suggested the following:

He who upon the water casts his fly
With four-ounce rod, and takes no trout thereby,
He—fine, exalted mortal!—is an angler.
Who uses hempen cord and heavy tackle,
And baits his hook with squirming garden hackle,
Is lost to reason—just a low-down mangler.
Thus Simple Simon, fishing in a tub,
Judged from his catch, an angler was and true,
But stern tradition says (and there's the rub),
He always used a heavy line and grub!
So which was he? I put the choice to you.

SUBSCRIBER.

New York, June 29.

TEACHING SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The notions concerning high school teaching obtained from my own college courses in pedagogy have been wholly replaced by a few that are the results of experience, however heterodox they may be. Thus, in teaching Shakespeare's plays to class sections that average thirty students, I have found that some definite requirement was necessary for each recitation. When the naturally indolent student understood that he should be called on daily for some definite points, he soon began to study methodically. It is this class of students—and where the percentage of boys is high it is a large group—that will make no preparation if the class hour is taken up largely with general discussion and oral reading. For their benefit lessons should be assigned carefully, and all should be required to study daily the important points of textual criticism. Although little can be done on it in the classroom, the memorizing of well-known passages should form a large part of the required work of the term.

It proved profitable at the opening of each class hour to require some student to outline extemporaneously the action of the scene assigned for the day's reading. When this plan is followed, the entire class is ready to make minor corrections, so that as a result each one gets a clear notion of the entire action. The same course can be followed with reference to the characters presented in the scene. Here an opportunity is given for the better student to show originality, while there is enough fact demanded to keep the attention of the less interested. This will hold true as well in the written character sketches and in the other written work required throughout the year. The latter part of the hour was usually given to the textual criticism and

to occasional oral reading of the conversational passages.

The amount of oral reading and of general discussion advisable seems to depend largely upon the size and temper of the particular class group. The decision regarding this must lie in the discretion of the teacher, provided first that the routine requirements for preparation are strong enough to enforce interest from the less responsible students. It is true that many will be eager to discuss the questions of characterization and of the proper presentation of various parts on the stage, questions that are of greater interest to the teacher personally. But when these discussions will not hold the poorer students the routine requirements must be at hand in order to bring their interest back to Shakespeare from the interesting diversions open to students in any classroom. Their behavior depends upon their interest, and their interest in turn depends upon a knowledge of what is going on about them. For this reason I believe that the more intellectual criticism must always be subordinated in high-school work to routine requirements that tend to develop self-control of mind and of body. If high-school courses are to prepare for life rather than for college, here is where the emphasis must be placed in order to do the greater service.

DAVID H. STEVENS.

Evanston, Ill., June 27.

Literature.

AMERICAN MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

Fifty Years in Constantinople, and Recollections of Robert College. By George Washburn, D.D. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Fifty-three Years in Syria. By Henry H. Jessup. Two volumes. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $5 net.

Among the influences which have led to the awakening of Turkey one of the most potent has been the work of the American missions and, especially, the American educational missions. At the outset mission boards frowned upon educational work other than Sunday-schools and Bible classes. A resolution passed at the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions in 1856, declared that the only work of the missionary was "the oral utterance of the Gospel in public or private." Robert College was a protest, originating with the missionaries, against this narrow conception. Two young men, James and William Dwight, graduates of Yale College, the second generation of a family renowned in the annals of American missions in Turkey, devised a scheme for "founding a school at Constantinople, not in any way connected with the Mission and tolerant of the religious prejudice of the natives." In 1857, they laid their plan before Christopher R. Robert, a New York merchant. Mr. Robert was treasurer of the American Home Missionary Society, an organization which, in connection with its work in the newer States of the West, had been led to realize the need of providing or helping to provide schools for the children of the settlers. He had visited Constantinople during the Crimean war, and made there the acquaintance of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, a man of striking force and originality, part of whose missionary activity had taken the practical form of furnishing the British hospitals and soldiers with bread, thus incidentally teaching Constantinople how to make real bread, and raising to that extent its material standard of civilization. Dr. Hamlin regarded the anti-educational policy of the American board as suicidal, but, on the other hand, he objected strongly to the idea of a school without religion, as "an inexplicable anomaly in Constantinople" which "would be regarded as a trap to cheat the devil."

Mr. Robert was interested in the plan for a school proposed by the Dwights, but agreed with Dr. Hamlin rather than with them as to the character it should assume; and when, two years later, they abandoned their plan, he called on Dr. Hamlin to join with him in "founding a Christian college in Constantinople." To these two men, to the quiet, relatively little known merchant of New York, who out of his not great means, with steadfast faith and much personal sacrifice, financed the enterprise almost alone, until the day of his death, and to the fervid missionary from Maine, odd mixture of eccentricity and practical sense, who worked for years with brain and hand, circumventing French opposition and Turkish obstructiveness to obtain the necessary permit, building and showing workmen how to build, and last, but not least inspiring young Orientals with character—to these two men, Robert College of Constantinople owes its origin, as an incorporation of the State of New York (1864) and part of the University of that State.

Under the title "Fifty Years in Constantinople," Dr. Hamlin's son-in-law, Dr. Washburn, second president of the college, has told the really wonderful story of this institution in the form of personal recollections. From the outset Robert College met with bitter opposition, first from the French combined with the Papal authorities, because it was Protestant and by its use of the English language fostered English influence in Turkey; then, when French influence waned, from Russia; and when German influence superseded Russia at the Sublime Porte, from Germany, whose Emperor consistently gave his support to the corrupt camarilla of Abdul Hamid; sometimes from the Greek and Armenian hierarchies, and at all times, until the revolution of 1908, from the Turkish Government. That the college secured a charter at all was due in part to a chance visit of Admiral Farragut on a ship of war. One of the immediate results of its establishment was the erection, under French influence, of a grand *Lycée* by the Turkish Government; and, indeed, one of the most important effects of its influence has been the compulsion it has put upon the natives, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, to establish or improve their own educational institutions. Neither Turks, Greeks, nor Armenians could prohibit the attendance of their young men in such institutions as Robert College, unless they were ready themselves to provide some sort of education which could be regarded as an equivalent. These numerous schools, maintained at a relatively high grade, did much to bring about that enlightenment, the effects of which were seen in the revolution of 1908.

Almost from the start, through the influence of one of its early professors, Dr. Albert L. Long, who had been a missionary in Bulgaria, Robert College attracted Bulgarian students; and their education enabled them to found an independent state and set that example of self-government which has exerted so marked an influence on the Turkish Empire. To-day the college is best known in the East for its relation to Bulgarian education and Bulgarian independence. Magnificently situated on the Bosphorus, it is often pointed out to visitors as the institution which made Bulgaria free. It is a commentary on the provincialism of Americans and the American Government that, in spite of the great work accomplished by Robert College and the great influence exerted by it in the East, it was a few years ago almost unknown in America outside of missionary circles, even a Secretary of State so progressive and so broad-minded as Mr. Bayard being unaware of its existence and its history. Naturally, under such conditions, the American Government did not always give it that diplomatic support which is so necessary in a country like Turkey; and, had it not been for the keen interest of England, it might have fared ill at times with Robert College. This obligation does not prevent Dr. Washburn from telling frankly the truth with regard to Oriental politics, even where that truth reflects heavily on England, as it often does.

The book is extremely interesting and valuable to the student of European politics, as well as to the student of education, on account of the part which Robert College, as well as its president, Dr. Washburn, played in Turkey during the difficult period of the Bulgarian and Armenian massacres, the Russian-Turkish War, and, in general, through the whole troubled reign of Abdul-Hamid, of whose problems and policies he presents in the introduction a fair and discriminating study.

Dr. Jessup's story of missions in Syria is of quite a different character. Dr.

Washburn represents the statesmanlike, scholarly aspect of missions. Dr. Jessup is the fervent evangelist, full of zeal for the conversion of souls, often narrow in his point of view, but withal a singularly capable, well rounded man, as the successful missionary must needs be. The two men commenced their missionary careers at about the same time, and they represent, in more ways than one, the two great centres of American missionary effort in the Turkish Empire, Constantinople and Beirut, the former the headquarters for the Turkish-speaking portions of the empire, the other for the Arabic. Originally both centres were under the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, in which were combined Congregationalists, New School Presbyterians, and Dutch Reformed. But in 1870, the New School and Old School Presbyterians, having formed a union, decided to establish their own mission work, and, accordingly, the work of the A. B. C. F. M. in Turkey was divided, that part lying in the Turkish-speaking portions of the empire being retained by the Congregationalists, that part lying in Arabic-speaking Syria being handed over to the Presbyterians. Later the Dutch Reformed also started their own mission in Arabia.

Dr. Jessup's book is a work of extraordinary interest. He belonged to the second generation of American missionaries in Turkey. With Dr. Bliss, afterward president of the Syrian-Protestant College of Beirut, and others, he sailed from this country to Smyrna in a sailing bark which carried a cargo of New England rum—missionaries and liquor being the two contributions which America appeared ready to make to the East. Dr. James S. Dennis, himself formerly a missionary in Beirut and author of "The History of Missions," has furnished an introduction to this book, which, if we might quote it in full, would be the best summary of its contents. It contains "annals of church growth and organization in Syria, and the touching and often deeply stirring accounts of the experiences of individual converts, some of whom were martyrs, and all of whom passed through spiritual struggles, or endured cruel mockings and harassing persecutions, lend a living interest to the record." There is an abundance of "anecdote and incident" to enliven the story. These incidents, be it said, are sometimes sad "chronicles of persecution, spoliation, civil war, and massacre." The most tragic episode of the book is the massacre of the Christians in the Lebanon and Damascus in 1860. Dr. Jessup lays the burden of original responsibility for the disturbances resulting in those massacres on the Maronite hierarchy. According to him, it was they who provoked the outbreak by first attacking the Druses. It was rather the Turks than the Druses who were responsible for the massacres and plundering which ensued, especially in Damascus. Throughout the book, he displays distinct antagonism to the Maronites, and his picture of the conditions of the northern Lebanon, where the Maronite priesthood seems to exert complete control at the present time, is anything but pleasant.

Dr. Jessup is at times very sharp in his criticism of missionary methods and the obstructiveness and lack of faith of home boards. Little by little the stipends of the missionaries in Syria seem, from his account, to have been reduced, while the price of living has gone up, until at the present time it would be impossible for the missionaries to live in ordinary decency if they did not have means of their own. He criticises severely the self-seeking policy of the foreign Powers, especially England, which have fostered for their own advantage evil conditions in the Turkish Empire; yet he holds that empire itself to be a curse in the East. So, referring to the expulsion of Ibrahim Pasha from Syria and Palestine and the restoration of those regions to Turkish rule (Vol. I, p. 60), he says:

> But for the interference of England, the Egyptian dynasty would have subdued the whole Turkish empire. While Ibrahim Pasha was in Syria there was universal security, and a better government than had been known for centuries. On his departure, things returned to their old course. Again, in the Crimean War, England saved the Turkish empire from destruction. It did the same at the close of the Bulgarian war, after the treaty at St. Stephano. And it may be said that in 1861, by insisting on the evacuation of Syria by the French army of occupation, it again saved Syria to the Turk. And yet the Turks do not love the English!

Dr. Jessup was a most important power in the missionary work in Syria. He was, too, a man of affairs, of many interests, sometimes in somewhat unexpected directions, as, for instance, the geology of the country. The book itself is in part a diary, in part it consists of the histories of the different missionaries who have labored in the Syrian field from the beginning down to the present time. It is full of narratives, often strange and even romantic, of individual converts and non-converts, who have come under his observation, and of discussions of all sorts of themes of interest from the educational or missionary, or even political, standpoint. The second volume closes with tabulated statements, constituting a history of the Syrian mission in all its ramifications, a wonderful exhibit of progress.

This book proved to be Dr. Jessup's last work and his last word. Shortly after its publication the cable brought news of his death at the age of seventy-eight in Syria, where he had labored for fifty-three years, refusing various offers of what would be commonly regarded as more important, and certainly more comfortable, positions in his native land, a typical foreign missionary.

CURRENT FICTION.

Bianca's Daughter. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

If the author's idea of supreme beauty is at all like the illustrator's, he speaks something too much of the amazing personal charms of Bianca's daughter. But we do not take it there has been collusion between scribbler and draughtsman; anything of the sort would be quite out of order in this day. On second thought, one fancies the picture as slyly expressing the artist's revulsion against the author's raptures. The most beautiful woman that ever lived can hardly be born too often, but it is hard to credit her reincarnations on the strength of hearsay. The mother, Bianca, was a lovely Italian who had married a harsh and mean-hearted Englishman. Presently a man comes into her life with whom she might have experienced the fierce happiness for which her nature cries out. A blameless intimacy springs up, which is shattered by the husband's suspicion and anger. To punish her, he takes away her six-months-old child. This is too much: she flies to her lover, and with him passes one heart-brokenly happy year before she dies. These are the antecedents of Vittoria Fleming's own romance. Her father brings her up in the strictest seclusion, but, with the fatuity of such fathers, allows her a coming-out in New York—at the very moment, of course, when she is ripe for romantic adventure. Here, in due time, she meets Richard Blake. They at once show an interest in each other which is a shock to all observers, for Richard is the son of the man who had been her mother's lover. Hence the complications which ensue. The young pair are ignorant of the facts until enlightened by the injured and infuriated Fleming. In the first shock of discovery Vittoria promises her father that she will never marry Blake. She has already, in a moment of pique, engaged herself to a middle-aged author; so that she is doubly withheld from young Blake. But such difficulties are nothing to your novelist—except as they offer material for his adroitness. Matters are adjusted after some more or less conventional pother, in the course of which the tyrant Fleming turns out to be a feeble monster, and the elder Blake, the ex-lover of Bianca, has the last word. Something is intimated as to a New York and Connecticut setting, but the words London and ———shire may be substituted at will. Hardly in English fiction, however, would the main proposition be tolerated—that "what God denied for those two, long ago, he was storing up for the younger

generation—for her daughter and for his son." It is idle to try to build a pretty little romance upon such a situation.

Country Neighbors. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Brown's wine needs no bush: here she has drawn from an older and riper vintage than has been her habit of late. These tales, as the title of the group suggests, have to do with those New England rural types and motives of which she long ago proved herself the interpreter. We use the definite article advisedly. Miss Brown's plane is her own—quite distinct from that inhabited by the fancy of Miss Jewett or Miss Wilkins. No one has a more minute knowledge of the New England dialect and habit of mind; but the merit of Miss Brown's work does not consist in its realism. On the contrary, she is essentially romantic, and her charm lies in her ability to discern and to convey the romance which underlies the stern New England temperament and the superficially dull village life. Read together, there is a quaint monotony in these stories. The prevailing theme is the romance of middle age. The lone spinster and the lone bachelor or widower, neighboring innocently through long years, and at last awaking to belated recognition of their mutual need; the man who has left the countryside in youth, and returns to mate with the faded woman with whom, long ago, he has kept company; the husband who, on the edge of old age, is brought to the realization that his wife means more to his heart of hearts than the drudge his will has made her: such are the simple and familiar themes of these tales. "A Flower of April," to be sure, is a study of that strange, austere romance of a spinsterhood which is born to lavish itself upon flowers and domestic animals; and "Gardener Jim" is the story of a reunion of two maiden sisters who have lived side by side without "speaking" for thirty years—that odd form of feud with which the New England conscience is still able to reconcile itself.

Whatever her theme, Miss Brown is able to invest it with a gentle and unstrained sentiment for which the reader of the "up-to-date" and the morbid must be unflaggingly grateful.

The Gold Trail. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The story of a young Englishman, Weston by name, who quarrelled with his family and went to Canada to make his fortune. He was a long time doing it. In fact, his progress was not material until his employer, Stirling, a railway contractor, became interested in him. This interest grew out of the fact that Weston, while acting as packer on a camping trip, fell in love with Stirling's daughter. Stirling had such confidence in his daughter's judgment that he accepted her partiality to Weston as a guarantee of the young man's worth. After a while the latter found a gold mine, and succeeded, after many troubles, in developing it, though not without Stirling's assistance. By that time Weston and the girl had arranged matters satisfactorily to all concerned.

The story wanders from one end of Canada to the other and even makes an excursion to England, but in spite of the changes of scene it is remarkably uneventful. There are two or three ordinary camping trips, some in British Columbia, others in the eastern bush. During one of the first, there is a mountain-climbing adventure of a pale and artificial sort, in which Weston does some heroic scrambling, but it leaves us unmoved. On another he shoots some rapids with Miss Stirling, and the description of this makes us curious as to how much white-water Mr. Bindloss has been through, otherwise than as a passenger. Between these camping trips Weston works at track-grading and gold-hunting. But he always comes back to her. Now and then, under the stimulus of her presence, he becomes poetic. He speaks, for instance, of "the sound of running water in the honey-scented shade"; and in the next line says to her, "You have seen the big white peaks gleam against the creeping night." Yet there is no record of his having read Kipling to any extent.

The Life of Me. By Ethel Shackelford. New York: Dodge Publishing Co.

"Me" is a baby. Among many infaut biographies, we do not recall one which comes so close as this to the pulse of that extraordinary machine, the wondering, logical, clinging, merciless, ungrateful, adorable heart of a baby. This particular baby had its particular mission in life, which was to convince his mother that he was worth while. She was a very modern mother who had given up things for the baby, things like piano-playing and singing. Her nerves were modern, too, but fortunately she had an unescapable human nature, and a conscience. An unflinching doctor helped her with her nerves, and the baby continued her education. We leave her doing very well, though not yet an ideal mother. Meantime the baby has treated us to a survey of the relations between "small helpless persons" and "un-playing up-growns," as searching as it is amusing.

The book is padded out into a story by sundry episodes that sit with varying degrees of success upon the main discourse. The chapter about the lovely actress lady is wholly insipid and irrelevant. The affair of Cousin Martha's second marriage has at least a hyphenated connection with the main narrative and is in parts diverting. But where the book, like the baby, is thoroughly worth while is in its far from superficial suggestion, and in the history of the baby's relations with the universe: relations simple and direct with his father as becomes man and man; with his nurse more complex, being in the nature of co-conspirator where he is necessarily and complacently a silent partner. Toward jam, he is frankly acquisitive. With toys, especially their eyes, analytic. With dogs and their dinners, democratic. With his mother, he is the man-baby, a cuddler, a tyrant, an educator, a knight.

THE FLEET AT QUEBEC.

The Logs of the Conquest of Canada. Edited, with an Introduction, by Lieut.-Col. William Wood, Toronto: The Champlain Society.

When Dr. Arthur Doughty, the present Dominion Archivist, published his monumental "Siege of Quebec" in 1901-2, it was felt that the last word had been said on this epoch. So far as the land forces were concerned, this is no doubt still true. But there remained to be told the full story of the part taken by the fleet in the memorable conflict, and that story we now owe to Col. William Wood. From more than one point of view his book is a remarkable achievement. It was to be expected that the author of "The Fight for Canada" could weave the incidents of the naval side of the British conquest of Canada into a narrative at once scholarly and intensely interesting; but the task Col. Wood set himself was much more difficult. It was to edit the logs of the ships engaged in the three campaigns of Louisburg (1758), Quebec (1759), and Montreal (1760); and, as he says in his preface, "nothing is drier than a ship's log, not even Statutes at Large or the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." Even the one redeeming feature, the log of some great sea fight, was missing in this case, as no naval battles formed part of the conflict for Canada. Yet Col. Wood has apparently achieved the impossible; or, let us say, he has proved that even a ship's log must respond to the touch of a master hand. There was a time when the Battle of the Plains was believed to be a victory for Wolfe and his army, and for them alone. Later there was a more or less reluctant admission that some credit must be allowed to the supporting fleet. Now Col. Wood gives us a new point of view. He establishes, beyond dispute, the fact that Admiral Saunders, "whose great fleet was working out one phase of a world-wide amphibious war, was supported by Wolfe, whose small army was used as a local landing party at Quebec." There is nothing in this to detract from the glory of the great general. The final victory must still be ascribed to the

genius of Wolfe; but it was founded upon the perfect coöperation of the army and the navy; and the preponderating factor in the united service was the navy, not the army. Without Wolfe and his men, the conquest of Canada would have been delayed. Without the fleet, Wolfe must have failed.

Valuable as the logs are intrinsically, Col. Wood's introduction is perhaps of even greater importance. He divides it into five chapters, and in them discusses every aspect of his subject. "The British Empire," he says, "is mainly the result of the Great Imperial War, that is, of the long series of wars between 1688 and 1815, in which France was the main opponent and sea-power the main determinant. The most imperial of all these wars was the Seven Years' War. The most important British part of the Seven Years' War was rightly called the Maritime War. The most important event in the Maritime War was the conquest of Canada. And the most important factor in the conquest of Canada was the British navy." Upon this solid foundation Col. Wood builds his argument, bringing to bear an immense amount of material on the relations of the navy to the Empire, and the imperial forces as a whole, as well as to the navies of other countries. He sketches its history and development, its equipment, its points of superiority and inferiority to the French and other navies, its personnel, the character of the men and their officers, of the great sea captains who shared in the victories of Louisburg and Quebec, and, above all, of the master mind which planned the conquest of Canada. "Wolfe was the point, Saunders the blade of the Empire's sword on the Plains of Abraham: but the hilt and hand were Pitt." His characterization of Pitt is worth quoting for its own sake:

> He had his faults as a statesman; but they were very few, and his mistakes were never irreparable. He was a little theatrical in manner and rather vindictive towards the Bourbons. But he knew how to exert British amphibious power in every direction and combination where it could be decisive. He rose above all pettiness when the occasion demanded it; and his virtues far surpassed those of any other statesman of the empire. He roused England to the highest patriotism; he touched the heart and imagination of the Celts and oversea British as they never had been touched from London before, or have been since; he understood, as no one else ever had, what a British commonwealth of empire ought to be; he knew all the relations between the civil and military resources of the people he led to victory, all the importance of sea-power, all the combined force of a United Service, all the true functions of the army; and—his crowning virtue as a minister of war—he knew and practised the supreme art of controlling operations without interfering with their execution.

Following the initial chapter on the Maritime War, Col. Wood devotes the remainder of his introduction to a discussion of the successive phases of the campaign in Canada, Louisburg, the St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal. The remainder of the volume is given to the logs, or, to be more explicit, to selections from the logs. "Only the most important days of the most important ships are selected; but these have been carefully chosen to corroborate and supplement each other, so as to illustrate the history of the conquest from the naval point of view." Additional equipment is provided, in the shape of a bibliography and cartography.

A History of Secondary Education in Scotland. By John Strong, M.A., F.R.S.E. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.50.

The annals of secondary education in Scotland are long and to trace the story through a dozen centuries requires a groundwork of thorough study. Professor Strong has the necessary equipment, as is indicated by the numerous references that enable the student of education to work still deeper in any phase of the subject, by the appropriate selection of original sources interwoven into the narrative, and by the thoroughness with which he has delved into public and private source-material in order to illuminate each topic of investigation with the proper light of history.

From the point of view of secondary school history, the monograph is a valuable addition to the limited literature of that field. The starting-point is the year 563 A. D., when Columba founded the monastery at Iona, which, as a centre of ecclesiasticism, exercised an influence second only to its influence as an educational centre. Hither came the young from Scotland, England, and Ireland, and even from Scandinavia, to acquire the learning and study the discipline of the Columban church. Education in Scotland, as elsewhere in Europe, was for centuries closely associated with the church, and the central aim of the schools was the dissemination of church teaching and dogma. During the period of Catholic supremacy three factors—the parish, the monastery, and the diocese—helped to establish schools that are represented by the various types of secondary schools found in Scotland in the later part of her educational history. The place of the parish and the burgh, or grammar, schools in the evolution of the Scottish system is set forth clearly in separate chapters by the author. One's sympathy goes out to the parish schoolmasters of the eighteenth century, when one learns that they seldom received above £16 yearly, all told, many, in fact, no more than £8. Interest, too, is awakened by the picture of the Scotch lad stopping on his way to school to collect his proportion of peats to heat the little school-house; but the influence of parish masters and schools was healthful in stimulating manhood, for "the best and greatest men whom Scotland produced during the century received their education at parish schools."

The distinctive features of Scottish education as seen in its history and present condition are an intimate connection between its elementary and secondary grades (seen in that eminently Scottish institution, the parish school), the easy accessibility of its higher institutions to the people of the land, the national character of its schools and universities, and the communal control of education in the burghs. The secondary school of Scotland entered upon a new lease of life near the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the curriculum was modified and extended, new schools were erected all over the country, and old ones were rebuilt. But the real renaissance dates back only two decades. Twenty years ago state aid was extended to the schools, with the result that remarkable expansion and development have ensued. With state assistance has come state supervision, which, in recent years, has extended over virtually the whole of secondary education in Scotland, and state supervision should mean further development of an educational system that, in the past, has outranked the other educational systems of Great Britain.

My Friend the Indian. By James McLaughlin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

The Seminoles of Florida. By Minnie Moore-Willson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

As might be guessed from its title, "My Friend the Indian" is a narrative of personal observation and adventure rather than a discussion of the Indian question on historical or philosophical lines. As a panoramic sketch of the conditions with which white civilization has had to contend in its conquest of the red man's country, it has all the charm to be expected of the reminiscences of a man who penetrated the wild Northwest with the troops in 1871, and almost ever since has represented the government among the Indians as agent, inspector, or negotiator. Naturally, the aboriginal type that figures in these pages is the Northern Indian, for Mr. McLaughlin's official labors have been chiefly among the Sioux, the Cheyennes, the Chippewas, the Crows, and the Piegans. Of the domestic life of these tribesmen, their manner of meeting certain exigencies, and their attitude toward death, we are treated to some excellent word-pictures.

Three chapters are devoted to the Indian version of Custer's last campaign in the valley of the Little Big Horn: for two, the author has drawn upon the

recollections of several warriors who took part in the fighting, while the third records an interview with Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull regarding the incidents of the tragic week as witnessed from the camps of the women and children. For the disaster which overcame Custer and his immediate following, Mr. McLaughlin lays the larger share of the blame at the door of Reno. He takes pains, however, to impress the fact that Custer fell in a battle, not a massacre. He makes it plain, also, that the Indian allies were assembled in the valley originally for no warlike purpose, and that their inspiration to fight the whites came from the hostile movements of the whites and was kept at fever heat by the "medicine" which Sitting Bull was making at a safe distance from the scene of trouble.

Interesting sidelights are thrown upon the case of Capt. Jack and his Modocs, the wonderful march of Chief Joseph in 1877, and the killing of Sitting Bull. For typical scenes, true to life and full of color, it would be hard to improve upon the descriptions of the last great buffalo hunt at Standing Rock and the ride-amuck of the Cheyenne murderers. Indeed, Mr. McLaughlin has distinct gifts as a story-teller, appreciating with equal keenness the picturesque and the humorous aspects of his subjects; his worst faults in this field are a tendency to digress on the verge of his climax and a habit of repeating himself for the sake of intensifying some feature of his background. Both defects are chargeable, doubtless, to his literary inexperience, but their avoidance would have saved his book a quarter of its present length without impairing its more admirable qualities.

Like Mr. McLaughlin, Mrs. Willson approached the preparation of her book with a sense that duty demanded it. She had learned to esteem her neighbors, the Florida Seminoles, and believed that some one who knew them ought to tell the world their story; hence this volume grew out of notes made by the author and her husband during a long period of personal contact and acquaintance with the fragment of Osceola's band who remained behind when the larger part of the tribe were removed to the Indian Territory. Mrs. Willson does not write, however, with the care or the assurance of Mr. McLaughlin. There is no method in the arrangement of her material, which appears to have been thrown together rather than deliberately composed. This fault, emphasized by the lack of a topical index and some heedless proofreading, detracts from the pleasure of the student who searches the book for special data in which his interest centres.

If one is content to read the entire text and do his own winnowing, one can find in it a good deal that is pleasing in its way, even if little that is new. The feature of most permanent value is a phonetic vocabulary of the Seminole language, or, strictly speaking, of the dialect used by the Florida remnant, for that used by their Oklahoma kinsmen differs in those particulars in which dissimilar experiences and environment have called new descriptive terms into being. Mrs. Willson tells us that the Seminoles in Florida number six hundred, and this estimate is probably as well entitled to acceptance as the two, three, or four hundred guessed by various other writers. Owing to the difficulties of travel in the Everglades, the furtive habits of the Indians, their repugnance for everything governmental, and their suspicious attitude toward all white men, no official census of the tribe has ever been worth the paper it was written on.

Ancient Ceylon: An account of the Aborigines and of Part of the Early Civilization. By H. Parker, late of the Irrigation Department, Ceylon. With illustrations by the author. London: Luzac & Co.

The modest title of this book tempts the reviewer to say at once that Mr. Parker has hidden more than might have been expected under the phrase "Part of the early civilization." In fact, whether art, architecture, weapons, games (ancient and modern), coins, or symbols be his fad (or profession), the reader will find in "Ancient Ceylon" much to attract him. Still more milk will he extract from the cocoanut if he be specially interested in the history of Ceylon or the general history of religions. Mr. Parker was in the Irrigation Department for above twenty years, and his interests have been very catholic. Thus, while he is especially concerned with the earliest irrigation works, he has an eye to all else that makes for civilization. Even in irrigation, one may find something to admire. Such for example, is the fact that "Sinhalese engineers were the first inventors of the valve-pit, more than 2,000 years ago," a device to regulate the outward flow of the water from a reservoir.

The general reader, however, will doubtless pay more attention to Mr. Parker's painstaking description of games, tools, weapons, and coins. As here depicted our "jackstraws," or spelicans, are so like the game in Ceylon that it is not unreasonable to believe with the author that this game came originally from the East Indies. In chess, there are some local variations peculiar enough to note: the king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable, on the last row, only for the pieces on whose row they stand.

The discussion of the svastika or "fylfot" (cross) in its Sinhalese form is in itself excellent, but here the author is tempted to roam abroad, and perhaps falls a victim to the baleful influence which always seems to affect those who have much to do with this sign of superstition. In the "Trojan svastikas," to which the author appeals in evidence for his own ingenious interpretation, there is not so much confidence to-day as there used to be. Moreover the Vedic passages adduced in favor of this interpretation really have no connection with the svastika, which is a symbol utterly unknown in early Vedic times. Mr. Parker is quite right in refusing to see a phallic sign in the svastika, and when he says also that a circle and not a cross is the natural symbol of the sun we gladly assent. Nevertheless, we can not agree with him that one arm of the cross was meant to represent a river and the other the obstruction over which one is carried to safety (*ergo* the cross as symbol of good luck).

But a fresh guess at the meaning of the svastika may be permitted as a pastime to any Orientalist and yet not impugn his historical or critical ability. And on the matter of the original inhabitants, Mr. Parker has much to say that is radical and for the most part convincing. The people concerned are of course, the Vaeddas, who have often been exploited as being so primitive that counting is unknown to them. Now comes Mr. Parker, who has worked and hunted with them; has heard them repeat tales implying the knowledge of numbers and the ability to add and subtract; and has come to the opinion that the Vaeddas are rather a type of debasement than of primitiveness. Let Andrew Lang rejoice! This, of course, refers, however, to the Forest Vaeddas.

The Vaeddas are, in fact, degenerates in that they used to be a race of great importance in the island, numbering among themselves chieftains and kings whose record still stands in the annals of pre-Christian ages. To-day, they are a merry, gentle people, delighting in song and dance and games, riddles, and hunting. Some of their customs are noteworthy. The Vaedda will not receive a gift, unless it be of such form that his wife can share it with him. The forest Vaeddas appear to have the sense of direction developed to such an extent that they actually cannot lose themselves in the jungle. Mr. Parker tells of one of them who expressed surprise at this idea, and finally exclaimed petulantly, "How *can* a man get lost?"

The religious traits of the aborigines may be summed up briefly, as there is no space here to enter into the long discussion of this subject to be found in Mr. Parker's pages. The original cult appears to have been the worship of a hill god as a beneficent deity. He sent rain, checked disease, and was opposed by twelve devils who caused the ills

that afflicted the people. The worship of ancestral spirits is not assured, but is probable. The Vaeddas seem to be connected religiously with no aborigines other than those of Southern India. Mr. Parker believes that the Nāgas of Northern Ceylon were an offshoot from the Nayars of Southern India. The Vaeddas themselves distinguish Ceylon ("Sihala," the country of the Sinhalese), from their own lands in the island. The Sinhalese name of the island is Lanka. The word Vaedda, with its old intermediate form vaeddhan, evidently reverts to Sanskrit *vādha*, "hunter" The illustrations, made by the author, are rude but helpful, especially in understanding the chapters on coins and buildings. The author gives full credit to previous writers, but his own book will be indispensable to future workers in this field.

Yet Again. By Max Beerbohm. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This is a gleaning from the carefully wrought journalism of which Max Beerbohm has almost a monopoly in England. We mean in the sense that he never derogates, but in the occasional essay for Fleet Street uses maintains his own quality unimpaired. What this quality is the analyst finds his ordinary processes too crude to demonstrate. Evidently, sheer mental agility, a sort of pranksomeness of the mind, is the chief ingredient. But how delicately it is employed, how neatly brought to the brink of waggishness and there shunted off upon some unexpected evasion! To the discreet roguishness of the manner, an underlying common sense lends a dignity that we hardly find in Mr. Beerbohm's competitors in mere wit. The fact that, however brief, he is never hurried is again a distinction quite his own. He does not seem to invent quips; they come to him as to their master.

Inevitably, one cites Lamb when celebrating Mr. Beerbohm, but the parallel is at once injurious and misleading. In the love of the precious, recondite, teasing word there is a real affinity between the two essayists; beyond this it hardly extends. Mr. Beerbohm is more detached; one barely sets him in the London that affectionately calls him Max. Who his associates are and what his actual tastes, one merely guesses. Lamb, with all his subtlety, was in a robuster tradition, gave himself with a kind of royal sentimentality. Mr. Beerbohm has something of the Parnassian aloofness, gives chiefly his wit, pays less with his person, is in some fashion tidier and more civilized. One characteristic he shares with Lamb: his quality is pervasive, and not to be fully sensed in extracts. "There are so many queer things in the world that we have no time to wonder at the queerness of the things we see habitualy" sounds truistic, but leads one admirably into a discussion of the mystery of fire. Again the parenthesis, "I have no doubt that the custom of wearing hats in the House originated in the members' unwillingness to let strangers spy down on the shapes of their heads," gains its effect from a preceding delicious parody of the House of Commons manner. Our favorite pretences, journalistic and political, the etiquette of our grand aunts (whose graces he cordially praises), mere happenings (the return of a nostalgic Australian to find that his guiding star, his London club, is being demolished), the tragic effacement of the labels on a much-travelled hat-box by a too zealous repairer, the vision of the past evoked by a Morris dance—in such trifles Mr. Beerbohm finds his themes, and his art makes them important. This art will mean little to a world that wants reading for the train. To the few who still care for quality in letters it is a rare delight.

Mr. Beerbohm's sheer ingenuity is perhaps best enjoyed in the handful of notes called "Words for Pictures." We quote—being after all driven to plum-picking—a few lines on a drawing of Ho-tei, the Japanese god of prosperity, by Hokusai. Mr. Beerbohm, the accomplished caricaturist, has naturally warmed to the theme. Ho-tei possesses the beauty of real fatness—

> That fatness that comes from within and reacts on the soul that made it, until soul and body are one deep harmony of fat; that fatness which gave us the geniality of Silenus, of the late Major O'Gorman; which soothes all nerves in its owner, and creates the earthy truistic wisdom of Sancho Panza, of Francisque Sarcey; which makes a man selfish because there is so much of him, and venerable because he seems to be a knoll of the very globe we live on, and lazy inasmuch as the form of government under which he lives is an absolute gastrocracy—the belly tyrannizing over the members whom it used to serve, and wielding its power as unscrupulously as none but a promoted slave could. Such is the true fatness.

Notes.

A new book of John Burroughs, "In the Catskills," is in the hands of Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Putnams will issue in the autumn "Mazzini and Other Essays," by Henry Demarest Lloyd.

The Macmillan Company announces for publication next autumn "Twenty Years at Hull House," by Miss Jane Addams.

Henry Frowde announces that in the series of Church Art Handbooks a second volume, entitled "Woodcarvings in English Churches," by Francis Bond, is nearly ready.

An interesting account of privateering is promised by E. P. Dutton & Co. in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies in the Seventeenth Century," by C. H. Haring. It is to be published in the autumn.

A telegram from A. H. Yoder, Superintendent, informs us that the high-school stadium of Tacoma, Wash., is entirely under the control of the Board of Education, and that no offer was made to hold the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight in it. We regret that credit was given, in our editorial note of June 23, to a specious newspaper report.

The "Dictionary of National Biography" is to receive the addition of a second supplement, which will include biographies of notable persons who have died during the years 1901-10. The work, of which Mr. Sidney Lee is to be the editor, will it is believed, be ready early in the year 1912. It will be published in this country by the Macmillan Co.

In "Landmarks of Russian Literature" (Macmillan), the Hon. Maurice Baring publishes a series of disconnected essays, far from profound, but entertaining and sympathetic. The opening chapter, on "Russian Characteristics," which is drawn mainly from the author's own impressions as a newspaper correspondent, is decidedly the best in the book. The treatment of Tolstoy is slight and unsatisfactory, nor is that of Turgenieff at all adequate, though it may serve a purpose by stating the attitude of the present Russian generation towards that novelist. On Gogol and Chekhov, authors comparatively little known in this country, Mr. Baring touches with genuine appreciation; of Dostoevsky, despite an ardor that often becomes extravagant, he gives an account that seems to us the best accessible in English. The book, as a whole, by its tone of warm personal enthusiasm, should do good service by attracting new readers to the great writers of Russia.

John Galsworthy belongs in a way with Max Beerbohm and one or two others in that second stratum of British cleverness just below the level of the great panjandrums of wit, Messrs. Shaw, Chesterton, and Wells. His latest publication, "A Motley" (Scribner), is a rather loosely made parcel of journalistic sketches and impressions. They are all featly turned, though in some cases they barely avoid the pitfall of forced wit and false brevity always lying in wait for writers of his kind. Mr. Galsworthy has one peculiar merit: he can portray with sympathy the waifs and failures of the underworld, without losing his interest in the other and on the whole for the artist saner aspects of life. It would not be easy to say which character sketch is the better done, that of the poor abandoned flower girl, or that of the wealthy gentleman of the old school.

"The 'All Red' British Empire Series," issued in this country by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, promises well. The bright scarlet in which the books are dressed has a militant suggestion of Britain against the world, but the pages speak only peacefully. Not long since we noticed at length B. R. Wise's "Commonwealth of Australia." We have now at hand "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur P. Douglas (1909), a writer, like Mr. Wise, well qualified through long residence and high official station to tell the story. New Zealand is considered in all its aspects, and an excellent hand-book is furnished, interesting alike to the man of science, the economist, politician, and man of affairs. We suppose volumes will follow treating

of the other divisions of the British Empire, in which case we shall have a library of information of the highest value.

"Walks and People in Tuscany," by Sir Francis Vane, Bt. (John Lane Co.), is one of those simple, friendly books which, though they deserve little praise, one is loath to condemn. The author has ventured afoot or on wheel in remote Tuscany. He knows the mountain passes from Vallombrosa to San Marino, has wandered among the Chianti Hills, has trodden the Appenine trails above Pistoia and Lucca, and has sought the rarely visited summits of the Apuan Alps, with their high villages. Everywhere, despite a rather casual knowledge of Italian, he made friends, even improvised speeches at patriotic feasts and acquired some proficiency at bowls. Children were his favorite tramping companions, and he makes them more vivid than the grownups. In the mountains above Lucca he happened upon a local Saracen play, originating, he thinks, from the village of Sant' Anna. Of it one would like to hear more. Occasionally, he reports rather vaguely works of art that have escaped the makers of inventories. What ails the book is a kind of all-overishness. One realizes the feelings of an amiable traveller, but attains no satisfying picture of the things he mentions. We may note the opinion that the society of Florence would be ideal were there a centralizing personality—some sociable despot whose establishment might serve as clearing house and court. It is to be feared that upon such a salon the burden of the merely prosperous might be excessive. The book is tastefully made, and the pen sketches with which it is adorned have an incisiveness that is denied to the text.

In his "Story of the Negro," Dr. Booker T. Washington has brought out in book form papers contributed to a magazine, as well as much interesting material which he has given to the public at one time or another in his platform addresses. This is no attempt at a scientific, historical relation of that remarkable rise of the American negro in the forty years since emancipation which so eminent a Southerner as Henry Watterson has declared to be without parallel in the world's history. Instead, we have an easily flowing, loose-jointed, but readable narrative, bristling with interesting anecdotes and incidents in men's lives and interspersed with useful statistics on nearly all the phases of the negro's life and labor in this country.

As was to be expected, Dr. Washington all but ignores the question of disfranchisement and other political issues. Those of his race who would find in these volumes any outspoken denunciations of injustice or race discrimination, or indeed any stirring note of leadership, must look elsewhere. Dr. Washington is not an agitator. His happy optimism, his cheerful confidence that by building upon the foundation of industry and social usefulness the negro will eventually come into his own, find here ready expression. Truly, no one can contemplate the achievements of the negro since emancipation without certain confidence that, however discouraging the problem may be at times, however disheartening the present reaction, North as well as South, against the negro, in the years to come the negroes are bound to make greater and greater contributions to the industrial and intellectual progress of the nation. No other conclusion is possible after reading Dr. Washington's pages. We wish his work might find the widest circulation, despite certain defects of style and construction, for it presents in an attractive form facts which everybody ought to know. Particularly is this true of the introductory part of the first volume in which the author sets forth something of the past and present conditions in Africa. One of the fundamental difficulties of the negro problem is the cock-sureness with which many persons assert that all African negroes are, and have been, on the lowest level of intelligence and civilization; that there never was any civilization or progress among them. Few know that according to undoubted scientific authority the average primitive negro community in the darkest continent is "a model of thrift and industry." Unfortunately, Dr. Washington often weakens his presentation of such important facts by interjecting rather irrelevant observations on some phase of the Southern problem of to-day. The book bears, too, marks of hasty construction. There are numerous errors of typography and editing. Thus in volume one, page 25, Major R. R. Moton becomes Moten; on page 217 it is James A. Smith; on the next page the same person becomes Samuel A. Smith. On page 266 we learn that a church was built in 1972; on page 323 Gov. Andrew becomes Gov. Andrews. In volume two Brig.-Gen. A. S. Daggett appears as A. D. Daggett, etc., etc. Careful revision would have avoided much repetition and rendered the argument more effective.

Fifty-three new volumes have been added to Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the titles of which keep well up to the level of selection which the previous four hundred had set. These little books, issued at a low price (35 cents net), present a readable page of fair type and paper, and there must be few who cannot find some wished-for work in the series to put upon their shelves. Moreover, the names of the editors and commentators are proof of excellence in the handling of the texts, and the short introductions by these scholars offer, for the most part, an engaging bit of new material for each volume.

Among the new volumes are some in each of the twelve general divisions into which Everyman's Library is classified. The largest share is given to fiction. Four books make complete the set of Dickens's works; Mr. Chesterton writes characteristically, urging the greatness of Dickens's simple characters over the subtle ones with which the present-day novelist seeks to eke out a book. "We have seen Mrs. Lirriper in France," he says, "and we can imagine her in Mesopotamia or in heaven. But the subtle character of the modern novel we cannot really imagine anywhere except in the suburbs or in hell." Dickens, he observes elsewhere, "was meant by heaven to be the great melodramatist, so that even his literary end was melodramatic," in leaving "Edwin Drood" unfinished. Walter Jerrold contributes the introduction to "Pendennis" (in two volumes), and May Sinclair to Charlotte Brontë's "The Professor." In the introduction to "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee" (one vol.), Prof. Brander Matthews remarks that in measuring the range and depth of the influence which one author has exerted over later writers—"excepting only the great masters of fiction, with which Miss Edgeworth need not be classed—few can stand the test as triumphantly as she does." Other volumes are the entertaining "Anna's of a Parish," by John Galt; "The Marble Faun"; "Geoffrey Hamlyn," by Henry Kingsley, and "The Tower of London," by William Harrison Ainsworth. There are six books of translated fiction.

A pleasing edition of Florio's Montaigne is offered in three volumes, under the division of Essays and Belles Lettres, with a short introductory note by A. R. Waller. Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Comic Writers, and Miscellaneous Essays," fill one volume. Here, too, we would call attention to the excellent practice of the editors, in prefixing to each book a chronological list of the author's writings, and the generally adequate indexes. The selection of Macaulay's essays and the "Lays of Ancient Rome" (one vol.) completes the seven volumes of his works in Everyman's Library. "Prue and I" and "Lotus Eating" (one vol.), by George W. Curtis, is another book under this heading. In Romance, we have "Gil Blas," in two volumes, with a critical introduction by Anatole le Braz, who styles Lesage "the most natural and most fascinating of French story-tellers," and Dr. Sebastian Evans's translation of "The High History of the Holy Graal," from the first volume of "Perceval le Gallois ou le conte du Graal." Mr. Rhys prefixes an appreciation of Dr. Evans's work, and a short bibliography of recent literature of the Graal. Under Poetry and the Drama, there is the "Faerie Queene" (two volumes) in admirable type, and "Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith." To both of these there are somewhat longer introductory essays, by Prof. John W. Hales and Austin Dobson, respectively.

Of the five new books of history, four are of Rome. Merivale, and the first three of six volumes of Gibbon, all edited by Oliphant Smeaton, furnish a continuous conspectus of Roman history, as the last twelve chapters of Merivale have been left out, to dovetail with the Gibbon. Apparently there will be only one general index to Gibbon's work: none is given in the volumes now at hand. Count Lützow's "History of Bohemia" is also one of the new works. Rawlinson's Herodotus, in two volumes, heads the list, under Classical; the editor, E. H. Blankeny, has cut down the original introduction and notes so as to make possible the printing in so small a space. Plutarch, Dryden's translation revised and edited by Arthur Hugh Clough, is in three volumes, and Elizabeth Carter's translation of Epictetus in one.

To "The Wealth of Nations," Prof. E. R. A. Seligman contributes an admirable introduction discussing Adam Smith's relation to present-day economic thought and problems, and outlining the fundamental principles of that work. This is the only new publication under "Science," but two interesting works, under "Travel and Topography" are "Franklin's Journey to the Polar Sea," the absorbing narrative of a trip in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and Henry Walter Bates's "A Naturalist on the Amazon." As an intro-

duction to Bates's book, the editor reprints the appreciative review written by Darwin in 1863.

The eight remaining volumes are divided, two under Biography, two under Philosophy and Theology, three under Books for Young People, and one under Reference. Pat on the heels of the five-foot shelf comes John Woolman's "Journal and Other Papers"; the second work of Biography is "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," by Capt. Lionel J. Trotter, a book of the Indian Mutiny. Two rather unusual volumes for libraries of this sort are "The First and Second Prayer Books of King Edward VI," and the metrical translation of the "Ramayana" and the "Mahabharata," by the late Romesh Dutt. The books for children are all illustrated: Harriet Martineau's "Feats on the Fjord," by Arthur Rackam, and "The Swiss Family Robinson," by Charles Folkard. "Heidi," a tale of child life in the Alps, is by Johanna Spyri, the Swiss authoress. The one book of reference is a "Short Biographical Dictionary of English Literature," compiled by John Cousin, which contains more than sixteen hundred names and is a handy companion volume to other works of the library. This completes the fifty-three new volumes; the editors, in their announcement, promise attractive selections in the near future, to make up the five hundred which will comprise half of Everyman's Library as eventually planned.

From the *Torch Press* has come an imposing imperial octavo volume of 1,800 pages and of great value, entitled, "A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion," by Frederick H. Dyer. It has been compiled and arranged from official records of the Confederate army and other official documents and sources of the Federal Government and the various States. Mr. Dyer, who is said to have spent forty years at this task, and is himself a veteran of the civil war, has included in his records every regiment, battalion, battery, and independent company organized by the States and Territories, also those of the Regular Army, the colored and Indian troops, etc., etc. The book gives a list of 900 regiments that lost fifty or more killed or mortally wounded. There is a statistical exhibit of deaths in the United States army during the war and other extremely interesting compilations in the first portion of this volume, in which is also included a list of the departments and the armies. Part ii contains a chronological record of the campaigns, battles, skirmishes, etc., and part iii contains the regimental histories. There are special indexes to part ii and part iii, and the book is carefully indexed throughout. The regimental histories are given in short, compact form and wind up with the losses by death in battle or through disease. It seems a pity, however, when so much labor was put into this volume that a list of the colonels of each regiment was not also given, and other information as to the composition of the organizations. To the deaths, for instance, there should have been added the total number of men enlisted, the number of men wounded in action, deserted, etc. Much of this matter is now available in the growing lists of regimental histories and all in the War Department's records. A particularly interesting feature is the grouping of battles and campaigns according to States. Even the skirmishes in California, about which so little is known, are here set forth. The list of commanders of the different departments and armies, corps, divisions, and brigades will be of special value to students of history or writers upon any phase of the civil war struggle. So far as the accuracy of the work is concerned we note on a list just received from the publishers twenty-nine errors and misprints found since publication, not an overwhelming number in so large a volume. Its real accuracy could scarcely be tested without much labor in the actual records. The work, therefore, is likely to stand as a most useful compendium, sure to find its place in the libraries of the country, because of the growing demand for just such a volume. The typography is by no means beyond criticism.

The value and interest of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, as well as its breadth of scope, are continually increasing. The April number opens with a lucid statement by the famous traveller, Sven Hedin, of what he regards as the far-reaching consequences of the recent flight of the Dalai Lama to India. He confidently believes that the special privileges of the Tibetans will be taken from them and their country will become a Chinese province under the supreme rule of the amban, and he adds that his sympathies are entirely with the Chinese. A military supplement contains suggestive articles by two generals, one on the significance of military geography and the movement of troops, the other on the strategic value to Russia's position in the far East of the proposed Amur railway, the route of which is described in detail, with an admirable map published in the previous number. With the cartographic supplement there is a large map in eleven sections, giving the position on the earth, the extent and character, as topical, geological, physical, or statistical, of all the maps noticed in the first three numbers of the year. It is a most helpful, practical index, giving at a glance the desired information.

The death of Frederick James Furnivall on Saturday, at the age of eighty-five, comes home to many a scholar, American as well as English, with unusual poignancy. For Dr. Furnivall represented the highest type of humane scholar, and many a disciple will not readily forget the encouragement which he received from this picturesque figure over a cup of tea and an English muffin at the A. B. C., just across the street from the British Museum. Dr. Furnivall was a very many-sided man, and, although scholarship to him was absorbing, he found time and enthusiasm for athletics, rowing being his favorite exercise, and for social reform. But he will be remembered chiefly for his whole-hearted devotion to Browning, Shakespeare, and Chaucer. And, whatever his actual literary achievement may be, he has impressed young men with an enthusiasm for learning that was hearty and rare. He was editor of many publications, a member of several learned societies, chief among them being the Chaucer Society, contributed occasional articles, and wrote introductions to such works as the Leopold and Royal editions of Shakespeare.

On June 22 occurred at Bath, England, the death of the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, who had for years been prominently engaged in the promotion of home and foreign missions. He founded in 1872, and directed, the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, which supports a large number of missionaries in the Congo, in India, and in South America. His publications include "The Approaching End of the Age," "Light of the Last Days," "Romanism and the Reformation," "History Unveiling Prophecy."

Eugène Corneille, the last male descendant of Pierre Corneille, died about a fortnight ago at Bernay at the age of forty-seven. He was on the staff of the *Indépendant* of the town where he died, and continued, in his devotion to literary activity, the long-standing traditions of his family.

Dr. Volbert Heinrich Sauerland, who died recently at Rome, is known to the world to-day chiefly as an historian. Like many a predecessor, he retired from the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church owing to quarrels in that body, and devoted his life to scholarship. He studied history at Göttingen, and for the past fifteen years had worked in the Vatican archives for the Gesellschaft für Rheinische Geschichte and the Gesellschaft für Lothringische Geschichte. For students of papal history, his works are invaluable. He was seventy-one years of age.

Science.

Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs. By Silvanus P. Thompson. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

Reviews of several books of reminiscences of Lord Kelvin have already appeared in these columns, but in the present work, we have for the first time, a full and authoritative account of his life and work. This biography was begun during the life of Lord Kelvin, and, in fact, had his coöperation; after his death, the original sketch was greatly extended by the materials furnished from his letters, diaries, and other documents put at the biographer's disposal. In addition to the abundant record thus available, Professor Thompson had the high privilege of being a personal friend of the great physicist. The result is a book which will appeal strongly not only to men of science, who have been eagerly awaiting it, but also to all those who have an interest in the thought of the nineteenth century.

The life of a man who published 661 scientific papers, more than a score of books, and innumerable addresses, must be largely a record of work done, an analysis of thought, rather than a chronicle of action. Yet Professor Thompson has also been able to present a real picture of the man and to arouse personal interest in his character, besides giving full discussion of his scientific work.

The main facts of Lord Kelvin's life can be told in a brief space. After his early education in Glasgow and a brilliant studentship in Cambridge, where he began his long work as a profound and

original thinker, he spent some months in Paris, studying, making acquaintance with noted men, and assisting Regnault in the laboratory. On his return to Cambridge, he was elected a fellow of St. Peter's College, but soon left to become, at the age of twenty-two, professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow. This was the chair which Lord Kelvin was to hold and to make celebrated for half a century. His first achievement, undoubtedly inspired by his experience with Regnault, was to establish a laboratory, in which the students might work, the first connected with any university in Great Britain; and, although not himself primarily an experimenter, he gathered about him a number of men qualified to put his ideas to the test and to make the long series of instruments which brought fame and wealth. The first ten years in Glasgow were a period of unceasing toil and incessant writing. The most notable results of these years were the papers on thermodynamics and electricity, which, with the classic experiments performed with Joule, revolutionized these subjects.

In 1856, when Lord Kelvin began his investigations in connection with the new Atlantic cable, he was called to a more public and active life, and it would not be too much to say that his splendid work in designing and laying the first cables and inventing instruments for recording messages turned failure into success. The reward of this achievement was first knighthood, and, later, a peerage.

But, even these exacting and vexatious labors could not keep his mind from problems in pure science. Besides a continuous production of papers of the highest order, he began with Professor Tait a comprehensive and epoch-making "Treatise on Natural Philosophy," which unfortunately never progressed beyond the subject of mechanics. When the Atlantic cable demonstrated its practicability, he returned with renewed zeal to his special work. Honors were showered on him, and at least three attempts were made to induce him to move to Cambridge. The first call came when he was afflicted by the recent death of his first wife; when a more tempting offer was made to become director of the Cavendish Laboratory, recently endowed, ties too strong to be broken had been formed in Glasgow. On rejecting the offer, Lord Kelvin made overtures to Von Helmholtz, but this great scholar had just begun his career in Berlin and so the honor fell to Maxwell. The later years of Lord Kelvin's life, after his second marriage, were divided between his yacht and his house at Largs; but wherever he was his incessant industry continued to the end.

In a certain sense, Lord Kelvin epitomized the physical sciences of the nineteenth century, and formed the connecting link between the mathematical physicists of the type of Lagrange and Laplace and the leaders of the present-day movement. He was the foremost in a splendid band of men who attempted to make a mechanical theory of natural phenomena, founded on the assumption of concrete atoms and æthers. As was natural, he could not entirely change his point of view so as to support the more metaphysical conceptions of the modern school which has exalted the intangible concept, electricity, into an entity and has rejected, or at least altered, the ideas of Newton concerning matter and mass.

The most striking impressions gained from an examination of Lord Kelvin's work are the extraordinary fertility of his ideas and the enormous activity he was able to maintain. There is no branch of physics which he did not master and enrich with numerous contributions of prime importance; even the most casual interest in a subject aroused him to new problems and wide excursions into allied fields. In fact, the intellectual impatience of his mind often prevented him from pursuing a subject to completion, and we find no such consistent and finished productions as those of Faraday or Maxwell. His greatest influence was perhaps as a pioneer, opening new fields of thought and inspiring other men to carry out and complete the hints scattered in his writings. Combined with this impatience we also find an intense love of the concrete and a rooted suspicion against metaphysics. As he himself said, he could not satisfy this mind until a mechanical model of an abstraction had been constructed.

Of the intellectual activity of Lord Kelvin there are many records. When confined to his bed for weeks after the accident which left him lame, he "began to use the famous green-backed note-books which ever afterwards he carried about with him. In these, in all odd moments, when travelling or waiting for a train, he would jot down as they occurred to him suggestions for experiments, calculations, diagrams, draft paragraphs of scientific papers, all dated punctiliously, and often cross-referenced. His *green-book* became his inseparable companion, and the series now preserved of over one hundred volumes is a witness of the extraordinary fertility and bewildering variety of his genius." He even took them to bed with him and made notes before rising in the morning. Helmholtz, himself a man of immense energy, gives us a glimpse of his astonishment while yachting with Lord Kelvin. In a letter he says:

W. Thomson presumed so far on the freedom of his surroundings that he always carried his mathematical note-book about with him, and as soon as anything occurred to him, in the midst of the company, he would begin to calculate, which was treated with a certain awe by the party. How would it be if I accustomed the Berliners to the same proceedings? But the greatest naïveté of all was when on the Friday he had invited all the party to the yacht, and then as soon as the ship was on her way, and every one was settled on deck as securely as might be in view of the rolling, he vanished into the cabin to make calculations there, while the company were left to entertain each other so long as they were in the vein; naturally they were not exactly very lively.

In closing this review no better appreciation can be given of the man who now lies in Westminster Abbey among the immortal dead, than that by Sir William Tilden, Dean of the Faculty of Science, University of London:

My Lord the Chancellor, I present to you William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs, for the degree of Doctor of Science, *honoris causa*. The illustrious son of a family famous for mathematical talent, for more than half a century Lord Kelvin filled the office of Professor of Natural Philosophy in the ancient University of Glasgow. Two generations have passed since he entered on his professorship, and the advances in physical science which have distinguished the nineteenth century from all preceding epochs have been largely due to the influence of Lord Kelvin in promoting true ideas concerning the conservation of energy, the laws of thermodynamics, and their application to the mechanics and physics of the universe. His untiring intellectual activity has led him also to inquire into problems interesting to the chemist and geologist, as well as those which are important to the physicist and engineer. He has calculated the probable size of atoms; he has studied the structure of crystals; he has estimated the age of the earth. But the world knows him best as the man who has shown how practically to measure electric and magnetic quantities, and has made it possible to link together distant continents by the electric telegraph. It is he who has shown how to neutralize the effects of iron on the compasses of ships and how to predict the tides, and who has thus taught the mariner to steer safely over the surface of the ocean, and to sound, as he goes, its depths and shallows. A greater philosopher than Democritus, in him are united the qualities of Archimedes and Aristotle. Regarded with affectionate reverence by his contemporaries, it cannot be doubted that his name will shine brightly through long future generations. In offering a place of honor to such a man the University confers lustre on itself.

The little book by Anne Moore, bearing the title "Physiology of Man and Other Animals" (Holt), is an interesting attempt to present the essential facts of physiology in an elementary fashion. In carrying out this plan the author dwells upon the larger and more obvious activities of the body, such as circulation, respiration, digestion, and movement, and mentions but briefly the more complex functions of the nervous system. So far is this carried that the existence of a retina is just barely noted, and the ear is not described at all. The second half of the book contains a sketchy outline of the structure and activities

of the chief groups of animals, an outline which a good teacher may make very valuable. Much to be regretted is the evident willingness of Miss Moore, despite her training in a good school, to take many of her facts and illustrations from sources of secondary value, instead of going always to the fountain head for her supplies. A book that is modern enough to contain "lipase" is too modern to perpetuate the antiquated use of "hydrocarbon" for fat.

The alliterative "Conquest of Consumption" (Houghton Mifflin), from the fluent pen of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, is a brief but breezy encouragement of the victim of tuberculosis to give himself full benefit of the treatment by fresh air and abundant food. Those who like to see these questions dealt with in a slap-dash piquant method will find it here at its best. Dr. Hutchinson seeks to arouse and stimulate, and a mild exaggeration here and there, or an occasional disregard of the facts, disturbs him little. Such a presentation of the case will doubtless help many hesitating persons, much as many used to be helped by Gough and Moody, with whose form of appeal that of Dr. Hutchinson has much in common. Our only serious criticism of the book would be that perhaps too little stress is laid upon the fact that, although fresh air and feeding are all important, there are limitations to their usefulness which the zealous patient can hardly be trusted to recognize and appreciate without the aid of a physician.

Prof. Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli, the astronomer, died on Monday at Milan. He was born, the son of a teacher, at Savigliano, in Piedmont, in the year 1835. After studying at Berlin and Pulkowa, he became in 1862 the director of the Milan Observatory, a position which he held until he retired in 1900. His investigations, which were numerous, were directed by that desirable complement of scientific scholarship, a far-ranging imagination, and on some occasions assumed lines that were revolutionary. His most notable discovery was that of the so-called canals of Mars, which he announced in 1877. His belief that Mars is inhabited by beings in many ways akin to ourselves started a controversy which has, of course, not even yet been settled. He wrote significant books on comets and falling stars, in 1873 "The Precursors of Copernicus in Antiquity," and in the next thirteen years two works, one on the rotation, and the other on the topography, of Mars.

Drama and Music.

THE NEW DRAMA AND THE OLD.

It is no secret that Mr. Charles Frohman's repertory season of "advanced" drama at the Duke of York's Theatre in London has been a failure. Nor have sincere friends of the theatre shed too many tears over the fact. Those sincere friends of the drama who are also intelligent friends of the drama have been aware for some time that what was only a few years ago commendably "new" and "advanced" has now become freakish and a fad. Mr. A. B. Walkley, the London *Times's* dramatic critic, recently uttered some very plain truths on the subject:

> What the drama of the future was going to be neither they nor he could say: but he thought he could safely prophesy what it would not be. It would not be a rambling conversation on the model of those recent plays of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker which had so brief a career. He referred to these without apology, because they had been put forward by one at least of their own parents as the new dramatic model. He submitted it was a model of what to avoid. If the drama was to develop, it would have to develop along dramatic lines, shaping itself, like every other art, in conformity with its peculiar medium of expression. It must obey the law of economy in art; not run to waste by aiming at effect which could just as easily be produced without the apparatus of a theatre and the aid of a company of actors. And a play must always, in the future as in the past, be something organic and whole, or it would not hold the spectator's attention.

In these few sentences Mr. Walkley has summed up the rise and progress and decline of the intellectual English drama during the half-dozen eventful years that have elapsed since Mr. Arnold Daly produced "Candida" in New York and gave George Bernard Shaw to what has been since that event a breathless, admiring, and puzzled world.

In Shaw's hands the play has become a magnificent and popular embodiment of the art of conversation. The old dramatic requirements of plot, situation, and character have been thrown overboard. Two volumes of Shaw's plays were in print for years before they found a hearing on the stage. They were in nearly every sense that extremely old-fashioned thing, "closet-drama." But Mr. Shaw's talk was so brilliant, his humor so high above the ordinary, and the whimsical play of ideas so pleasantly irritating, that people discovered with some astonishment that a play might have neither plot nor situation in the traditional sense, and yet be a capital night's entertainment. There is no need here to expatiate on the rise and apotheosis of Shaw. It is only necessary to point out that Mr. Shaw was not slow to take advantage of his sudden vogue. He worked his vein hard. There had been in "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell" the remnants of plot. There had been in "Man and Superman" some trace of situation. He proceeded to eliminate these from his subsequent plays. "John Bull's Other Island" was more talkative than "Man and Superman." And "Major Barbara" was about as garrulous. And "The Doctor's Dilemma," and "Getting Married," and "Press Cuttings" have grown steadily worse. Whether emanating from Shaw's dramatic theories or from Shaw's dramatic personality, the attempt to write talk instead of drama was deliberate and openly avowed.

Shaw thus became the founder of a school of discursive drama. His followers, of whom Granville Barker and John Galsworthy are the best known, could not approach the master's brilliancy of talk, but they could surpss him in seriousness and sincerity; and they did. Shaw dwells, as a rule, in the field of abstract ideas; when he deals with such specific subjects as Mrs. Warren's profession, the Irish question, the Salvation Army, or Irish politics, the interest is seldom in the main story and nearly always in the jest or the suggestion of the moment. His followers have chosen their topics more carefully and gone to work with fine single-mindedness, keeping their eyes always on the thesis; producing, in other words, a serious "problem" play. But it was a play in which the Shavian disdain of plot and action was observed. The thesis was not acted out, but talked out. Mr. Galsworthy has been less the sinner in this respect than Mr. Granville Barker; Mr. Barker has shown the way to a crop of newer dramatists who have talked from the stage about things they knew or believed in; things deserving to be known, but nevertheless talked about instead of acted out. Of "Chains," a play of lower middle-class life by Elizabeth Baker, a girl stenographer of little literary training, one critic—we believe it was Mr. Archer—remarked that the entire plot consisted in this: a London clerk thought of emigrating to America and didn't. Mr. Archer was under the necessity of saying that, while the play had no plot in the traditional sense, it had that higher form of plot which is of life itself. Which is all very fine and very little to the point.

For the essense of the matter is this: the laws of dramatic writing, built up in the course of twenty-five hundred years, cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. Now and then an exceptional individual may arise who, for a time, may find it possible to dispense with those laws. Above all laws of the theatre there is one supreme law which decrees that the spectator must not be bored. If Bernard Shaw's brilliant talk can hold an audience for three hours, well and good. If Mr. Barker and the newer school can keep us interested while they discourse about the poor law or police court administration, we ask nothing more. Only it cannot be emphasized too strongly that the experience of twenty-five centuries holds out the solemn warning that such audacious experiments must come to grief in the long run. Not every dramatist can write as well as Bernard Shaw. And Bernard Shaw himself has shown of late that he cannot write well enough to keep his audience from yawning with alarming frequency.

The man of original tastes may live exclusively on olives and weak tea; most of us need a more substantial and more conservative diet. The original dramatist may refuse to play by the rules of the game; his would-be imitators are

bound to come to grief. What those men fail to recognize is the fact that the laws which they scoff at are really intended for their own salvation. The trained acrobat may play Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody on the piano with his toes, but for the average musician it is safest to play with his hands. And for his comfort, the average man may recall that the very greatest musicians prefer to play with their hands, instead of their toes.

Sir Charles Stanford has brought out a new Irish song cycle. It was sung for the first time in London by Plunket-Greene.

One of Rossini's earliest operas, "Tancred," is to be revived in Berlin next season. He was only twenty-one when he wrote it.

"Quo Vadis," the French opera by Jean Nouguès, which Mr. Gatti-Casazza has procured for the next Metropolitan season, seems to be popular. After its Parisian success, it was acclaimed in a Bohemian version at Prague, and is now being translated into German for the Volksoper in Vienna. In the same city a company is organizing to take it on the road, presenting it in cities which have opera houses but not funds enough to pay for the sumptuous scenery the opera calls for.

Mendelssohn's violin concerto, which has been for decades one of the most popular of all concert pieces, had to wait eighteen years after it was composed before it was printed. Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony remained in MS. fifteen years, Schumann's first symphony twelve years. Schubert's orchestral and chamber works not only were not printed during his lifetime, but there were few among them that he had ever had a chance to hear. His ninth symphony was twenty-two years old when it was put into type; the immortal "Unfinished" had to wait forty-four years, and the great octet nearly thirty years. A number of interesting facts like these are given by Theodor Müller-Reuter in his "Lexicon der deutschen Konzertliteratur," the first volume of which has just been published, in Leipzig, by C. F. Kahnt. The dates of first performances of important pieces are given with much other information, obtained, in the case of the works of contemporary masters, from the composers themselves. Conductors, players, and singers will find this volume of great use. Their attention is called particularly to the fact that the author takes pains to point out the beauties of pieces that are played too seldom; *e. g.*, Schubert's Fantasia for violin and piano (op. 159), and his sonata in A, opus 162, for the same instruments.

Russia has lost another of her most prominent composers, Mili Alexejewitch Balakireff. Like several of his best-known colleagues, he was a man of science (biologist and mathematician) before he became a pianist and composer. He lived seventy-four years, and is looked on as having been, after Glinka, the leader of the Russian "national" school. His best-known works are a symphony, the music to "King Lear," the symphonic poem, "Damara," the Oriental piano-fantasy, "Slamey," and a collection of Russian folk songs. He devoted much time to making his country's music known elsewhere, by giving concerts in various foreign cities. Once he conducted, at Prague, a cycle of Glinka's operas.

Art.

MUSEUM DIRECTORS.

Of the multitude that annually visits the Metropolitan Museum, an elect minority, the students, will learn with especial regret of the retirement of the director. The state of Sir Purdon Clarke's health did not permit him to take that aggressive part in remodelling the Museum that was hoped for, but he did quietly effect an important and radical change: he improved the moral climate of the place. Where students had been regarded as intruders and foreign experts had been denied access to the cases, he introduced an atmosphere of positive courtesy and helpfulness, thus confirming a beneficent policy begun in the interregnum of Acting-Director Storey. In a considerable degree Sir Purdon sacrificed himself to the social duties of his position, was absolutely accessible and untiringly serviceable even to casual inquirers. Possibly this was an excess of amiability, but it doubtless did much to create good will for the Museum. To the work of recruiting an expert staff and overhauling the collections he set himself with a scholar's sympathy.

His activities at the Metropolitan may suggest some thoughts about the profession he followed. It is rather a new profession. Until recently even in Europe heads of art museums were chosen from among painters of repute. Gradually, experts in some single branch have replaced these amateurs. As museums have grown and their funds have increased, it has become plain that neither the artist nor the scholarly expert is likely to do well in a post involving difficult duties of administration. The profession of museum director has emerged as a separate calling, requiring especial capacities and training. Under much the same conditions the profession of college or university president has detached itself from that of teaching or investigation. Something of the same efficiency, encyclopædic information, and universal sympathy is required in either case. In America such chiefs must also be public characters. Their allegiance is not impersonal, to a remote Ministry or municipal council, but personal, to trustees who share intimately in the work of administration. Moreover, most of our museums are in large part dependent on public subscription, and in virtually all cases grow chiefly through private gifts. All this imposes upon an American director a tact and diplomacy that, if useful, are not indispensable in similar positions abroad.

According to the main types of art museum among us, two sorts of directors are developing. The average museum devotes itself mainly to collecting and exhibiting modern art, to which it often adds practical instruction in painting and sculpture. The head of such an institution needs chiefly taste, energy, and administrative tact; his work does not require much scholarship, but rather a discursive curiosity and enthusiasm. The late Director Kurtz of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, was an admirable example of this sort of executive. It is a type that our conditions are likely to produce in sufficient numbers. When a museum, like those of New York, Boston, Chicago, and Worcester, devotes itself to the whole field of art—hence for the most part to that of the past—the problem of finding the right chief becomes more difficult. Indeed, if there were many full-fledged art museums our supply of native directors would soon run short, just as for a time the supply of eligible college presidents did. But museums do not multiply after the fashion of colleges, and will presumably rear directors as fast as they are wanted. Sir Purdon Clarke worked up from the lower grades to the head of the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. Robinson, who is now acting director, having already for a considerable time carried forward efficiently the work of the Museum, had been curator and director at Boston before coming to us.

As to the training that best equips a director, clearly no dogmatic opinion can be held. But it may be said that no man who has not won his spurs as a specialist is likely to be an acceptable captain for a staff of experts. Yet the specialist, like the proverbial Scotchman, must be caught early if much is to be made of him. He needs a kind of ability that is not to be got from books and concerning which ancient inscriptions and statues, old paintings and carvings, are silent. Keeping the sympathy and insight of the scholar intact, he must add to them the keenness of the all-round executive. It is probable that few museum curators will be drawn into the work of general administration, just as, after all, it is an exceptional type of professor that has responded to the new and exacting demands made upon the office of college president.

It lightens the labors of a reviewer to find a title page that is also a table of contents. Such is the case with Richard G. Hatton's "The Craftsman's Plant-Book or Figures of Old Plants Selected from the Herbals of the Sixteenth Century, and exhibiting the finest examples of plant-drawing found in these rare works, whether executed in wood-cuts or in copper-plate engravings; arranged for the use of the decorator with supplementary illustrations and some remarks on the use of plant-form design" (E. P. Dutton & Co.,

$7.50 net). It remains only to add that the author has made a very complete anthology of old cuts, which, made for scientific purposes, are frequently models of clever design, and that his prefatory remarks are sensible. Their tone may be gathered from the advice, "Let the designer recognize at the beginning that he is not obliged to use plants at all, that it may be his lot in life not to use plants, and that beautiful objects can be produced without the use of them. And, indeed, until the designer adopts that attitude, he will misuse his plants. Until he can do without them he cannot properly introduce them." The arrangement is not bibliographical but botanical, a convenience for the worker who wishes simply to find a given type of plant; and except for a certain blunting and disintegration of the old cuts caused inevitably by process reproduction the collection comprised in this large quarto is a model of its kind.

Myron, Phidias, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, Scopas, and Lysippus are the "Six Greek Sculptors" briefly treated by Ernest A. Gardner for Duckworth's red covered series. (Scribner importation). There is also a preliminary chapter on archaic sculpture, and a final chapter on the Hellenistic period. Professor Gardner's method is characteristically sober and scholarly. He takes into account the latest discussions and discoveries, which in the case of Lysippus, for example, are quite revolutionary. Particularly valuable, though naturally the conclusions are tentative, is the essay on the style of Scopas, the initiator of the pathetic tendency. These studies of style make for a more discriminating appreciation of the qualities of Greek art. It is not so long ago that seven centuries were rolled together under the vague denomination of "the antique." Since then we have learned to distinguish the Greco-Roman, and to scorn, surely too much, the Hellenistic. Now we are beginning to distinguish personalities with some accuracy. This tends to take the subject out of the realm of superstition and ideology and bring it within that of criticism proper. The marginal uncertainty is still considerable, but such books as this help toward clearer admirations. One or two slips or omissions may be noted. No indication is given as to the whereabouts of the Myronic Hercules reproduced in plate XV. The condition of the Castel Porziano Discobolus at the Terme Museum is inaccurately described (p. 64, note), and its importance slurred. A statue the legs of which are broken a little above the ankle cannot be called a "torso." This version has also the great merit of giving the correct position of the left hand. A more unaccountable omission is that of the Niobid of the Banca Romana. The date of this fine marble is disputable, we feel it may be of Roman workmanship, but in quality and sheer passion it must count among the most important works of classical antiquity. One would welcome, also, a discussion of the lovely Temple Ministrant of Anzio, at the Terme, a much-discussed masterpiece, with apparent relations to the art of Lysippus. It seems possible, in view of these shortcomings, that the manuscript was completed a matter of three years ago, and not subsequently revised. Naturally, the pendant to the Ludovisi throne recently acquired by the Boston Museum was not available for this publication.

Finance.

CROPS AND MONEY.

The present financial situation in the United States is wholly logical. Given the facts of the last three years, the consequences could not be other than are now observed. The thing that impressed itself most deeply on certain minds after the strenuous times of 1907 was that a readjustment in the cost of living was a prerequisite to a return to what we are in the habit of calling normal conditions. The readjustment did not occur. It failed to manifest itself in 1908, and it put in no genuine appearance in 1909, although there was a temporary cut in the steel and iron industry, followed by such an avalanche of orders as completely to falsify any expectations which may have been entertained of an effective cheapening in this line of products. Nineteen hundred and ten, in a word, found the cost of living higher than ever. The assumption in the early part of 1908 that a decline in general prices must ensue was based on the fact that the underlying conditions did not warrant the prices then quoted. Yet the cost of living has increased since that time, while the working capital of the United States is not now so large. The result is that for every one person in 1908 who was looking for a readjustment in general prices, there are to-day a dozen persons who declare that the purchasing power of the dollar must be enlarged.

The dollar has been overworked of late years. It has had too many tasks assigned to it, and it is now proving to the people of this country that it cannot attend to them all. Billion-dollar Congresses, magnificent State and municipal expenditures, 15-cent cotton, wheat at non-exporting prices, and a land boom involving tremendously enhanced quotations (to go no farther) are too much for it; it is not able to get around quick enough for all purposes.

The dollar's severest taskmaster in the past year has been the farmer. The farmer has not been merciful to his beast; he has forgotten that the money market has its limitations. The farmer has been in a position to dictate to the rest of us, and the money market has been his agent. He has advanced the prices of his products, and has told us that we could take them or leave them. Ten years ago that would not have been so easy: his own capital was not so large as it is now, and his borrowing capacity was less ample. To-day local elevators preclude the necessity of his rushing his wheat to market, provided his bank will supply the funds to hold the marketing of the crop in abeyance. What has been the case with his wheat has been equally the case with his cotton, his livestock, and most of his other products. He has perfected his facilities for holding his wares from market until he can get his price; his *sine qua non* to-day is ample banking accommodation.

The attitude of the banks to the farmers is the question of chief interest at this period. A new harvest is at hand, and an immense volume of bank loans is necessary in order to reduce it to cash. But the fact cannot be ignored that in the past year the farmers have locked up an exceptionally large proportion of the nation's working capital. At a time when they should be flush, the local banks in the great agricultural regions are quite the reverse of flush. The banks in the central reserve cities of the United States have for some months foreseen just such a situation as the one which now confronts us. They have strengthened their own reserves as much as possible, knowing well that the task of financing the crop movement must fall on them in much larger measure than usual this autumn. This has reacted powerfully on Wall Street, and on the general industry of the country. Stocks have fallen heavily, and the commitments of money for mercantile purposes have been curtailed.

The unusually large amounts borrowed in the name of agriculture in the past year have been obtained in two principal ways. The farmers have borrowed from their local banks on their general credit, and in addition to these sums a great aggregate of farm mortgages has been placed with insurance companies and similar institutions. Neither class of loans can be liquidated with wholly painless results. It is quite conceivable that the greatly enhanced prices which have been paid during the land speculation will in the long run be amply justified by the added productiveness of the country, but pending that time really productive industries will have been deprived of the use of a very considerable amount of working capital. Some unproductive industries of an important character seem to be experiencing that ef-

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fect to-day. It is more than probable that the stagnation in the bond market for so many months past has been due to the fact that financial institutions that are usually large buyers of bonds have been devoting themselves assiduously to farm mortgages.

Last Saturday's New York bank statement is significant. The large increase in loans and the heavy decrease in the reserve, from whatever cause they may specifically have sprung, point to the fact that, unaided by foreign loans and by liquidation on the part of the agricultural interests in this country, the banks are not going to have plain sailing in financing this year's crops. Proximate causes of various descriptions are, of course, easily found for the current happenings of the financial situation, but below them all lies one predominating cause—an over large absorption of the nation's working capital by the producers of raw materials, including the land speculators in that category. The question of reducing the amount of this locked-up capital by a very considerable figure is the important question of the hour. Pending its solution, nothing definite can be asserted with reference to the financial outlook, except that, once a more even distribution of "money market money," as Bagehot used to call it is effected among the various industries of the nation, the industrial affairs of the United States will have acquired a better status than has been theirs for a good many years.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Blake, E. C. Engaged Girl Sketches. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.

Bligh, S. M. The Direction of Desire: Suggestions for the Application of Psychology to Everyday Life. Frowde. 70 cents net.

Bronson, W. C. English Poems. Selected and edited, with notes. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Brooks, J. G. An American Citizen: The Life of W. H. Baldwin, jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Chalmers, S. When Love Calls Men to Arms. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Clark, C. U. Ammiani Marcellini Rerum Gestarum, libri qui supersunt. Vol. I. Berlin: Weidmann.

Clark, J. M. Standards of Reasonableness in Local Freight Discriminations. Columbia Univ.

Clark, J. The Yosemite Valley. Yosemite Valley, Calif.: N. L. Salter.

Coolidge, A. C. Our Nation's Altar. Watertown, N. Y.

Cranke, J. P. In the Land of To-morrow. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Downing's United States Customs Tariff. Revised to March 1, 1910. New York: R. F. Downing. $2.

France, A. The Wicker-Work Woman. Trans. by M. P. Willcocks. Lane. $2.

Hoogvliet, J. M. Elements of Dutch. Seventh ed. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

Hutchins, F. and C. Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway. Boston: Page & Co.

Johnston, A. History of American Politics. Revised and enlarged by W. M. Sloane, continued by W. M. Daniels. Holt. 90 cents.

Johnson, R. H. Determinate Evolution in the Color Pattern of the Lady-Beetles. Carnegie Inst. of Wash.

Lingley, C. R. The Transition in Virginia from Colony to Commonwealth. Columbia Univ.

Meek, S. E., and Hildebrand, S. F. Synoptic List of the Fishes Known to Occur Within Fifty Miles of Chicago. Field Museum of Natural History.

Milligan, G. Selections from the Greek Papyri, edited, with translations. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Moore, C. B., and Hrdlicka, A. Antiquities of the Ouachita Valley, and Skeletal Remains from Arkansas and Louisiana. Reprints Journal Academy of Natural Sciences of Phila. Vol. XIV. Phila.: P. C. Stockhausen.

Osgood, W. H. Further New Mammals from British East Africa. Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Pater, W. Library Edition Vols. II and III. Marius the Epicurean. Macmillan. $4 net.

Pyle, W. L., and others. A Manual of Personal Hygiene. Fourth edition, revised. Phila.: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.50 net.

Recowitza, H. v. Autobiography. Trans. from the German by C. Mar. Macmillan.

Redford, E. A. Neither Do I. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Reilly, J. M. Veldt, The Lion-Hunter: A Comic Opera Whirl. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.

Rooseboom, M. P. The Scottish Staple in the Netherlands (1292 to 1676). The Hague. Martinus Nijhoff.

Savinien, F. P. Bonbons. Broadway Pub. Co.

Schaefer, H. Jesus in psychiatrischer Beleuchtung. Berlin: E. Hofmann & Co.

Schipper, J. A History of English Versification. Frowde. $2.90 net.

Senator, H., and Kraminer, S. Marriage and Disease. Trans. from the German by J. Dulberg. New York: P. B. Hoeber. $2.50 net.

Smith, B. 100 Stories in Black. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 25 cents.

Townsend, C. W. A Labrador Spring. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.

Warner, A. The Real Roosevelt: His Utterances on Various Subjects, selected and arranged. Putnam.

Wells, D. W., and R. F. History of Hatfield, Mass. Springfield, Mass.: F. G. H. Gibbons. $5.

Wolcott, A. B. Notes on Some Cleridæ of Middle and North America. Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Woodbine, G. E. Four Thirteenth-Century Law Tracts. Yale Univ. Press. $1.50.

Wright, H. B. The Recovery of a Lost Roman Tragedy: a Study in Honor of Bernadotte Perrin. Yale Univ. Press.

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The Week.

Dispatches from Beverly report that the close friends of the President are entirely in the dark as to what "Roosevelt will do." What this chiefly refers to is the question whether and how far the Colonel will "endorse" the Administration. No one dreams that he will openly attack it, but the fear is that he may conclude to damn it with faint praise. But this is surely to overlook the fact that such a course would be fully as awkward for Roosevelt as for Taft. It must not be forgotten that the Colonel has his reputation to sustain, not only as a politician but as a prophet. He confidently and repeatedly predicted that Mr. Taft would make one of the best Presidents the country had ever had. After the election of 1908, he issued a special bulletin to the nation congratulating it on the supreme wisdom it had shown in accepting the man he had recommended. That work is too recent to be incontinently undone now. And there is another reason why we may expect that Mr. Roosevelt, after he has succeeded, with his accustomed deliberation and painstaking inquiry, in putting himself in possession of the facts, will come out with the heartiest approval of the Administration. He cannot wish to give color to the malicious characterization of him as a man who throws over his friends when they cease to be useful to him or actually get in his way.

The President's order of a few days ago withdrawing 8,500,000 acres of water-power, phosphate, and petroleum lands is now followed by one affecting a still greater area. The new withdrawal covers no less than 35,000,000 acres of coal lands in North and South Dakota, Washington, Utah, Colorado, and Arizona; but in this area is included 14,000,000 acres comprised in withdrawals previously made during the past four years. These latter withdrawals cannot now be disturbed except by express action on the part of the President or of Congress; whereas in former times a mere order by the Secretary of the Interior, which might attract no special attention, was sufficient to undo the act of withdrawal. President Taft's insistence on the passage of the bill which established this condition of things is thus again shown to have been of signal importance.

Senator Bristow appears to have made a happy choice in fixing upon the increase in the duty on manufactures of rubber as an object-lesson in the ways of Aldrich tariff-making. The duty on these manufactures was raised from 30 to 35 per cent., (Mr. Bristow said 25 to 30), while crude rubber was left on the free list. The House had made no change, but Mr. Aldrich's Senate committee put the duty up a notch. It doesn't seem like a very great matter, this change from 30 to 35 per cent., but 5 per cent. may mean a vast amount to the profits of a Rubber Trust, and it is difficult to imagine any other motive for the change than that of increasing those profits. Our imports of manufactured rubber goods were insignificant, even under the old rate, and have fallen still lower under the new, so that revenue could not have been the object; and the claims of anything like legitimate protection must have been satisfied by the old rate, since importation was almost non-existent. The size of the interest involved may be inferred from the fact that the crude rubber imported amounts to more than a hundred million dollars' worth annually.

What Mr. Bristow says about the directorate of the Rubber Trust makes interesting reading. A consolidation of two of the three great rubber companies became effective November 1, 1909, with the following board of directors:

E. B. Aldrich, Nelson W. Aldrich, Herman B. Baruch, Henry A. Bingham, Daniel Guggenheim, S. R. Guggenheim, Paul Morton, Allen A. Ryan, William Sproule.

And on December 6 the third of the companies was absorbed, the board of directors remaining as above, and E. B. Aldrich, son of Senator Aldrich, being elected vice-president and executive head of the corporation. Evidently, the insurrection against the Payne-Aldrich tariff is by no means over. No amount of statistical demonstration that the tariff has been revised downward will avail against particular instances of deliberate outrage, such as those contained in the changes of the cotton schedule and in the retention of the intolerable woollen schedule of the Dingley act. This rubber business is not so serious as those, from the point of view of the burden it places on the people; but it brings up sharply the connection between protection and monopoly, and the connection between tariff extortion and high Republican politics.

Direct-primary advocates have always contended that the existence of the system would often have the effect of frightening a discredited machine so that it would not dare attempt to force on the party an unacceptable candidate. It looks as though the force of this argument were about to be demonstrated in New Hampshire. Winston Churchill has been waging unceasing war on the Boston and Maine Gallinger machine in season and out for the past five years. Twice he has sought the nomination for Governor, but, despite the fact that he has both times had more delegates pledged to him than any other single candidate, the machine leaders have effected combinations that have defeated him. But they could not prevent him from talking, nor could they prevent a loyal and energetic group of men who believed as he did from making their influence felt throughout the State. Finally, last year, after being thrice beaten by the machine, they succeeded in getting a State-wide direct primary law on the statute books. It is to be tried for the first time on September 6. Mr. Churchill is not a candidate this year, but one of his associates is, who has been a progressive or "insurgent" from the beginning of the fight against the machine domination. He stands out now as the "Churchill candidate," seeking the endorsement of his party under the new primary law. And lo! what is happening? The machine leaders are one after the other throwing up their hands and declaring for him, until now it looks as though he would have little if any serious opposition in his own party. All of which must be rather pleasing to Mr. Churchill, who more than any one else has made such an outcome possible.

Emil Seidel, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, is like Mr. Gaynor of New

York in one respect: scarcely a day passes that he does not do some sensible thing in a simple way that no one had thought of before. He has been in office only a little more than two months, yet the Republicans and Democrats who prophesied dire things as a result of his election are joining in his praise. He does not act as they thought a Socialist Mayor would act. He seems to have a high regard for his oath of office, and a wholesome respect for the laws and ordinances of the city, that his Democratic predecessor, David Rose, never even pretended to have. As a German and a Socialist, he was expected to interpret the laws "liberally." Yet under his control the total number of saloons has been cut down considerably by the refusal of licenses to a long list of places which have been notoriously allowed to break in the past the excise regulations with impunity. Last week a hundred of these "protected" places closed their doors in despair. Mayor Seidel is enforcing the liquor laws in the restricted districts—a feat which was supposed to be impossible. He has just now made it clear that the Johnson-Jeffries fight-pictures will not be tolerated in Milwaukee. In many ways, he has bettered conditions in his city. Yet his methods are far from militant. "I don't like to issue orders," he declares. "I prefer to ask for coöperation. And I think that will generally accomplish the desired results." If this be Socialism, make the most of it!

In offering to President Hadley of Yale the chairmanship of the commission created by the new interstate commerce act to investigate the stock and bond issues of railways, President Taft has made a choice of the highest excellence. It is to be hoped that Dr. Hadley will find it possible to accept the offer. Such an inquiry as is proposed for the commission depends for its usefulness on a combination of unquestioned impartiality with high special ability such as it is difficult to obtain. In Dr. Hadley, these requirements are fully met. He has made a lifelong study of railway questions, and is an acknowledged authority upon them; and his broad knowledge of economics in general would be of the utmost value in giving direction to the investigation. That the President's choice should have fallen on such a man is another instance of the immeasurable advance we have made in our standards of appointment.

Promotion of common interests in transportation and commerce, and preservation of good relations between all the countries concerned by adherence to the principle of arbitration, are, of course, the burden of Secretary Knox's instructions to our delegates to the Pan-American Conference. In making particular mention of Nicaragua, he is formally justified by the circumstance that there has been a discontinuance of diplomatic relations between the United States and that country, but, of course, Mr. Knox's real object is to present the grounds on which our recent policy toward Nicaragua has been based, and to invite the sympathy of the other Pan-American delegates for our present attitude in the premises. He sets up a contrast between the situation in Nicaragua and that existing in "the progressive American republics, with stable governments and high ideals for such governments," and expresses entire confidence that these republics have not misconstrued our position. Explicitly the subject can hardly come up at the conference, since it is not included in the programme, and would require a two-thirds vote to be introduced. Moreover, the invitation extended to Mr. Henry White, chairman of our delegation, to make the response on behalf of Pan-America to the opening address by the Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs, is hardly consistent with the possibility of any widespread desire to challenge the position of the United States.

An Irish Mayor calling upon the fastidious Puritans of Boston to clean up their city physically, and pointing out that their growing habit of throwing litter and refuse into the streets is giving the New England metropolis a bad name for its dirty appearance, is a spectacle not without its humorous aspects. The thing he strikes at is, however, serious enough; and it is not the withers of Boston alone that are wrung. Public untidiness is a national fault. It is more noticeable in cities, by its massing there, than elsewhere, but even the roadsides in the "sweet, pure country" are often terribly unkempt and have the air of being made a convenient dumping-ground. Mr. H. G. Wells, when in this country, was much struck in his railway journeys by the slovenly look of village streets and by the appalling amount of waste matter everywhere flung about. We have so long been used to having all out-doors in which to throw things that we are in danger of forgetting how much like the neighborhood of a Zulu kraal we often make our outlying regions appear.

Gov. Harmon, in his energetic proceeding in the Newark lynching case, is making use of the law which holds local authorities responsible for such outbreaks as recently took place in that city. The Ohio statutes provide the Governor with all the power he needs. Already he has suspended the Mayor of Newark under authority of a law which has been on the statute books for a decade but has never before been enforced. He is proceeding against the sheriff of Licking County under another statute (the Eubanks act) which was passed only a year ago and applies specifically to failure to protect prisoners from lynchers. This law is explicit and mandatory in its provisions. Under it the Governor must suspend a sheriff from whose custody a prisoner is taken and lynched. The author of the law, a negro member of the Legislature from Cleveland, drew it to fit such cases of negro lynching as took place a year or so ago at Springfield. But it is now to be first enforced in connection with the lynching of a white man. It is conceivable that the Eubanks law, like that providing for the suspension of mayors, might have been evaded or ignored. But Gov. Harmon is meeting the situation squarely, and will give a wholesome demonstration in Ohio of the responsibility of local authorities for the enforcement of law and the preservation of order. There is another law, seldom invoked, which is to be vitalized for this occasion. This is the mob-violence law, by which Licking County becomes liable in the sum of $5,000 for the death of the lynched man. The rigid enforcement of these laws ought to have a salutary effect, and Gov. Harmon will deserve the thanks of law-abiding people everywhere for showing how the law can really be made a terror to evil-doers.

The National Education Association, for the first time in its forty-eight years of existence, has elected a woman as its president. The event is the more notable

from the nature of the claim on which the choice of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young by the delegates was based—the extraordinary distinction of having been chosen as superintendent of public schools in the second greatest of American cities, and the efficiency she has shown in the conduct of that office. If more points were needed to emphasize the character of the event, two might be mentioned, to show how far we are from the days—not long back by the ordinary count of time—when the idea of a woman accomplishing great practical results was still strange in most people's minds. One is that Mrs. Young obtained a university training in middle life, getting the degree of Ph.D. at the University of Chicago at the age of fifty-five; the other is that, while she has been placed at the head of the educational system of Chicago in recognition of exceptional qualifications, the foremost figure in the work of social improvement in the same city is also a woman. And Jane Addams, even more distinctly than Mrs. Young, opened for herself the path to extraordinary usefulness.

The death of Dr. William James Rolfe, even though not unexpected, considering his advanced age, will come as a shock to students of English literature both here and abroad. For the position which Dr. Rolfe occupied was much the same as that held by the late Dr. Furnivall. Both were scholars of untiring activity and enthusiasm, although the positive achievement of neither was of the sort which is termed brilliant. Both, too, did a vast amount to make the pursuit of letters seem worthy and attractive to younger men, and left a heritage of loving devotion to scholarly interests which will not soon be forgotten. It is doubtless as an editor of Shakespeare that Dr. Rolfe is best known, his little brick-colored volumes being as familiar to students throughout the country to-day as, or rather more familiar than, the family Bible. As a scholar, he ranged widely over English literature, editing many of the poets besides Shakespeare. He contributed frequently to newspapers and magazines, and the *Nation* particularly was glad to profit from his minute knowledge of books. His letter "Lest We Forget," published in the *Nation* only two weeks ago, is typical of his habitual method of exacting search for the truth.

The *World* of New York has printed a clear and circumstantial statement, by Representative Martin of Colorado, of the charges relating to the sales of friar lands in the Philippines. It was Mr. Martin whose agitation of the subject brought about the appointment of a Congressional committee to investigate the whole subject; and his statement in the *World* will impress any one who reads it with the necessity of such investigation. Whether the charges he makes will be substantiated upon inquiry remains to be seen; but it cannot be denied that they are clear, straightforward, and specific. That the provision of the organic law of the Philippines forbidding the disposal of more than 2,500 acres of the public domain to any corporation was interpreted by Secretary Wickersham as inapplicable to the friar lands, though there seems to be no sound reason why it should be so inapplicable; that this was to the benefit of the Sugar Trust; that the character of the sale of 55,000 acres of the friar land in the San José estate was concealed through the use of a dummy as purchaser; that, after inquiry began, resort was had to various shifts of evasion and denial; that even if Mr. Wickersham's opinion was correct, another provision of the organic law forbids the *holding* of more than 2,500 acres of land by any agricultural corporation; that this provision is evaded by the land being in the names of individuals connected with the Sugar Trust—these and other charges are set forth in Mr. Martin's statement.

One of the greatest difficulties standing in the way of a peaceful compromise on the House of Lords is the lack of a definite scheme for modifying the composition or organization of that House. Hence, a suggestion on this point made editorially by the London *Economist* is decidedly interesting. Under the plan it brings forward, the membership of the House would be left undisturbed; the double object of correcting its party one-sidedness and of improving its working quality would be accomplished by a delegation of the powers of the House to a legislative committee of 100 or 150 members. Even the "wild Peers" would not be excluded from the right of speaking upon any question on which they might wish to be heard; but the anomaly would be avoided of a host of members who are habitually absent from the House, and who have given no serious attention to public questions, rushing in to vote on grand occasions and overwhelming the body by their numbers. The method of choice of this committee—which would completely take the place of the entire House so far as action is concerned—would be designed both to put the two great parties on an equal footing and to secure a high order of ability, the plan being that each party should elect one-half of the committee, while the Government of the day would have power to "add slightly to its members."

The campaign against depopulation is almost as old in France as the fact of depopulation itself. Its results have not been encouraging. Till within a year or two ago, there was a trifling margin of births over deaths; this has now disappeared, and France faces actual, as well as comparative, retrogression. Nevertheless, the agitation for larger families goes on. A bill just introduced in the Senate, and supported by men like Léon Bourgeois, Alexandre Ribot, Richard Waddington, Alfred Mézières, and Francis Charmes, sought to combine the various schemes that have been suggested for dealing with the problem. The underlying principle is to combat depopulation through the state's employees, who constitute so large a part of the population. The bill provides that no employee of the state over the age of twenty-five shall be retained in the service if unmarried. If a government employee is the father of at least three living children, he shall have preference in promotion and receive an annual bounty of 200 francs for every child after the third and under the age of fifteen. Civil service pensions will provide a bounty of 100 francs annually for every child after the third. It is furthermore provided that every Frenchman who is unmarried at the age of twenty-nine shall be called upon to render extra military service for a long term of years. The laws regulating the distribution of personal estates at death will be repealed. Here is a comprehensive programme which, in spite of the seriousness of the situation that has called it forth, stands little chance of enactment. Its drastic thoroughness is almost as characteristically national as the fact of depopulation itself.

LOOKING FOR ABLE MEN.

In several States just now there is a sort of Diogenes search not for merely honest but for able men in public life. Massachusetts is said to have gone so sterile in statesmen that there is no one to stand against Senator Lodge except Butler Ames. In Pennsylvania the rival nominees for the Governorship are scarcely known outside their own counties, and are without much honor there; while in Ohio the Republicans are sore put to it to find a man to run against Gov. Harmon who shall not appear ridiculous by comparison. The straits to which New York is reduced need only be mentioned. For months the anxiety of politicians has been to discover a successor to Gov. Hughes who should not provoke all over the State Hamlet's indignant question, "What judgment would step from this to this?"

Now, from all this seeming dearth of men capable of leading, at the very time when they are said to be most in demand, it would be rash to conclude that they do not exist. Ability is one thing, and the emergence of able men in public life is quite another. The latter is more a matter of chance or doubt than the former. The conditions temporarily affecting government service may so discourage citizens with high talent for it that they do not come forward—are perhaps not allowed to come forward. Complaints that we were without a supply of vigorous and compelling statesmen have often been heard in this country; sometimes, just on the eve of a new flowering of political genius. In 1888, Lowell delivered his lecture on "The Independent in Politics," in which he referred to the "growing doubt" whether we were not losing the power to produce men of real initiative and practical sagacity in the science of government. His conclusion was, however: "I believe that there is as much of the raw material of statesmanship among us as there ever was, but the duties levied by the local rings of majority-manufacturers are so high as to prohibit its entrance into competition with the protected article." Similarly to-day no competent observer really questions the existence of political talent; the main difficulty is to render the career for it open.

Without falling back upon the comfortable but fallacious assurances that the hour always produces the man, the crisis the hero, we may yet gain a certain confidence from noting that we do now and then find hid treasure in unexpected places; that men whose fame becomes nation-wide start up suddenly out of obscurity. The country is just now called upon to mourn a Chief Justice who had been for twenty-two years at least a capable head of our highest court. Yet when he was appointed the scornful cry was pretty general in the press: "Who is this man Fuller?" Before, when President Grant named a Chief Justice, it had been: "Who is this man Waite?" The two cases show that we have undeveloped resources of ability as well as minerals. Take the instance of Hughes himself. Ten years ago he was absolutely unknown, except to a small circle of friends who were aware of his extraordinary powers. But that they should ever be put at the service of the public appeared then wholly improbable; and that they really came to be must be regarded as in the nature of a political accident. Yet it is entirely credible that ability like his exists in many a law-office, or in some study or counting-room, which we could draft for government work if we only knew how to find it and set it free.

True genius is said infallibly to fight its way to the front, in politics as everywhere else. This, of course, is merely to confuse genius with success; yet we are bound to take knowledge of the fact that able men with honorable political ambition have the struggle made easier for them by examples of success—or of failure. The trail which Hughes has blazed is so plain that even a wayfaring New York politician cannot err therein. Any man in the State who aspires to rise to anything like the popularity and the power that Gov. Hughes has conquered, cannot fail to see along just what road opportunity beckons. And, conversely, in Massachusetts, the present intense dislike of Lodge and the search for a real Senator to displace him indicate the things that must be avoided if a secure place in the honor and affection of that State is to be won. Should the coming contest result in the election of a Senator as little in the public eye now as Sumner was when first chosen, he would know, from the unpopularity of Mr. Lodge, that Massachusetts desired a representative in the United States Senate who would treat his work there with less of the air of a literary trifler, and who would not wreak so much of his strength upon the creation of a personal machine that he had little left for the drudgery of legislation.

Among the circumstances that help to bring forward extraordinary men is dissatisfaction with the commonplace type. Discontent is often, even in politics, a condition of achievement. And it is evident that there never was a time when the people were more out of humor with the ordinary run of politicians than they are to-day. The very fact that the electors are so generally looking for public servants who shall tower like Saul from the shoulders and upwards above the hacks and the time-servers, is a ground for hope that such exceptional men will be found. Certainly, the appeal and the rewards were never greater in our public life. This being so, we may reasonably expect that here and there throughout the country men of unusual ability will grasp the skirts of circumstance and show to their grateful fellow-citizens that there is a sure reserve among us of courage and force to apply to our governmental problems.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN IN MANCHURIA

Behind the Russo-Japanese convention which was signed at St. Petersburg on Monday of last week, rumor persists in scenting a treaty of alliance between the two nations. It is not necessary to accept such an hypothesis as a fact in order to recognize that harmonious relations between the two late antagonists in the Far East are now clearly reëstablished. Against the probability of a Russo-Japanese defensive and offensive alliance are the two reasons that such an arrangement is neither necessary, nor, at such a short remove from the Treaty of Portsmouth, conceivable. Alliances are not cemented as rapidly as the political wiseacres would have us believe. It is one thing for a defeated nation to accept the results of war as a *fait accompli*. It is another thing for two combatants to execute a complete about-face and join hands for war against those who are now their friends. For that is what an alliance necessarily means. It must be an alliance against somebody, whether that somebody be nominated in the bond or left to be unmistakably understood. But, in spite of all that has been said about the cooling friendship between Japan and Great

Britain, it is unimaginable that the latter should be the Power Japan aims at. For one thing, Russia would be a broken reed to Japan in a contest with England. For another thing, Russia and Great Britain are now on the most amicable terms.

It is safest, therefore, to take the latest convention between Japan and Russia for just what it purports to be—an agreement for friendly coöperation in Manchuria, where the two Powers hold so predominant a position. The compact is the latest step in a series of agreements following upon the Treaty of Portsmouth. That instrument left important commercial and other economic questions for later settlement. Among these was the Pacific fisheries question, which was disposed of in the convention of July 30, 1907, the terms of which are now explicitly reaffirmed. The complexities of the Far Eastern situation require that, in any formal agreement between two Powers, the basic principles of China's territorial integrity and of equal opportunity for all nations shall be reiterated. This was done in 1907, and is done again to-day. It is a formula; but in the absence of specific evidence of an intention on the part of the contracting parties to violate its terms, the formula must be accepted as sufficient. It is a formula that we meet in all diplomatic arrangements regarding China. It occurs in the 1907 agreement between Japan and France and in the exchange of notes between this country and Japan in November, 1908. Following upon Japan's arrangements with France and the United States, this new agreement with Russia comes, evidently not as a menace to the peace of the world, but as the latest link in a chain of international *ententes* that are working decidedly for peace.

The Russo-Japanese agreement of July 30, 1907, left the Manchurian railways question undisposed of. With this subject the present convention deals. If the anxious gaze of a critic discerns therein only another "of a series of documents by which the two Powers seek to apportion Manchuria for exploitation by themselves to the exclusion of other nations," proof of this must be directed toward specific acts and policies. The fact remains that Russia and Japan are contiguous railway owners in Manchuria, and that the formulation of an harmonious railway policy between the two is a very natural procedure. True, there is a clause in the agreement which to the suspicious eye might suggest something like an alliance. It is provided that "in case events occur of such a nature as to menace the *status quo*, the contracting Powers will enter into communication, with the object of agreeing on measures for the maintenance of the *status quo*." But it is necessary only to turn to the Takahira agreement between this country and Japan to find analogous proof of a Japanese-American alliance: "Should any event occur threatening the *status* as above described, or the principle of equal opportunity as above defined, it remains for the two governments to communicate with each other in order to arrive at an understanding as to what measures they may consider it as useful to take." Reading between the lines, it is one of those commendable arguments that work both ways.

As between the interests of the peace of the world and the interests of American trade in Manchuria, it is no treason to assert that the former are the more important. For that reason the steady improvement in Russo-Japanese relations can cause only the widest satisfaction. That the two nations mean to discriminate against American enterprise in Manchuria has yet to be proved. That the two nations have turned their backs on all wild talk of a resumption of hostilities in the Far East is pretty definitely established. The Russian jingo may continue to threaten a war of *revanche*, and the Japanese fire-eater may clamor for new victories in Manchuria. The two Governments have recognized that peace is what they both need. Russia dare not go to war again, at the risk of stirring up anew the fires of revolution. Japan needs time to assimilate what she has already won. There is significance, for instance, in the fact that the conclusion of an agreement with Russia should come almost simultaneously with the complete assumption by Japan of the task of preserving order in Korea. The latter step has been regarded as tantamount, or at least as preliminary, to annexation. That Russia, far from protesting, should be engaged in treaty-making with the master of Korea, shows how completely the Czar's Government has accepted the result of the late war.

THE FIGHT ON THE COLLEGES.

"There is no spectacle in American life to-day more pitiful than the contrast between what the college advertises to do and what it performs." "The teaching by our college professors is the poorest in the country." "The average third-year boy in the high school is more able to think, discuss, and express an idea than the average college student two years older." "The young man learns in college that he need not work, he comes to regard his college as a social and sporting club." "Colleges with their narrow and false ideals of culture, . . . their domination has reached a degree of intolerable impertinence." "The high schools in desperation have been drawing a line of cleavage between those fitting for college and those who are not. This is unnecessary, unfitting, and undemocratic."

These are not extracts from an article in a muckraking magazine; they are taken from two addresses delivered last week at the meeting in Boston of the department of secondary education of the National Education Association; one by the principal of a New York high school, the other by the State superintendent of public schools in Wisconsin. What was in view in the last of the above quotations may be judged from a resolution, almost unanimously adopted at the meeting, declaring in favor of the recognition as electives in college-entrance requirements "of all subjects well taught in the high schools"; some of the subjects especially mentioned in the preamble being manual training, "commercial branches," and agriculture, and the requirement of two languages other than English being expressly objected to. And the situation presented both by the addresses from which we have quoted, and by the resolutions adopted with virtually no dissenting vote, is one with which our college presidents, and all persons interested in college education, will do well to reckon promptly and seriously.

For that situation represents the culmination of a wave of criticism and restlessness which in large measure owes its strength and volume to what we cannot but feel has been a want of perception, on the part of many of our leading college presidents especially. To be conscious of deficiencies, ready to admit them and anxious to remedy them, is one thing; it is quite another thing to assume a position of apologetic defence,

to talk as though the faults of the college were all there was in the institution, to declare that the college is useless unless it devotes itself to a task quite other than that for which it has stood in the past. Yet this is essentially the attitude in which a number of our leading college presidents have allowed themselves to be placed. They should have known—we hardly think they can have actually realized it—that such talk as this means not the improvement of the college, but its abolition; not greater efficiency in attaining the aims to which it has historically been devoted, but the abandonment of those aims. School superintendents and high-school principals who regard the ideals of culture nourished at our colleges as "narrow and false," may perhaps be right; they at least have the courage of their convictions when they say so. But what is quite certain is that the time has come when college presidents and others who are not prepared to accept this doctrine should look the question in the face and show the courage of *their* convictions also.

Now, in simple truth, a great deal of the talk about colleges by such persons as those from whom we have quoted is merely rubbish. There are, of course, young men who go to college and don't work, but to talk as though this were true of all of them, or of a majority of them, is to fly in the face of the simplest observation. The greater part of the young men in our colleges work as hard at their studies as can reasonably be expected. As for the superiority of the third-year high-school boy to the college youth two years older, this is, of course, a mere *ex parte* assertion. And the terrible hardship of differentiating between courses designed to be followed by a college training and those that are not rests, so far as we can see, upon the idea that a college has no rights that a true democrat is bound to respect. It may be that the objects which a college pursues are not worth pursuing; but so long as it does pursue them, it must of necessity demand, on the part of entering students, such preparation as is necessary for their attainment.

On the subject of the injury done to secondary schools by the dominant part played by college entrance examinations much might reasonably be said. The need of taking the examinations into account does unquestionably hamper many an earnest and enthusiastic teacher, and prevents him from giving to his students all that he might give through a freer play of his individuality. It is probable that ways and means might be found by colleges to lessen this evil. But the question to which these outbursts of hostility or contempt direct attention is far deeper than this. They touch not college methods, but college aims. They challenge the underlying idea of college education. And they are but a proclamation, in plain language and in loud tones, of what has been vaguely implied or timidly or unconsciously expressed in many an utterance of men in the highest places in the college world. Like all human institutions, the American college is full of imperfections; like them all, it has to undergo change with the passage of time. But it should not bow humbly to every passing wind of popular doctrine. It has a history of which it has ample reason to be proud; it has deserved well of the country, and the work that it has been doing there is still need for it to do. Agricultural schools, industrial schools, technological schools, have grown up alongside of it, and other kinds of schools may be equally necessary, and may meet the needs of a far greater number of individuals. There is no compulsion on any one to go to college, nor is it desirable that every one should have a college education. But out of the thousands who have had this opportunity, a very large proportion have derived from it something that they could not otherwise have got, something that they have prized as an invaluable possession to themselves, and something that has supplied to the country an element without which American life would have been immeasurably poorer. Nor do the confident but reckless assertions of educational muckrakers furnish any reason for believing that the day of its usefulness is past, or for abandoning that spirit of loyalty to the traditions of culture which, until very recently, has been the general possession of our college men.

AN ATHLETIC SCHOLAR.

Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, whose death we had to record last week, had been for two generations a frequenter of the reading-room of the British Museum. Perhaps no scholar of the age was so widely acquainted and so generally beloved. He added to the diligence of the text-critic the enthusiasm of the administrator. Publishing societies sprang up in his wake. The Early English Text Society, the New Shakespeare Society, the Chaucer, Browning, and Shelley Societies represent merely a part of his activities in this field. As general editor for these bodies he associated with himself the best talent of England, America, and the Continent. Toward his fellow-workers he was of unfailing helpfulness. Stationed at the British Museum, he was the eyes for scores of students and their ultimate court of appeal. A sound instinct led him to lay chief stress upon the literal reproduction of manuscripts. The work done under his charge is of permanent value, since it avoids both the dilettantism of the Old English publishing societies and the perverse ingenuity of the German compilers of bedevilled texts miscalled critical. The judgment of the man was as remarkable as his friendliness and diligence.

His personality was indomitably picturesque. In the sober precincts of the British Museum his ruddy face and silver hair and beard, surmounting a scarlet tie, were about the most stimulating spectacle there offered. A lifetime spent largely in the close labor of reading proofs and collating manuscripts had not subdued him. Toward his antiquarian researches he kept an always fresh romantic enthusiasm. In the unpublished records and literature of old England he saw a duty to be fulfilled, but what really fascinated him was the glimpse of a life more racy, freer from cant, more variously interesting than our own. The sense that we may learn much from what we regard as the crude conditions of our English ancestors he expressed in a hundred prefaces. It was a faith that he shared with William Morris, a conviction that made him throw himself into Ruskin's movement for a working man's college. Many will regret that he never published at length his opinions on the exemplary value of mediæval crafts. A life spent in superintending and often in doing other men's work made such a study impossible. Perhaps it was better, after all, to strike a spark here and there amid the dry material of scholarship.

A part of Dr. Furnivall's youthfulness of spirit was due to his love of the open. There was no more familiar figure on

the Thames above Richmond, or, in summer-time, on the Isis. As he sculled vigorously past he was smilingly greeted as Father Thames. Characteristically, he combined his favorite recreation with a philanthropy. For years he directed a rowing club for shop-girls. By way of this club some of his foreign associates have made a perplexed entrance into English society, for it was not Dr. Furnivall's way to vouchsafe unnecessary explanations. When his friends desired to celebrate his seventieth birthday they naturally provided the customary *Festschrift*, but they could think of no more acceptable personal gift to add than a Clasper double scull. Some of them had the good luck to occupy the forward seat, and we warrant it was no easy task to follow the stroke of the octogenarian host. He was an unconventional spirit, with a vivid sense of reality. His very writing had something bristling about it; his zest, or, more rarely, his scorn, frequently broke through the orderly surface of his argument; he was volcanic after the fine Victorian tradition. Yet with the friendliness he so readily showed to all comers, he was essentially a reserved man. His contacts were by preference professional, but surely there was scope enough for delightful if impersonal intimacies in a profession that comprised all English antiquity. For many a visiting scholar the pleasantest thing in London was to stroll out from the Museum and take tea with Dr. Furnivall. Now that he is gone, the pull of the great city will be for scores of his associates sensibly weakened.

By a sort of irony, his least valuable work is that which most fully enlisted his ardor—his Shakespearean investigations. His real monument is the publications of the Chaucer Society. He not merely accomplished almost single-handed the editing of the chief manuscripts, but arranged the reprints with utmost ingenuity to serve the ends of comparison. Of its sort, the work is definitive, and Dr. Furnivall's name will not be forgotten until Chaucer himself fails to attract scholars.

A STUDY OF THE JESUITS.

PARIS, July 1.

"Les Jésuites" (Armand Colin, 387 pages, 4 francs) is a French translation of the German work of H. Boehmer, professor at the University of Bonn. It demands particular mention because of the eighty pages of introduction and the notes by Gabriel Monod of the Institut de France. These constitute a veritable pronouncement:

> A very large number of questions of religious history remain little or ill-known. In the front rank of the ill-known should be placed the history of the Society of Jesus. Hardly ever has it been spoken of with serenity and impartiality; and nothing is more difficult than to know its history with exactness (vi, vii).

Professor Monod's Protestant heritage, his relation to Michelet, his work on the *Revue Historique*, his two dozen years of forming university professors of history in the famous Ecole Normale, his lectures at the Collège de France and practical instruction at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and countless writings of historical research have given him a unique position among students of history. Little or much as one may agree with him, the initiative he has taken so courageously is sure to have consequences far beyond the present significant, but still essentially defective, work. In truth the fact so frankly acknowledged by Professor Monod enters into a larger fact of immensely wider import. The particular existence of the Society of Jesus comprises altogether less than four centuries; and it has never been more than a single phenomenon of the general existence of the Church in which the Roman Catholic religion is embodied. Its birth and inheritance from the past, its principles, inspiration, and practice, its works, conflicts, triumphs, and defeats, are only subordinate incidents in the history of Roman Catholicism. It is not too much to say that all such history—and not that of the Jesuits alone—has regularly been written for edification or for controversy, always by a friend or by a foe, never by Plato's "spectator of all time and all existence." Professor Monod assigns to the Society of Jesus, for the whole course of its history, "millions of members." From his own and Professor Boehmer's scattering statistics, it is mathematically impossible there should have been one half-million of Jesuit priests all told from the foundation of the order until now, while students belonging to the order (who are apt to be counted twice, since they regularly became priests), and lay brothers have not been numerous enough to make up with the priests a single million in the four centuries. The total number for any one year, in times of prosperity and active foreign missions, has ranged from 10,000 to 25,000. These are the only Jesuits whose existence has been sanctioned by the church in the constitutions of the society.

Professor Monod lays too much stress on the secrecy in which the Jesuit archives are kept: "No one, outside of the Society, knows even where they are to be found" (vii). As a matter of fact, it is surprising how much of the matter in the volumes which the society itself is now publishing of its history in Spain, France, Germany, and Italy is drawn from sources accessible to any student properly prepared for the study of such subjects. Yet the singularly incomplete bibliography in the present work notes this as "a sort of official history of the society, composed from documents of its archives and of very scientific character." Professor Boehmer has used the only volumes yet published in his chapters on the early society, after which he skips over whole centuries, perhaps from lack of material. Fundamental works, such as Suarez's "De Religione Societatis Jesu," seem not to have been consulted by Professors Boehmer and Monod. They even leave aside the formula *Quicumque* ("Whoso wishes to serve as a soldier under the standard of the Cross"), which was presented to the Pope by Ignatius of Loyola and inserted in the bull of approbation as expressing the essence of the Society of Jesus.

Perhaps the most striking effort made by Professor Monod to be fair to the Jesuits is found in his section on "casuistry and their moral teaching" (xliv-lii). This is the oldest and most notorious subject of controversy in Jesuit history. Traces of it are found in the English king's public repudiation at his coronation of all "evasion, equivocation, mental reservation," or any possible Pope's "dispensation" for calling himself a Protestant without really being so; in Shakespeare's Macbeth, where Maeterlinck (like Voltaire, a Jesuit college boy) turns English "equivocator" into French *"jésuite"*; in the popular idea that a Jesuit is a man holding that the end justifies any means; in the Terror of the French Revolution when a partisan of Robespierre was charged with employing "Jesuitical means"; down to the French political elections of May, 1910, when Professor Painlevé of the Institut de France, to win his seat in Parliament, hurled against the rival candidate as his last electioneering epithet—*triste et répugnant jésuite.*

In all this Professor Boehmer's text shows little understanding of his subject, and here as elsewhere there are enormous gaps in his knowledge of the facts. Professor Monod recognizes that casuistry is not an invention of the Jesuits; that it is not enough to bring into Parliament, as Paul Bert did, a manual of moral theology written by a Jesuit but used the world over in countless Catholic seminaries where no Jesuits ever teach, and to style extracts chosen baldly from it "Morale des Jésuites"; and that there have been *casuistes laxistes* like Alphonse de Liguori who were not Jesuits. Paul Bert's manuals, by the way, classify Liguori technically, between "proba-

biliorists" and "probabilists," as an "equi-probabilist," whereas a "laxist" in their sense ought to be an extreme probabilist; and the manuals admit the *probabilis opinio* (which Professor Monod limits to the anti-Catholic controversial sense *approuvable*) only where there is no certain knowledge on which to base a judgment of what is right and what is wrong. A thousand years before Jesuits existed this had been a universal axiom in law—*Lex incerta non obligat*. Newman has introduced Liguori to English readers in his "Apologia"; and the Anglican Bishop Butler long before familiarized English thought with probability as the guide of life; and John Stuart Mill insists on the use of probable judgments as essential in all moral sciences, while much in Pascal's "Provinciales" would apply to Dr. Johnson equally with Jesuits.

Professor Boehmer is faithful to the habits of mind against which Professor Monod's Introduction is a protest. Liguori's canonization (1839) and his elevation to the rank of Doctor of the Church (1871) have "consecrated officially the traditional methods of the society's casuistry, as models for the science of moral theology"; and these two events are for him "results of the indefatigable activity of the order" (page 283). This ignores the rival society of Redemptorists, founded by Liguori himself, and, from the history of Bismarck's *Culturkampf*, apparently active enough to take care of its own glories. But—and this is the real lesson for all who can read between the lines of Professor Monod's Introduction—Jesuits still crop up as the *deus ex machina* in all controversies, political and religious alike, against Roman Catholics.

In the particular history of Jesuits, as distinct from that of Roman Catholics in general, the chief value of the present work is again to be found in Professor Monod's few pages. Even he uses, though with apologies, the controversial word *initié* for what French Catholics call *retraitant* and the English *exercitant*, that is, the person who follows the "spiritual exercises" of St. Ignatius Loyola. This is not so bad as Carlyle casting Werner into certain magical "exercitations"; but it makes a mystery of something very commonplace wherever Jesuits perform their ministry of "retreats" or "missions." Even Catholic writers have not noticed the historical descent of John Wesley's "revivals" from such retreats and missions.

It is probably due to preconceived general principles that neither Professor Monod nor Professor Boehmer adverts to something which drew the attention of Sir James Mackintosh a century ago and appears in our own time in the direction given by Leo XIII to Catholic political teaching, namely, the introduction into modern thought by Jesuit authors like Suarez, in spite of the determined opposition of Sorbonne and Parlements, of a fundamental modern idea. This is that, however much all authority may come from God, all national sovereignty receives its authority through the people. The influence of such Jesuit writers on European thought from James I of England to Grotius, seems unknown to our authors. They similarly pass over the stimulus given to physical science by Boscovich's centres of force. In education they do not recognize that the formation of nearly all modern prose dates from the Humanist teaching of Jesuit colleges. In all this, the necessity of reducing Jesuit activity to the negation of liberty of every kind (lxxvii) stands in the way of that impartial judgment which Professor Monod desiderates. Lalande, who has seen the Jesuit at work, in a curious discourse indexed by Aulard, took up the defence of their teaching before the Revolution was fairly over in France.

Professor Monod has had the intellectual courage to give this introduction to the world. He need not be surprised if it should have far-reaching results, not unlike those which followed the publishing of a like courageous essay in English literature—Newman's Tract Ninety. If, like that celebrated document, Professor Monod's introduction is the sign of an intellectual reaction against anti-Roman Catholicism, it is because history, which has been written as controversy, will always have such rebounds when found out. Macaulay, in the famous passage cited entire by Professor Monod, gives out first, all that he has heard in favor of the Jesuits and then all that he has heard against them—and asks you to believe the two can exist together in the same human individuals. The general reader and the historical student find it difficult to accept such identity of contradictories, and Professor Monod, although he repeats the accepted anti-Catholic formulas, seems to agree with them. S. D.

LIBRARIANS AND BIBLIOGRAPHERS AT MACKINAC.

CHICAGO, July 7.

"How is it with coöperation in the handling of human beings?" asked Mr. Hodges in his presidential address to the assembled members of the American Library Association last Friday; and he continued:

> The public libraries have been called into existence in industrial communities apparently to assist in relieving the strain arising from the monotony of modern industrial employment. Playgrounds, sensational journalism, dance halls, moving-picture shows, ball games, sunshine societies, social settlements, are all coadjutors. It would be well if some day we were to have a co-operative conference, at which we should lay aside, for the most part, consideration of our administrative snags, and have heart to heart talks with those who are answering in such varied ways the unspoken appeals of the lever haulers and the pedal kickers.

As a matter of fact, the present conference was in a measure an attempt in the indicated direction. A large part of the general session was devoted to matters of recreation, for librarians and others, and an illustrated lecture on Playgrounds was given by Graham Romeyn Taylor of Chicago. The most notable address given before the librarians in session was that of Prof. Charles Hubbard Judd, of the University of Chicago School of Education, on "The Library and the School." He came as a representative of the National Education Association, and spoke in no uncertain tones of the great value of the library to the pupils in the public schools, and the importance of their learning thoroughly how to use a library. He wished that the present study hours in the class-rooms, in the presence and under the supposed supervision of a teacher, could be changed to library hours, where the pupils, under the guidance of a school librarian with wide knowledge of books, could be led away from the thralldom of the text-books and learn to use books as tools. Professor Judd's address evidently made a deep impression and gave the library workers much encouragement, particularly in view of the lack of interest in the subject that had been shown at the latest meeting of the National Education Association.

Mr. Hodges remarked, in opening one of the general sessions, that, whereas the keynote of the Bretton Woods Conference last year was coördination, that of this year's might be said to be affiliation; and, truly, the affiliated societies were very much in evidence: the National Association of State Libraries held two sessions, besides one in conjunction with the American Association of Law Libraries; while the latter had not less than three sessions in addition to this; the Special Libraries Association had also three sessions, the League of Library Commissioners two, and there were two meetings of the Agricultural Libraries' Round Table; two informal discussions were held outside the official programme of those interested in branch libraries. It is apparently increasingly difficult to keep a hold on the various interests and movements centred in the American Library Association, even if the ramifications of librarians into the other fields of sociological endeavor be left to one side.

Besides the independent associations affiliated with the American Library Association, meetings were held by the various sections of the association itself. The Children's Librarians' Section discussed not only books for children,

but children's gardens and other means of recreation that apparently had no connection with library work; the College and Reference Section discussed the relations between college libraries and public libraries; and the coöperative cataloguing of serials carried on by five large libraries under the auspices of the A. L. A. Publishing Board was presented to the assembled college and university librarians by Clement W. Andrews of the board. At the Professional Training Section an animated discussion took place concerning the essentials of a good library school. Whereas one speaker would have technique and business methods the essential studies, another opined that the essential thing might be books; and the suggestion was thrown out that the schools might well demand more than mere college degrees for admission: a few years of university work would not, it was thought, hurt a prospective librarian.

The Bibliographical Society of America held, as usual, its annual meeting at the same time as the American Library Association. The president of the society, Azariah S. Root, after calling the society to order at its first session, delivered an address about the "Present Situation as to the Origin of Printing," in which he surveyed the results of the investigations of the last thirty years, beginning with J. H. Hessels's book on Gutenberg, published in 1882, and the first really critical examination of the documents, and ending with the very remarkable discoveries made since the celebration in 1900 of the five hundredth anniversary of the inventor's birth. It would be important, the speaker said, if the same kind of minute typological investigation that has been given to the Gutenbergiana could be given to the so-called Kosteriana, and he added that, if no one else took up this matter, he should do so at the first opportunity. Prof. Colbert Searles of Stanford University sent in a paper on "The Library of Jean Chapelain and its Catalogue," and L. J. Burpee read a paper on "The Literature of the Fur Trade."

The second session of the society was devoted to a discussion of the Bibliography of Modern Languages and Literatures, and was preceded by a statement, by J. Christian Bay of the John Crerar Library, entitled "A Survey of Periodical Bibliography," in which he deprecated the duplication of bibliographical efforts in so many subjects, although, at the same time, many gaps may be found in these same subjects, while other subjects are entirely neglected by the bibliographer. The principal contribution to the subject under discussion was a paper sent in by Prof. Clark S. Northup of Cornell University, entitled "The Present Status of the Bibliography of Modern Philology." After enumerating the principal retrospective as well as current bibliographies, and giving for some of them the classification of the material used in them, Professor Northup turned to the future. "Obviously," he wrote, "if we are to make, in modern philology, progress commensurable with our progress in other branches of science, the present largely unsatisfactory bibliographical conditions cannot continue." Among the unsatisfactory conditions he, too, mentioned duplication. He doubted whether the present existing bibliographies could be made better. "We need, it seems to me, a new bibliographical enterprise, in which some twenty-five or fifty scholars and professional bibliographers should join, and which should have its headquarters at some great geographical centre, American rather than British or German, and, in America, in Chicago rather than in New York." A number of representatives of modern language studies at leading American universities had submitted, at the request of the secretary of the society, short, written statements of their views regarding the bibliography of their particular field. W. N. C. Carlton read a summary of these statements. Among the desiderata brought out in these letters may be mentioned the following: J. F. Spingarn and F. I. Carpenter desire a comprehensive bibliographical history of English literature, on the pattern of Goedeke's "Grundriss" or Teuffel-Schwab's "Geschichte der Römischen Literatur"; J. M. Manly puts in the first place a bibliography of bibliographies of English philology, and in the second a bibliography of current philological publications; this latter desideratum is also brought forth by H. P. Thieme, while W. V. Lawrence desires the same for his particular field, the history of the drama. J. W. Cunliffe and W. P. Trent want a new Lowndes on modern lines, perhaps accompanied by a new edition of Halkett and Laing; A. C. von Noe desires better treatment for the output of American scholars; J. F. Spingarn and A. R. Hohlfeld ask for more attention to translations; J. Scott Clark says that literary criticism is the department that is "in most serious need of attention"; and, finally, A. P. Thieme and A. C. von Noe see the solution in a central bureau.

Professor Northup suggested a joint committee of the Bibliographical Society of America and the Modern Language Association to work out the financial and other details of his plan; Mr. Bay closed his paper by suggesting a committee "to investigate the scope, manner of publication, and relative utility of existing bibliographies, 'Jahresberichte,' and reviews." Both recommendations were accepted by the society and referred to the council for consideration and action. The council afterwards decided to make only one committee, to charge it both with the investigation of existing bibliographies and with the study of the ways and means for a bibliographic bureau for modern philology; the committee will be asked to begin its investigation of the bibliographical field with a study of modern philological bibliography. W. Dawson Johnston was elected president of the society, and A. G. S. Josephson, Carl B. Roden, and W. N. C. Carlton re-elected, respectively, secretary, treasurer, and librarian.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A Bibliography of the writings of J. A. McNeill Whistler and the books about him, by a New Yorker, Don C. Seitz, has just been printed and published in Edinburgh. It is a 16mo volume of nearly 200 pages, printed in an edition of 350 copies on hand-made paper. Among other facts of interest, the introduction contains an account of the first publication of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," which Mr. Seitz calls "the true starting point in Whistler literature." The book was first put in type for Sheridan Ford, a one-time close friend of Whistler, at the Leadenhall Press, by Field & Tuer; and plates were made. No impressions had been taken, when the printer learned that Mr. Whistler objected to the publication of the book, and it was suppressed. Next, Ford carried his manuscript to Antwerp, and there found a printer who once more put it into type, and two thousand copies were printed, when the Procureur du Roi confiscated both types and paper. No copy of either of these two editions is known to exist. Next, in Ghent, was printed the first edition of which any copy is extant. This had the imprint "Paris, Delabrosse & Cie, 1890." Mr. Seitz's own copy is, he says, the only one he has seen, although 4,000 copies were printed. This number probably included the copies for the American market, with the New York imprint of "Frederick Stokes & Brother." A few copies with this imprint have survived, but many were destroyed in a bindery fire. These printings were all surreptitious and unauthorized. Ford's persistence, however, compelled Whistler himself to print the book, and this he did, the same year, 1890. There are copies on both large and small paper.

The "Writings by Whistler" include only thirty-one numbers (books and editions), but the books and articles about Whistler, or containing references to him, run far into the hundreds. The total number of entries in the Bibliography is 772, of which about five hundred are articles or references in magazines and newspapers.

A misprint, "Joseph Parnell" for Joseph Pennell, whose name appears so often in such a bibliography, is an extraordinary error, but easily overlooked.

Bishop Gott's Four Folios of Shakespeare, which were bought in for £3,850 when his library was sold at Sotheby's in March, 1907, will be again offered in the same rooms in a sale to take place on July 21 and 22. It is probable that this time they will be sold without reserve. The First Folio is a good sound copy; the leaf of verses is guarded, one corner of title is in fascimile, and some other leaves are mended. The Third Folio is the 1663 issue, without the por-

trait on title. The seven spurious plays have been added—they do not properly belong with this issue. The Second and Fourth Folios are described as good copies.

Among other books from the Gott library which were, apparently, bought in at the sale, and which are now offered again, are: "The Merchant of Venice" (1600), the Roberts quarto: Spenser's "Complaints" (1591), on large paper, supposed to be unique; three editions of the Edward VI Prayer Book, and other liturgical works.

Other properties in the sale include a Manuscript Book of Hours of the fifteenth or early sixteenth century, done by an English artist, and containing forty-three fine miniatures; Smith's "General Historie of Virginia," first edition (1624); the first edition of the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" (Aldus, 1499); several ancient manuscripts from the Abbatial library of Waltham Holy Cross and the Monastic library of St. Edmundsbury; another First Folio Shakespeare, this one with the leaf of verses, title, and last leaf in facsimile; and a very rare Byron pamphlet, the first edition of his "Bride of Abydos" (1813), in the original blue paper wrapper, with the errata slip which is found, it is said, in only one other copy.

In the cabled reports of the Thomas Gray sale at Sotheby's on June 28, one very important item was omitted. This was a Block Book Alphabet, consisting of twenty-four letters and six leaves of "ribbon letters," the letter A dated 1464. It brought the large price of £1,520.

The following are prices paid for autographs at Sotheby's sale of July 6: Shelley, A. L. S., two and one-half pages quarto, to Thomas Medwin, £43; Oliver Cromwell, A. L. S., one page folio, 1646, to his daughter, £53; Franklin, A. L. S., four pages folio, March 14, 1764, relating to the anti-Quaker riots and the Indian uprisings, £33 10s.; Charlotte Brontë, a collection of ninety A. L. S., all to Ellen Nussey, mounted and bound in a volume, £102; Alexander Pope, a series of eleven A. L. S. and autograph verses, in all 29 pages 4to, £155; and Thackeray, A. L. S., four pages 8vo, written from Buffalo, December 29, 1852, addressed to "Mammy" (his mother), £35.

Correspondence.

AN AMERICAN VISITOR TO COLERIDGE IN 1832.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is in a little-known Boston book an interesting account of a visit paid to Coleridge by a young American in 1832. It was not written with any view to publication, and is all the more valuable for that reason, as it gives the impression made by the poet on a fresh and sympathetic nature.*

Henry Blake McLellan was born at Maldstone, Essex County, Vt., September 16, 1810. He was the son of Isaac and Eliza McLellan of Boston, and the grandson of Gen. William Hull of Newton, Mass. After a preparatory course at the Boston Latin School, McLellan entered Harvard University in 1825, and graduated in 1829. He studied for the ministry at Andover, 1829-31, and then went on a tour, which included Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. He left America September 16, 1831; started on his return April 18, 1833, and landed at Boston June 12. Then came the tragic ending to a bright young life. Eight weeks after his return he was stricken by typhus, and died four weeks later, in his twenty-third year.

Such was the young and ardent spirit who went to see Coleridge in the filial spirit in which a disciple might have sat at the feet of an ancient philosopher. He writes this simple and affecting account of the interview:

Saturday, April 27th, 1832—Walked to Highgate to call on Mr. Coleridge. I was ushered into the parlor while the girl carried up my letter to his room. She presently returned, and observed that her master was very poorly, but would be happy to see me, if I would walk up to his room, which I gladly did. He is short in stature, and appeared to be careless in his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering; "Not at all," said he. "My body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind." After some further conversation, and some inquiries respecting Dr. Chalmers, he remarked, "The Doctor must have suffered exceedingly at the strange conduct of our once dear brother laborer in Christ, Rev. Mr. Irving. Never can I describe how much it has wrung my bosom. I had watched with astonishment and admiration the wonderful and rapid development of his powers. Never was such unexampled advance in intellect as between his first and second volume of sermons. The first full of Gallicisms and Scotticisms, and all other cisms. The second discovering all the elegance and power of the best writers of the Elizabethan age. And then so sudden a fall, when his mighty energies made him so terrible to sinners." Of the mind of the celebrated Puffendorf he said, "his mind is like some mighty volcano, red with flame, and dark with tossing clouds of smoke, through which the lightnings play and glare most awfully." Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked, "We are in a dreadful state. Care, like a foul hag, sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it move, shackled by their expenses; happy, happy are you to hold your birthright in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so! Sir, things have come to a dreadful pass with us; we need most deeply a reform, but I fear not the horrid reform which we shall have. Things must alter; the upper classes of England have made the lower persons, *things;* the people in breaking from this unnatural state will break from duties also."

He spoke of Mr. Alston with great affection and high encomium; he thought him in imagination and color almost unrivalled. (pp. 230-232.)

Coleridge's gloomy view of the condition of England was in the year of the first legislation for a Reformed Parliament, yet he was opposed to the measures which poured new and healthy blood along the veins of the body politic. In Disraeli's novel, "Sybil," there is a vivid picture of the "two nations"—the rich and the poor—into which the people were divided. The political strife of to-day, bitter as it sometimes seems, is tame indeed when compared with the hatred that raged between class and class in the first half of the nineteenth century. Of the very mild measure of electoral reform Coleridge could say: "The bill is bad enough, God knows; but the arguments of its advocates and the manner of their advocacy are a thousand times worse than the bill itself; and you will live to think so." William E. A. Axon.

Manchester Eng., June 30.

*Here is the British Museum catalogue entry: McLellan (Henry Blake)—Journal of a Residence in Scotland and Tour through England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. With a Memoir of the Author and Extracts from His Religious Papers. Compiled by Isaac McLellan, jr., Boston, 1834.

LIBRARY RESTRICTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently I have had occasion to make inquiry as to facilities offered by historical societies and other great libraries containing historical material, not to the general public, but to special investigators. Without doubt all the purely historical collections were formed to preserve the history of the field they cover—preserve the material and encourage its transmutation into actual history. It should seem, however, that some of them, or, for that matter, all of them, are in danger, as they wax stronger and grow older, of losing sight of this end, and making the collection an end in itself. They thus acquire a species of society or library rheumatism or a hardening of the joints, and they become less flexible and less useful. It has been known to become so serious as to lay virtually prohibitive burdens upon authorship, resulting in a reversal of the true aim of the collection.

An illustration of this reversal is in the rule regarding the use of ink. I do not refer to its use by the general public, many of whom would not appreciate the dangers in the use of ink to precious materials, or would not have the careful habits of the trained scholar. I refer only to scholars engaged in special extended investigation to result in some serious written work, and who are properly known. To forbid such men the use of ink even under proper circumstances, is not simply not to encourage; it amounts to virtual prohibition of production in some cases. Strange as it may seem (or, should I say, naturally, and as one might expect) the only institutions in which this condition obtains, so far as I can learn from experience or extended inquiry among historians, are the splendid, old, strong historical societies of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, the latter having succumbed comparatively recently. Every historian must confess to a certain idolatry for the rare old manuscripts and volumes in these and like collections, but when it extends to prevention of the natural use of them by trained men who value them, one is reminded of that sepulchral front parlor in the farmhouse into which only weddings and funerals may enter.

The rules of societies and libraries are not uniform, but if their aim is to meet the needs of scholars engaged in extended investigation, a flexibility and permissive discrimination must be lodged somewhere. Mr. Putnam of the Library of Congress has rules that are nearly ideal in this matter, and the New York Historical Society lodges this flexibility of judgment in its librarian. So with other societies and libraries with historical collections in this country, and, as Professor Andrews of Johns Hopkins in-

forms me, in England. And is not this as it should be? Historical collections are made for man, not man for historical collections. BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., July 5.

ASTROPHEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Oxford English Dictionary in less mature days, culled from two passages in Spenser the word "Astrophel," defining it as the name of a plant hitherto unidentified. Truly, it is of a kind unknown on land or sea, being compounded, as the poet avers, of the personality of Sir Philip Sidney and his lady love.

It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel which therinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formed as any star in skyes;
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares . . .
Spenser, "Astrophel," 174-8.

The transformation of Astrophel into a flower may have been suggested, I submit, by the fate of Adonis, who was likewise slain while hunting (Cf. F. Q., iii, i, 38).

The source of this plant name is diffidently stated by Sir James as "perh. corruption of *astro-phyllum*—star-leaf; Nares suggests of Aster Tripolium." The context, however, implies that it was named "for that shepheard's sake." Just how Sidney hit upon his pastoral name, eternized in "Astrophel and Stella," has long remained untaught; for the erstwhile explanation of it as a play upon his name is unanimously passed over by his editors and biographers. Yet as Phillisides is repeatedly used for Philip Sidney, and *sidus* = ἄστρον, the conceit is reasonable—Astrophel, the lover of the star Stella.

Conceivably the name was not original with the circle of Sidney. In Rabelais (iv, xviii), we read of "maistre Astrophile" in connection with Pantagruel's escape from a tempest at sea. The significance of the name to Rabelais is clear from the preface to "Pantagrueline Prognostica":

I'ay reuolué toutes les Pantarches des cieulx, calculé les quatratz de la Lune, crocheté tout ce que iamais penserent toutes les Astrophiles, Hypernephelistes, Anemophylaces Uranopetes, & Ombrophores, & confreré du tout auecque Empedocles.

Ch. Marty-Laveaux, in his glossary, derives this from "Ἄστρον, astre, et φίλος, ami." The word then must have been encountered by members of the Areopagus, and may have been adapted, rather than coined anew, by Sidney. PERCY W. LONG.

Harvard University, July 2.

A FREE ACADEMY OF GRAPHIC ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Opinions vary as to the respective merits of the several systems of artistic education. The following of an academical course for instance is advocated by some and disapproved of by others. Education in a studio again and private teaching labor under the possible disadvantage of too great a predominance of the teacher's manner. There are partisans of self-education, so-called, who follow no other teaching but that of nature, as the phrase is; and, fourthly, there are those who consider copying the old masters the best education. Each of these systems may be said to have its merits and its defects. In any case and whatever the system followed, even the best teaching will be rendered futile by a want of receptivity in the pupil. Coöperation of master and pupil is the *conditio sine qua non* of success. Academical education, however, seems desirable to me, though I am ready to admit the objections that can be urged against it. The great advantage lies in the working together of so many young artists, whereby an undue preponderance of the teacher is counteracted, while constant comparison with the work of his co-pupils stimulates ambition and enlarges the horizon. The disadvantage consists in a certain narrowness and dogmatism to which this kind of training is prone; it is apt to confine effort in one direction.

Messrs. Hart, Nibbrig and Moulyn, who intend to open an art school this autumn in Laren (North Holland), aim at combining the advantages of academical teaching with those of a freer and more inspiring study after nature. Mauve's fascinating country will enable them to keep away from their school the depressing influences of academic work. The range of studies can be easily made to comprise the living model and landscape. In order to render the programme as extensive as possible a course in applied art, to be given by Jan Eissenloffel, is to be added to those in drawing, painting, etching, and modelling. For the history of art and æsthetics, they have engaged the services of the art critics H. P. Bremmer and Plasschaert, and the well known author Adriaan van Cordt, who will lecture on their special subjects.

The American and English art students who resort to Laren should not fail to avail themselves of this opportunity.

AUGUSTA DE WIT.

Amsterdam, Holland, June 30.

ATTENDANCE AT FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent report of the minister of public instruction of France gives some interesting statistics concerning the sixteen universities of that country. On the 14th of January, 1910, the total number of students in attendance at the French universities was 40,131. Paris leads the universities of the world with an enrolment, excluding students in the lycées—which correspond to our colleges—as well as those in the technical and summer schools, of 17,512. The provincial universities rank as follows: Lyons, 2,922; Toulouse, 2,828; Bordeaux, 2,552; Montpellier, 1,965; Nancy, 1,899; Lille, 1,675; Rennes, 1,602; the new university of Algiers, 1,442; Aix-Marseille, 1,236; Grenoble, 1,156; Poitiers, 1,111; Dijon, 992; Caen, 722; Clermont, 275; and Besançon, 242. Of these 40,131 students, 7,038 are foreigners, of whom 3,500 are in the University of Paris. Of the 17,512 students in this university, 7,688 are taking law, 3,115 are in literature, and 1,845 in the sciences. Another noteworthy fact is the remarkable increase in the number of women studying in the French universities. There are 3,830 women enrolled, of whom 1,300 are studying in Paris; while of the 7,038 foreign students, 1,707 are women.

The Parisian newspapers take especial pleasure in noting the remarkable increase in the number of foreign students in the University of Paris, which now leads the universities of the world in that respect. Twenty years ago (1888-89) there were 457 foreigners enrolled in this university. Ten years later (1898-99), the number had increased to 1,174, while five years later (1904-05), there were 1,633; and in 1908-09 the number was doubled (3,326). The 3,500 foreigners now studying in Paris are apportioned as follows: England, 115; United States, 107; Egypt, 165; Rumania, 233; Germany, 231; Austria-Hungary, 139; Russia, which has the largest delegation, 1,356. South America, as well as Mexico and Panama, Turkey, and the Orient are also well represented. Among the reasons for this astonishing affluence of foreign students to Paris are the exceptional library facilities—there being sixteen libraries, of which at least six contain more than 200,000 volumes each—excellent laboratories, and free tuition to all.

JOHN L. GERIG.

Columbia University, New York, July 2.

Literature.

RECENT VERSE.

The Younger Choir. New York: Moods Publishing Co.

The Frozen Grail and Other Poems. By Elsa Barker. New York: Duffield & Co.

The Poems of James Ryder Randall. New York: The Tandy-Thomas Co.

Flower o' the Grass. By Ada Foster Murray. New York: Harper & Bros.

Monday Morning and Other Poems. By James Oppenheim. New York. Sturgis & Walton Co.

The Enchanted Island and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Odes on the Generations of Men. By Hartley Burr Alexander. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

New Poems. By Madison Cawein. London: Grant Richards.

The Shadowy Garden and Other Plays. By Madison Cawein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Happy Ending: The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mingled Wine. By Anna Bunston. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Verses and Sonnets. By Julia Stockton Dinsmore (F. V.). New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

It was a good idea to issue, under the title of "The Younger Choir," a small selection of more or less representative verse by the new poetic generation. Such a mode of publication has one advantage so obvious that it is surprising not to find it used more often. It spares the poet with one or two good verses the embarrassment of putting out an entire book; and, what is even more to the point, it saves the reader the trouble of ransacking the whole haystack. To be sure, Mr. Markham's "word of introduction," with its references to the "Ly-

rical Ballads" and "The Ancient Mariner," is not particularly felicitous. But prophecy is rash work at best; and it is enough to say that the spirit of the affair is a kind of modern romanticism—neo-romanticism, we are learning to call it—in which the nerves are beginning to predominate over the senses. From among the work of such contributors as Zona Gale, Elsa Barker, Viereck, Ridgeley Torrance, Lewisohn, and Richard Burton, whose name in this connection sounds like an anachronism, a single sonnet by George Sterling will serve as an illustration of the skill and the disposition of the group.

Sargon is dead, Semiramis a clod!
In crypts profaned the moon at midnight peers;
The owl upon the Sphinx hoots in her ears,
And scant and sear the desert grasses nod
Where once the armies of Assyria trod,
With younger sunlight splendid on the spears,
The lichens cling the closer with the years,
And seal the eyelids of the weary god.
Where high the tombs of royal Egypt heave,
The vulture shadows with arrested wings
The indecipherable boast of kings,
As Arab children hear their mother's cry
And leave in mockery their toy—they leave
The skull of Pharoah staring at the sky.

Heroism, it may as well be acknowledged, is not much in the way of this youth. Their tone is either *mol* or mutinous. It is only exceptionally that the austere virtues—fortitude, endurance, "and courage never to submit or yield"—find such celebration as Elsa Barker in her "Frozen Grail" reserves for the adventure of the pole:

What shall prevail against the spirit of man,
When cold, the lean and searching wolf of hunger.
The threatening spear of ice-mailed Solitude,
Silence, and space, and ghostly-footed Fear
Prevail not? Dante, in his frozen hell
Shivering, endured no blackness like the void
These men have warmed with their own flaming will,
And peopled with their dreams. The wind from fierce
Arcturus in their faces, at their backs
The whip of the world's doubt, and in their souls
Courage to die—if death shall be the price
Of that cold cup that will assuage their thirst,
They climb, and fall, and stagger toward the goal,
They lay themselves the road whereby they travel,
And sue God for a franchise. Does He watch
Behind the lattice of the boreal lights?
In that grail-chapel of their stern-vowed quest,
Ninety of God's long paces toward the North,
Will they behold the splendor of His face?

As for war itself, once the school of manly virtue, it is slightly out of fashion just now; but none the less are the robust sentiments of a war-poet like James Randall a good deal of a relief after sundry of our modern chorusings. Randall, it will be remembered, was the author of "Maryland! My Maryland!" And while his polemics do not, as a whole, meet the expectations raised by this popular and spirited performance, the admirers of "the Poet Laureate of the Lost Cause" will be glad to have all that survives of his writing. Of his more pacific manner, which is very much that of his period, the following stanza from "Silver Spring" will give a pretty fair idea:

When the sad and solemn moon
Muses o'er the lone lagoon,
And laughs the melancholy loon;
When the crooning winter breeze,
Hapless from the Hebrides,
Chafes the dead cathedral trees
'Mid the vultures' muffled wails,
Stifled by the panther-hails
Shuddering up palmetto trails;
When the globe is wrapt in sleep,
And the gnomes their vigils keep
By the mountain and the deep—
I can fancy phantom things,
On their thunder-tarnished wings,
Soaring with a fallen grandeur over
these enchanted springs!

This is not wholly unfamiliar; but it is as far away from our peculiar preoccupations as crinoline and hoopskirts. After all, if there is any poetic movement in progress among us just now, as many are inclined to doubt, it would appear to consist in an effort on the part of the muse, like Browning's person of quality, to leave the country and establish herself in town. On the one hand there is a certain impatience and distrust of solitude and the rural deities, the familiars of wood and water and field, even among those who still sing them, albeit rather despondingly, like Miss Murray in her "Flower o' the Grass":

Are these the glad young deities we knew
Long, long ago in the world's dawning day—
These pallid shapes that wander here astray
In the gray vapors and the glimmering dew?
Where are the forms of satyr, nymph, and fay,
The flash of wings in the descending blue,
The wild enchantments that about us grew
When first we heard the pipes of Pan aplay?
. . . . . .
Silent is Ida with great Jove asleep;
No more a garlanded, soft-footed throng
Thrills the wild aisles with laughter, dance, and song;
Naiad and faun their dreaming vigils keep.
Dried are thy dews, Olympus; dust is deep
On Enna's fields, and where the gods so long
Held their young sway—how jubilant and strong!
Vague shapes and ghostly, alien shadows creep.

On the other hand, there is a gradual yielding to the lure of the city—a manifest admiration, in the manner of Mr. Lewisohn, for its ready impressionism, its violent contrasts and spectacular inversions of drab and purple, of glare and obscurity—or, more significantly still, a dim instinctive yearning to the masses of street and slum, the vague unrest of the animal in the presence of the herd. Such is the burden of Mr. Oppenheim's "Monday Morning." Listen to the crude appealingness, the elementary pity of his rhythms in "An Italian Funeral":

Humbly, O humbly, in slow procession, the hearse and horses, the drivers and mourners
Trail between tenements hung with dark faces and eddying crowds at the gray street corners—
Clouds hold the skies in, the gutter is muddy, workmen are ripping the streets for a sewer,
And lo, to a drum-throb musicians are leading the dead, the dead to a church of the poor.

And lo, to that music yon swarthy Italians between them are sawing a pine-beam in half,
The dead-march rhythm runs through their labor; they swing, they sweat, they grumble and laugh;
Hurrying men greet each other and justle on errands of business: all are alive:
But the dead trails through the red storm of living, and the mourners are dumb in the loud man-hive.

He is gone: one mouth less now to be filled; but, oh, one toiler less: he is gone!
A month shall you nearly starve for the burial: you must pay, pay dearly for leave to mourn.
And why do you do it? Is there love among shadows, in cellars; have you dreamt of eternal life?
Were you led, after all, by the flaming Vision O son, O brother, O mother, O wife?

That, like it or not, is the most significant verse that gets written nowadays—and the amount is constantly increasing. Even Mr. Noyes in his new volume has abandoned his lofty rhyme to some extent for the elegy of the streets, as thus of the "Rank and File":

Drum-taps! Drum-taps! Who is it marching,
Marching past in the night? Ah, hark,
Draw your curtains aside and see
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching
Endless ranks of an army marching,
Marching out of the endless dark,
Marching away to Eternity.
. . . . . .
Count as they pass, their hundreds, thousands,
Millions marching away to a doom
Younger than London, older than Tyre!
Drum-taps, drum-taps where are they marching—
Regiments, nations, empires, marching
Down through the jaws of a world-wide tomb,

Doomed or ever they sprang from the mire.

. . . . . .

Wearing their poor little toy love-tokens
Under the march of the terrible skies!
Is it a jest for a God to play?
Whose is the jest of these millions marching,
Wearing their poor little toy love-tokens,
Waving their voicelessly grand good-byes,
Secretly trying, sometimes, to pray.

. . . . . .

Marching out of the endless ages,
Marching out of the dawn of time,
Endless columns of unknown men,
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching,
Endless ranks of an army marching
Numberless out of the numberless ages,
Men out of every race and clime,
Marching steadily now as then.

The most thoroughgoing attempt, however, to write the epic of humanity is that of Mr. Alexander in his "Generations of Man." In spite of a certain clutter of materials, unavoidable, perhaps, in such a plan, Mr. Alexander has a breadth of horizon, an acquaintance with the shifting symbols in which human experience has successively clothed itself, and a power of abstraction, which give the varying movements of his poem something of the impressiveness of a vast cosmology. A quotation from his second ode, which has to do with the development of the religious feeling, will supply as good an instance of his style as can be expected of a short extract:

Strange prayers ascending up to God
Through all the aching æons, year on year;
Strange tongues uplifting from the sod
The old antiphony of hope and fear:
Strange if He should not hear!

. . . . . .

Aye, men have prayed
Strangely to God:
Through thousand ages, under thousand skies,
Unto His thousand strange theophanies,
Men have prayed . . .
With rite fantastic and with saerifice
Of human treasure, scourged with the heavy rod
Of their own souls' torment, men have prayed
Strangely to God . . .
East, North, South, West,
The quartered Globe,
Like a prone and naked suppliant whose breast
A myriad stinging memories improbe—
Hurt of old faiths,
And the living scars
Of dead men's anguish, slow-dissolvent wraiths
Of long-gone yearnings, and delirious dream
Of saerificial pomp and pageant stream:
Gods of the nations and their avatars!—
East, North, South, West,
The suppliant Globe
Abides the judgment of the changeless stars,—
Abides the judgment and the answering aid
Of Heaven to the prayers that men have prayed
Strangely to God.

Naturally this anthropological and sociological verse is liable at times to strange mishaps. Its pursuit requires an imperturbable gravity, a stern insensibility to the suggestions of humor, which occasionally exposes it to the levity of the Philistines.

But, fortunately, there are other voices—feebler, perhaps, but insistent, like the faint familiar sounds of nature, with the still persuasiveness of old association. In particular, Mr. Cawein has a way of quickening inanimate objects with a kind of fanciful spell, of awakening silence and peopling solitude with a swift and transient spirit:

I saw the acolytes of Eve, the mystic sons of Night,
Come pacing through the ancient wood in hoods of hodden-gray;
Their sombre cloaks were pinned with stars, and each one bore a light,
A moony lanthorn, and a staff to help him on his way.

I heard their mantles rustle by, their sandals' whispering, sweep,
And saw the wild flowers bow their heads and close their lovely eyes:
I saw their shadows pass and pass, and with them Dreams and Sleep,
Like children with their father, went, in dim and ghostly guise.

Something of this same attitude toward "our mother the earth"—a spirit at once earnest and playful like a riper childhood—has always made one of Miss Guiney's attractions, though touched in her case with something more of a Celtic melancholy:

Open, Time, and let him pass
Shortly where his feet would be!
Like a leaf at Michaelmas
Swooning from the tree.

. . . . .

Take him, weak and overworn·
Fold about his dying dream
Boyhood, and the April morn,
And the rolling stream.

. . . . .

He hath done with roofs and men.
Open, Time, and let him pass,
Vague and innocent again,
Into country grass.

The line where this feeling for nature passes over into a kind of symbolism, is hard to define. It is then that objects begin to take on a life of their own, independent of ours or even hostile to it, and that poetry retraces the steps of mythology, or shelters under its images, as in Miss Bunston's "Ad Extremas Tenebras:"

I hear the lapping of the waves of death
In Stygian wells,
I see the white-winged moths that bring the breath
Of Asphodels;

. . . . . .

Yet if, oh dread Aidoneus, one like me
May ask a boon,
I pray it may not be Persephone
Who meets me soon:

. . . . .

She doth but winter in thy realms, O Dis,
Not nest with thee.
Her regal mouth still haunted by a kiss
Would weary me.

But let there meet me one, too poor for scorn,
Dim-eyed and hoar,
Wan as Demeter when she sat forlorn
By Celeus' door.

And let Tiresias come, who, shrinking, knows
A woman's heart,
To guide my feet where Lethe coldest flows,
And pitying yew its deepest covert grows
Far off, apart.

It is rather odd that in spite of the recent fad for the dramatic mould current verse should show so few dramatic effects, even of the simpler and more incidental sort. Confrontation, *mise-en-scène*, situation, passion, are uniformly weak or bungled. All is subjective, self-communing—and not only so, but there seems to reign a kind of divine confusion upon the poet's composition as upon his spirit. Now and then, however, it is possible to find a pretty good lyric impersonation, such as Browning well nigh turned into a poetic convention. Miss Dinsmore's "Verses and Sonnets" contain several, of which the best is probably "Sappho:"

How I could love, if gods but walked this shore,
And I might meet them wandering, face to face!
But when I speak of it with awe profound,
They mock me with "Too late" and "Nevermore."
Too late—alas! What do vain words avail?
"The gods themselves cannot their gifts recall."
Wail, ineffectual lyre, a last, long wail:
There is no place for me—earth is too small—
But toward the immeasurable regions of the dead,
One open, trackless way remains to tread
That leaves no trace behind: the boundless deep
Shall roll its shelter o'er my homeless head.
There shall my lyre with me in silence sleep—
Our fire quenched in death's tranquillity.
I, who have borne the earth, why should I dread
The awful, the immitigable sea?

CURRENT FICTION.

Fortune. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The moving finger of Mr. Snaith has so long been accustomed to write in unwonted ways that no whimsical novelty on his part should amaze the reader. It was a far cry from "Fierceheart the Soldier" to "Broke of Covenden," although the two Spartan fathers furnished in some sort a bond of unity. It was yet further from the gloom and bloodshed of both to the gentle if somewhat satirical cream-bun cheer of "Araminta"; and one opens "Fortune" with that sense of entire uncertainty what to ex-

pect that is rarely the portion of a well-known novelist's following. As Miguel Jesus Maria de Sarda y Boegas sets forth upon his journey, we are touched with astonishment. Do history—and Mr. Snaith—thus repeat themselves, and, be it whispered, with none too much originality in the repetition? Here begins, apparently, the ordinary swashbuckling romance, and with more than a casual tang of Hewlett in its composition. The setting is strongly reminiscent of "The Spanish Jade," the young hero is blood-brother to "The Fool Errant," and surely Sir Richard Pendragon, as he first appears, is only another of the many disguises of Brazenhead the Great. It is not long, however, before the reader realizes that the smile of "Araminta" has swelled into Homeric laughter, and that this is a notable piece of burlesque. Perplexity dispelled, the book is food for hearty enjoyment. Mr. Snaith revels in not unloving caricature of his early gods, and the result is as delightful in its own way as Hichens's memorable explosion of "The Londoners." The figure of the English giant assumes at times a vigor beyond the merely farcical: he is of the kin of Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, with a dash of Porthos, and the visit of the three soldiers of fortune to the French court is of a quality to linger in the memory. Fortune is indeed the liege lady of these adventurers, the "sweet baggage with the moist lip and the enkindling eye," and Pendragon strikes their keynote when he cries, "To Fortune will we wet our beards, good Spaniard, for we of England court her like a maiden with a dimple in her cheek." This proud and capricious Princess, invested for the purposes of romance with the winsome if somewhat choleric flesh and blood of the Countess Sylvia, touches a chord of truth at the climax of the tale, when she turns from all her suitors to woo the careless and masterful Pendragon, only to be consigned to the arms of another by that "Captain-General of the Jogalones"; but the delight of the book is to be found rather in its obvious mirth than in its subtle philosophy.

The Silent Call. By Edwin Milton Royle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Reading this novel is like witnessing a spirited play. Much of the dialogue, most of the situations, and all the cues for entrances and exits bear the impress of the dramatist's art. The half-Indian son of the Earl of Kerhill—known to Mr. Royle's public as "The Squaw Man" of an earlier work—has grown to maturity and figures in these pages as Harold Calthorpe. Like the father, the son is obliged to leave England for reasons not really discreditable, and the "silent call" of the wild strain in his blood lures him to the home of his mother's people. The tribal reservation is so faithfully described in its natural aspects, and such liberties are taken with the names of local celebrities, that no one acquainted with northeastern Utah can be deceived by its thin disguise. Against this scene we find grouped as *dramatis personæ* a scheming agent; an unscrupulous trader who helps him to his ends; an army officer, brave, but sadly fettered by departmental red-tape; a bluff mining prospector and his gang; an intrepid ranch-boss; a beautiful Indian maiden, beset by lovers both red and white; and a right-minded but wholly unconventional parson. Summoned back to England by news of his father's illness, Harold has a chance, of which advantage is cleverly taken for the reader's profit, to contrast the freedom of the frontier with the artificialities of an advanced civilization; of course, unfavorably to the latter.

Under the romantic surface of this and the earlier story, Mr. Royle has given us not only an excellent picture of the untamed West, but also a glimpse of his own philosophy on the race question. In spite of an occasional resort to theatrical methods, he has set forth admirably the serious side of attempting to change the Indian into something non-Indian through the influence of an alien environment.

The Rust of Rome. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

For the reader who likes to be kept on the shivery edge of apprehension in an atmosphere of vast tragic portent blended with illimitable detail, Mr. Deeping is the man. The magnified episode is the note of the book, although a definite story runs in and out among the episodes. The reader is asked to be interested in Benjamin Heriot's every step, from the prison life he is quitting on the first page to the last incident on the four hundredth. His morals, manners, tastes, pursuits, clothes are offered with a confidence in the reader's interest which is almost naïve. The reader meanwhile forges along, enduring repetition for the sake of many merits on the way and in anticipation of the supposed final tying up of threads. The end is complete and seems to satisfy the actors. But it may be doubted whether violence undetected, even violence in a good cause, will ever become a popular marriage portion for hero and heroine of a romance.

Benjamin Heriot for an hour's irresponsibility paid the heavy penalty of two years in Reading gaol. Once more free, he is near to wrecking himself a second time from sheer reaction. In his self-disgust, he is meditating suicide when chance sends him on a Sunday morning into a beech forest. Under the spell of the trees, he is seized by a passion for Nature and finds himself taking heart. He buys a piece of English woodland, builds a shelter, digs, plants, and grows sane. The attempt to escape humanity, however, is vain. Men, boys, women, and a woman spring up in the wilderness. The author's touch in describing the forest atmosphere is that of a lover, and the earth is made no less fascinating to the antiquarian than to the agriculturist. Characterization is also a marked accomplishment of the writer. His portraits are in the round, anatomy and covering both well-considered. Not a figure, great or small, that does not have its being in its own individual way.

The Professional Aunt. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The "Helen's Babies" order of fiction is, it seems, not yet superannuated. Indeed, the irrepressible infant is an inexhaustible theme. The "professional aunt" of the present book is, of course, the person who sees the funny things done and hears the funny speeches made by the particular urchins who are to be exploited. The author, Mrs. Wemyss, is an Englishwoman who has written one or two other books about children. That kind of thing has not been done so much in England as with us, and is still rather stiffly done. The humor of Mrs. Wemyss is over-broad and self-conscious for the American taste. She begins with a definition of the Professional Aunt, as the spinster from whom devotion to her nephews and nieces is exacted as a primary duty. Then she introduces the particular children with whom the particular aunt is implicated, and the series of infantile exploits and "bright sayings" begins. It must be confessed that the point of a large majority of the sayings is due to their happy childish indelicacy. Of course, the random speech of an innocent child can sail far closer to the wind than the considered and actionable utterances of your barnacle-crusted adult. But there is, after all, a limit to the enjoyment of a voyage under these conditions. The fun of little Johnny's conception of religion and little Sally's notion of motherhood are capable of exhaustion. The perfunctory "love interest" injected into these artless pages is quite helpless to turn a congeries of anecdotes into a real story.

CRETAN DISCOVERY.

Scripta Minoa: The written documents of Minoan Crete, with special reference to the archives of Knossos. By Arthur J. Evans. Vol. I. Pp. xiv+302, with 13 plates and many illustrations in the text. New York: Henry Frowde. $12.75 net.

The art of prehistoric Crete has of recent years become known in such a way as to afford a wonderfully vivid picture of the life on that island well into the third millennium before our

era. So far as it is possible to know an ancient people without an understanding of their own written records, we may now be said to know the ancient Cretans really well, for we have the material setting of life among them in uncommon completeness. There has come to light also the fact that for above a thousand years an evolution in the art of writing was going on. The characters used show a change from conventionalized pictorial forms to those of earlier and later linear types. Moreover, the most advanced type of linear script (Evans's Class B) reaches a high stage of development, while even the latest manifestations of it are considerably earlier than the earliest records of Phœnician writing. When one remembers that only a short time ago the consideration of the antiquity of writing played an important part in discussions of the Homeric question, it is possible to realize how greatly in this respect the present point of view has changed. Furthermore, with these Cretan discoveries, the source whence the Greeks took the characters of their alphabet becomes comparatively a less simple matter to explain. Has not the part the Phœnicians played in the transmission of the letters been too exclusively emphasized? Is there not a large element of truth in the old traditions given by Diodorus that letters were invented in Crete, and that the Phœnicians merely modified them and passed them on, or may it not be that some knowledge of the Cretan script was transmitted directly to the Greek settlers there?

It would indeed be difficult to enumerate the interesting questions which recent discoveries in this wonderful island have raised for students both of prehistoric and of Greek archæology; but the answers to these questions must in many cases depend upon the nature of the language used by the early Cretans, and touching this point we are still largely in the dark. In the absence of bilingual inscriptions, as Dr. Evans remarks in his preface, a comprehensive attempt at interpretation or transliteration is not likely to be attended with fruitful results, but this fact makes it none the less an urgent need that scholars should have before them in as complete a form as possible the existing records of the early Cretan script. This need will be adequately met in the present handsome publication.

The whole work is planned in three volumes: the first includes the hieroglyphic and primitive linear classes of writing, together with some general discussion of pre-Phœnician scripts; the second and third will be given to a detailed publication of the documents of the advanced linear scripts. The whole will therefore constitute a *corpus* of the early Cretan written documents. In Part i of the first volume, Dr. Evans gives an exceedingly useful survey of his whole subject, taking up the question of the antiquity and diffusion of pictographs and linear signs in Europe, the discovery and the nature of each of the types of Minoan writing, the survivals of the art of writing as the different phases of Cretan civilization pass away, and the influence that this art had in other regions. This leads to a discussion of the Cretan Philistines and the Phœnician alphabet, and to a statement of the theory that this alphabet is to an important degree of Minoan origin. The various tables of illustration supplement the text in a most valuable way. Part ii is devoted to a careful and complete presentation of the hieroglyphic or conventionalized pictographic script. The influences under which it grew up are discussed, and its use on seals and clay documents. Then follows an extended catalogue of hieroglyphic inscriptions on seals and sealings, and one of similar nature for inscriptions on clay sealings, tablets, bars, etc. There is further a catalogue of the hieroglyphic signs, and an analysis with extended discussion of the nature of the script. Part iii is a study of the so-called Disk from Phæstos, discovered by Dr. Pernier of the Italian Mission, in 1908. This is the largest single hieroglyphic inscription yet discovered in Crete, and its nature is, of course, of high interest. Dr. Evans subjects its signs to a searching examination, showing how radically in most cases they differ from the Minoan classes, and coming to the conclusion that the script is the product of a culture allied to the Minoan, but "existing on the southwest coastlands of Asia Minor and not improbably in the Lycian area." At the present stage of our knowledge any interpretation can hardly be more than an interesting suggestion, for one cannot be certain how exactly the original form of a hieroglyphic character indicates its meaning at a given time. It seems as if a bilingual inscription was the only thing which could possibly clear away the uncertainties. Nevertheless, a surprising amount of information about the probable contents of the writings, both hieroglyphic and linear, is scattered through the volume. A decimal system was in use in both, and, especially in Class B of the linear script, it is possible to make out the enumeration of various classes of objects stored in the chambers of the palace. The arrangement of the clay tablets was often very careful, and they were sometimes placed like books on a modern shelf, so that the edges showed; then the edge would be docketed with a summary of contents.

It is superfluous to add that the book as a whole is of high importance—the careful record of a considerable part of the extraordinarily able archæological work which has placed Dr. Evans in the front rank of really great discoverers.

Charles Sumner. By George H. Haynes (American Crisis Biographies). Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Except Lincoln, no statesman of our civil war period has been so elaborately commemorated as Sumner. We have the fifteen volumes of his works, edited by himself, the four bulky volumes of memoirs by E. L. Pierce, the biography by Moorfield Storey in the American Statesmen Series, and less considerable accounts in large number. Professor Haynes thinks it worth while to add to the list a new life, not at all claiming to add fresh material, but undertaking to adjust the figure properly in the perspective, after the lapse of a momentous half-century. Professor Haynes is thoroughly informed and an excellent narrator; while strongly sympathetic, he is by no means undiscriminating; he does not blink the faults of his hero's character or the mistakes of his career. Nevertheless, we feel that he accords Sumner a place among the statesmen of his time which he did not hold, and which in the retrospect of history he never will hold.

Professor Haynes adopts from another the statement that "at the close of the civil war Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner were the most influential men in public life." Lincoln's eminence no one will question, but as to Sumner? Did he outrank in influence the great military figures? or, if we restrict our view to civil life, did he stand before the country so superior in wisdom and service to Chase, Seward, Stanton, and Charles Francis Adams? Good men in those days believed Sumner to be intrepid, untiring, well-purposed, and adorned with statesmanlike accomplishments; but they also believed that he gravely lacked patience; also the sagacity for measuring accurately great and difficult problems and dealing with them wisely in view of their relations with other problems and with the facts of human nature; also, the invaluable quality of tact, the faculty for getting on with men and winning out in the welter of varying temperaments, clashing judgments, and conflicting interests. Conspicuous though the service of Sumner was, we yet believe that in many contemporary eyes his leadership had the handicap of these unfortunate limitations; that his work, therefore, in behalf of his country and of humanity was far less effective than that of Lincoln; indeed, that several among his fellow-strivers were fully his equals in the accomplishment of good results.

While to multitudes of his contemporaries Sumner seemed thus to fall short, indications abound that a later generation is not disposed to judge him more kindly. Ideas are broached to-day by voices of authority which are not in harmony with the views and anticipa-

tions of the anti-slavery men of fifty years ago. C. F. Adams, for instance, makes declarations as to the negro problem which sound strange in view of his antecedents and earlier associations. Again, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in his recent "Land of the Lion," asserts with great emphasis that the urgent need of the African blacks is "*that they shall be firmly, lovingly forced to work.*" Dr. Rainsford will not assert that there exists now among advanced races any such warm and comprehensive altruism as will engage, unrequited, in this firm and loving enforcement of labor upon black millions. What remains but to devise a scheme through which a body of uplifters shall find it to their interest to do the enforcing? And when that is said we come perilously near to the suggestion of a society of masters and bondmen—the masters, loving, we hope, but performing their task with an eye to their own interests as well—the bondmen held to unwilling work for a benefit they have not craved and do not appreciate.

More interesting still, Booker T. Washington, asserts ("Up from Slavery," page 16):

> We must acknowledge that, notwithstanding the cruelty and moral wrong of slavery, the ten million negroes inhabiting this country, who themselves or whose ancestors went through the school of American slavery, are in a stronger and more hopeful condition, materially, intellectually, morally, and religiously, than is true of an equal number of black people in any other portion of the globe.

American slavery then, in Mr. Washington's view, has been for its victims an uplifting influence of great potency, and how, in contrast with this view is the doctrine of the "Barbarism of Slavery," in which Sumner pronounced the institution only brutalizing upon master and slave alike!

Distinctly, we express here no approval of Mr. Adams's depreciation of negro capabilities; nor are we accepting the theories of Dr. Rainsford and Booker Washington. We cite them simply as utterances that are significant of the present moment. They are strangely out of accord with the utterances of the old anti-slavery men among whom Sumner was a chief. Citations of a similar character might be multiplied; and they all indicate that a state of mind prevails now among many humane men not in harmony with that of the zealous combatants of the former time. It is not difficult to understand why the prestige of Sumner, much questioned in his own days, has lost rather than gained in later years. As is well set forth by Professor Haynes, while a man of many foibles, he possessed in a high degree courage, sincerity, high purpose, and scholarly accomplishments. His service was great, but, over-confident in his own wisdom, he set his hand to much reconstruction of ideas and institutions. Often he made, but too often he marred. In the world's judgment, he falls far short in beneficent leadership of the supreme statesman of his era, and is doubtfully eminent even among the secondary figures.

Great and Greater Britain: The Problems of Motherland and Empire, Political, Naval, Military, Industrial, Financial, Social. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Barker is a German who has been long enough in England to naturalize and Anglicize his name; to sit at the feet of Mr. Chamberlain, and imbibe the fiscal and economic and other Tory doctrines associated with Mr. Chamberlain's name since 1903, and to become a member of the Constitutional Club. The English "Who's Who" is silent regarding Mr. Barker. It is therefore possible only to conjecture how long he has been a naturalized British subject. But it is clear that he has been in England a sufficient number of years to become possessed of the Tory idea—traditional now for a century or more—that England is going to the dogs; and his devotion to his new country is so great that he appears to have made it his special and peculiar mission to prevent the appalling catastrophe that is threatening not only England, but the British Empire. It is something of a reproach to the governing classes who have done so much for England, and for whom England has done even more, that they should have to welcome Mr. Barker's aid in the task of saving the Empire from its threatening fate. But the welcome has undoubtedly been extended to Mr. Barker. He and Mr. Garvin of the *Observer* and Mr. Blatchford of the *Clarion*, one of the organs of English Socialism, were the literary lights on the Tory side at the general election. The *Daily Mail* was open to Mr. Barker whenever he was ready; and many of the forebodings embodied in "Great and Greater Britain," which is concerned with the problems of Motherland and Empire—political, naval, military, industrial, financial, and social—have already been published in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review*, both of which exist among other purposes to aid the governing classes of the Tory party in safeguarding the Empire.

According to Mr. Barker, the situation of the British Empire is to-day most critical, but not yet desperate. Everything depends on the British navy. Otherwise by the inexorable law of history and of nature the British Empire must soon come in at the tail of the procession of Phœnicia, Carthage, Athens, Rome, Constantinople, the Arab Empire, Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice, and the Dutch Empire, and all her greatness pass away. The lesson that Mr. Barker would enforce on England, on Mr. Chamberlain, to whom he dedicates his book, and on the Constitutional Club, from whose house on Northumberland Avenue he dates his preface, is that "all the good things of this world, land, riches, commerce, and shipping, are not to the peaceful and feeble, but to the warlike and the strong"; that wealth and power can be preserved only by military strength; that wealth is a bad substitute for power; that money bags do not defend themselves; that "neglect of the army and of agriculture has been fatal to all great commercial states of the past from Phœnicia to Holland; and that large towns devour the strength of the country."

Mr. Barker is convinced that Great Britain and the British Empire stand at the parting of the ways. The crisis has arrived. But he is confident of a safe and comfortable future for England if she will only build a navy equal in strength to the combined navies of the United States and Germany; adopt protection, because free trade means cheap labor and cheap men; give the colonies a voice and share in the administration of the British Empire by means of an Imperial Cabinet, an Imperial Navy, an Imperial Exchequer, and an Imperial Senate; and establish an army based on universal military training. A year ago the Tory *Quarterly Review* celebrated its centennial, and a large part of two issues was devoted to the history of the *Review* and the lost political causes to which it had since 1809 attached itself. Had Mr. Barker bestowed a couple of hours on this history of Tory propaganda for a century past, he might have realized that the cry of the Empire's danger is an old and well-worn one with the political party with which he is now serving; that it was raised in 1832 and again in 1846, and again whenever the Tory party has found itself out of office; and he would have realized also that he could expect no shock to the English people to result from his dismal forebodings.

A Vagabond Journey Around the World. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. $3.50 net.

On graduating from the University of Michigan, Mr. Franck started out in a cattle ship "for to see and for to admire." Until he reached Marseilles his status was that of a tourist pedestrian of frugal sort. But already, in England, France, Germany, and Italy, he had come to know the gentry of the road, their resorts and resources. The last of his money found him a member of the beachcomber colony at Marseilles, waiting his chance to work or beat his way eastward. The chance came, and our gentleman vagabond debarked at Beirut, whence he visited the sites of the Phœnician cities and tramped to Da-

mascus, Jerusalem, and Jaffa. Everywhere he was taken in and aided. From one sheik who had started a collection for a railway ticket Mr. Franck escaped with difficulty. At Nazareth he stopped with the Kawar family, a most variously gifted and articled group. The father spoke only Arabic, two sons spoke English, and one German, and were stout Protestants. Another pair knew, respectively, French and Italian, and were devout Catholics. The youngest son, well versed in Russian, held by his father's confession, the Greek. The family showed Mr. Franck the sacred spots of the city of Jesus; returning from the visitation they pointed out "the house of the only Jew, thank God, who still dwells in Nazareth."

At Cairo there was a long wait under conditions made easy by the meeting of old comrades and new and by the liberality of mission charities. Employment came after long search, and the wages were spent in a trip up the Nile as far as Wady Halfa. Here Mr. Franck could have gone on to Khartum as secretary to a Greek bishop, but, avoiding the *cul-de-sac*, he returned at public expense to Port Said, where the beachcombing life was renewed. It was a question of stowing away or completing an indefinitely long postgraduate course at the vilest of Levantine ports. Between the canvas cover and the ribs of a life-boat on a British liner our author left the canal and got his first taste of the Red Sea. The reward for his hardships was Colombo, and that earthly paradise which is Ceylon. Here the white man, though a vagabond, is a king. Mr. Franck fell in with a sociable colony, including a Britisher, Haywood, badly wanted, on his own showing, by the American law; Marten of Tacoma, who excelled the natives as a pearl diver and harried sharks in his morning swims, and Askins, M.A., of Dublin, engineer when luck served, and adept in half the dialects of the East. Here our author would have joined the police force had not his American nationality got known. Instead, by a friendly understanding with the force, the Anglo-American fraternity of wanderers slept in the public garden, where they also smoked and chatted their days away. Tramping to the temples of Kandy, Mr. Franck made a remarkable deal in bananas, and was opportunely relieved of twenty-eight of them by a holy pilgrim, a *yogi*. Whether because of this benefaction or for other cause, the priests at the Temple of the Tooth received him with all kindness, displayed the sacred relics, and undertook his conversion. They used an argument that recalls the famous wager of Pascal: "Even if you are not yet convinced of the truth of it," they said, "why not accept it now and run no risk of future perdition?" Such arguments had prevailed with U Damaluku, born Larry O'Rourke, and widely experienced as an American roustabout. Him Mr. Franck met in India in the guise of a Burmese bishop. U Damaluku gave a good account of the faith, or, to quote him, philosophy that was in him. With ease he put to flight a Christian convert. Upon the benefits of Buddhism he was eloquent. Referring to his early monastic days, he said:

Ivery blessed afternoon I stbudied the bistory of Buddha and Burmese with the ould priests. 'Twas a foine tbing fer me. Before I found the thrue faith I was that blessed ignerent I cud hardly rade me ouwn tungue. To-day, bless ye, I know eight languages and tbe ins and outs of ivery religion on the futstool. I was a vile curser whin I was hoboin' in the States, and 'twas harrd te quit it. But ivery toime I started te say a cuss-ward I thought of the revired Gautama and sid blessed instead, and I'm master of me own tungue now.

Beside the admirable U Damaluku, an American priest met at a Buddhist monastery in Rangoon made but a poor impression. He was a horny-handed sailor and illiterate. His past was inscribed on his arms in tattooed figures that would have outdone "those on the raciest posters of a burlesque show." Though exact in observance, he was not expansive as to his religion, which apparently he had adopted as a steady graft.

At Rangoon, Mr. Franck and his companion, James, an Australian, being warned that, once in Singapore, no beachcomber ever escaped, conceived the audacious plan of cutting across the neck of Burma and Siam to Bangkok. This trip through the jungle affords some of the most interesting pages of the book. On the way the two tramps met strange isolated English engineers who had almost forgotten how to talk with a guest. From the villagers the wayfarers, after their money ran out, simply took what they needed. Such levies were impartially distributed among many huts, and the villagers took the incursion as a joke. On the Siamese border a different temper prevailed, and more than once the strangers had to fight for it. By a lucky chance they saved the bungalow of a European lumber king from burning, and were liberally rewarded. As deck passengers to Shanghai the two white men were mob bed, and gave a good account of themselves, the officers of the ship being too cowardly to interfere. Here Mr. Franck caught in his hand the celestial blade that was intended for his heart, and James, with a strained back, was landed as a hospital case. Our author's way through Japan was embittered by constant surveillance. The police took him for a Russian spy, the curious throngs molested him frequently. The formidable *jiu-jitsu* he never encountered. It is his opinion that one American collegian can handle several Japanese policemen. Before accepting a verdict so flattering to our higher education one would like to know just what orders the Imperial police had in his case. A grim chapter is that which tells of the two months between Tokio and Victoria on the windjammer Glenalvon. Food, weather, and treatment were of the worst. Ten days Capt. Andrews beat about the Bay of Tokio to save a tug which he finally had to take. Once out, twenty-seven sails were successively carried away. It is a relief to be landed and out of such an atmosphere of sordid tyranny and resentment.

About two years from starting our author rode triumphantly into his native Chicago in charge of seven carloads of cattle. He brought back the camera which in the Siamese jungle had been pretty much his entire baggage—and costume. The photographs are a very acceptable commentary on the narrative. The book is not based on journals, but is the yarn spun in the first flush of recollection. Mr. Franck writes with vividness and humor. He commands the arts of the mimic, and his vagabonds, exotic Americans of many tongues and hues, native dignitaries of many rules and sects, fairly live before the reader. His achievement was extraordinary, calling for adroitness and courage at every turn, and his book is no common one.

Notes.

William De Morgan's "An Affair of Dishonor" has passed tbrough the stage of final proofs, according to tbe announcement of Henry Holt & Co.

Scudder's "Fables and Folk Stories," Burroughs's "Squirrels and Otber Fur-bearers," and Sherman's "Little Folk Lyrics" are to be printed by Houghton, Mifflin Co. in American Braille type for the blind.

Still another book on "The Tragedy of Hamlet" is soon to appear. Sherman, French & Co. announce tbe author as Henry Frank.

"The Birch Bark Roll," by Ernest Thompson Seton, and "Scouting for Boys," by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, are to be combined into a single volume by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The John Lane Company is to issue tbis month a new volume of verse by William Watson. The book takes its name, "Sable and Purple," from a poem which offers tribute to tbe late King and to his successor.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce "Siegfried," a new volume in tbe list of translations of Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring"; an *édition de luxe* of "Tbe Ancient Mariner," and a volume of essays by William P. Trent.

A complete biography of John Wilkes is being prepared by Horace William Bleakley, who is best known as tbe autbor of "The Story of a Beautiful Ducbess."

Sturgis & Walton will bring out in tbe autumn "The Lady," a series of imaginary

portraits, by Emily James Putnam; and a study of New York playgrounds, by Esther Singleton, "The Children's City."

A translation by Charles Recht of "The Clouds," a Bohemian drama in three acts, is announced by R. G. Badger.

The publisher, Eklund, of Stockholm, has in preparation a national edition of the works of the late King Oscar, which will contain, besides various essays and notes made during his travels, a translation of Goethe's "Tasso," and of Herder's "Cid," and epics and ballads.

Among the books soon to be issued by Henry Holt & Co. are an annotated edition of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by Prof. Moritz Levi of the University of Michigan, and a Spanish composition book by Dr. Crawford of the Unversity of Pennsylvania.

The *Academy* has recently changed hands, Lord Alfred Douglas having sold out to a syndicate, which henceforth will have entire control. By the change the *Academy* has also lost the services of T. W. H. Crosland.

A. T. Quiller-Couch, author, and editor of the Oxford Book of English Verse, is one of the recipients of Birthday honors. He is a strong Liberal. The newly made knights also include Dr. Alfred Hopkinson, vice-chancellor of Victoria University, Manchester.

The Macmillan Company has begun the publication of a library edition of Walter Pater's works, to be complete in ten volumes at two dollars the volume. The books show wide margins and large, clear type, and are in every way made pleasant to handle and convenient to read. So far three volumes have appeared, containing "The Renaissance" and "Marius the Epicurean."

It was inevitable after the furious success of Francis Thompson's posthumous essay on Shelley that we should have a volume of his stray papers. On the whole the little book including "A Renegade Poet and Other Essays," edited by Edward J. O'Brien, and issued by the Ball Publishing Company, was worth printing. Thompson's wit, as seen in the titular paper, is pretty thin, his rhetorical imitation of De Quincy in "Mœstitiæ Encomium" is rather flat, as is the imitation of Poe in "Finis Coronat Opus." But some of the critical papers are good, and the essay on "Paganism: Old and New," with its distinction between the real paganism of antiquity and its resuscitation by Christian poets, is decidedly worth preserving.

"Leaves," by Violet Clarke (London: Heinemann), is a memorial volume to a talented young gentlewoman, who, undertaking the social duties of an Indian presidency, showed uncommon tact and a rare capacity to grasp the native point of view. Her father, Sir George Sydenham Clarke, has brought together some twenty sketches, English and colonial, most of them humorous and descriptive, some of which had appeared in London journals. Obviously a large circle of friends may welcome such a collection. Outsiders will, we feel, merely note a certain fresh humor and a literary ambition pretty widely diffused among the more intelligent young women of the author's class.

Volumes XIII and XIV of Scribners' Memorial Edition of George Meredith bring us to the middle of the complete set, which is calculated to run to twenty-seven volumes, and to the novel, "The Egoist," which probably most Meredithians regard as the centre of his work. Other novels may have special attractions, but in "The Egoist" they think they come at the very heart of Meredith's views of life. The illustrations are three: The splendid photograph of the author taken by Harold Roller in 1888; Flint Cottage, Box Hill, Meredith's home during the last forty years of his life; and View over the Garden to Box Hill. The last-named picture gives the view from an upper window of a room in Flint Cottage, where he wrote before the building of the chalet.

Professor Münsterberg's robust, if not very subtle, vein of public comment has its admirers. They will doubtless welcome his new book of essays, "American Problems from the Point of View of a Psychologist" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). His subjects are The Fear of Nerves, The Choice of a Vocation, The Standing of Scholarship, Prohibition, and Intemperance, The Intemperance of Women—to wit, an undue pride in the frills of the mind and the milliner; Spiritualism—the exposure of Eusapia Palladino; the Market and Psychology, with especial regard to labelling and advertising; Books and Bookstores—the publishers are urged to combine to revive the true book store; and, finally, The World Language—an admirable exposure of the cheap fallacies behind the simplified spelling movement and a destructive survey of the pretensions of any language, artificial or traditional, to impose itself upon the world. Here is surely topical matter in plenty, and, since the American Woman is involved, contentious issues of spectacular attractiveness. In general, Professor Münsterberg is on the side of idealism against pragmatism, scholarship against dilettantism, rational moderation against fanaticisms of all sorts. He traverses for America something of the ground that Matthew Arnold plotted for England, and in a not dissimilar spirit. The difference is in amenity. Many will find a somewhat rasping quality in Professor Münsterberg's literary manner, which is all the more trying because he is so much in the right of the questions he treats. In part this unsympathetic effect may result from his writing in a language which, though astonishingly well mastered, is not his own; but were these essays put over into German there would still be, we feel, a sense of delicate issues somewhat ruthlessly and at times superficially dispatched. The most novel and valuable part of the book is the suggestion that by psychological experiment we can do much to detect aptitude, or its absence, for particular work. The mind that can efficiently tend a complicated loom is unfitted to manage a trip hammer. Experiment can determine who will work most efficiently on a typewriter with switch-keys, who on one with the double keyboard. Simple tests would weed out the men who ought not to drive locomotives or motor cars. Evidently this is a possibility of real importance. Applied psychology might actually do for us in charting aptitudes and disabilities what the old phrenology pretended to do. One would be glad to see the idea developed at greater length. Obviously, on Professor Münsterberg's showing, psychological tests should be offered to all beginners at trade schools. We find our author more inspiring in the laboratory than in a pulpit which he occupies with a somewhat incongruous mixture of dogmatism and jauntiness.

It is well known to all who have occasion to use the earlier reports and appendices of the Historical Manuscripts' Commission of Great Britain that some of the work was performed in a fashion not in accord with the historical standards of the present day. Consequently, a number of these volumes have been revised and reissued. Among the most important of them is Appendix iii of the Ninth Report, first published in 1884, and containing a calendar of the Sackville Papers. The first part of the reissue was published in 1904, and now the second and final part has appeared. The nature of the papers thus calendared is too familiar to call for comment here. It will be enough to say that they comprise the correspondence of Lord George Germain, secretary of state for the colonies from 1775 to 1782; that the revision has been made by Mrs. S. C. Lomas, and that in the new volume are large numbers of important additions, to which ample reference will be found in the preface.

An addition to the list of source-books for the study of American history is made by Prof. Samuel B. Harding of Indiana University in his "Select Orations Illustrating American Political History" (Macmillan). Professor Harding is undoubtedly right in holding that "a great part of a people's history, where self-government prevails, may be found in the speeches of its public men"; and his volume of extracts and abridgments will help somewhat to make available a class of historical material whose portentous bulk, joined often to comparative inaccessibility, has unquestionably repelled all but the most zealous teachers and students. With the way in which Professor Harding has performed his task, however, we feel less satisfaction. To say that the editor of a book of selections is entitled to the benefit of the doubt in all questions of inclusion or exclusion, is, of course, to utter only a platitude of criticism. The range in this case is certainly wide, reaching as it does from James Otis to Booker T. Washington, and the work of condensation has been skilfully done. We frankly think, however, that such documents as Washington's Farewell Address, and the inaugural addresses of Jefferson and Lincoln, are hardly to be classed as "orations" in any proper sense, or, for that matter, that they bear any such relation to the political history of their times as do, for example, Webster's reply to Hayne or the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Neither can it be said that Henry W. Grady's oration on the new South, or Booker T. Washington's Atlanta speech on the race problem, interesting as they are as examples of modern American oratory, exercised any special influence on the course of events, or contributed very directly to the formation of public opinion. The inclusion in the volume of an introduction on oratorical style and structure, together with some notes on the various speeches, both contributed by Prof. John M. Clapp of Lake Forest University, confirms us in the impression that the editor has often been guided in his selection quite as much by the oratorical interest of a piece as by its political significance.

Popular works on Pilgrim history are numerous, hut with the exception of "The Pilgrim Fathers" of Dr. John Brown, which gives disproportionate space to the English end of the story, nearly all have been written hy Americans with American interests in view. Miss Winnifred Cockshott, of St. Hilda's Hall, Oxford, had an excellent opportunity, therefore, not of discovering new facts, hut of recounting old ones for the benefit of English readers. Her proportions are good, the pages devoted to life in England, Holland, and America standing, respectively, in the ratio of ahout one, two, and three, while her desire to give adequate setting to her pictures leads her to furnish rather a hroader outlook, particularly in what relates to Holland and the Dutch, than the reader will find elsewhere. She has made an honest attempt to understand and describe the institutional and economic life of the Plymouth colony and to avoid an excessive devotion to merely hiographical details. Her work is to he commended as in the main well-written and accurate. Still, it is always difficult for an English writer to handle our colonial history with precision, and Miss Cockshott has contributed her sheaf of hlunders. Her account of the settlement of Connecticut shows that she has not fathomed the mysteries of the Warwick Patent, the Sayhrook colony, and the relations hetween Sayhrook and Connecticut, while her implication that Vane, Peters, and the younger Winthrop took part in the Connecticut settlement hetrays the hand of the novice. Miss Cockshott is evidently not familiar with some of the minor questions under discussion, such as the identity of Capt. Jones and of the Mayflower itself, and she manifestly knows nothing of the Bradford letter of 1623 or the suit of 1624, to which the Plymouth colony was a party, the papers regarding which throw light upon the early history of the colony. Her version of the passenger list of the Mayflower, intended to be an exact copy of that given by Bradford, shows many departures from the original manuscript. ("The Pilgrim Fathers"; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Prof. Henrik Schück, who has heen paying a flying visit to this country as the representative of the University of Upsala, where he holds the office of rector magnificus, has heen mentioned in these columns from time to time as the author of several volumes of essays. These he has grouped into two series, "Ur gamla papper," and "Ur en resandes anteckningar"; the essays collected in the former series, which has already reached the quite respectable numher of eight volumes, deal with topics in Swedish and comparative literature, as well as with Shakespearean suhjects, which have always greatly attracted Professor Schück since in the early eighties he puhlished his life of Shakespeare, the only comprehensive work ahout that poet in Swedish. The other series contains, as the name implies, studies resulting from or written during his travels ahroad. In 1884 he visited Rome for the first time, and nearly every summer since then he has paid longer or shorter visits to that city, always studying, always adding to his knowledge of its history. All the three volumes in this series contain Roman sketches; those in the two latest are to a certain extent connected, dealing with the excavation in the Forum, with legends ahout Virgil and St. Peter, and with the Swedish saint, Brigitta, who lived in Rome for nearly a quarter of a century.

The last few volumes of Oscar Levertin's "Skrifter" contain his early short stories, articles on Scandinavian and foreign literature, and, in the latest volume so far issued, a numher of editorials from the Stockholm *Svenska Dagbladet,* now reprinted under the title "För och mot." Among the literary studies, most of them printed as hook reviews in *Svenska Dagbladet,* those of French writers are the most interesting, particularly the series dealing with Anatole France. In "För och mot" we find Levertin's indignant protest against the awarding of the first Nohel prize in literature to the late Sully-Prudhomme, and two or three other articles in which he pays his compliments to the Swedish Academy and its leading man, C. D. af Wirsén. The volume contains also an interesting survey of Swedish helles-lettres during the reign of Oscar the second, and the prose-poem in which he surveyed the nineteenth century at its close. The opening essay is entitled "To Henrik Schück on his Fiftieth Birthday." Levertin hails, and rightly, his friend and former teacher as the first to introduce modern scientific methods into Swedish literary history, and as having taught the lesson that "in science there is nothing small except for him who sticks in the mud of small things," and, finally, as the preacher of humanism, who, though himself a modern *kulturmänniska* with the critical point of view of the nineteenth century, can speak with warm sympathy of "the dreams of the pious friar, or the tracts of the austere Lutheran theologian."

"L'Epopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole" (A. Colin, 330 pages, 3.50 francs), by Ramon Menendez Pidal of the Spanish Academy, is the French text in which the author delivered his lectures at the Johns Hopkins University. The interest of the matter was appreciated at the time. The hook has a complete index of proper names and texts, and tahular analyses of each lecture, considerahly enhancing its value for reference.

Dr. William James Rolfe of Camhridge, Mass., died last Thursday at the home of his son, Charles J. Rolfe, in Tishury, Vineyard Haven, aged eighty-eight years. He was horn in Newhuryport, Mass.; spent his hoyhood at Lowell, and was educated at Amherst, which he left at the close of his junior year in order to work in Maryland. He went hack very soon to his native State as principal of Day's Academy at Wrentham. Here and at other schools where he taught, he commenced what afterwards hecame his mission in life, the teaching of English literature, a thing almost unheard of at that time. In 1859, Rolfe received the honorary degree of A.M. at Harvard, and in the following year went to live at Camhridge, where he spent the rest of his life. From 1869 to 1890, Dr. Rolfe was one of the editors of the *Popular Science News,* and since 1890 he had had charge of "Shakespeariana" in the *Critic,* hesides contrihuting to the *North American Review, Poet-Lore,* and other literary and scientific periodicals. As an editor of school texts he is hest known. In additlon to his Shakespeare in forty volumes, a "Handhook of Latin Poetry," and the "Camhridge Course of Physics" in ten volumes, the last two works heing prepared in collahoration with other editors, he hrought out annotated editions of selections from the poems of Gray, Goldsmith, Milton, Wordsworth, and Browning; the "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and a complete edition of Scott's poems; the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Childe Harold," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Idylls of the King," and two volumes of selections from Tennyson's other poems, hesides a twelve-volume *édition de luxe* of Tennyson, in the preparation of which, as in his previous editions of Tennyson, he had valuahle suggestions and assistance from the poet and his son. He has also edited six volumes of a series of "English Classics" of a more elementary character, and he revised annually the "Satchel Guide to Europe."

Prof. Julius Jung, the historian, died recently at Prague, at the age of fifty-nine. Among his works are "Lehen und Sitten der Römer" and "Römer und Romanen in den Donauländern."

Georges Berger, critic, essayist, and formerly professor of æsthetics and art at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts, died last Saturday, aged seventy-six years. He was a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, a memher of the Institute, and devoted most of his life to promoting the study of art. Besides contrihuting frequently on this suhject to the *Journal des Débats,* he wrote in 1879 "L'Ecole française de peinture depuis ses origines jusqu'à la fin du regne de Louis XIV," and was a memher of many puhlic art committees.

Science.

The small hook on "The Family Health," by Dr. Myer Solis-Cohen (Philadelphia: Penn Puhlishing Co.), may he commended as a good guide for the individual as well as for the family. The hygiene of the community and the household is hriefly touched on, most of the book being given up to personal care and conduct. All the important points concerning clothing, food, drink, exercise, and rest are treated in a simple and sensihle fashion, well calculated to develop a rational attitude towards daily prohlems. There is also a brief hut sufficient statement of ahout all that the average layman needs to know concerning the treatment of disease. The author has no fads to advocate, and is unusually happy and clear in his presentation. Here and there perhaps a little more detail would he helpful, and an index would add to the usefulness of an excellent hook.

"How to Keep Hens for Profit" (Macmillan), hy C. S. Valentine, is a disappointment if one expects systematic treatment of fundamentals. The heginner who huys this hook will find the plan fragmentary, while its phraseology will he beyond him, and most of its information obscure until he has had not merely instruction, hut also experience, in practical poultry raising. When, however, he has reached the point where he hegins to ask questions based on

observation, and when he has mastered the poultryman's vocabulary, Mr. Valentine's book will be of value to him. It discusses the leading breeds of hens—giving a fair statement of the advantages of each—and considers new and unusual methods of many kinds. On diseases and present poultry problems the book is sensible and commands confidence, for Mr. Valentine has no fads to advance. His chapter on the Indian Runner duck is of much present interest. Considered as a Second Book of poultry-raising this is an excellent production, but no beginner can depend on it alone.

An extract from Voltaire, "Madame, songez à la santé surtout, c'est là ce qu' il faut vous souhaiter—la beauté, la grandeur, l'esprit, le don de plaire, tout est perdu, quand on digère mal; c'est l'estomac qui fait les heureux," was evidently well understood by the accomplished mistress of Tillypronie. She left sixteen notebooks of recipes gathered in several lands and from many chefs. It was her custom whenever anything good came upon the table to get the exact manner of cooking it from the maker; her recipes are accordingly reliable, practicable. It must have been an arduous task to select the best from such a mass of material, but Miss C. F. Frere has compiled a book, well indexed and admirably arranged, for the searcher after a particular manner of cooking an article ("The Cookery Book of Lady Clark of Tillypronie"; E. P. Dutton & Co.). And the recipes, though designed primarily for a large establishment, will give the keeper of a simpler ménage many new and delicious dishes. It is rather noticeable that in these days of abstemiousness from sweets almost a fourth of the book is composed of recipes for sweet dishes and puddings, besides the cakes and ices.

"Rock and Water Gardens," by the late F. W. Meyer (Country Life Library, imported by Scribner), in its opening chapter allays all prejudice by its unsparing condemnation of the formless upheavals on too many front lawns. Thus enabled to approach the subject dispassionately, the reader discovers that there are frequent conditions in landscape gardening which can best be met by rock gardens. The book is written to its illustrations, a careful study of which reveals the skill with which the finished garden is built up from its crude beginnings. Since it concerns itself with small gardens as well as large, the volume will bring to many householders the means of solving vexatious difficulties even on the two-acre lot, and should help to turn many bare or unsatisfactory corners into the most pleasing features of small places. The management of water and the beautifying of the average stone wall are also discussed here. A chapter has been added to the book on the heath garden, by W. Dallimore.

A national edition of the works of the Italian mathematician, Count Giulio Carlo di Fagnano, will be issued some time in the current year, and will include not only the "Produzioni matematiche" (now rare), but also other writings, both scientific and polemical, and important scientific papers recently discovered in the Biblioteca Oliveriana of Pesaro. In order that this edition may be complete, the committee in charge request that information regarding the existence in any public or private library of manuscripts, including letters on mathematical or scientific subjects, by this writer, be sent to the chairman, Prof. Vito Volterra, Via in Lucina, 17, Rome.

Dr. Johannes Gottfried Galle, the astronomer, died on Monday at Potsdam, at the age of ninety-eight. He is remembered as the first man actually to see Neptune. In 1846, after Leverrier had calculated that it must surely exist, Dr. Galle began a search for the planet, and on September 23 of the same year announced that he had found it. He contributed frequent articles to scientific periodicals, especially on comets, three of which he himself discovered.

Drama and Music.

The Mystery of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By Robert Russell Benedict. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1 net.

Although coming from the hands of a self-confessed layman, this monograph forms interesting reading, and is encouraging, because of the author's habit of turning, in case of any doubt, directly to the text of the play, instead of being influenced by preconceptions. For its main contention, the book expresses the belief that Hamlet's procrastination is to be explained by his desire, before doing anything else, to awaken his mother's conscience and to save her. To make this the chief cause for his distraction is doubtless to simplify Hamlet's character too much, and to do violence also to probability. For why should Hamlet not have believed that a speedy murder of the King would be the quickest way to bring his mother to her senses?

Mr. Benedict insists, further, that Hamlet, after having threatened "to put an antic disposition on," never really feigns madness at all; that his thought of feigning madness was suggested to Shakespeare by earlier forms of the story, and that Shakespeare after having inserted this detail saw later that a highly strung temperament, like Hamlet's, when wrought upon by such distressful circumstances, would of necessity furnish enough whimsicality of utterance to throw the King off the track without the help of any pose. In answer to this suggestion, one recalls Hamlet's words to the King with reference to the body of Polonius. It is hard to explain them except by the theory of feigning.

That Hamlet was well under thirty, the age ascribed to him by the grave-digger, is another point urged by Mr. Benedict. He finds that throughout the play, except for this one instance, the Prince is referred to as young, and believes that only extreme youth, that of nineteen or twenty, will account for Hamlet's idealism and impetuosity. He, therefore infers that the grave-digger's words are more than counterbalanced, and that they may have been inserted later with reference to the age of Burbage, the first reputed actor of this rôle. Here, again, the author is on perilous ground, and seems not to be aware of the loose way in which both "young" and "old" were employed in Elizabethan days.

Mr. Benedict tries in conclusion to prove to the world that he does not make an infallible idol of Shakespeare, and has strictures especially on the "To be, or not to be" passage:

> In the first place, we must acknowledge that it adds nothing to the development of the story nor of Hamlet's character. It is plainly an interpolation, disturbing the continuity of the dramatic interest, for we last left the Prince planning for the play and intent upon the detection of the King and the performance of his duty. He now comes before us dreamily meditating upon the expediency rather than the moral right of a distressed soul to end its earthly troubles by suicide.

It has not occurred to the writer, apparently, that Hamlet has for the moment sunk to the depths of despair and is contemplating the thought of actually taking his life, rather than live up to the part which he must otherwise play. This lack of understanding is of a piece with a confusion, earlier in the book, caused by ignorance of the word "honest" in the sense of chaste.

In his "Studien über die Genealogie und Psychologie der Musiker" (Wiesbaden: Bergmann), Oswald Feis discusses the question of the origin and nature of musical talent from genealogical and psychological points of view. The fact that the wonderful ability of many distinguished musicians, Handel, Mozart, Bellini, and Richard Strauss, manifested itself in very early childhood would naturally suggest that it was inherited, but in scarcely a single instance have we any evidence of it, nor did these youthful marvels, in general, transmit to their posterity their own precocity. In only two or three families is such a tendency perceptible, notably in that of John Sebastian Bach, where it was operative in a greater or less degree for more than three centuries (1550-1869); also, on a much smaller scale, in the families of Puccini and Pfitzner. Neither Robert Schumann nor Richard Wagner belonged to the class of youthful prodigies, but it is hardly correct to state that their musical tastes and talents were recognized comparatively late in life, since both of them became conspicuous in this respect as students of the gymnasium. The assertion of Hegel that musicians are, as a rule, "poor in ideas," is regarded by Feis as wholly unjust, and the facts which he adduces in refutation of it may be accepted as authentic and conclusive. A prominent characteristic of musical composers is their untiring industry, which accounts for their remarkable productivity, even when they are subject to severe physical sufferings, like Chopin, or die an early death like Mozart and Schubert. This interesting series of psychological studies criticises in the concluding chapter Lombroso's theories of genius and insanity, and finds them due in a great measure to the distinguished psychiator's habit of observing the actions

of men of genius through a magnifying glass and of thus making them appear abnormal and unsound.

Art.

Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases. By Edmond Pottier. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler, with a preface by Jane Ellen Harrison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

The study of Greek vases has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the professional archæologist. The average layman interested in Greek art has devoted his attention mainly to the appreciation of Greek sculpture and perhaps of Tanagra figurines; but Greek vases have not been popular. The reason for this cannot be said to lie in the vases themselves, since they contain rather the elements which one might have thought would make them appeal to any student. They satisfy the artistic sense, both by their beautiful shapes and by the spirited paintings with which they are decorated; and moreover the subjects of these paintings bring us into intimate contact with Athenian life, illustrating as they do the daily occupations of the people, as well as their mythology. And, though these vases belong to one of the "minor arts" of Greece, they are virtually our only means (with the exception of some painted gravestones) of obtaining any idea of the higher art of Greek paintings during that period, since none of the famous works of Polygnotos or Zeuxis have survived. The fault therefore lies not with the material itself, but with the treatment it has received. The books hitherto written on the subject have all been of so technical a nature that they have had little interest for the general reader.

Edmond Pottier, whose book appeared in French in 1905 under the title of "Douris et les peintres de vases grecs," has been the first to address himself to the reading public, and the success of his attempt is the best guarantee for the potential popularity of Greek vases. In a volume of less than a hundred pages and with twenty-five good illustrations, he gives a fascinating account of the life of the Athenian potters and of the methods of their work, and then proceeds to describe in detail the work of Douris, one of the best known of Greek vase-painters, selected as representative, both for the large number of vases signed with his name (twenty-eight), and because his work reflects the contemporary art of painting most fully. Nor is the popular element of the book its only attraction. Coming from the pen of so distinguished an archæologist as E. Pottier, it carries with it an authoritative weight which will appeal to the more serious student. Miss B. Kahnweiler has earned the gratitude of many for making this book accessible to the English-speaking public by her excellent translation.

"A bibliography of American books relating to prints and the art and history of engraving," by Howard C. Levis (London), is a privately printed book of eighty pages issued in an edition of 150 copies. The material was prepared for Bourcard's *Essai de Bibliographie* (recently noted in these columns), but is presented here with more bibliographical detail, such as full titles, with indication of lines, size of book, and notes. The entries are arranged on the dictionary plan, in one alphabet, with cross references from subjects to authors, twenty-six such references under "Book Plates," for instance. Errors and omissions appear to be surprisingly few in this well compiled and printed little volume.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will be held at Philadelphia from November 12 to December 11. The jury of selection consists of Colin Campbell Cooper, Ludwig E. Faber, Clara F. Howard, Amy Otis, and Mabel R. Welch; the hanging committee of Herman Deigendesch, Sarah Yocum McFadden, and Amy Otis.

Finance.

THE RECENT DECLINE.

There is reason to hope that the financial situation has about reached its period of convalescence. It would be futile to predict an early return to satisfactory conditions, but that affairs are at last headed in that direction seems a warrantable conclusion. The decline of anywhere from 15 to 50 points which the stock market has experienced in 1910 has a significance not to be ignored. Extraordinary measures have been applied to rectify an over-extension of credit, and the indications all are that the result is already highly beneficial.

The recent fall in securities came at the most opportune period. The great hysterical movements in the stock market are apt to come later in the year. The 1907 panic occurred in October, just at the time when the marketing of the crops is most active and when general industry is making its arrangements for a twelvemonth. The autumn of 1902 was another nervous occasion, owing to the fact that Europe had begun to distrust our credit and had served notice to our bankers, who were swinging a tremendous load of underwritings on foreign capital, that there must be widespread liquidation on this side of the Atlantic. The 1910 situation is an improvement on both 1907 and 1902, not only because the process of rectification has begun considerably in advance of the period of the year when the severest strain is made on the money market, but also because Europe's attitude toward us is less austere. Europe has found not a little to criticise in our stock market methods in the last two years, but the things she has seen there have really borne no comparison with those that excited her apprehension in 1907 and 1902. Credit has been overextended here, but with no such disregard of moral and economic considerations as in the two previous periods. The expansion of credit since 1907 has, in short, been mainly for the attainment of legitimate industrial ends, though we have not been wise enough to see that these ends could not be attained in the time we set for the task. Our precipitancy has been clearly attested by the events of the last few months, and particularly by the events of the last few weeks. Nevertheless, although most persons, both here and abroad, are to-day convinced that such a readjustment of conditions is necessary as will admit of a larger volume of business being done on a given amount of capital than in recent years, there is nothing like a general lack of confidence in the fundamental stability of our financial and industrial situation.

It is that fact that differentiates 1910 from 1907 and 1902 and 1893. There has been a great amount of speculation in the past year, but it has been for the most part built up on solid expectations, rather than on the froth of some earlier periods. The earnings of our railways have been of such magnitude as to incite speculation in Wall Street. It was a rash speculation, because it failed to take into account the coördinate facts of the financial situation, such as the inability of the banks permanently to finance an upward movement of such proportions, and the probability that higher wages and supplies would sooner or later deprive the railways of a very large part of the profit from their great increases in gross earnings. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the large railway earnings of the past year denote that we are a vast and expanding nation, from which the largest economic results can be expected in the future.

While it is regrettable that the Western land speculation should have been allowed to run to such extremes, it must be borne in mind that this, too, has been based on expectations of a most encouraging nature. An extraordinary amount of farm land has changed hands at greatly enhanced figures, resulting in a heavy drain on the supply of capital which is ordinarily at the disposal of general business. But this eagerness for farm lands has sprung from the palpable fact that agriculture is our most prosperous industry and seems likely to continue so. The margin between what our farmers produce and what our population consumes has diminished to such an extent as to raise predictions that we must shortly cease to be an exporting

nation. That may or may not be a safe prediction. Taking a broad view, the recent craze for farm lands is an encouraging indication, for it undoubtedly points to a larger competition in agriculture, more intensive methods of farming, larger crops, and, in the end, it may be hoped, a decreased cost of living. Still, it is a fact that the movement has been at the expense of the general industry of the nation, more so than can be tolerated, despite the good results that may eventually be expected from it.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that the financial situation of 1910 really differs in kind from that of 1907 and 1902 and 1893. There has been an over-extension of credit, but it has in no marked degree been the product of rascality or sheer folly. The people who have made such large drains on the money market have for the most part sincerely aimed to "deliver the goods." But it may be said of them, and of the banks who have so liberally supplied them with funds, that they have had zeal without knowledge. There has been an altogether unequal distribution of the working capital of the United States in the past year; and not only that, but more loanable capital has been allotted to industry than was warranted by the amount of gold at the disposal of the banks. That we are now all prepared to admit.

With such a drop as we have had in the stock market, with such a stoppage as has been put of late on the money drain to farm-land speculators, and with such a curtailment in manufacturing and general industry as has been under way for some weeks past, there is ground for the assertion that the nation is well on the way to a complete rectification of its economic situation. No doubt, much still remains to be done in abridging the chasm that exists between the purchasing power of the nation and level of prices fixed by the producers of the necessaries of life, but there is good reason to suppose that this can be accomplished without the accompaniment of hysterical conditions.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Askew, A. and C. The Rod of Justice. Brentano. $1.50.

Baron, E. D. The Inscrutable Woman; an Autobiography, 1896-1910. Broadway Pub. Co.

Bridge, C. Sea-Power and Other Studies. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Butler, H. C., and Prentice, W. K. Syria. Pub. Princeton Univ. Archæological Exp. to Syria in 1904-5 and 1909. Leyden: E. J. Brill.

Carnegie, W. H. Churchmanship and Character. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Dawson, L. H. A Book of Battles and Sieges. Dutton. 50 cents.

Ellis, R. Professor Birt's Edition of the Vergilian Catalepton. Lecture del. at Corpus Christi College, June 3.

Harvard University. Quinquennial Catalogue of the Law School, 1817-1909. Cambridge, Mass.

Hawke's Systematic Telegraph Codes. London: Effingham Wilson.

Keane, J. A. Brambles and Twigs of Song. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Kerlin, R. T. Theocritus in English Literature. Lexington, Va.: Robert T Kerlin. $1.50.

Lock, R. H. Recent Progress in the Study of Variations, Heredity, and Evolution. Second ed. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Moss, F. The Fifth Book of Pilgrimages to Old Homes. Didsbury, England: Fletcher Moss.

Phelps, R. S. Skies Italian. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

Ruley, C. N. The Confessions of Linda Poindexter. Broadway Pub. Co.

Sachs, H. Merry Tales and Three Shrovetide Plays. Trans. by W. Leighton. London: David Nutt.

Sadler, S. H. Infant Feeding by Artificial Means. Third ed. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Savage, E. A. The Story of Libraries and Book-Collecting. Dutton. 75 cents net.

Scott, H. F., and Van Tuyl, C. H. A Cæsar Composition Book. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

Seymour, C. Speaking in Public. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Sieveking, I. G. A Turning Point in the Indian Mutiny. London: David Nutt.

Thompson, R. E. The Historic Episcopate. Phila.: The Westminster Press. $1.50.

Van de Water, V. T. From Kitchen to Garret. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.

Who's Who in America, 1910-11. Chicago: Marquis & Co. $5 net.

Withers, H. The Meaning of Money. Dutton. 3d ed. $1.50 net.

Young, D. H. First Aid to the Sick. Dutton. $1.25 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1910.

The Week.

As candidate, distinct from philosopher, Senator Lodge has to be all things to all men, promising "scientific" tariff revision to those constituents who dislike the Aldrich-Payne duties, because they are too high, and intimating still higher duties for the benefit of those who wish them so. Thus in his address last week to the New England Shoe and Leather Association, he declared that the duty on boots and shoes is "too low." The reason he gave is that, under the new 10 per cent. duty, the imports of foreign boots and shoes are increasing. For the nine months ending March 31, they amounted to $116,635, as compared with only $79,247 for the same period in the previous fiscal year. Senator Lodge affirms that this is "suggestive" and even "ominous." We think so, too. It is suggestive of high-tariff methods that no inquiry at all was made into the nature of these imports, to discover whether they were not articles of fancy or luxury of which the importation has been increasing in so many departments. It may also be fairly said to be ominous that the Senator said nothing about our exports of boots and shoes. For the twelvemonth ending June 30, 1909, their value was $10,305,814. Yet no sooner does $100,000 worth come in than the wise and scholarly Senator from Massachusetts cries out that we are in danger of "getting on our uppers" in the pauper shoes of Europe.

If there had been doubt in anybody's mind that "Uncle Joe" intends to die with his boots on, the Speaker removed all traces of it in his speech at Burligame, Kan. There is something fine about the consistency of the old campaigner, and his refusal to allow either the howling blasts of Kansas insurgency or the scorching heat of the Kansas sun to swerve him from his accustomed attitude. He declares flatly for a "real, virile Republican minority" in preference to "an apparent majority that could not take account of stock and know from one day to the other whether it was the majority or the minority." If the old gentleman were less deeply stirred by his feelings on the subject, he might perhaps take a moment to consider what the prospects of the party would be today if the Republican majority at the recent session of Congress had acted upon the principle that he represents. Imagine the regular organization in both houses having put through a cut-and-dried programme prepared by Cannon in the House and Aldrich in the Senate, and leaving to the Democrats alone all the fighting and protesting; what would be the chances of the party in the coming elections? The only thing that stands between it and a snowing-under such as it has not dreamed of since 1890 is that insurgency which has made it possible for thousands of voters to remain in the party who would otherwise have abandoned it in disgust. A compact and "virile" minority is all very well to talk about while you are still in the majority, but it is mighty dispiriting when it has become an accomplished fact.

Mr. Bryan's gift for picking out the winning issue is notoriously not an over-developed talent. When the fanatical strain in the man joins in to accentuate his want of insight and foresight, we get some such disastrous result as the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Bryan's county-option scheme at Saturday's county primaries in Nebraska. Out of twenty-one county conventions, one only, and that one his own, will stand by the peerless leader. Yet this setback, hailed by Mr. Bryan's opponents as marking the end of his ascendency in the Democratic party of Nebraska, may easily be exaggerated. In the first place, William J. Bryan has so long been the prophet and leader of defeat that one reverse more or less does not greatly matter. That undeniable hold which he exercises over a large section of the Democratic masses is by this time proof against the discouragement attendant upon a single defeat. Or, rather, it is a loyalty which thrives upon defeat, and cites its leader's unsuccess as proof of his disinterestedness, of his unwillingness to compromise, of his instinct for the right issue as against the winning issue.

The appointment of Mr. William George Jordan as secretary of the House of Governors marks an important advance in the history of that institution. To give such a body the strength and weight requisite to enable it to play an important part in our history, there must be some central agency for keeping continuously alive the movements with which it is concerned, and for shaping the programmes of its successive annual meetings. A session of two or three weeks a year can be made tenfold as fruitful as it would otherwise be by a careful planning of the work, and this can be properly accomplished only through the medium of a permanent officer. Mr. Jordan has the credit of having given the initial impulse to the idea of a House of Governors, and he is imbued with a profound sense of the vital service it is capable of doing for the country. To secure uniformity of laws and of action in matters in which the absence of such uniformity is paralyzing, is, of course, the central aim of the House of Governors. And it offers a hopeful means of correcting a weakness of our Federal system without so centralizing power as to threaten the extinction of that spirit of self-government which is the very life of our republican institutions.

A conviction of bribery that has taken place in Massachusetts has attracted less attention than the extremely unusual peculiarities of the case seem to warrant. That the Mayor of a city of 75,000 inhabitants should have been convicted on a charge of bribery after a trial lasting only two weeks, and promptly sentenced to imprisonment for three years in the house of correction; that he and the three other men convicted with him should have been at once taken in charge by deputy sheriffs and handcuffed like ordinary criminals —all this is a story that certainly sounds unlike most stories of political crime. Yet this is what happened a few days ago to Mayor White of Lawrence, Mass., and it seems to indicate the existence of a standard in such matters in the old Bay State which is very different from that prevailing in most of her sister commonwealths. Another circumstance in the case seems, indeed, to

point in the opposite direction—namely, the demonstration of attachment to the Mayor made by a crowd of more than 2,000 people as he ascended the steps of the jail. The trial was held at Salem, and on his return to Lawrence, in custody, this affectionate greeting was given him. But evidences like this of the loyalty of the neighbors and political followers of a popular or successful man do not, after all, necessarily show anything but refusal to believe that the person in question can really have been guilty of crime.

Woodrow Wilson has done the right thing, and in precisely the right way, in stating his attitude toward the proposal to make him the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey. He will "not in any circumstances do anything to obtain" the nomination; he does not "wish to draw away from" his present duties and responsibilities as head of Princeton University; but if, as many well-informed persons have assured him, it is "the wish and hope of a decided majority of the thoughtful Democrats of the State that he should accept" the party's nomination for the Governorship, he would deem it a "duty as well as an honor and a privilege to do so." If he should be nominated, it may confidently be predicted that he will express himself on the questions of the day with the same frankness and the same dignity with which he has stated his position in regard to the acceptance of the nomination. The New Jersey campaign would be sure to become one of the centres of interest throughout the country, besides being of a character to tone up the political situation in New Jersey itself. Already it is stated that Republican managers are bracing up to the necessity of finding a candidate fitted to be measured against Woodrow Wilson in case he should be put up by the Democrats.

Reviewing the situation in the American stock market, the London *Economist*, in its issue of July 2, after admitting that a great deal must be ascribed to the manipulation of powerful financial interests, declares that it is "the intrinsic conditions surrounding the market itself" upon which critical attention should be concentrated. Among these, it says, "the huge borrowing by the railroads" is one of the most important. "The American companies go on pouring out bonds upon the investor," and "upon this vast amount of new capital the interest charges must be met," while the outlay, though made for reproductive purposes, does not immediately bring in earnings. It is interesting to place this view of the American railway situation alongside that given out by one of the leading railway presidents of the country a few weeks ago, on the occasion of the Government's application for an injunction against the combination rate-advance of Western railways. "The credit of railroads in this country," he was quoted as saying, "has already been so badly shattered by the attacks that have been made upon them during the last six months in Washington that I believe it has been almost totally destroyed by this action." A borrowing capacity which strikes the London *Economist* as amazing, hardly accords with this description; and if some trouble has been experienced in placing the vast total at favorable rates, there is no difficulty in finding a reason for it without recourse to the supposition that Government hostility has broken down the credit of the roads.

European students of medicine can now safely reverse the old process, and come to America to enlarge their knowledge. Such is the opinion of Hofrat Professor Doctor Freiherr von Eiselsberg, expressed before the Medical Association of Vienna after his return from a tour of inspection in America. He was impressed particularly by our splendidly organized hospitals and the daring operations of our surgeons. As an example worthy of imitation in his own country, he referred to the fact that our hospitals are often supported by private munificence. In one town he made the acquaintance of two famous surgeons whose 6,500 operations, 3,700 of them abdominal, had entailed a mortality of only 1.8 per cent. In Boston he was interested in seeing the room in which the first operation under anæsthetics was performed, and pleased to find that the 6th of October is celebrated annually, particularly in Boston, as ether-day. In the Rockefeller Institute he had occasion to marvel at the success attained in bone-transplantation. He was also struck by the strict observance of medical etiquette on this side of the ocean, and the prompt disciplining of offenders against it. His only adverse criticism related to the number of our medical schools; more than 150 are, in his opinion, too large a number even for our vast country.

The moral atmosphere of Pittsburgh has attracted so much attention of late that her long-standing distinction as "the smoky city" has almost been forgotten. It is all the more pleasing to find, therefore, in the current news dispatches that the physical atmosphere of the Pennsylvania iron centre has also been undergoing improvement. The Director of Public Health is quoted as declaring that if the present progress continues Pittsburgh will in the not distant future be almost a smokeless city. "Look in almost any direction from the top of a high building," he says, "and you can find many clear spots which a short time ago were dense with heavy smoke." It is stated that during June seventy-five large manufacturing plants either installed or contracted for new smoke preventives. There are two morals of general application in such a story as this. One is that it is worth while for energetic officials and public-spirited private citizens to stick to the task of improvement in the face of discouragement and delay. The other is that when a change demanded by the public good is pronounced impossible or impracticable by interested parties, the statement is seldom entitled to a particle of weight.

Undeterred by the rapidly swelling list of aviation fatalities, the Wright brothers announce a programme of aeroplane building which would show that, so far as these two pioneers are concerned, airship construction is passing out of the experimental and into the practical stage. They are to build machines specially adapted for speed, for altitude flight, and for endurance. Hence, while most would-be aviators still find it a problem how to fly at all, we have here the beginning of specialization. What is more to the point is that of the three new Wright models announced, two will go in primarily for what the recent series of accidents has shown to be of primary importance—solidity of construction. Built especially for sustained flight and passenger-carrying capacity, these comparatively slow machines will in the end do more for the

science and art of aviation than the faster and more spectacular racing craft.

From whatever point of view it be considered, the vote in the House of Commons on the woman-suffrage bill is of great significance. This conciliation measure, as it was called, does not go the whole length of abolishing distinctions of sex in the franchise, but would add the names of about 1,000,000 women to the Parliamentary register of voters; and for it 299 members of the House went on record, as against 190 opposed. So large a majority in so full a House obviously puts the whole movement in a better strategic position than it has ever before occupied. The voting was not at all on party lines and the political leaders were divided. The most influential of them were against the bill, though some based their opposition on the fact that it did not go far enough. But in any event it will hereafter be impossible to ridicule the agitation as something wholly fantastic and negligible. A cause which can command a majority of 100 in the House of Commons is certainly to be seriously reckoned with in English politics. It is only fair to say that probably so great a majority could not now be secured for the final passage of the bill. Doubtless some members voted for it on the understanding that it would be pushed no further for the present. Yet its reference to the committee of the whole, whence it can be reported only in the autumn session of Parliament, if at all, was virtually agreed upon in advance.

Socialism and jingoism seem to mix very well in England. During the last general election, one of the biggest guns on the Tory side was the German war-scare letters, written for the *Daily Mail* by Robert Blatchford, who is easily at the head of Socialist journalism in Great Britain. More recently the big-navy cry has been raised by that veteran leader of uncompromising British Socialism, H. M. Hyndman. The aristocratic *Morning Post* is the medium in this case. With Hyndman as with Blatchford, the main point is that England, as the home of such fragmentary popular liberties and rights as the present wicked social order allows, must not permit all Europe to be Prussianized. Socialist Hyndman is explicit. In the first place, England must have a navy to safeguard her food-supply. In the second place, she must have a navy to safeguard the right of asylum for political refugees from other countries. In the third place, England has in her charge the liberties of the smaller nations, who look to her as their protector. Finally, England must be in a position to defend her own freedom. For these reasons Socialist Hyndman is at one with those high Tories who want a special loan of $500,000,000 for war-ship-building, which is strange company, indeed, for the best-known English advocate of international Socialism.

The threatened strike of railway employees in France may bring to a sharp test the announced intention of the Government to limit the right of association of *fonctionnaires*. As most of the French railways are now owned by the state, the men who work for them are really public servants. In his speech in Parliament a few days ago the Prime Minister, M. Briand, declared that a law would be laid before the Chamber to draw a distinction between the liberty of association which ordinary workingmen enjoy, and that which may safely be accorded to state officials. In fact, the general draft of such a law has since been published, and it is easy to see how directly it would apply to a strike on the national railways. The proposed statute—which is really offered as an amendment of existing laws—would concede freely to public employees the right to form unions for all purposes of mutual aid and protection; it would provide means of making representations to superior officers and laying demands before them, while establishing boards of "conciliation"; but would absolutely deny the right to a general strike. The exact words of the Government proposal are: "In case they [the unions] go beyond their lawful functions, and especially if they foment a strike of public employees, they will be subject to dissolution judicially, apart from the punishment which their leaders may incur for such a violation of the law."

Press comment in Germany throws little light on the recent sweeping changes in the Ministry. By some newspapers, as by the Berlin *Tageblatt*, the new appointments are regarded as reactionary; but others see in them only an effort on the part of the Chancellor to secure a more "homogeneous" and efficient Ministry. Equally divergent are the opinions in regard to the probable continuance in office of Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg. There was a general feeling, after the mess made of the Prussian franchise bill, that his tenure of power would be brief. Yet now it is said that his act of strengthening the Ministry argues an expectation of remaining at its head. On the other hand, the breaking up of the *bloc* by means of which Von Bülow governed may be said to have compelled his successor to make new combinations; and the selection of a new Foreign Secretary and a new Minister of Finance may simply mean the necessary arrangements for support in the Reichstag. Probably the safest inference would be that this is one of the things which, the more they are changed, the more they remain the same; and that the Chancellor will go on struggling with his difficult governmental task much as before.

If the Russians and the Japanese are up to mischief in their new convention about Manchuria, they are very careful to keep outside appearances extremely proper. Japan and Russia are to "lend each other their friendly coöperation with a view to the amelioration of their respective railway lines in Manchuria," they are "to maintain and respect the *status quo* in Manchuria resulting from the treaties, conventions, and other arrangements" heretofore concluded, and "in case that any event arises of a nature to menace the *status quo*" they are to enter into communication with each other with a view to taking steps to maintain it; and that is all there is in the convention. The State Department is also informed that the Japanese Government has assured our Ambassador at Tokio that no understanding has been entered into between Japan and Russia beyond what is contained in the instrument now made public. What may be in the hearts of Japanese or Russian statesmen is, of course, another question, but that question we have always with us. As a means of quickening suspicion and hostility, or furnishing ammunition for the chronic fomenters of trouble between this country and Japan, the new convention is a sad disappointment.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

It is known that quiet negotiations have been going on between the Treasury and leading banks, looking to the formation of "national currency associations," as authorized by the act approved May 30, 1908. Secretary MacVeagh has issued a statement confirming the report, and giving certain details of his plans, or, it would be more accurate to say, his hopes. The Secretary takes pains to say that he sees no cloud on the financial horizon. It is not because he fears an "emergency" that he would like the banks to take advantage of an emergency measure. His idea is simply that if the banks were now to put themselves in a position where they could act quickly in case of a currency famine, the possibility of any such famine would be, by that very step, made so slight as to be negligible. At the very moment of urging the banks to form national currency associations, Mr. MacVeagh declares his belief that not a single one of them "within the life of the law" (it expires by limitation on June 30, 1914) will have to "avail itself of the powers with respect to the issue of currency." One sees that it is a kind of big-navy argument in the realm of finance!

There is, however, another reason given by Secretary MacVeagh why the banks should act under the Aldrich-Vreeland emergency law. It is that the hope of a general measure of banking and currency reform is growing dim. The Secretary still believes that something will be done as a result of the elaborate inquiries and reports of the National Monetary Commission, but frankly admits that the passage of a satisfactory and comprehensive law is "not as imminent as we hoped it would be at this time." In line with this is what Congressman Vreeland, who is a member of the Commission as well as chairman of the House Committee on Banking, said at the meeting of the State bankers last week. Discussing the investigations of the Monetary Commission, which looked so unmistakably to the establishment of some form of central bank in the United States, Mr. Vreeland avowed that there were very great obstacles in the way, one of them being the large amount of outstanding Government 2 per cent. bonds, and that it now seemed doubtful if we could have a central bank before the date of their maturity—that is, in 1930! This is truly to defer the matter to the Greek Kalends. If this is the best we have to hope for—though, of course, a scheme less radical than a central bank might be feasible—it is not surprising that the Treasury and the banks should be thinking of makeshifts.

Turning to the provisions of the emergency law, Secretary MacVeagh accurately states the objection which the banks had from the first to entering into national currency associations. Any given bank's liability as such a member was not clearly defined, and there seemed to be no provision under which a bank, once in an association, could withdraw. Doubts of this sort were so formidable that, in fact, only one association of the kind was formed—and this in Washington, as it were out of neighborly deference to the Treasury; as Mr. MacVeagh now points out, the impulse to form currency associations completely died away. This was done, he says, "before it became evident that the objections found by the banks could and would be overcome." But he does not explain how they are to be overcome. By a Treasury regulation? By an amendment of the law? Light on these points is much needed. From the first, critics of the emergency law showed how cumbrous would be the formation and working of the proposed currency associations. Delay would attend every step, though a crisis would demand speed; and the currency when once issued would be subject to a heavy and cumulative tax. These facts are, of course, consistent with an argument for forming the associations long in advance of their actual need, so that they might act quickly when the time came; and the tax of 5 up to 10 per cent. would be a positive check on the use of emergency circulation for speculative purposes. Yet it still remains a good deal of a mystery why some banks should look with favor upon the project of entering into currency associations.

If it is possibly a fear of "tight money" ahead that moves them, it should seem that they would more naturally turn to other measures of relief. For the Aldrich-Vreeland bill offered a distinct alternative to currency associations. Section 3 provided that any individual bank might deposit with the Treasury "bonds or other interest-bearing obligations of any State, or any legally authorized bonds issued by any city, town, county, or other legally constituted municipality or district in the United States," and be entitled to issue notes upon such security up to 90 per cent. of its market value. Now, if there is one familiar complaint in the situation to-day, it is that bonds are not selling well, that the banks have too many of them. If, then, anything like a currency stringency is in sight, the banks have in this enlarged provision for bond deposits a swift and sure means of relief. From the very passage of the bill, expert financial opinion was certain that the banks would act under Section 3 rather than trust themselves to the complicated machinery of the national currency associations. And the special wonder now is why there should be an apparent readiness to do what all were averse to doing in 1908. The law is explicit about the nature of the "commercial paper" upon the security of which banks in associations may issue notes. It must "represent actual commercial transactions," "bear the names of at least two responsible parties," and "have not exceeding four months to run." Strictly interpreted, this would appear to be safe, especially with the increasing tax upon the circulation; but how could the Secretary of the Treasury be "satisfied with the value and character" of the great mass of paper that might be offered? It would come down in the end to a question of good faith on the part of the banks; and if any of them are now favoring the currency association plan in the hope that it will enable them to make profitable use of "commercial paper" otherwise hard to carry, they may rest well assured that their motives and every detail of their operations will be closely scrutinized.

MACHIAVELLI AND ROOSEVELT ON INSURGENTS.

Col. Roosevelt's announcement that he is not taking sides in the factional quarrels within his party, but is simply hearing all comers and inquiring, seems to argue that in his trip through Italy he stopped long enough to read a page of the great Florentine master of statecraft. Machiavelli has a chapter in his "Discorsi" which is all about insurgents. He uses almost the very word, writing of those who would "reprimere la insolenza di uno che *surga* in una repubblica." But the advice which Machiavelli gives to rulers and statesmen is, in

such cases, to go slow. He would evidently not favor Mr. Wickersham's plan of dealing with dissidents by "reading them out of the party," since he declares that the safer way, and the way to avoid scandals, is first carefully to inquire into the causes of the strength (*potenza*) of insurgents. What are their grievances? Why do they suddenly break with men with whom they have before been glad to work? How much popular support have they? What can be done to satisfy their desires without imperilling the settled order? These, says Machiavelli, are the questions that the wise publicist will ask and seek to answer before proceeding with a high hand (*forza*); and it should seem that Mr. Roosevelt is adopting the method recommended by this great authority.

Thus far, it must be admitted, the Colonel's utterances do not show that he has made much progress with his investigations. He lays down two propositions: (1) he is for "the best man"; and (2) he is for his party only so long as it does what is "right." We fear that the Florentine Secretary would have called this vague and unsatisfactory. An intense political realist himself, he had little patience with mere words and abstractions that "get us no forrarder." He would probably have insisted upon asking by what test we are to know who is the best man, and who is to be the judge of what is right. As there was no Oyster Bay for Florentines to resort to in order to have all such doubts resolved, the Colonel's oracular deliverances would not have been welcomed by them as a present help in time of trouble. Still, the spirit and intent are the important things at the beginning; and we are sure that Mr. Roosevelt is going about the business in the right way. Before striking the insurgents, he will hear them; he will discover the real positions they take and the aims they cherish; and in the process he may be able to make some things clear to his countrymen which they now find obscure.

Take, for example, the case of that insurgent, Hiram Johnson, who is making a stirring canvass for the Republican nomination as Governor of California. Mr. Pinchot, after a conference with Col. Roosevelt, said that he was going out to take the stump for Johnson. The primary comes on August 15, and there are three leading candidates, Curry, Anderson, and Johnson—the first two regular, the latter an avowed insurgent. In a speech at South Pasadena last month, Johnson made his political alignment clear. He said:

> I do not take my Republicanism from a Cannon nor from an Aldrich. Neither do I take it from a Ballinger, who to-day disgraces the Cabinet. My Republicanism is the Republicanism of Dolliver and Cummins and of La Follette; it is the Republicanism of that great American patriot, Theodore Roosevelt.

This certainly is flat insurgency, and Johnson's avowal of it has filled the regular Republicans of California with mingled horror and rage. They call Johnson a chronic bolter, and a voter who "usually supports Democrats for office." The San Francisco *Argonaut* harshly characterizes him as one who "is attempting by vociferous damnation of men better than himself to revive old scandals and to besmirch the party with which he pretends to be affiliated." To add to Johnson's party crimes, he has ignored a test which it has been sought to impose upon all the candidates in the primary—namely, whether, if beaten, they will support the nominee. Johnson has refused to reply at all to the question; and the inference is drawn that, if the result of the primary be adverse to him, he will stand independently for the Governorship as the candidate of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League.

All this does not take us beyond the mere fact of Johnson's insurgency; the Machiavelli-Roosevelt method would carry us further. What is the secret of Johnson's power in California? Why, it is his direct attack upon a corrupt political machine. "Smash the machine and make California free," he cried at one public meeting. The machine he refers to is that which goes by the name of Republican, but which really ought to be called "the Southern Pacific machine." His hearers believe Johnson to be within the truth when he declares that it is this railway-political machine which has debauched the State and even got its grip upon a part of the judiciary. So the issues which Johnson is pushing to the front are those of honesty and manhood. Anybody can say he favors good roads and material development and conservation of resources, declares Johnson, but those are not the real questions before the people of California. What they are called upon to decide is whether they are to be for or against graft and corruption. One begins to understand how a fearless and energetic campaign along these lines is rattling the political dry bones in California, and making Johnson both hated and feared. And with Pinchot and Roosevelt to aid him, it is doubtful whether the regular Republicans will be able to "repress the insolence" of this insurgent.

AUTOMOBILES AND SAVING.

Dealers in bonds are complaining that the usual amounts devoted to the purchase of these securities out of the mid-year payments of interest and dividends have not been forthcoming, and some put the responsibility for this state of things upon the craze for automobiles. "Bonds," the cashier of a bank is quoted as saying to a bond salesman, "what have we to do with bonds? See that man just gone out? Well, he borrowed money on his life insurance policy and is going around the corner to buy a car." "That's nothing," said another bond man. "A client of ours came in with a city bond of large denomination and asked us to split it up and sell $2,000 of it at once. He wanted to take the money with him. We said it would be very difficult to realize the cash while he waited, but he would have it, and we asked him why such haste. He was going off on a motor trip, he said, and he needed new tires and a lot of things. He got the money."

The figures that deal with the aggregate expenditures of the people upon the purchase and maintenance of automobiles are largely guesswork; but it is plain that the draft thus made on the productive resources of the nation is so large as to be a very considerable economic factor. A quarter of a billion dollars annually is probably a safe estimate of the amount spent on the purchase of automobiles in this country; another quarter of a billion, perhaps, is expended on their care, maintenance, and repairs. If all of this can be looked upon as a net addition to the outlay of the nation for luxuries and comforts—as so much deducted from what would otherwise have been saved and put into the form of permanent productive investment—it is evidently a factor of real importance and contributes in a sensible measure to the maintenance of high rates of interest and to the difficulty of disposing of gilt-edge low-rate securities at the prices of former years.

But while there is unquestionably something in all this, there are a number of considerations that tend to break the force of it. Chief among these is the fact that the enormous increase in the automobile business has been concurrent with that great advance in the cost of living which has been occupying everybody's attention in the past year or two. We are often told that the necessity of more income to meet the increase of habitual living expenses is one great cause of the unwillingness of people nowadays to invest in low-rate securities; and this explanation is apt to be advanced by the same persons who take the darkest view of the reckless expenditure for automobiles. It does not seem probable that both of these changes are going on simultaneously on a very great scale. If the pinch of high prices is driving great numbers of people into buying less safe investments than before, in order to secure the income necessary to maintain their customary mode of living, it is not likely that a great multitude are also, in the face of the same situation, cutting deep into their income to provide themselves with the new luxury. A great multitude, that is, in a national sense; that there are many thousands who are foolishly extravagant in the matter is, of course, undeniable. The probability, therefore, is that the tremendous expenditure on automobiles is quite as much a sign of increased income as it is a cause of diminished savings; if a great deal of it is due to a sudden access of extravagance under the stimulus of the passion of the typical American to have the latest and the best thing going, probably an even greater part is due to the increased income that has come to large classes of people with the increased prices.

In principle, however, the idea of those who look askance on the pouring out of vast quantities of money upon automobiles is sound. American optimism, American free-handedness in the spending of money, and the desire of every American to have what any American has, all conspire toward the production of a wave of extravagance. And it is no answer to the critics to say that the expenditure thus arising "puts money into circulation" or gives employment to workmen. If it is taken out of that part of the income of the spenders which would otherwise have been put into income-bearing investments, it diminishes by so much the producing power of the country. Had the money spent upon the automobiles been invested in this way, it would have "gone into circulation" just as truly, but it would have taken, in some shape or other, the form of capital that reproduces itself as it is used, instead of that of a commodity that is used up in two or three years, or of services which leave no trace after they are rendered. This, of course, is not saying that money expended for recreation, for pleasure, or even for luxury, is money wasted. It is only saying that you cannot eat your cake and have it too. A certain amount, and a very large amount, of expenditure for things other than what are usually called necessaries is not only proper but eminently desirable; the only question is where to draw the line. And if the line is drawn, in a given case, beyond the point of ordinary prudence, it is not open to the nation to console itself with the thought that it made no difference, since the money simply kept things going in one direction rather than another. In the one case you keep things going while your money lasts; in the other case you keep them going permanently, because productive capital is the source not only of an annual output, but also of the means of its own permanent maintenance.

THE ACTOR IN SUMMER.

During the warm months theatres are mostly under lock and key. Their only bustle springs from painters who refurbish the proscenium or carpenters who alter traps and improve the "grid-iron." There are neither plays nor audience, and rehearsals come only with the waning of summer. Meanwhile, where are the players? With regard to some of them the public is kept well informed. Their comings and goings are chronicled, their habits and diversions bulletined. A is taking a motor trip through France, B is at his country home on the Sound, C is furnishing good advertising by his presence at some hotel. In such wise does the star commune with nature the while he steadily plays a part before his midsummer audience.

But what of the rank and file? All winter they have been telling us that the carriage waits without, m' Lord. Or they have been vinegary mothers-in-law, or stern fathers, or sophomoric younger sons, endlessly "feeding points" into the insatiate stellar maw. For them there are no automobiles and motor boats. And there is small chance to work, for the number employed by summer stock companies is almost negligible. Therefore they linger in the metropolis.

They manœuvre like yachts jockeying at the start of a race—drifting, tacking, backing, and filling, killing time in various ways till the starting gun. It is hard to believe that these are really people like ourselves. Lamb remarked: "It is with some violation of the imagination that we conceive of an actor belonging to the relations of private life, so closely do we identify these persons in our mind with the characters which they assume upon the stage." None the less, one stares at them with the same vague curiosity he feels in the presence of a celebrity. As for them, they are serenely Olympian; the rest of mankind is on a level far beneath. As in primitive society, the local and professional topics are bandied about by word of mouth. In point of gossip a group of idle actors is like a New England sewing circle; the resemblance ends there.

It is the liking for companionship, as well as the opportunity for making engagements for the next year, that draws the player to New York. Broadway is the rallying-point, a lodestar to the Thespian. The town is meat and drink to him; he loves its bricks and walls, its cacophony and glitter. To him the city means actual life, whereas trees and daisies and cows mean nothing but so many trees and daisies and cows. Comus-like surroundings make no stage to his liking. Indeed, they bore him. But at least he has the merit of admitting this frankly, unlike some Janus-minded individuals who rhapsodize about "Nature." There is nothing essentially shameful in regarding a grazing cow as a planked steak in embryo. The actor is fond of a good dinner, but of good fellowship most of all. So there be friends about, it matters not who has to pay for the repast. Goldsmith long ago hit off the unemployed player:

> "I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labor under difficulties." "O, sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year I should be very merry; and thank the fates! though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-half-pence; and if I have no

money. I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and tankard? You shall treat me now; and I will treat you again, when I find you in the park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

There speaks the play-actor himself. It is impossible not to feel a certain affection for him. Oddly enough, only the workaday winter season reveals some of his least admirable traits. Summer shows merely the surface flaws. Like a great, good-natured, grown-up child, he loafs through his hot-weather months, gayly clad, with little thought for the morrow, but with a keen zest in the present and in the friends about him. Though the summer may deprive him of his livelihood, it at least gives him greater opportunity to become a human being according to his own lights.

THE GOETHE-FEST.

WEIMAR, June 19.

Many years have passed since quiet little Weimar last witnessed a festival such as yesterday marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Goethe Gesellschaft. The programme was appropriately opened with the unveiling of a statue to Alma von Goethe, the grandchild of the poet, who died at the age of seventeen. All who knew her, including Thackeray, agree in ascribing to the girl more than ordinary loveliness, and something of her charm Jerichau, the Danish sculptor, sought to breathe into his plastic marble, in Rome, 1848. Strange to say this work of art—showing the maiden reclining in sleep, her hands full of roses, her feet amid lilies—disappeared for years, and was only recently rescued by chance from oblivion. Prompted by the same spirit which actuated their erection of the monument to Frau von Stein last year, the Goethe Gesellschaft has placed this Carara stone on the eastern side of the old Friedhof's middle wall, not far from the memorial to Goethe's mistress, and here, on a gentle rise of ground, surrounding the graves of the Goethe family, assembled, on Friday, June 17, the admirers of Goethe's genius. But few well-known Goethe *Forscher* were absent, and in the hushed company were several authors widely famous. The stillness of the afternoon was broken with Hölderlin's suggestive couplets,

Die Linien des Lebens sind verschieden,

sung by Von Baussnern, to music which Professor von Oettingen, in a polished but simple address, used as a guiding thought in tracing the strange and varied fate of Goethe's descendants: August, his son, falling in foreign Rome; Ottilie, the gifted and cheerful daughter-in-law, long Goethe's faithful companion and nurse, a wanderer after his death, finding nowhere a home; Walther and Wolfgang, her sons, ailing, unhappy epigoni, void of all accomplishment; and finally, Alma von Goethe, their one bright hope, sinking in the flower of her youth. Dr. Vulpius, on behalf of the family of Goethe's wife, feelingly laid a *Rosenkranz* on Alma's grave; Prof. H. G. Fiedler of the University of Oxford briefly and modestly added another cluster of flowers, in the name of the English Goethe Society; while a representative of the Modern Language Association of America, with a not very tactful speech, placed another emblem—a huge laurel wreath, gay with a streamer of red, white, and blue!

Of the four thousand members of the Goethe Gesellschaft, above four hundred sat down at dinner in the evening. Prof. Erich Schmidt, Rector of the University of Berlin, presiding. The usual toasts were given, Erich Schmidt and Professor Fiedler, among others, speaking. President Schmidt paid a graceful compliment to Ambassador David Jayne Hill (sitting at his right), in recollection of Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Berlin, and Professor Fiedler, in a whole-souled speech, introduced himself and the delegation sent to Weimar by the English Goethe Society. Almost thirty English men and women were grouped together. The American representation, on the other hand, was disappointingly inadequate, especially considering the far greater advance in America in scholarship relating to Goethe and German literature generally, and the number of American professors known to be in Europe this very day.

Saturday, the following morning, the annual meeting of the Goethe Gesellschaft was held at the Armbrust—the club where, twenty-five years ago, the Gesellschaft first came into being. In a characteristically masterful address, full of personal reminiscence, Professor Schmidt, formerly director of the Goethe-Schiller Archive, and the only surviving member of the original committee that organized the Gesellschaft, reviewed the history of the association, sketching its growth, falling off, and revival, the work it had accomplished, and what it still purposed to do. He recalled intercourse with those who had really known Goethe, and the charm of seeing the faces he had seen, and described the odd and distinguished personalities drawn to Weimar from everywhere. These included Kuno Fischer, "a man of great gifts and enormous combative power, with just as enormous consciousness of his own importance," and Hermann Grimm, who at first refused to have anything to do with the movement, then under the protection of the Grand Duchess Sophie, saying that "princesses have no holding-out power." To this Sophie answered: "I will show Herr Grimm whether my interest in the Goethe Gesellschaft will hold out, or not!" with the result that but a year or two elapsed before Grimm was the chief lecturerer of the Society. The venerable Dr. Suphan read a report on the Goethe Archive, showing that its great work with the documents entrusted to its care is at last nearing completion. Professor Fiedler addressed the Gesellschaft, saying that he and his colleagues were present to prove that the influence of Goethe at points distant in the world is of an enduring character, and that in England especially Goethe's influence is steadily increasing. Of all modern literatures, he said, none is so closely associated with Goethe's thought and production as the English. Goethe's youthful genius was kindled at the altar of Shakespeare, and Walter Scott began his literary career with the translation of Goethe's Shakespearean "Götz." Goethe and Byron, Goethe and Carlyle, belong closely together. Nobody will maintain that Goethe's influence in England is yet as effective and apparent as the influence of Shakespeare in Germany, but Goethe will some day come to his own in British lands. Of all English-speaking countries, England is the only one where a Goethe brotherhood has resolved itself into a Goethe Society, and in England Goethe's influence lies in the future.

At this session, honorary membership was conferred on Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm, Maria von Ebner-Eschenbach, Friedrich Spielhagen, and Professor von Donndorf, and announcement was made that the Gesellschaft had decided to create a Society Gold Medal, to be awarded from time to time for accomplishment in Goethe study. The first persons to receive the medal will be Prof. Julius Wahle, for twenty-five years archivist at the Goethe-Schiller Archive, and Dr. Max Norris of Berlin.

The event of most general interest, however, in the anniversary was the Goethe-Fest in the park at Tiefurt, a lawn party attended by thousands in costume, no one being admitted without a dress of the Goethe period or some garment suggested by his works. For such an open-air display, the clear, cool weather was ideal, nor was anything defective in the historic pageant. Even in the morning, the Saxe-Weimar *Kleinstadt* was enlivened with gayly-attired figures, contrasting often oddly with the dress of the peasants driving their green-grocery trade in the Market Place, and when the hundred vehicles began to move from Weimar up through the woodlands to Tiefurt so oft traversed by Goethe and his roysterers, full thirty thousand spectators lined the shady roadway, stretching two miles to Tiefurt Castle. The group representing "Hermann und Dorothea" led the procession, part of the company riding in

heaped-up emigrant wagons or historic carriages—among them the old *Jagdwagen* of Karl August, drawn out for the first time in many years, from the Grand Ducal carriage-houses—and part walking. Slowly the entire procession made its way to and through the charming Tiefurt Park, passing the long-standing Venus Temple, where it was reviewed by the court. Then the groups disbanded, every one free to roam the woods and fields until the beginning of "Das Jahresmarkt zu Plunderswciiern."

At half past five, this clever satire of Goethe on society was played again after a lapse of many years, probably twice as many participating as in the *Uraufführung*. Judged by itself, the play to-day was a great success. It may be doubted, however, whether there was the charm of the first performance (at the neighboring castle of Ettersburg, October 20, 1778), for which "three weeks of painting, hammering and noise" were required, when Kraus was decorator. Then young Goethe, with Anna Amalia and Kraus painted the tableaux of the *Bänkelsänger;* and Goethe played no less than three rôles. Music from Haydn—in part by an orchestra of twenty-five children, costumed as in Haydn's time—followed. Appropriate songs were to have been given; but a stage-frightened soprano made too deep a *Hofknicks*, or bow to the court, lost her balance, and had to be carried out, incapacitated for weeks!

Towards nine o'clock, "Die Fischerin," crowning the festival, was again given on the spot where it was first produced one hundred and twenty-eight years ago. Seeing his opportunity to make use of nature at this point in the beautiful dense Tiefurt Park, Goethe, assisted by the sprightly Corona Schröter, wrote the charming little play of the fisher-maiden, who, tired of waiting supper for her father and lover, determined to teach them a lesson by pretending that she had been drowned. After various rehearsals in Goethe's garden at Weimar, the play was tried at Tiefurt on July 15, 1782, with such success that Goethe sent a private copy to Frau von Stein, charging her, however, to show it to no one, and adding: "We will dispose of the melon together." A day or two after, Goethe issued placards—copies are still extant—announcing the first public performance for July 18; but the play seems to have been given first on the 22nd. Then Aulhorn was *der alte Fischer*, "Demoiselle Corona Schröter" was *Dortchen*, and Seidler was *Niklas*, parts taken to-day respectively by Herr Strathmann, Frl. Runge, and Herr Szpinger, all leading singers at the Weimar opera. It may not be known to many that Goethe's "Erlkönig" was written for this little play, Dortchen singing it to music by Schröter as she draws water from the Ilm, stirs the fire, and waits for the belatod fishermen. A stirring effect is produced by the noisy fisher and his young companion rowing down the stream in the darkness, and singing lustily as they row; and all that Goethe expected from the *Hauptmoment* in the piece, when the neighbors are called to look for the "lost Dortchen," and the woodland breaks into flaming torches, was again realized on this night. When Goethe was stage-manager, the court and select friends sat near the *Fisher-Hut* and the nets, on the same bank where the scenes were played; this time, however, all the auditors were on the opposite bank, the narrowness of the stream, and the strength of the players' voices—especially that of Strathmann—permitting everything to be seen and heard, and justifying again the closing words of the roguish song,

Was soll die Aussteuer seln?
Der Beifall soll die Aussteuer sein!

As usual, some liberties were taken with the original text, but, all in all, it was a faithful reproduction, and a marvelously successful one. By ten o'clock, the play was finished, and the Festival concluded with bon-fires and dancing on the new-mown grass. PERRY WORDEN.

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SENHOUSE AND JOHNNY APPLESEED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems hardly possible that Maurice Hewlett should have happened upon an almost legendary figure in the footnotes of our early nineteenth-century history for the hero of his Senhouse trilogy; but certainly Senhouse is of kin to Jonathan Chapman, more familiarly known as Johnny Appleseed, not only in his outward life but more particularly in temperament.

Jonathan Chapman's history, like that of Senhouse, begins upon the road. In the cider-making season of 1801, Jonathan Chapman, then a young man, appeared among the orchard lands of Western Pennsylvania. He loaded a wagon with the seed gathered at the presses and set forth into the territory of Ohio. Under his hand the wilderness was to blossom and bear fruit. For fifty years he wandered back and forth through Ohio and Indiana, planting and cultivating the apple tree. Within those years many thousands of young trees grew to maturity under his care and wafted forward a civilization that still lingered in the East. Senhouse, it is to be remembered, spent his days in sowing the waste places of England with flowers.

Chapman and Senhouse are not unlike in personal appearance. Chapman is described as a slender, wiry man, full of a restless activity; his hair was long and dark; he wore a scraggly beard that was never shaven; he had keen black eyes that sparkled with a peculiar brightness. Senhouse is lean and tall with densely black hair, his moustache thin and drooping; "his eyes were what is called black and had a burning quality."

Chapman's dress was of the simplest, cast-off garments of homespun or buckskin, obtained in exchange for his young apple trees. He went bare-footed, even in the coldest weather, occasionally wearing rudely constructed sandals for travel in rough places. Later in life, he grew to scorn such conventions of dress as he had before observed, and clothed himself in a single garment of coffee-sacking. It is interesting to note that, while Senhouse also dresses simply, bare-headed and with sandaled feet, he finally comes, in Rest Harrow, to wrap himself in a white burnous when he sits in meditation.

There is also a marked similarity in their relation with other men. Neither man, in spite of his odd mode of life, met with ridicule from the world that each shunned. The peasants and gypsies believed that Senhouse had a wisdom and a healing power peculiar to himself. The Indians looked upon Chapman as a medicine man, while his extreme piety filled the settlers with awe.

If Hewlett drew wholly upon his knowledge of the human soul rather than upon concrete fact in the creation of Senhouse, the correctness of his deductions is not to be questioned; for not only do the real Chapman and the fictitious Senhouse resemble each other in the details of their physical life, but their spiritual life is consistently analogous. Each is a poet and a mystic, each loves nature with his whole being, and each worships God in nature. Their tenderness extends to all living things. They were both vegetarians, because they could not take life. Senhouse is made to say: "Whether the beasts perish or not, it is very clear that they live to the full in this world." He would injure no living creature. Chapman refused to kill an attacking wasp, "because it did not mean to injure him."

The doubts of one, the perfect trust of the other, represent a difference in time and experience, rather than in soul or character. Hewlett's hero is modern and sophisticated. He enters upon his strange life with a full knowledge of good and of evil and is always conscious of the workings of his own spirit. "Wind and rain and sun have bleached me; dinners of herbs have reduced my flesh to obedience, incessant toil with meditation under the stars has driven my thoughts along the channels graved deep by the patient plodding of the field. I am become one with nature." And so far as he is one with nature he is one with God. As to the future the modern Senhouse is uncertain, but his faith in the present never wavers, and it is in the present that he lives well, "If I die to live again, I have lit behind me that I have lived well already."

Whatever the chance that drove Chapman into the forest, it is certain that he went about his work with the unconscious simplicity of a child. He professed himself a Swedenborgian, he believed in a personal God, in angels and in spirits. Nature was not God, but he inspired it with his essence and therefore was it sacred. It is thus that Johnny Appleseed would account for his own tenderness toward all living things, never in his humility conscious of the poetic harmonies within himself.

We have yet to read what end Hewlett makes of Senhouse. Chapman's passing was the perfect climax of a simple life. An old man, he stopped at evening at a settler's cabin. Food and shelter were offered him; the latter he declined. After reading the Beatitudes aloud to his hosts, he was left sitting at the door with his eyes upon the setting sun; and so he passed.

Certainly, if the chroniclers of Jonathan Chapman have spoken true, and there is little reason to suppose they have not, these two characters, the real and the fictitious, have too much in common to let the similarity go quite unnoticed.

Elisabeth M. Comstock.

Richmond, Ind., July 12.

HONORARY DEGREES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is it the proper function of a university to act as a bestower of social honors, or should a university give its degrees as a tangible symbol of work accomplished in that university? If in England a wealthy brewer receives a title which enables him to sit in the House of Lords, is there any good and sufficient reason why our universities should attach a label of scholarship to a person who is not especially scholarly, but is prominent in the public eye? What do the degrees of A.M., Ph.D., and LL.D. really signify? Or what should they signify? If in France a successful fishmonger can become an officer of the Legion of Honor, must we in free and enlightened America follow suit? And, moreover, if Congress will not grant titles of distinction, is there any reason why our universities should? We are ostensibly a plain, democratic people, despising titles and social tinsel—why should our centres of learning cater to a degenerate and un-American hankering after social tags and labels?

Or, if we are prepared to admit, shamefacedly and covertly, that we are very much like other people in other countries, and that after all we dearly love a lord or something of the sort; and if our universities are to assume the functions of a monarch in social matters, why not, as the Chicago *Record-Herald* suggests, create a new set of degrees suitable to the occasion? The titles should be in English, easily understood, and should plainly set forth their *raison d'être*. For instance: D.H.F. (doctor of high finance), D.Wp. (doctor of wire-pulling), D.A.P. (doctor for advertising purposes). Other suitable degrees will doubtless suggest themselves to inventive American genius, but D.H.F. should be reserved for people whose only distinction is that they have money, no questions being asked as to how acquired. D.Wp. would meet the case of successful politicians, no inquiry as to methods being had. D.A.P. would save the face of small colleges that grant degrees for the sake of calling attention to themselves—the receiver being bigger than the giver.

However this may be, there is certainly one thing upon which reputable universities ought to agree among themselves, and that is not to confer the ancient and honorable degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. on persons who have not really done work in that particular university sufficient for those degrees. Perhaps the case of LL.D. is hopeless now, but a stand can be made on the A.M. and the Ph.D. An honestly earned A.B., for instance, should be an indispensable prerequisite for either of these titles.

X.

Chicago, July 5.

ALTERED QUOTATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After re-reading Mr. Lewis E. Gates's admirable essay on Matthew Arnold, I was struck by a misquotation which Arnold makes in his study of George Sand: "A presence that disturbs me with the joy of animating thoughts." Here is an uncommonly interesting example of an author's revelation of his own leading characteristic by his slip of memory, for Mr. Gates refers to "that impression of vitality that is perhaps, in the last analysis, the most characteristic impression the reader carries away from Arnold's writings." How could that sprightly controversialist have confirmed this judgment more happily than by substituting "animating" for "elevated" in the quotation above? I am far from asserting that such a test would apply to the misquotations of the average writer, but it is frequent enough to merit the attention of the literary psychologist.

Some authors, it is to be feared, deliberately alter a word now and then, in quoting, in order to apply the sentiment to their own purpose. Hazlitt, for example, can hardly have been guilty of the following save by design: "The native hue of *emulation* is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He had been speaking of the attempt to copy a fine painting. In spite of his frequent minor inaccuracies, he had a keen feeling for the really fine word. One of his favorite quotations is that on music from the opening lines of "Twelfth Night," and he never writes "sound," but always "south":

> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor!

Nearly all modern editors print "sound." Hazlitt's instinct for poetry was too exquisite for that; it is clearly the gentle breeze which brings odor with it; how a sound can steal and give odor passes the poor comprehension of the present writer. Even if "sound" be taken to refer to a breeze, this is a strained and fantastic usage which it is not probable that Shakespeare would have employed in his mature period. Are our present-day editors of the great dramatist lacking in imagination? Or is Hazlitt to be dismissed as a mere "belletristic trifler"?

Harry T. Baker.

Beloit, Wis., July 11.

THE USE OF MANUSCRIPTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with some amusement the letter of Mr. Konkle printed in your issue of July 14. Either his inquiry was superficial, or his question was not properly framed. No society holding collections of valuable manuscripts permits the indiscriminate use of ink in copying. The risk would be too great, and I speak after a somewhat wide experience in such matters. Indeed, a custodian of manuscripts who should say that he allowed ink to be used by any or all copyists would, in my opinion, be a very unfit person for his place. The rule that ink shall not be used exists in every institution, even in the Library of Congress; but it is lifted as occasion requires, and so falls under the discretion of the guardian. Mr. Konkle must have asked librarians who have few or no manuscripts in their possession. Abroad the rule against ink is more generally enforced than with us.

Mr. Konkle asserts that scholars, of known reputation and serious purpose, should enjoy the use of ink. Why? Scholarship does not imply care and consideration for the safety of the manuscripts. I have seen a very capable biographer and a charming companion empty an inkstand over a seventeenth century letter, doing irreparable injury by a nervous movement of the arm. No one ever complained of my use of rules in the Library of Congress, but no one could say the rules were not there, and to be enforced when necessary. I have never hesitated to use pencil where that was imposed by the rules, and I question if many have had as wide an experience in copying as I have enjoyed.

While on this subject let me say that I have been much impressed by the ignorance of most people of the care that manuscripts entail. It requires months to arrange a collection of papers in either chronological or alphabetical order; in half an hour any one can introduce hopeless confusion in a collection so arranged. Examiners do not hesitate to mark the original document for their copyists, and a red or a blue pencil appeals to them because either will make a broad, almost indelible mark. They will separate parts of the same paper, they will splash with a spluttering pen, and they will trace with an unusually hard and sharp point, in apparent unconsciousness of injuring the original manuscript. And the next person to look at the collection blames the custodian for letters out of place, for private markings on the papers, and for stray papers which they bring together, and make much of the feat! A manuscript is unlike a book, in that it is unique and easily injured or stolen. For the proper care of such material special rules have to be made—and enforced.

Worthington C. Ford.

Boston, July 14.

Literature.

WAR TIMES IN THE NORTH.

Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War. By Emerson David Fite, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Professor Fite is to be congratulated upon his successful excursion into a comparatively new historical field. In all the voluminous writing about the civil war, it is the military, political, or diplomatic aspects of the period that have claimed chief attention: no one, apparently, has thought it worth while to pass beyond the battlefields, whether of soldiers, statesmen, or diplomatists, and study minutely the social and industrial life of the country during the four years of strife. Professor Fite has now made a notably good beginning in this direction, so far as the North is concerned. The labor of the undertaking has obviously been great. The material has had to be sought in newspapers and magazines, State and municipal documents, trade publications, college catalogues, and innumerable out-of-the-way places; and there was the added difficulty of discriminating, in the mass of relevant matter, between the general and the local.

The first and clearest impression which these pages afford is of the extraordinary industrial activity and material advancement of the North during the war. Far from suffering check, industry was in reality more active and prosperous than ever before; and that, too, in directions where prosperity would hardly be expected. Agriculture flourished beyond precedent: each year there were bountiful harvests and sufficient labor to gather them. In each year of the war the production of wheat, for example, exceeded that of 1859, the banner year thus far; and although the corn crop showed a slight falling off for the country as a whole, that of the West increased. Cattle-raising was still unimportant, but the increase of sheep and hogs was unprecedented. The explanation of this remarkable agricultural expansion, in a time when the men in farming communities were being drawn off in large numbers by the war and by the opening of western mines, is to be found, as Professor Fite points out, in the increased use of labor-saving machinery, the work of women in the fields, and foreign immigration, the last-named being fostered by the railways, which both employed and distributed labor, by State immigration agencies, and by the opening of new lands through such national incentives as the homestead acts and the great land grants to railways and agricultural colleges. The lessened influence of American cotton in English industry was more than offset by the greatly increased foreign demand for wheat, a demand which had much to do with preventing recognition of the Confederacy by Great Britain.

The expansion of agriculture was equalled by that of mining. The output of coal, iron, copper, salt, and the precious metals exceeded, in general, that of any previous period, while the production of petroleum opened up a new industry of vast possibilities. Mining, moreover, drew tens of thousands of men from the older East to the far West and Northwest, altering the distribution of population, building up towns like mushrooms, and developing for a time a type of frontier society the like of which no other part of the world has ever so well exhibited. The railways, on the other hand, though confronted with a previously unheard-of burden of traffic, were at a disadvantage: water competition was serious, traffic by canal and river increasing as fast as traffic by land; there was extreme inequality in the distribution of railway mileage in different parts of the country; and there was no standard gauge to facili-

tate through trains and the interchange of cars. Nevertheless, while construction fell off in comparison with the previous decade, many new lines were projected or begun during the war, old lines were improved or consolidated, rolling stock was greatly increased, and through service to the West introduced. Profits from railways were unprecedentedly large, stocks which hitherto had maintained a low market level now rising to par or a premium, and many roads paying dividends for the first time in their history.

More familiar, doubtless, as matter of recent history, is the activity in manufacturing, not only in lines in which the war made an extraordinary demand, but in many others also. The production of cotton textiles, naturally, declined, though profits were large; on the other hand, the demand for woollens expanded by leaps and bounds, many cotton factories being converted into woollen mills in consequence. Less creditable, but enormously profitable withal, was the shoddy industry, lending its name, as time went on, to the cheap performance in other industrial lines of which the war period was full, and to the moneyed aristocracy which the new wealth suddenly created. The greatest stimulus to manufacturing, of course, was the government contracts, which furnished opportunities for exceptional profits as well as for extensive frauds, and from which many a Northern patriot extracted both riches and social position.

In the wide field of commercial life, the war wrought more diverse effects. The period saw the rise of values due to greenbacks and treasury notes; the establishment of the national banking system and the suppression of wildcat paper money in the West; the expansion of savings banks, whose deposits were swelled not only by the savings of labor, but by soldiers' wages and bounty payments; unexampled progress in life insurance, with the rise of accident insurance and marked gains in fire and marine insurance; and phenomenal response to the repeated offers of government bonds. The post office, between 1861 and 1865, introduced more reforms than can be credited to any other Presidential Administration, before or since. The consolidation of telegraph and transportation companies brought new problems in the aggregation of capital, which resulted in new methods and relationships for banks, trust companies, speculators, and investors; and new difficulties in such matters as prices, rates, and monopolization. Of the career of the Camden and Amboy Railway, the most hated monopoly of the time, controlling transportation between New York and Philadelphia, Professor Fite gives a particularly good account. Protective tariff interests, on the other hand, worked successfully against the continuance of reciprocity with Canada, and the American merchant marine suffered eclipse.

The prosperity of employers and capitalists was not, unfortunately, duplicated in the labor world. With the introduction of paper money, the gratifying conditions which had prevailed before 1860 suddenly changed. "Peace in the industrial world gave way to discontent; labor, indeed, remained scarce, even more scarce than before, but the laborer was no longer sure of his daily bread and of decent comfort; the ability to lay by for a rainy day was threatened, and instead of being petted and humored labor came to regard itself as aggrieved; it assumed an attitude of hostility towards employers and took concerted measures in self-defence" (p. 183). Wages not only failed to keep pace with the rise of prices, but were further unfavorably affected by foreign immigration, the increased employment of women and negroes, and the use of machinery. Professor Fite is clear that the war-time scarcity of labor has been exaggerated; but the quality of labor deteriorated, unions became aggressively militant, and the longer strikes generally failed. Salaries, too, failed to share equitably in the general advance, the most bitter illustration being the college teachers, whose virtually stationary incomes often entailed positive want.

We cannot follow in detail here Professor Fite's exceedingly interesting chapters on the course of public improvements, education and literature, luxuries and amusements, and charity. In spite of the heavy burden of taxation, the years of the civil war saw widespread activity in building, and in the construction of waterworks, gas, and sewerage systems, street railways, fire-alarm telegraphs, and public parks; though to a considerable extent this was only the continuation of a development already begun. Street improvements, however, halted, and filthy thoroughfares bred frightful disease. One thinks with horror of New York, with a death rate in 1863 of one to every thirty-five inhabitants, and 12,000 cases of typhoid fever and 1,200 cases of smallpox in a single year. On the other hand, there was conspicuous increase in the number of new churches and public buildings; new colleges and technical schools were established and old ones enriched, though the college enrolment as a whole declined; public schools were filled to overflowing; and even the wages of teachers advanced to about the level of those of low-grade mechanics. Public libraries grew apace, literature flourished, theatres were generally crowded, even in the darkest days of the war, and the round of social functions went on with added feverishness. Of public and private charity, the war afforded striking and widespread illustration, from the smallest local efforts to the great Sanitary Commission, with its twenty-five million dollars worth of beneficent service.

Professor Fite has evidently been oppressed at times by his wealth of material. The footnotes bulge with statistics and citations; statements relegated to the notes are sometimes quite as significant as those of the text; while here and there a paragraph ends abruptly, with a note to the effect that the writer has accumulated a mass of evidence on the topic which cannot now be presented. The index is slight for a book of this character, the treatment of persons and places being singularly poor. Occasionally, too, a faulty passage suggests haste or lack of revision. For the most part, however, these are only the faults of unpractised writing, or the irregularities of path-breaking in a new field. Taken as a whole, the book is eminently readable, and, in places, graphically written, while its scholarly thoroughness makes it a work to be reckoned with by any one who shall hereafter set himself to tell comprehensively the story of the civil war.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Ramrodders. By Holman F. Day. New York: Harper & Bros.

Stories of American politics commonly suffer from too much intention. It is over-clear what the author is driving at in the way of partisan or moral effectiveness. Yankee politics has seemed to afford a particularly uncertain foothold to the novelist. Either seductions of dialect and local color have proved too strong, or the imagination has been insufficiently stirred by the public scene. Twice of late, however, with "Mr. Crewe's Career" and "The Ramrodders," a really vigorous narrative has emerged from the vague limbo in which float the materials of the historical story-teller's art. Mr. Churchill's theme was the corrupt dominance of a government by a corporation; Mr. Day's is its dominance by an insincere tradition. The name of the State involved is nowhere mentioned in the course of the story, but that is not because the author feared to acknowledge his locus. This kind of anonymity, formal as it may be, serves to enhance the suggestion of a wider meaning in the parable. However, the "color" is unmistakable. The Hon. Thelismer Thornton is as racy a native in his way as Hosea Biglow or David Harum. His fund of rustic parables is inexhaustible, and no contretemps is too serious to be hit off, Lincoln-wise, with some analogy from "up our way." Thornton has been known for many years as the "Duke of Fort Canibas"—an up-State district which he represents in the State Legislature. His adroitness and lack of scruple have made him a power in the

State. At eighty-five he determines to retire from politics, and to make a grandson his successor. Harlan Thornton has no desire to enter politics, and is outraged to find himself nominated by an unscrupulous trick. Once in the game, however, he makes up his mind to play it according to his own rules, not his grandfather's—to play fair, and to put himself on the honorable side of every issue. Thornton, Senior, has no such intention. He believes that his grandson will be very quickly shaken down from his untenable heights by contact with practical politics. A reform agitation is in progress, and the Duke of Fort Canibas feels that neither of the advertised candidates for the Republican nomination is strong enough for the situation. Consequently, he persuades a contemporary of his own, an ex-Governor, to stand for the nomination—believing that he will stand by the party machine in the Governor's chair. Young Thornton comes out of the fight a strong man. There are, of course, two girls in his case, but they are neither of them conventional, and the "love-interest" is not too obviously lugged into a story of unusual force.

Why Did He Do It? By Bernard Capes. New York: Brentano's.

Stories of fantastic plot and whimsical manner are by no means rare, but in this instance both machinery and personnel give an effect of originality hardly, perhaps, to be borne out by chill analysis. Inventiveness is the word. Hitherto, we believe, the philosopher's stone has not been identified with "the stone of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge." Set it in a ring, and give to the wearer of the ring that knowledge of good and evil which was not meant for mankind, and you have a novel fulcrum for twentieth-century romance. The "he" of the title is a Professor Urchin, antiquarian, and director of the department of antiquities in the "United Goods Stores," London. The professor is not a recluse: on a convivial occasion his young host, Mr. Roger Mandrake, bets that he can steal something from under the noses of the officials and detectives of the great shop. The professor undertakes "in case of accidents to hold him immune." The next day the young man makes the attempt, and is at once arrested: to his amazement, the professor denies all knowledge of a bet, and Mandrake is hurried off to prison. The case is not pushed, but the youth's reputation is seriously injured, since he has been discharged rather than acquitted. The fact that he is in love with the professor's daughter makes matters worse. Both the lovers are at loss to explain what looks like wanton perfidy on the part of the professor. "Why did he do it?" The key to the answer is to be found in the character of the article stolen—a rare book in which the professor has discovered a clue to a mystery of great import. Mandrake's random selection of this book leads the antiquary to the suspicion that one other at least is on the trail of the secret. What that secret is we have already hinted: far be it from us to unravel the series of events which lead to its discovery, or to describe the strange events which follow. That true love is rewarded is the least important consideration. The style is far better than would be expected in a yarn of this sort: Mr. Capes has a turn for epigram, and it is just as well that his whimsical habit is too much for his intention to make a solemn and impressive thing of his mystery.

The Master-Girl. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To make a plausible heroine of romance out of that stark and by all accounts unprepossessing person, the cave woman, is something of a feat. Mr. Hilliers does not conceal the fact that the "master-girl" was in some respects unlike the Gibson girl. She had, for instance, small hairy ears, which she "pricked perpetually," and she scalped her enemies in a way now considered unladylike. Nevertheless, she is made out an attractive person, and one does not grudge her the authority over her husband which, according to the legend, was given to her first among women to enjoy. From the hour in which she captures the primal wooer who has set forth to capture her, the question of dominance is settled. Her supreme achievement is the invention of the bow, which gives her the place of chieftainess over her husband's tribe, and changes all the conditions of tribal life thereafter. It is a picture well "calculated" to please the eye of the feminist. However, we do not take it to be a tract, so much as a parable of vigorous and suggestive type. The advance of the race rather than of a sex is the theme. But taken purely on its ground of fiction, the narrative has enough of spirit and simplicity to stand on its own merits. It is quite as likely to interest the small boy as the antiquary or the new woman.

Letters to My Son. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This is a kind of thing which ought to have been done better if it was to be done at all. The effect of the actual performance is rather unpleasant. The idea is that of a woman of thirty, who after seven years of marriage finds herself with child. She is much pleased, but almost as much frightened, and, getting it into her head that she may very likely never see him, writes a series of letters to be read by him in case she dies.

The style of emotional smartness, hysteria varied by flippancy, in which they are written, might perhaps be tolerated in a very young girl in the circumstances, but must be distressing, not to say unseemly, in a woman of thirty:

> Oh, little thing, if your mammy has to leave you and by any chance gets to Heaven, they won't want her there very long. She'll always be leaning out of a top-story window, trying to catch sight of her baby as he goes out for his walk, or else forgetting to do her singing while she worries about his gaiters being long enough, or his vests warm enough.

So goes the strain; and some there be, no doubt, who will find it amusing, or touching, or both. Good material does not lack, in the way of maternal feeling and maternal moralizing, but all is spoiled for the sensitive reader by the habitual slop-over of the style.

MR. HILL ON NATIONAL RESOURCES

Highways of Progress. By James J. Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

Here is a vigorous book, from one who can put into the printed page the same effective energy and directness of aim that have marked his efforts in the business world. Much of the material has already had a greater or less degree of publicity. The opening chapter, delivered before the Agricultural Society of Minnesota four years ago, had much to do with stimulating the present deep interest in the general subject of conservation of our national resources, while the volume concludes with a substantial reproduction of the address delivered by Mr. Hill before the conference of Governors assembled at the White House in 1907. Other chapters have appeared in whole or in parts in various periodicals, and yet an unbroken unity of purpose and the inherent value of each part warrant republication in book form.

The first three chapters, with the tenth and sixteenth, deal with agricultural conditions and prospects. Much has been written of our wasteful methods, and the sure disaster to which they must lead, if not corrected, but no one has put it quite so lucidly and forcibly as Mr. Hill. We boast of our immense wheat crops, but when we are brought down from a seemingly magnificent total of nearly three-quarters of a billion bushels to the generally overlooked fact of a ten-year average of less than fourteen bushels per acre, we readily assent to the brief comment, "It is a disgraceful record." Our inspiration at the thought of the busy American farmer swarming into the rich new regions of the West, as they are opened up, is somewhat dampened when we realize how often this means that he is abandoning fields worn by wasteful methods beyond the point of profitable tillage, only to repeat the same unintelligent process with the virgin soil to which he removes. With no radical revolu-

tion in the direction of "intensive" rather than "extensive" farming, but merely by the general application of better methods again and again successfully demonstrated on a small scale, the author shows convincingly that the gross agricultural product of the United States might be more than doubled, with no increase whatever in the area under tillage. And it is in this direction that we must look for our future prosperity. The dream that, with the products of our factories, we can master the markets of the outside world is folly. "There must be a national revolt against the worship of manufacture and trade as the only forms of progressive activity, and the false notion that wealth built upon these at the sacrifice of the fundamental form of wealth production can endure." As a practical stimulus to a more intelligent agriculture, he would have Congress provide for a large number of small model farms, possibly one in every agricultural county throughout the country, so that every farmer might see the difference in results between the unprofitable habits inherited from an ignorant past and the intelligent application to the soil of present day scientific knowledge. The contrast thus presented to the eye "would be worth more than all the pamphlets poured out from the government printing office in years." To build one warship less each year, he suggests, would effect a saving sufficient to maintain one thousand of these practical schools of agriculture, or one in every county of ten or twelve States like Ohio.

Next to farming, Mr. Hill naturally gives his attention to problems of transportation. Development of civilization and of transportation facilities go so inevitably hand in hand that he does not deem it necessary to determine which is the leader. The important truth for the present day is that any serious check upon the latter, whether it springs from the vagaries of the unpractical political theorist or the rancor of unfounded prejudice, must react unfavorably upon the interest of the former. One can readily agree with the author that untold harm has been done by the avalanche of "railroad-baiting," both State and national, which has marked the legislation of recent years, but he would have added effectiveness to his plea for reason and justice in legislative dealing with railway problems by a fuller admission of really serious offences on the part of the defendant in the case. To show that many of our legislative attempts at regulation have been both unintelligent and unjust is not to prove that the popular feeling against railway corporations has no real ground for existence. It is true that such a corporation, looking for its profits to the receipts from its legitimate carrying business, cannot permanently exact freight rates so high as to destroy the profits of the producers and shippers along its route without disaster to itself. And yet there have unquestionably been many cases in which the inevitably monopolistic situation of carrying corporations has been so abused to the detriment of the producer and shipper as to justify bitter resentment. A positive government regulation of rates has unquestionably come to stay, and the one thing most needed for the immediate future is the cultivation of such a spirit on both sides as shall allow that regulation to be based on principles of justice to all concerned, not upon an undiscriminating spirit of retaliation. A chapter given to water transportation assails severely and convincingly the hap-hazard way in which the hundreds of millions so far appropriated to waterways have been squandered. No money should be spent for this purpose, except in accordance with a general plan, in which two great trunk systems, the Mississippi and an outlet from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, should come first. In the latter case, the Great Lakes "must be supplemented by a true deep waterway along the line of the Erie Canal, instead of the commercially valueless ditch into which the people of New York State are now dumping another $100,000,000, principally for the benefit of politicians and contractors."

As a man whose financial interests are bound up with the continued industrial development and general prosperity of the country, Mr. Hill argues with especial force against the unreasonable tariff barriers which the country sets up with one hand to counteract much that it is ostensibly trying to do for commerce with the other. The assertion that the tariff has nothing to do with the high cost of living, he rejects with scant ceremony. "Common sense says that when the cost of the necessaries of life in a town on the Canadian side of the Detroit River is reported at nearly 25 per cent. less than on the American side, the tariff accounts for the difference." With Canada, especially, he would sweep away every barrier, in the confident belief that absolute freedom of trade would mean immense material advantage on both sides of the border. For Mr. Hill's business head is too clear to entertain the childish theory that an act of trade can benefit only one of the parties concerned. We commend this suggestive and forcibly written book to the attention of every thoughtful citizen.

Camp and Camino in Lower California. By Arthur Walbridge North. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $3 net.

Although an appendix to this volume contains a Lower California bibliography covering seven pages, that part of Mexico is still largely *terra incognita* to the world at large. No complete maps or reports of the interior have been published, and there are plenty of unvisited places with sufficient mystery hanging over them to tempt a man who, like Mr. North, is "filled with eager anticipations of adventures in the wilderness." Like Upper California, it is a land of contrasts. In most minds the words "Lower California" conjure up visions of cacti, palms, deserts, broiling sands—and they are all there, no doubt whatever; yet on the first page of this book we find the author with chattering teeth, too cold to care whether his mule followed the trail, his canteen filled with a solid mass of ice. This was when the raw December wind came shrieking down on him from the snowy peaks of the San Pedro Mártir Sierra. Six months later he takes the reader with him to the crest of this same Sierra, where the mighty backbone of the Lower California cordilleras has attained its supreme height. It is totally unlike the rest of this country, a region where condors and eagles, wild ducks, mountain quail, deer, wild cats, lions, coyotes, half-wild horses, and cattle—descendants of the herds of the mission friars—alone dwell. No wonder that the inviting glades of this plateau are becoming the goal of most visitors to the interior of Lower California.

After a frosty morning on this crest the explorers found themselves stretched out at night far below, on burning sand, with the thermometer registering 112 degrees. That strikes the keynote of the volume. Heat and thirst are the leading motives which recur on nearly every other page. The most generally interesting chapter is the one which is devoted to Magdalena Bay, the only great anchorage between San Francisco and the Isthmus. The story of this bay is "dashed with the wild flavor of the romance of ages," and Mr. North tells briefly all the various attempts, since the days of Cortez, to utilize this wonderful harbor, spacious enough to accommodate the navies of the world. They all failed because of the want of water to drink. More vivid are the two chapters in which the author's narrow escapes from death by thirst are narrated. On one of these occasions the guide said: "Sir, to-morrow morning no water, to-morrow afternoon—we die." But they luckily stumbled on one of the caminos built by the missionaries—highways that connect the garden spots of the peninsula—and found water. A foolhardy crossing of the Colorado Desert, about the mouth of the river, where, in August, "a pedestrian can last perhaps eight hours without water—then come insane delusions, harbingers of death by thirst," again came near ending the career of the travellers.

They came into regions more than once where the only camino was the line of graves of men who had died of thirst.

On the other hand, they dwelt in garden spots, enjoying the magic languor of the land, living on wild mutton and wild honey, and having no other wish than that they might continue forever in these retired places in the rugged wilderness. They came among Indians who had never seen whites, and found one who recalled as the happiest day of his life that on which he scalped the women and children of a caravan. They wondered at the ethics of the whites who would not hesitate to shoot an Indian, but allowed no one to kill an Indian's pig. They found scorpions in their beds, and were often in danger from the sidewinders, an extremely poisonous kind of rattlesnake that travels at night on the caminos. They had opportunities to kill mountain sheep, and once saw a desperate combat between two rams, who were oblivious of all else, with a third one endeavoring to separate them. The mission ruins were inspected, and the Indian petroglyphs studied. The towns also were visited, and the author has a good deal to say about the pretty señoritas he saw in them and the hospitality of the resident foreigners, as well as the natives. Then came the news of the San Francisco calamity, and he had to hurry north to look after his bank account. But he returned—as who would not to a country where there are places like San José del Cabo, in which "if a man stops a week he becomes a 'lotus eater' and only ropes can haul him away"? The many photographs which adorn his pages help to explain why Mr. North enjoyed his tour so much, notwithstanding thirst and sidewinders and other dangers.

A History of the Irish Parliamentary Party. By F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A., Q.U.I. With portraits and other illustrations. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

Frank Hugh O'Donnell was of the Home Rule party from the beginning of the movement in 1873, and he was of the Nationalist group in the House of Commons as member from Dungarvon from 1877 to 1885. In these two volumes there is necessarily much about the history of the Irish Parliamentary party from the point of view of Mr. O'Donnell —from its beginning in 1873 to the general election of 1910. There is, however, nearly as much about Mr. O'Donnell himself and his achievements in the social, journalistic, and political life of London. Modesty and restraint in style are not characteristics of Mr. O'Donnell. In almost every chapter he seeks to impress his own importance on the reader; and according to his own showing he is indeed a man of extraordinary achievement in British politics. With the exception of Isaac Butt, for whom Mr. O'Donnell shows more admiration than for any other man in Irish politics in the last forty years, no Irishman domiciled in London since the Union has achieved more than he himself claims to have done. He devised the policy of interference in all British affairs that brought the Home Rule group into Parliamentary prominence. Mr. Parnell, "who went up like a rocket and came down like the stick," was Mr. O'Donnell's "apprentice." Joseph Biggar served under him in a similar capacity; and "neither the one nor the other at the outset could move an inch without my guidance, nor utter a criticism without my inspiration." Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell were, again according to Mr. O'Donnell's statement, no better than hedgerow orators when he recruited them. But Mr. O'Donnell was so convinced that these two novices were likely to be serviceable to the cause of setting up king, lords, and commons in Ireland, that he condescended to a remarkable degree, and also underwent much self-denial, to act as their Parliamentary associate and tutor:

> They were neither kinsmen nor comrades of mine. There were a hundred would-be Parliamentarians who were infinitely closer and nearer to them in every respect than I. Except in relation to his labors for my policy, Mr. Biggar was a total stranger to me and I to him. I knew absolutely nothing and cared less about Mr. Parnell, before I recruited the well-born malcontent for my views and for my views only. Outside the furtherance of my policy it was impossible to me even to have an enjoyable conversation with either of them or with both. Any patriotic ham-and-bacon merchant could discuss Greece and Rome, the French Salon, or the British Academy, the Renascence and the Revolution, the tragic muse of Dante or that *voix d'or* of Sarah Bernhardt, quite as delicately and as eruditely as the excellent Biggar; and Parnell's accomplishments were not one whit less than the solid tastes of Mr. Biggar. I lived on the contrary with the finest flower of the intellectuality of three capitals. . . . What on earth outside of the policy had I to do with an unlettered squireling and a rugged provincial tradesman?

In England at this time—that is, in the closing years of the Parliament of 1874-1880—Mr. O'Donnell was as powerful as he was within the Irish party. His claim is that he was the founder of the Farmers' Alliance. He next asserts that as a result of his work for this organization sixty Conservative county members failed of reëlection, and that thereby the Gladstone Administration of 1880-85 came into being. Mr. O'Donnell is animated by as strong and as persistent a dislike of the Union as ever inspired Mr. Parnell, and it has been the aim of his political career to restore what he often describes as king, lords, and commons in Ireland. But it must be conceded that the Union gave Mr. O'Donnell great opportunities for the exercise of his political capacity and acumen; and surely no one can read his history of the Irish Parliamentary party without perceiving that Mr. O'Donnell made the most of the opportunities, and also made opportunities when to less well-endowed politicians none was offering. Ireland since the Union has been a country of crises. There has been an almost endless series of crises since 1870. But no crisis could develop of which Mr. O'Donnell did not see a way out, whether it arose out of the Land Act of 1881 or out of the appearance of Mr. Parnell in the divorce court in 1889.

One aim of Mr. O'Donnell's history is to show that what was really serviceable to the cause of Ireland in the Home Rule movement was achieved while Mr. Butt and he were of the Irish party, and that since he came to the conclusion that Irish-American intervention meant the ruin of the movement for the re-establishment of Grattan's Parliament, and consequently withdrew from the Irish party at Westminster, virtually nothing of value has been achieved. The movement has survived Mr. O'Donnell's withdrawal for a quarter of a century. At the last general election eighty-two Nationalist members were returned from Ireland. But Mr. O'Donnell considers the movement to be now of little account. In his closing chapters he insists that the clergy are now in control of the United Irish League, and the present-day Home Rule movement. He is convinced, moreover, that the reëstablishment of a Parliament in Dublin is one of the last changes that bishops and priests really desire to see. He is at issue with the Roman Catholic bishops on the question of education. He is opposed to the concessions which have been made to them; and the chapters in his book which are concerned with education in Ireland—elementary, secondary, and university—and with the position of lay teachers in Ireland under the existing system of church control, are likely to command some degree of attention from students of Ireland's political and social economy.

A Handbook of Foreign Study By H. J. Darnton-Fraser, Convener of the International Academic Committee. Edinburgh: The Darien Press.

The Students' Representative Council in the University of Edinburgh is an organization composed "of representatives of the matriculated students in the university, and of university societies, associations, or clubs, mainly composed of such matriculated students." Its functions are described in the following words: (a) To represent the students in matters affecting their interests; (b) to afford a recognized means of communication between the students and the university authorities, and (c) to promote social life and academic unity among students. The council is said to

be the oldest institution of its kind in Great Britain. The germ of the idea of forming such an organization appears to have been brought by R. Fitzroy Bell, advocate, from Jena, where he had been much impressed by the useful Studenten Ausschuss.

The Council has not confined its useful activities to the students of Edinburgh, but it has taken the initiative and a most prominent part in the organization of an International Academic Committee whose purpose is "to give information and introductions to British students going to foreign universities, and to foreign students coming to British universities." For this purpose it has appointed certain gentlemen, who appear to have been selected with great care and good judgment, as honorary academic consuls, at a large number of universities. These consuls act without pay and give immediate attention to any inquiry received relative to the university under their special view. It is plain that an organization so useful as that of the International Academic Committee has the ability to be of great service not only to British students, but to all English-speaking students, and this appears to have been early seen and acted upon by the untiring convener of the committee, H. J. Darnton-Fraser of Edinburgh. It appears to be the hope that this endeavor to bring the students of different universities into closer relations with one another, at that period in their lives when the character is still plastic, may be productive of substantial results in removing jealousies and misunderstandings between the cultivated people of different nations. Already this International Academic Committee has begun its invasion of America, and some progress has been made, in a quiet way, in the selection of a few consuls. But, as yet, the aims of the organization have not been brought prominently before our American students.

The Handbook of Foreign Study, compiled under the auspices of the committee, is sold at Edinburgh at its cost (sixpence net). It contains far more information respecting universities than we have ever before seen in a handbook. More than one hundred and fifty universities are pretty fully described as to the following points: Climate, cost of living, fees, conditions of matriculation, dates of sessions, libraries and museums, attractions, general information, vacation courses, cost of journey, special foreign classes, degrees. It is plain that such a handbook needs frequent revision in order to keep it well up to date, but many of the facts, once clearly stated, are of permanent value. Thus, the edition of the handbook now before us bears the date of 1909, but a critical examination of a large part of it shows that it is fully up to the times.

The success of the whole scheme is shown by the remarkable increase in the amount of business transacted last year over the year before, which was really its first year of active work. The number of applications from students desirous of obtaining information in regard to universities has more than doubled, and the number of letters of introduction has kept pace with this increase. To lessen the great amount of correspondence necessarily falling on the consuls, three consuls-general have been selected, to whom the more general questions of the choice of a university in a given country can be referred: this new arrangement, which keeps in touch with the headquarters at Edinburgh, makes an efficient organization.

George Sand: Some Aspects of Her Life and Work. By René Doumic, of the French Academy. Translated by Alys Haliard. With 18 portraits and a facsimile. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

The publishers have illustrated this volume much more liberally than was the case with the French original, and they have made of it on the whole an attractive book. We regret to say that we cannot give equal praise to the translator, but, remembering that the way of such a person is always hard, we prefer to pass at once to a consideration of M. Doumic's tribute to the greatest woman in French literature.

The book consists of ten *conférences* given before the Société des Conférences, a fact which is duly set forth in the original, but for some inscrutable reason is omitted in the translation, despite the explanation it affords of the sketchy and incomplete character of the work. M. Doumic has not attempted to write a detailed biography or a profound study of George Sand. His book, to use his own words, is only a series of chapters envisaging divers aspects of her life and her work. As such it seems to us to be a useful and not unagreeable contribution to the literature of its subject, notwithstanding the fact that in our judgment the author would have done well before printing to excise many half-humorous and wholly platitudinous passages, which may not have been out of place in his pages as they were originally read to his complacent auditors.

The distribution of topics is satisfactory in view of the public for which the book is designed. Two chapters suffice to sum up the life and work of the "Bonne Dame de Nohant," the serene woman who had left behind her not only her fervid attachments, but her extravagant romanticism and her militant socialism. As a result of this distribution several good novels of her later years are not so much as mentioned, and the general reader gets little or no conception of the large amount of intelligent critical and miscellaneous work accomplished by this wonderful woman. In the nature of things, only two chapters could be given to her interesting youth and to her unfortunate marriage to M. Dudevant. A chapter on the "Feminist of 1832," one on the ardent but soon disillusioned supporter of the Revolution of 1848, and four chiefly occupied with her relations with Musset, Michel of Bourges, Chopin, and Pierre Leroux make up the rest of the book. In his discussion of the early years of her emancipation and of that extraordinary story, "Indiana," M. Doumic seems to us to allow his wit and his anti-romantic bias to get the better of his critical faculty. One is somewhat amused by his pages, but one wonders how many modern readers will understand the fascination exerted by George Sand's first great story, not only upon her ebullient contemporaries, but also upon readers of to-day quite as unromantic as M. Doumic himself.

This criticism does not appear applicable—at least not to any great extent—to the chapters dealing with George Sand's chief affairs of the heart. Our writer is notably successful in taking a middle, and a sensible, position between the extreme partisans of George Sand and those of Musset, misguided persons who have wasted too much ink within the past fifteen years. He seems fair also in the chapter devoted chiefly to Chopin, and we agree heartily with the high estimate he puts upon the literary quality of such of George Sand's passionate letters to Michel of Bourges as have been permitted to see the light. Unless we are greatly mistaken, these "Lettres de Femme," which are fully as remarkable for their interpretation of nature as for their expression of complete surrender to love, have been published only in the *Revue Illustrée*. If he had done nothing else than call attention to them and publish the fairly numerous bits of hitherto inaccessible correspondence to be found in his pages, M. Doumic's book would perhaps have had its sufficient justification for appearing at this juncture.

It has a better justification, however. Despite what seem to us serious omissions and fairly frequent lapses of sympathy and taste, the book has what are for the moment two great merits. It emphasizes in an adequate fashion George Sand's influence on French fiction and the quite unrivalled charm of her rustic idyls, "La Mare au Diable," "François le Champi," and "La Petite Fadette," to say nothing of "Jeanne," "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," and portions of "Mauprat." It furthermore enters an effective protest against the absurd neglect, not to say contempt, that has been exhibited by partisans of the realistic and naturalistic schools of fiction, as well as by those over-subtle and delicate souls who in these latter days have come near making

all forms of art a by-word and a source of reproach throughout the world—it enters a needed protest, we say, against the neglect and contempt displayed by a generation far less intelligent than it has fancied itself to be toward one of the greatest of the world's story-tellers, and one of the most sincere, lucid, and essentially benevolent minds that ever reported through the medium of the printed page its observations upon human life and character. For M. Doumic, as for us all, there are features of George Sand's life and work that call for amused indulgence or for severe censure; but she is for him, in the main, a great writer, one of the glories of his country's literature, and his book, if read in the light of this prime fact, ought to do good both at home and abroad. It is not a book that will live or that will add to his reputation, but it is a book that may be of use in calling fresh attention to George Sand.

Addresses and Essays. By Morris H. Morgan. New York: American Book Co. $1.50.

This book was issued only a day or two before the death of its gifted author, and is a valuable memorial of him. All but the first article had already appeared in print, but the collection is none the less desirable. Of the technical studies, which were reviewed as they appeared, we need not speak here. They include subjects as diverse as the water-supply of ancient Rome, the date of Cicero's "Pro Roscio Comœdo," Quintilian's quotations of Horace, *quin* with the subjunctive in questions, various etymological notes, and critical and interpretative studies of Lysias, Persius, and especially Vitruvius. The value of the collection is that these careful and minute investigations are assembled with writings of an entirely different nature, which bespeak a genial and well-rounded personality gifted with a feeling for literature and a sense of humor. Taken together, they suggest a definition of what philology is when rightly understood.

Of the lighter essays, the most audacious is the exposé of "the real Persius," which was written at a time when various "true" biographies of great men were appearing and which proves by all the canons of philology that this innocent youth was a deplorable gourmand and roué; it is a thoroughly Horatian burlesque, in which the satirist with no trace of flippancy can laugh at himself and his art. The author's mild fling at Teutonic deficiency in humor has just received added point from a review by a learned German who triumphantly refutes the base insinuations of this essay. All the essays, even the most technical, are distinguished by a firm and aristocratic style; in the Greek and Latin verses at the end of the volume, there is real poetic quality, especially in the beautiful threnody on Professor Child. The initial essays contain many helpful counsels to the student and the teacher of the classics, to whom they are addressed. By precept and by example, they insist that "a philologian must be many-sided before he can be one-sided." When present-day discussions teem with abuse of the philologian, it is refreshing to find here a broad and noble conception of philology which includes other kinds of interpretation in something larger:

> It is the fundamental knowledge of the ancient languages which makes the philologian, and marks him off from the mere antiquarian or historian who works with translations.

None had a better right to repeat these proud words of Ritschl than the writer of this book.

Notes.

Scribner's have in the press A. T. Quiller-Couch's new novel, "Lady Good-for-Nothing," and a biography of Molière, by Brander Matthews.

Henry Holt & Co. will bring out a new edition of "The Last of the Mohicans," with colored illustrations by E. Boyd Smith.

An unpublished comedy of George Meredith, "The Sentimentalists," or at least the portion of it which he completed, will appear in *Scribner's Magazine* for August.

Duffield & Company's list of books for the autumn contains "Chantecler," in English; H. G. Wells's novel, "The New Machiavelli"; Marguerite Bryant's "Anne Kemburn: Truthseeker"; Richard Dehan's "One Braver Thing," a novel issued in England under the title of "The Dop Doctor"; "Devious Ways," by Gilbert Cannan; Katharine Holland Brown's "White Roses"; "The Getting of Wisdom," by Henry Handel Richardson; "Angela's Quest," by Lilian Bell; "The Pools of Silence," by H. de Vere Stacpoole; Mrs. Sharp's "Memoir of William Sharp"; "Furniture," by Esther Singleton; "Heroic Spain," by E. Boyle O'Reilly; "The Science of Advertising," by Edwin Balmer; "Stories of the Spanish Artists," in the Art and Letters Library; Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," in the Ruhric Series; "Ancient English Christmas Carols" and "The Cell of Self-Knowledge," in the New Mediæval Library; "Sketches and Snapshots," by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell; "Rambles with an American," by Christian Tearle; "The Quintessence of Nietzsche," by J. M. Kennedy; "Leaders of Socialism: Past and Present," by G. R. S. Taylor, with studies of Owen, Saint Simon, Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lasalle, William Morris, Bernard Shaw, Robert Blatchford, and many others; "An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence," comprising Letters of Deane Swift, Pitt, Robert Nugent, the Earls of Guilford, Coventry, and Hardwicke; "The Life and Letters of William Beckford," by Lewis Melville; "The Bolster Book," by Harry Graham; Marguerite Merington's "Holiday Plays"; "Plays of To day and To-morrow," to include Rudolf Besier's "Don," and J. B. Fagan's "The Earth"; Hawthorne's "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales," complete, with drawings in colors by Maxfield Parrish; "A Child's Book of Old Verses," selected and illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith; Kate Dickinson Sweetser's "Ten Boys from History," illustrated by George Alfred Williams; Oliver Clay's "Treasure Finders; or How the Adventurers of Four Centuries Discovered a New Land"; "The Animal Trainer"; Olive Hyde Foster's "Cookery for Little Girls"; John Rae's "The Pies and the Pirates: A Shadow Show, with Scissors Supplement"; Edith B. Davidson's "The Blowing Away of Mr. and Mrs. Bushytail."

Houghton Mifflin Co. makes the following announcement of books for the autumn season: "Clever Betsy," by Clara Louise Burnham; "John Winterbourne's Family," by Alice Brown; "Enchanted Ground: An Episode in the Life of a Young Man," by Harry James Smith; "A Man's Man," by Ian Hay; "The Meddlings of Eve," by William J. Hopkins; "The Empty House, and Other Stories," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Husband, and The Forbidden Guests," a play, by John Corbin; "Stories and Tales," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "Light Horse Harry's Legion," by Everett T. Tomlinson; "The Crashaw Brothers," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; six stories from "Tales from the Alhambra," by Washington Irving, arranged by Josephine Brower; "Young Americans in the British Isles," by Everett T. Tomlinson; "The Bunnikins-Bunnies in Europe," by Edith B. Davidson; "Dixie Kitten," by Eva March Tappan; "Brothers in Fur," by Eliza Orne White; "Star People," by Katharine Fay Dewey; "Little Girl Blue," by Josephine Scribner Gates; a holiday edition of "The Children's Book," edited by Horace E. Scudder; "The Homecomers," by Winifred Kirkland; "When Sarah Went to School," by Elsie Singmaster; "Finella in Fairyland," by Demetra Kenneth Brown; "The Old, Old Story Book," stories from the Old Testament, compiled by Eva March Tappan; "The Christmas Angel," by Abbie Farwell Brown; a holiday edition of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane," illustrated in color by Harrison Fisher, Arthur I. Keller, and others; "Pages from the Book of Paris," by Claude C. Washburn and Lester G. Hornby; "The Digressions of V," by Elihu Vedder; "John Brown: A Biography, Fifty Years After," by Oswald Garrison Villard; "Richard H. Dana, jr.: Speeches in Stirring Times, and Letters to a Son," edited, with introductory sketch and notes, by Richard H. Dana (3d); "The Battle of the Wilderness," by Morris Schaff; "The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life, in His Own Words," compiled and translated by R. M. Johnston; "The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," edited by Elizabeth Bisland; "An American Citizen: The Life of William H. Baldwin, jr.," by John Graham Brooks; "Among Friends," by Samuel M. Crothers; "Our House and the People in It," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; a holiday edition of "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell; "Touring in 1600: A Study in the Development of Touring as a Means of Education," by E. S. Bates; "In the Footprints of Heine," by Henry James Forman; "In the Catskills," by John Burroughs; "Jeanne d'Arc: The Maid of France," by Mary Rogers Bangs; "Old People," by Harriet E. Paine; "The Mystery of Golf," by Arnold Haultain;

"Tales from the Old French," by Isabel Butler; "Emerson's Journals," edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, Volume III 1833-1835, Volume IV 1836-1837; "Records of a Lifelong Friendship: Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Henry Furness," edited by Horace Howard Furness; "The Autograph Poets," including the works of Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Harte, Holmes, Keats, Tennyson, Burns, Whittier, and Scott; "The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," edited by J. H. Whitty; a holiday edition of "Pippa Passes and Men and Women," by Robert Browning; "Rose of the Wind, and Other Poems," by Anna Hempstead Branch; "The Psychology of Religious Experience," by Edward Scribner Ames; "The Old Testament Narrative," in the classic English version, edited by Alfred Dwight Sheffield; "The Presentation of Religion to Educated Men," by George Hodges, D.D.; "The Birth and Resurrection of Our Lord," by William H. Ryder, D.D.; "The Early Religion of Israel," by Lewis B. Paton, D.D.; "Primitive Psycho-Therapy and Quackery," by Robert M. Lawrence, M.D.; "The Stone Age in North America," by Warren K. Moorehead; "Copyright: Its History and Development," by Richard Rogers Bowker; "Methods of Attracting Birds," by Gilbert H. Trafton; "How to Judge a Book," by Edwin L. Shuman; "Education in the United States since the Civil War," by Charles F. Thwing; "A Beginner's History of Philosophy," by Herbert E. Cushman; "Prose Literature for Secondary Schools," edited by Margaret Ashmun, with an introduction by Willard G. Bleyer; "Little Mr. Thimblefinger Stories," by Joel Chandler Harris; "The Story of the Roman People," by Eva March Tappan; "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form," Books I and IV, by Augusta Stevenson; "Ethics for Children: A Guide for Teachers and Parents," by Ella Lyman Cabot; "The Teacher's Philosophy, in and out of School," by William DeWitt Hyde; "The Problem of Vocational Education," by David Snedden; "The Ideal Teacher," by George H. Palmer; "The Siege of the Seven Suitors," by Meredith Nicholson; and in the Riverside Literature Series the following six new issues: "How to Teach English Classics," by Charles Swain Thomas; "Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive; and Essay on Warren Hastings," edited by Allan Abbott; "Sheridan's The Rivals," edited by Joseph Q. Adams, jr.; "The Nibelungenlied," translated and edited by Daniel B. Shumway; "The Old Testament Narrative," edited by Alfred D. Sheffield; "Captains of Industry: Selected Sketches," by James Parton.

Now that the great "New English Dictionary" of Dr. Murray and his associates has advanced into S, the "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," by Prof. W. W. Skeat, can no longer claim quite the same relative importance which it possessed in the earlier editions. The new (fourth) edition, however, which has just been published by the Oxford University Press, is thoroughly revised and enlarged, and, as the author states, alterations, in many cases radical, have been made in almost every article. In its new form the work presents a great improvement on all previous editions, indeed entirely supersedes them. Professor Skeat was able to avail himself, among other things, of the assistance of the "New English Dictionary" down to Ph. The list of "Books referred to in the Dictionary" does not contain the names of some recent authorities of importance, and a closer examination of the present edition will discover, no doubt, as in the case of the previous editions, points in which the author's methods of workmanship differ from those of his German and American colleagues; but his unsurpassed familiarity with the English vocabulary—especially in the earlier periods—and his long occupation with Anglo-Saxon and Middle English texts give exceptional weight to his opinions on all questions of etymology, so that no student of our language can afford to neglect the present revised edition.

We have in "Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, and Keats" (Macmillan), by Barnette Miller, an excellent doctor's thesis (Columbia University) which affords a relief to the studies of types of literature that now so largely engage the energies of scholarship in our American universities. One cannot but feel that critical and biographical monographs like the present, by keeping closer to life and the spirit that produces literature, serve the interests of true culture better than the other class of studies, which owe so much of their inspiration to the methods of modern science. The work before us gives a fair estimate, we believe, of Leigh Hunt's character and influence on his great contemporaries. It is based, for the most part, of course, on sources that are generally accessible, but the author has gone carefully through the files of the *Examiner* and other publications with which Hunt was connected, and is consequently in a position to give a more accurate idea of the character of his journalistic style and influence. These researches, it may be remarked, incidentally, seem to have fixed the winter of 1816 definitely as the time when Keats and Hunt first met. The author does justice to Hunt's genius for friendship and the fine critical sympathy which enabled him from the very start, almost alone among his contemporaries, to give the due meed of appreciation to Shelley and Keats. He had, of course, his weaknesses, but Seneca's *mala pecunia* was, after all, the cause of virtually every trouble of his life. The loose habits of lending and borrowing money which prevailed in the early part of his career were by no means confined to those who came under Godwin's influence. All the lives and correspondence of the period show a state of feeling in regard to these matters which reminds one strongly of the conditions in our own Southern States before the civil war, when, under a mistaken conception of generosity, almost every gentleman held himself ready to run the risk of ruin by "going security" for his friend. The result in the end, as a rule, simply confirmed the wisdom of Polonius's advice to his son. Students of Byron will turn with especial interest to our author's treatment of the affair of the *Liberal*, where the blame for the failure of this famous, though short-lived, periodical—if blame there was—is, we believe, rightly apportioned. Whatever may have been Hunt's shortcomings in this matter, he paid dearly for the blunder of his "Lord Byron and some of his contemporaries" by the even excessive condemnation which that work received. Not only this affair, however, but the whole history of everything pertaining to Hunt's relations with the three great poets, is related in this monograph, with full knowledge and in an agreeable style. On the other hand, it is to be regretted that the proofs were not read with more care. At the bottom of page 119 there is a bad typographical confusion, owing to the fact that there is no division between text and notes. Poetry appears more than once in the volume as "poety," and we never heard before of Milton's being an "entomological" expert.

Dr. C. E. Slocum's volume on "The Ohio Country, Between the Years 1783 and 1815" (Putnam) is devoted to proving the thesis, set forth on the title page, that "the war of 1775-1783 between the United Colonies and Great Britain was revolutionary; the war of 1812-1814 between the United States and Great Britain was the War of Independence." The period covered is not pleasant reading at best, and the unpleasantness of it is decidedly heightened, for the present-day reader, when colored by a partisanship too strong to admit of exact justice to both sides. That the British were slow in showing a disposition to make good their treaty engagements assumed in 1783, and that the young Republic suffered great harm through untoward British influence with the Indians of the North and West, is all true. These facts are too generally known to need statement as such, and the only valid reason for bringing them up again in detail would be to set them in truer relation to the fundamental currents of history than has ever been done before. This can be done only by the historian whose sense of justice is keen enough to search for faults as relentlessly on the one side as the other, and Dr. Slocum's book will not convince the fair-minded reader that this has been done. From cover to cover it is a persistent attack on the British, with virtually nothing to indicate that there was anything whatever on our side to which objection could reasonably have been taken. Even if one admits this one-sided view to be true, it still remains that the current and future relations of Great Britain and the United States are of vastly greater importance than the past, and to rake over the century-old ashes again, without even the excuse of making some substantial addition to historical knowledge, is a doubtful use of time and energy.

It is singular how long the modern dialects of Palestine, and especially of Jerusalem, were neglected while those round them found diligent students. But of late, under the pressure of practical necessities rather than through academic studies, that gap is being rapidly filled, and by nothing better than by the "Manual of Palestinean Arabic" of Dr. Hans Spoer (resident now for some years in Jerusalem, and once fellow of the American School of Archeology there) and Elias Haddad, a local Arabic teacher of repute. The book is strictly a practical manual, but one of singular richness in construction, idiom, and vocabulary. It endeavors to state the facts of a standard educated dialect—that of the Muslim better classes of Jerusalem—and avoids confusing the beginner with local details. It also frankly recognizes the horror which all non-phonetically trained English spellers have for rigid phonetic systems, and tries so to write the words that their pronunciation may be instinctively apparent to the English reader. There is a full English-Arabic

vocabulary, but it is to be hoped that Dr. Spoer will follow up this book with a Syrian Arabic-English lexicon and a larger collection of *Märchen*.

The appearance in English of the excellent Japanese Encyclopædia, "A Historical and Geographical Dictionary of Japan," by E. Papinot, M.A. (the "Sansaisha"), which contains 300 illustrations and several maps, is sure to meet with a very general welcome. The work, which represents a vast amount of labor, is compiled by an old resident of Japan, and is on the whole more specific and complete than Professor Chamberlain's "Things Japanese," being primarily a book of reference. It certainly may be regarded as the most satisfactory work yet issued in respect to the special subjects with which it deals, and in a very compressed form contains the gist of almost everything that is known about them. The subjects of religion, politics, literature, drama, social customs, the administration of justice, and a host of other matters relating to Japanese history and civilization, are dealt with admirably under their respective headings. Some of the more important items receive as many as two or three pages, while those less significant are disposed of often in as many lines. The ample manner in which the references are illustrated, chiefly by reproductions from Japanese drawings, adds much to the practicability of what often might appear too remote for Occidental comprehension. These, together with colored maps and useful appendices, greatly increase the value of the work as a book of reference. The book is printed on good paper, in large, clear type, and is well bound in cloth.

A. C. Clark, the well-known Oxford scholar, has published a paper on "The Cursus in Mediæval and Vulgar Latin" (Clarendon Press). This is at once a review for the uninitiated of a subject much bruited of late, and a contribution to that subject. The writer traces the *mixtus cursus*, or combination of accentual and metrical elements in the *clausulæ* of rhetorical prose, farther back than scholars have followed it before. He finds it in Petronius, Frontinus, and even in the colloquial Latin of Cicero's letters to Atticus. This somewhat startling result is inherently probable, and corroborates those theories of Latin versification which make the Saturnian measure accentual and emphasize the function of word-accent in Plautus and Terence. But we need further evidence. We also need a workable definition of *mixtus cursus*, and a further consideration, even after Zielinski, of possible metrical *clausulæ*. The passage from St. Jerome cited by Mr. Clark seems to us metrical rather than mixed. The *clausulæ* in the theological works of Boethius are probably not mixed; it seems more likely that in the introductions and epilogues, as always in the "Consolation" Boethius uses metrical *clausulæ*, while for the discussion itself, as in his other technical works, he only incidentally uses *clausulæ* of any kind. But whatever the truth as to these details, Mr. Clark's paper is useful as a general summary, and should stimulate further investigation of his attractive hypothesis.

Dr. Delos F. Wilcox, chief of the bureau of franchises of the Public Service Commission for the First District of New York, has produced a work of standard value, on "Municipal Franchises" (The Engineering News Publishing Co.). It is a description of the terms and conditions upon which private corporations enjoy special privileges in the streets of American cities. The mere statement of its scope is enough to indicate that preparing the work has been a task of difficult and laborious research, the performance of which deserves the gratitude of all students of American government. The work will be completed in two volumes, the first of which has been issued. It considers pipe and wire franchises, but also contains five introductory chapters dealing with the general subject of franchise grants, and the relations between public authority and public service corporations. Dr. Wilcox's systematic analysis of the conditions that promote abuse of public trusts, waste of public resources, and deterioration of public service, is carried out in a scientific spirit which gives to his observations special value, so that they are capable of exerting a powerful influence in bettering conditions.

Dr. Leonhard Felix Fuld describes his work on "Police Administration" (Putnam), as "a critical study of police organizations in the United States and abroad." The contents hardly support the claim. The casual references to English, French, and German methods are too slight to be regarded as a critical study. The organization and work of the Canadian mounted police, consideration of which would have been particularly instructive, are not even mentioned. The author has amassed much information as to the operation and defects of police departments in the United States, but at times his opinions appear to be unsupported dicta rather than sound generalizations. For instance, he remarks that "it has been the experience of the world that the efficiency of the detective force varies inversely as the freedom of the people." Is the London detective force less efficient than that of St. Petersburg? In some comments, generally sound, as to the superiority of policemen over soldiers in dealing with mobs, Dr. Fuld goes to unwarranted lengths in holding that it is the inclination of the rioter to retreat before the policeman's bâton, while "the rifle and the bayonet, on the other hand, are strange and to a certain extent fascinating." The Pennsylvania State constabulary has shown that mounted troopers, trained to such duty, are superior to policemen in dealing with mobs. An account of the organization and equipment of that force might properly have been expected in a work of this character, but it is not mentioned further than to note its existence. Altogether, the book, while a useful compilation of data in regard to police organization and discipline, does not fully grasp the subject.

A new text of "Wilhelm Meister" has come to light. It appears that last December one of the students of Prof. Gustav Billeter of Zurich handed him a manuscript which had for a long time been preserved by the student's father, and which, according to tradition, had been attributed to Goethe. On the cover was absurdly written "Manuscript of Goethe's book, the Sorrows of Werther." One glance sufficed to show the professor that the words were false, and he brushed the manuscript aside for the moment, not noticing until later that within was the title, "Wilhelm Meister's theatralische Sendung." He thereupon sent the text for identification to Professor Mayne of Berne, who recognized in it the original version of Goethe's celebrated novel. The text is to be published this summer, but meantime certain facts about its origin and character have been given out in advance by the *Deutsche Rundschau* and the *Petit Temps*.

The significance of this *Ur-Meister*, or original form of the first six books of the novel, is by no means slight. The problem of understanding Goethe's meaning in "Wilhelm Meister" has always been great, and is complicated by the fact that the work passed through almost as many stages of revision as "Faust," during the fifty years in which Goethe occupied himself with it. What aggravates the difficulty is that Goethe's outlook on life sustained a great change when he visited Italy, and that afterwards his earlier attitude in "Meister" was more or less effaced. Thus in the original version the sister of Wilhelm, who in the later text is transferred to the background, bears the name Amelia, a transparent pseudonym of the poet's sister, Cornelia. This is an interesting tribute, not to be found in any of Goethe's other works. Amelia grows up alongside of Wilhelm, and in the second book marries Werner, who is clearly Schlosser, Cornelia's husband. Some of the original phrasing in the Mignon episode shows that with the visit to Italy Goethe's imagination became more precise, *Dunklen Laub* is surely more effective than *grünen Laub*, and *hoch der Lorbeer steht* is exacter than *froh der Lorbeer steht*. The new text, also, probably serves to correct an error in a well-known line. Mignon, in the current version, closes a first stanza with:

Dahin! dahin!
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

The word *Geliebter* does not occur in the other stanzas, where Wilhelm is called "father" and "protector," and seems out of place, because Mignon is trying to conceal her love. Now in the original version the word is *Gebieter*, "master," and Professor Mayne believes that the later alteration was a printer's error. In general he informs us that the early copy is so different in spirit from the other that it constitutes virtually an independent work.

The death is announced of Dr. William Wetz, professor of English philology at the University of Freiburg, at the age of fifty-one. He was editor of the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte* and the author of several works, including "Shakespeare vom Standpunkt der vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte."

Major Martin Andrew Sharp Hume, who died about a fortnight ago, in his sixty-third year, was well known as a writer on Spanish subjects, both historical and literary. Like his compatriot, Fitzmaurice-Kelly, he was an authority on the relations of Spain and England, especially in the period of the Renaissance. The list of his publications is as follows: "Chronicle of Henry VIII," "Calendar of Spanish State Papers," "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," "The Year After the Armada," "Sir Walter Raleigh," "Philip II of Spain," "The Great Lord Burghley," "Spain, Its Greatness and Decay," "Modern Spain," "A History of the Spanish People," "Treason and Plot," "The Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots," "Españoles é Ingleses en el Siglo XVI," "Cam-

bridge Modern History," Vols. III and IV; "Spanish Influence on English Literature," "The Wives of Henry VIII," "Queens of Old Spain," "Face to Face," "Through Portugal," "The Court of Philip IV," "Dictionary of Spanish Quotations" (in collaboration), "Two English Queens and Philip," "Queen Elizabeth and Her England," and numerous contributions to English and Spanish periodicals.

Gen. de Beylié, commanding the French troops in Cochin China, was recently drowned in the Mekong River. He is best known for his archæological discoveries in Burma and Mesopotamia, where he met the American scientific mission from the Smithsonian Institution, which was much interested in his work. He was born in Strasburg in 1849. He was a commander of the Legion of Honor and a member of the following organizations: the Comité Technique des Troupes Coloniales, the Société Asiatique, the Société de Géographie, the Société de Géographie Commerciale, the Société de Topographie, the Société des Fouilles Archéologiques, and the Académie Delphinale. He wrote, besides several treatises on military art, "De Lorient à Sammarcande," "Histoire de l'habitation byzantine," "L'Art Hindou en Extrême-Orient," "Voyage Archéologique en Birmanie et en Mésopotamie," "La Kalaa des Beni Hammad," and "Le Musée de Grenoble."

Science.

Our Garden Flowers. By Harriet L. Keeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Great as is the number of garden books, none of them is just like this. Most of them are for beginners, containing directions for fertilizing the soil, putting seeds in the ground, and caring for the plants, young and old. Such things are not to be looked for in these pages, except in a few instances, as when the writer chides amateur gardeners for permitting pansies to die in summer, when, by giving them a place shaded in the afternoon and by keeping them well-watered, they can be kept in bloom till late in the autumn. What the author does dwell on is the native lands of garden flowers, their life histories, and their structural affiliations. It is, therefore, a book for those who have already become familiar with flowers and their nurture, and now desire to know something about the genealogy, botanic structure, and original habitat of their floral pets.

Time was when flowering plants were cultivated because of their real or supposed medicinal qualities, rather than because of their beauty. Some peoples, however, reared them for their shapes and colors, many generations ago. While the mediæval Europeans still believed that peonies drove away evil spirits and averted tempests, the Japanese gardeners were busy bestowing on them such cultivation and variety of color as they only knew how to give. The first of their tree peonies were brought to England in 1789. To-day there are above a thousand named varieties of this glorious flower.

There were Burbanks before Burbank, in Europe as well as in Japan. Unlike the many-sided Luther Burbank of California, however, most of them were specialists, devoting a life-time to one variety of flowers. The old English were very fond of the small pansies which are now contemptuously called Johnny-Jump-Ups; they had many names showing their liking for it, such as Heartsease, Love-in-Idleness, Cuddle-Me-to-You, Three-Faces-Under-a-Hood, Herb-Trinity. What would they have said could they have seen the modern pansy, as enlarged and beautified by those three French specialists, Bugnot, Cassier, and Trimardeau! Or the modern sweetpea, as transformed by their own Henry Eckford of Shropshire, who up to 1908 had created about seventy-five varieties of wonderful colors and remarkable size. About twenty years ago these new sweetpeas began to attract special attention in this country; to-day, the author tells us, "practically the world's supply is produced by the California sced-growers, and amounts to hundreds of tons annually."

After mentioning in this volume the great French and English specialists, it seems unfair to omit all reference to the American Burbank, who revealed such astonishing new possibilities in several kinds of poppies, for instance, including the Eschscholtzias. This hideous name inflicted on one of the loveliest flowers was, it seems, given it by Chamisso in honor of the surgeon of his expedition, whose name was Eschscholz. It ought to be forbidden by a special act of the Legislature of California, of which this is the State flower.

The remarkable achievements of the past two or three years in the development of both the science and the art of aeronautics, and the widespread interest in this subject thus created, have resulted in a notable increase in the literature of it. Among the more recent books, one of considerable interest is "The Conquest of the Air," by Alphonse Berget (Putnam). This makes no pretension to be a handbook, but is rather a lucid and attractive volume, which may properly be styled an introduction to the study of aeronautics. Part i is given over to a consideration of dirigible balloons, while part ii is concerned with a discussion of aviation apparatus. The aim of the writer has been to suppress useless details which might tend to confuse the student, and to minimize the importance of the history of aeronautics in order that he may present sufficient data to familiarize the reader with present-day aerial locomotion. The volume is profusely illustrated, containing upwards of 100 well-selected plates and diagrams. The brief appendix will be of interest and value to those who may wish to inform themselves concerning the laws governing the resistance of the air.

A useful little book is the "Garden Primer," by Grace Tabor and Gardner Teall (McBride, Winston & Co.). It undertakes to give, in language clear to a beginner, directions for all the fundamental garden processes. To do this in one hundred small pages is something of a feat. The expert may cavil at the result, as being incomplete in various particulars, but that is inherent in the nature of the task. In general, the authors have well measured the limits of their subjects, and have produced a simple, clear, and trustwortby little volume.

Drama.

Will Shakespeare. By Margaret Crosby Munn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

It is told of Addison that when Queen Anne died and it became his duty as Secretary of State to announce that fact to the Powers of Europe, he, master as he was of the English tongue, found himself unable to frame a message befitting so solemn an occasion in words to satisfy his own fastidious taste, and finally abandoned the task to a more confident and less imaginative subordinate, who quickly scribbled a conventional dispatch and ever afterward boasted of his superior literary facility. To picture Shakespeare in his habit as he lived, not only as man, lover, and player, but as poet—to endow him with appropriate thoughts, action, and utterance—is an enterprise from which the most inspired and aspiring of modern poets might well have shrunk appalled. But Mrs. Munn—inspired, as she says, by the Hamlet of Forbes Robertson—has not feared to undertake the task, and the result is this four-act drama. And her vaulting ambition, if it has overleaped itself, has not fallen altogether disastrously. Her Shakespeare, though he glows with no divine fire and is somewhat too plainly a thing of shreds and patches, is, on the whole, a picturesque figure. Much of the blank verse allotted to him is pretty and mellifluous; some of it is virile and passionate, some wisely reflective; none of it is feeble or slovenly. The references here, of course, are to the purely original matter, not to those passages which are suggested by the works of the poet himself.

The author claims that the play is historically accurate in regard to its dates and principal events, but it is not at all necessary to discuss that question, which, in a case of admitted fiction, is not very important. Suffice it to say that the course of the story is in general but not invariable accordance with tradition and such few historical facts as we have. In the first act the young Shakespeare, dreaming and poaching in Charlecote wood, is pursued by Anne Hathaway, represented as an

amorous shrew. Captured by Sir Thomas Lucy and his servants, he agrees to marry her upon the understanding that he shall not be punished for his past sylvan offences. In the second act, four years later, Shakespeare, harassed by Anne's exacting temper and his pecuniary distresses, is visited by a band of strolling players — including his old friends Heminge and Greene—and, having already written several plays, makes up his mind to go to London to seek his fortune. Twelve years then elapse, and he is next revealed at the height of glory, the cherished friend of Southampton and Essex, and the favorite playwright and actor of his day. At this point the play, hitherto deficient in action, assumes rapid movement in the development of a romantic intrigue—which might easily be made effective on the stage—in which Shakespeare, after winning assurances of love from the beautiful Elizabeth Vernon, and rescuing her from a compromising situation by an ingenious use of his histrionic powers, is shamelessly jilted by her in favor of Southampton, into whose guardianship he had entrusted her. The mechanism here is conventional and often awkward, but as the incident is plentiful and exciting and the action is carried on under the cover of a masque, which provides opportunity for disguise and spectacle, the theatrical value of the third and fourth acts is considerable. The hand of the novice is betrayed, however, in the excessive use of the old and always transparent device of mistaken identity. In the end the disenchanted Shakespeare, after unravelling the dramatic tangle, and receiving solace from a vision of the immortal characters yet to be created by him, resolves to return to his deserted family.

In its present form, the play is far too long for stage representation, but this particular fault could easily be remedied. The tale has more theatrical than historical value, and even the verse would suffer nothing from judicious editing. Several of the subordinate characters—Essex, Southampton, Elizabeth Vernon, Bridget Manners—are cleverly and vigorously sketched, and there is no lack of situation. The literary, poetic, and dramatic ability displayed in it is of no common order; but, unfortunately, it is not brilliant enough to satisfy the ideals suggested by so lofty a theme. Nevertheless, in the ambitious dramatist lies the chief hope of the stage.

H. B. Irving has accepted for production a play which has been dramatized by George Pleydell from the novel "Clementina," by A. E. W. Mason.

"The Servant in the House," by C. Rann Kennedy, in which Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison made a great success with Walter Hampden, in America, and which she took recently, with less success, to London, has been translated into German by F. E. Washburn Freund, and will be produced at the Meiningen Hof-Theater.

"Chantecler" is to be played in the open air at Carcassone, at Toulouse, and elsewhere during August and September. It is said that the receipts from the play in Paris have amounted to $120,000; and it is now being played at popular prices. The next production at the Gymnase will be "Miguette et sa Mère," the cast including M. Galipaux, the Merle of "Chantecler," and Mlle. Monna Delza.

At the meeting held in the Mansion House, London, March 23, 1909, it was stated that a promise of £70,000 towards the sum needed to carry out the scheme for a National Shakespeare Theatre had been made by an anonymous giver. It is now generally understood that the generous giver of the large sum referred to is Sir Carl Meyer. In the official note issued with the announcement of the baronetcy conferred upon him on the occasion of the day set apart for the celebration of the late King's birthday, he was described as "a leading supporter of the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre."

Art.

We have received the first two numbers of the *Rassegna d'Arte Umbra,* edited by Umberto Gnoli and published by the Stabilimento Tipografico and Bartelli & Cia, Perugia. The form is small octavo, the typography excellent, the decorative border of cover is from a Perugian title page of 1522. The illustrations are printed separately on detached gray mounts. The editor is an indefatigable student of the art of Umbria, and will doubtless find plenty of fresh material. Articles of especial interest in the first number are The Windows of Giovanni Bonino in the Basilica of Assisi, by Giustino Cristofani, and a Polyptych, by Pietro Lorenzetti, discovered at Gubbio. This fine altar-piece was found by the editor of the *Rassegna* completely covered by a rude painting of the seventeenth century. The leading article of the second number is the editor's critique of Umbrian pictures in the exhibition of the Burlington Club, London. The special feature of this publication, to judge by the numbers at hand, will be short notes, sometimes documentary, which cover the entire Umbrian territory and bring useful information of restorations and discoveries of works of art. The second number, for example, tells of the finding in the Church of S. Francesco, Gubbio, of a reliquary pieced together in the fourteenth century from older miniatures, two of which are of the fifth century and in remarkable preservation. Altogether, this new periodical promises to make a place for itself. The subscription price is 5 lire for Italy, 6.50 for foreign countries.

We have received from E. J. Brill of Leyden "Publications of the Princeton University Archæological Expedition to Syria in 1904-1905," Section B, Northern Syria, parts i to iii. The architectural portion is written by Howard Crosby Butler, the well-known expert in this field, the epigraphical part by William Kelly Prentice. These studies include the comparatively unknown territory of the 'Alā and Kasr ibn Wardân, il-Anderîn, Kerrātîn, Ma'râtā, besides a more careful survey of the Djebel Rihā and Djebel Wastaneh. In these last-named regions were found abundant and instructive remains of domestic architecture which are fully drawn and described. These late Roman villas range from small houses with three or four rooms, including a stable, to fairly palatial establishments. The ruins are in such condition that the arrangement of the upper story could frequently be made out. Churches are numerous in all these regions, but other public structures, barracks, baths, and inns, were photographed and measured. Since the local stone, basalt, is refractory, there was found little elaborate decoration. The tendency was to simplification of mouldings—mere chamfered courses are common—of the capitals, etc. On the other hand, the expedition found several more of those panelled basalt doors which seem peculiar to Syria. An exception to the rule of basalt is found at Kasr ibn Wardân with its monumental church and barracks built of brick. Here Mr. Butler feels certain that we have to do with imperial constructions of Justinian's time. The church, of which an elaborate reconstruction is presented, is of a truly remarkable kind. All its arches are two-centred and slightly pointed. It had a lofty dome, the pendentives of which were pierced with rather large windows. The vaulting of the aisles and triforium already serves in a manner as buttress for the nave and dome. Here we see Byzantine architecture apparently getting ready to take the step that Romanesque architecture actually did take six centuries later. It looks as if the moment builders began the practice of cross vaulting the convenience of the pointed arch was sure to appear. The barracks of Kasr ibn Wardân boasted a domed hall only less important than the church. We can only hint at the interesting matter comprised in these monographs which cover buildings of all sorts ranging from the fourth to the seventh centuries, many of which are definitely dated by inscriptions. Much of the material is evidently significant in view of the whole Byzantine problem now under agitation.

"Distinctive Homes of Moderate Cost," edited by Henry H. Saylor (McBride, Winston & Co.), is a thin quarto of composite authorship and fully illustrated. Most of the articles have apparently done service in a periodical. They represent the customary good advice about the selection of a site, dealing with architect and contractor, choosing building materials, water supply, heating arrangements, and all the minutiæ of house furnishing to curtain, rugs, and wall papers. Naturally, the advice, coming from a score of writers, is of uneven authority. For example, the expert on garages evidently thinks that shelter for five cars is not excessive for the "home of moderate cost." In general, however, the remarks of the contributors are sensible. The present writer can cavil only at the article which recommends the most bizarre and unstructural fixtures for lights, and at the hopeful attitude of another counsellor toward certain base Oriental rugs of the day. Taken broadly, this compilation is good of its kind and may be read with profit by families meaning to build, who approach the emergency without experience or artistic prepossessions.

There is a distinct charm about P. H. Ditchfield's "The Manor Houses of England" (Scribner importation), with its tasteful cover and frontispiece like an old color print. These modest buildings are not exploited in the guidebooks, the historian of architecture usually passes them by; they are, however, of manifold interest. Being merely an expansion of the farmhouse or village residence, manor houses generally have remained true to the popular traditions of building, avoiding the pretentious aberrations exemplified in palatial structures. So the manor house represents merely the level best of local carpenters, masons, and plasterers, working under the vigilant eye of the squire. In fact, this element of personal care is prominent in these little estates. Our author remarks that "it is easier to discover a good manor house garden than one attached to a more magnificent mansion." Under a broad classification by materials (half-timber, brick, lime-stone, flint) typical houses throughout England are briefly described by the author and delineated by Sydney R. Jones's sympathetic pen. These drawings not merely harmonize delightfully with the letterpress, but give character to the buildings better than photographic cuts. The volume is pleasant reading and to the leisurely tourist full of suggestion for delights off the beaten track. For such readers we quote a tidbit. "The older houses," writes Mr. Ditchfield, "have for a corner-post the butt of a tree placed root upwards, with the top part curving diagonally outwards in order to carry the angle-posts of the upper storey." To reflect on this corner-post and then observe the make of the "Elizabethan houses" that are adorning our suburbs might be the beginning of wisdom in architecture.

Archibald H. Christie's "Traditional Methods of Pattern Designing," an introduction to the study of decorative art (Frowde), has the somewhat rare merit of being a thoroughly well-made book. The illustrations, about four hundred, are kept near the respective text, so that both continuous reading and occasional consultation are easy. Mr. Christie's point of view is that of abstract morphology. He brings together powdering, patterns, stripes, floral motives, strap and knot work, superimposed or countercharged designs, according to their structure, illustrating freely from many periods of art. For the practical designer this method has its advantages. Especially useful will be the chapters on laying out all manner of counter charged on reciprocal patterns and interlaces, and in general the insistence on geometry and the avoidance of realistic examples make this excellent little manual strong precisely where most modern pattern-making is weak. The analysis of intricate designs into their simple elements is a characteristic and useful exercise many times repeated. Among the cuts Oriental, Saracenic, and Persian examples preponderate. They are well chosen, and, generally, are reproduced from the author's sketches of quite unhackneyed originals. Color prints, as superfluous in this kind of a manual, are not provided. The text is somewhat condensed for the young student, but it will repay anyone who will give it the requisite close reading.

Finance.

STOCKS AND CROPS.

The readjustment has apparently gone far enough in securities, and possibly in commodities, for us to take our bearings once more. If it is assumed, as some have been prone to do in the past month, that stocks have declined in anticipation of reduced dividends, there is reason for supposing that, in the main, the downward movement must have about run its course. This will be more clearly perceived if we cite a few instances. Taking the quotations at the close of the market last Saturday, it will be seen that a 5 per cent. dividend on Atchison, in place of a 6 per cent., would mean a net return of above 5 per cent. If St. Paul were to come down from 7 per cent. to 6 per cent., the net return would be almost 5 per cent. (4.9 per cent.). Union Pacific could reduce from 10 per cent. to 8 per cent. without netting the investor less than 4.92 per cent. These stocks may well be used as an illustration, not merely because they are standard stock-market securities, but also because they have played a noteworthy part in the decline of the past month.

This is not to predict any such reduction in dividends; it is merely taking cognizance of a contingency which some persons have insisted on recognizing of late. The point is that if a decline should actually occur, the recent stock-market quotations could be viewed as having in these particular instances fully discounted the situation—that is, unless the situation is going to be affected by other considerations than the earning power of the properties. So far as the whole list is concerned, a good deal, of course, might remain to be done in the way of adjusting securities to the level of those stocks which have been the leaders in the late decline. But in the main, it is perhaps safe to assume that the stock market has at last "found itself," or at least come pretty near doing so.

It is harder to generalize with reference to commodities. Here the situation, to quite a remarkable degree, is affected by cross currents. For wheat and cotton and a number of other products higher prices are predicted, as a consequence of an alleged shortness in the world supply; but these predictions lack weight in the minds of many, by reason of the fact that the purchasing power of the masses, in this country at least, has been undergoing a contraction of late, and by reason also of the fact that there is some question where the money is coming from to finance these commodities pending the attainment of the hopes of the producers and speculators in the matter of higher quotations.

Indeed, there never was a time when the situation as regards commodities was more interesting. A few facts in connection with one or two standard products will show why. As these remarks are penned, spot cotton is quoted handsomely above 16 cents, or approximately 4½ cents above the figure equivalent to the price to which the mills have marked down the finished product, in the hope of creating a demand—which hope, by the way, has not yet been realized in any satisfactory degree. The August, October, and December options, covering the period in which the mills usually buy the bulk of their raw material for the twelvemonth, are also in excess of the equivalent price at which goods are being offered. Will the mountain go to Mahomet? Cotton-market quotations are based to-day on the assumption that the mills will a few months hence be scrambling for the staple. It should be said, however, that at the moment, at least, the attitude of the mills toward the raw material market is one of absolute unconcern. A large part of their machinery is idle, and they are far more concerned to sell goods than to buy cotton. Last year the planters and the speculators had the whip-hand; this year the manufacturers assert that they have in their storehouses too much cotton, or the equivalent goods, to give any thought to the course of the raw material market this autumn.

Naturally, in view of the crop news of the last few weeks, there are a great many persons who look for higher prices for wheat. Their confidence raises a number of considerations in the thoughtful mind. It is worth recalling that every time, for months past, that the price of wheat has gone up, the demand in the flour market has fallen flat. The prices postulated for foodstuffs during the next year may actually be realized, but it must be confessed that it is hard to see how that could be without forcing such rigid economies on the masses as to impair the movement of general commodities. Such prices would seriously menace our export prospects; and, as a matter of fact, not very much

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is now expected from wheat in the matter of improving our merchandise balance of trade, which, as shown by the recently published figures for the year ended June 30, 1910, is now far from offsetting our obligations abroad for interest, freights, insurance, bankers' loans, and other purposes. Unquestionably, our bankers are counting on a good-sized export movement of cotton as an aid to drawing gold from Europe this season, but it has yet to appear that their hopes are well founded. It remains to be proved that foreign spinners can pay the prices that are predicted for our cotton. Large purchases at such quotations would possibly place them at some disadvantage in the East, in competition with American mills, which, as has previously been intimated, are carrying very considerable stocks of last year's cotton or goods made from such cotton.

Cotton and wheat are the two commodities most likely to be affected by "scarcity" talk this autumn and winter, and yet even in the case of these there are many who fail to see how prices are going to be maintained, much less advanced. Predictions, however, are futile. The whole discussion, in the minds of the most thoughtful, rests on the fact that the average man's pocketbook has been growing thinner this summer, and we must be content to let time show us the effect of that fact on general prices. Such effect as has yet been witnessed is in the direction of a lower general level of quotations. If the movement should be accelerated, it would certainly be safe to declare our whole economic outlook materially improved. It would be possible, in passing, to call attention to "scarcity" periods in one or another standard commodity that have equalled or exceeded the present situation in cotton and wheat, when prices instead of advancing, declined in very marked degree. Such was the year 1900 in wool, following the great drought which prevailed for so many years in Australia.

The money situation has unquestionably improved; not enough as yet to warrant an early return to 1909 conditions in speculation and general business, but enough to create a strong hope that the readjustment now under way in securities and commodities will be carried to a logical conclusion without serious or prolonged disturbance to the economic life of the nation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ayres, L. P. Open-Air Schools. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.

Bornecque, H., and Röttgers, B. La France d'aujourd'hui. Lemcke & Buechner.

Canning, A. S. G. Sir Walter Scott Studied in Eight Novels. Wessels & Bissell. $2.50 net.

Carrington, F. C. Army Life on the Plains. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.

Coleridge, M. E. Gathered Leaves, with a Memoir by E. Sichel. Dutton. $2 net.

Coit, S. The Spiritual Nature of Man. London: West London Ethical Society.

Howard, Bronson. In Memoriam: Addresses Delivered at the Memorial Meeting, October 18, 1908. Jamaica, Queens Borough, N. Y.: Marion Press.

Heward, E. V. St. Nicotine of the Peace Pipe. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Hurlbut, J. L. Organizing and Building Up the Sunday School. Eaton & Mains. 65 cents net.

Johnson, O. The Varmint. Baker & Taylor. $1.50.

Jones, C. H. Life and Public Services of J. Glancy Jones. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Klein, D. Literary Criticisms from the Elizabethan Dramatists. Intro. by J. E. Spingarn. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.

Lawton, W. The Boy Aviators on Secret Service. Hurst & Co.

Lucas, R. Lord Glenesk and the "Morning Post." Lane Co. $6 net.

Lyons, A. N. Robert Blatchford. The Sketch of a Personality. Lane Co. 75 cents net.

Natural Ice Association of America: Proceedings, First Regular Meeting, April 12, 1910. New York.

Potter, A. Report Upon Joint Outlet Sewer in Essex and Union Counties, N. J. Second edition. New York: The author.

Reade, W. The Martyrdom of Man. Eighteenth ed., with an intro. by F. Legge. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Dept., State of Missouri. Year ending Dec. 31, 1909. Jefferson City.

Richards, E. H. Euthenics. Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows. $1 net.

Singleton, E. A Guide to Great Cities For Young Travellers. Northwestern Europe. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.

Smith, N. A., and Pepper, G. W. Investigation of the Dept. of the Interior and of the Forest Service: Brief Submitted to the Joint Com. of Congress on Behalf of Mr. Gifford Pinchot.

Stevenson, B. E. A Guide to Biography For Young Readers. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.

Tolman, A. H. Questions on Shakespeare. Part I and II. Univ. of Chicago Press. 75 cents and $1.

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The best material in this "review magazine" is undoubtedly supplied by George Bourne, C. W. Saleeby, Thomas F. Millard and Temple Scott. The article on King George by the first-named and on Karl Marx by the last-named are of the kind for which one pines in vain in the dull, orthodox reviews to which this country submits.

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The Week.

President Taft's appointment of a negro as collector of the "port" of Georgetown, D. C., will inevitably be attributed by some to political motives. There is a large negro vote in Ohio which is just now demanding attention as well as "recognition." But Mr. Taft has all along signified his purpose to bestow important Federal offices upon negroes, and this District appointment is in line with the conditions which he has said he should require. It has, besides, some humorous aspects. The President had before nominated a white local politician, but the Senate refused to confirm him. There was a demand by the citizens of the District that the office should be given to a man out of politics but in the District. No politicians and no non-residents, was the cry. Accordingly, Mr. Taft selected a real estate agent who happened to be a negro. The appointment, however, has not prevented the National Negro Independence League from resolving to throw its political strength against Republican Congressmen in the coming elections, partly on the ground that the President refuses to appoint colored men to office in places where any considerable number of white people object, but more because the Republican party has made no effort to carry out its platform pledges to the negro. Unsettled race questions have no pity for the repose of political parties.

What gives the postal savings bank system its most serious importance is well indicated by the character of the letters written by postmasters, especially in small towns, when applying for the designation of their offices as branch postal savings banks. A number of examples of these were given in the dispatches of last week. Conspicuous among the matters mentioned was, of course, the case of newly-settled foreigners, who are afraid to trust anything less sure than the United States Government with their savings; but quite apart from this there is evidently a general conviction that among wage-earners and other persons of small income there are large numbers for whom the opportunity of investing small earnings with perfect safety and without inconvenience will make all the difference between saving and not saving. In the case of large cities, there has really been no excuse for any person of moderate intelligence being deterred from laying by what he can, for lack of a safe place in which to put it, and the interest which our large and perfectly safe savings institutions pay is much larger than what the Government will offer; but in the small towns and the country districts these facilities do not exist. By bringing them to the people's doors, and inviting deposits from recent immigrants and from many others in the ranks of labor who are afraid to trust anything that does not carry the Government's guarantee, habits of thrift and a bracing self-respect should be promoted among thousands.

It is not only against bad laws, or against grasping "interests," that the struggle for the conservation of our national resources has to be directed. Destruction and deterioration through want of proper care cause a vast loss to the country every year. This is especially and most lamentably true in the matter of forest fires. We are making some progress in the direction of protecting the forests against this terrible destruction, but we have not yet risen to the necessities of the case. The tales that the dispatches are telling nowadays of forest fires in the Northwestern States and in Alaska make doleful reading. Of course, it is not only Government lands, but also private possessions, that are being thus devastated, and towns and villages are often wiped out by them. In whatever way the cost of an efficient system of protection against these fires might be distributed between national and local governments and private owners, the money that it would cost would be superlatively well invested. It is to be hoped that the approaching conservation congress will make an earnest effort to advance the system of protection against forest fires to a point far beyond that which it has reached.

Washington reports a turn in the tide of American immigration into Canada. Thousands of settlers from the United States are recrossing the border, and, in the company of other thousands who have hitherto kept their homes in the Prairie States, will move southward upon Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. The probabilities are that the extent of this new migration has been exaggerated in the preliminary reports. The beginning of the American movement into Canada is so recent, and in the main it has proved so strikingly successful, that it is hard to imagine a real turning of the tide for many years to come. If, however, this sudden veering of the American pioneer flow from the chilly plains of the Canadian West towards the sub-tropical climate of our own South should really take on measurable form, it will be to the sociologist, no less than to the practical man, one of the most dramatic and significant folk-movements on this continent. For Canada it would mean that her new-grown sense of independence would be heightened, when British and other European immigrants entirely replace the American settler. In this country, it would exemplify, in striking form, the passing of the pioneer stage of agriculture. The American farmer, finding the way to him closed in the West, turns back in his tracks and hunts about for the vacant lands that hitherto, in his opulence of broad acres, he has neglected.

The President has registered his protest against the traditional two-weeks' summer vacation of the forefathers. Sixty days, he told the good people of Bar Harbor, are not too much in which to make up for the wear and tear of ten months of business. Here is another instance of how Mr. Taft seems bound to keep on differentiating himself, in the public mind, from a recently returned African traveller. Could such a gospel of Capuan dalliance conceivably issue from Sagamore Hill? Is anything more needed to prove Mr. Taft's innate fondness for the flabby and the conservative as against the strenuous and the insurgent? Two months! In two months what could not a man with real, red blood in his veins accomplish? Not in two months, but in a single week, some one recently settled Egypt's business.

Not in two months, but after a single night's tramp with a British Minister through English woodlands, some one recently evolved an article on English song-birds which may be found in last week's *Outlook*. Not in two months, but in five days of ocean travel, some one recently wrote a chapter on Protective Colorations in Animals, which takes issue with prevailing views on the subject, and is to form the concluding chapter of a volume treating of African game trails. Silly optimists who still hope that Mr. Roosevelt will endorse the Taft Administration, are invited to consider this latest plea of the President in favor of a two months' summer vacation.

Reports from the West that the insurgent Republicans were seriously thinking of founding a "third party," with Roosevelt and Bryan as its Castor and Pollux, were from the first too ridiculous for credence, though this did not prevent much grave newspaper comment. Now, however, both Senator Cummins, in whose "personal organ" the suggestion was made, and Senator Bristow stamp the whole yarn as an invention. The insurgents are to make their fight within their own party. If they lose, they may conclude to keep on struggling or possibly to go over to the Democrats temporarily. If they win, they will be in a strong position and able with much more reason than before to demand that the Republican leaders do something to appease the dissatisfaction of which insurgency is the expression. It will be noticed that both Cummins and Bristow keep pounding away on the tricks and frauds in the Payne-Aldrich bill. Speaker Cannon refers to this as an attempt to "put the Republican party out of business." It may prove, however, a means of putting it in the business of making a really honest revision of the tariff.

With the motives and aim of the Camp-Fire Club, in its broadside against the policy of Secretary Nagel in reference to the fur seals of the Pribilof Islands, one may be in full sympathy without at the same time being convinced that the facts it cites are beyond challenge, or that the weight of expert opinion is certainly on its side. The gist of its complaint is that the bill passed by Congress last April was intended to enforce a close season, whereas Secretary Nagel proposes to go on killing a certain number of male seals. But reference to the act itself shows that the whole was left to the discretion of the Secretary of Commerce. There was nothing mandatory in the law. Its chief aim was to aid in preventing pelagic sealing, and the diminution of the herd by the slaughter of females. Yet a long list of experts, headed by President Jordan, are of the opinion that both ends will best be attained by killing every year on the islands, under Government regulation, a certain percentage of males. The Camp-Fire Club exclaims that this is not at all what it expected, or what its own members believe to be the true policy; but the case as it stands is obviously not one for violent attack, on either side, but for careful inquiry into the exact facts and a determination by the highest authority just how we ought to proceed. Secretary Nagel is beyond question as eager as the Camp-Fire Club to preserve the seals; as to the scientific method of doing so, he thinks he has better advice than it has. The thing to do is not to rail at him, but to convict him of ignorance.

Of the two companies which have taken the lead in sending up the price of bottled milk to 9 cents a quart, one company was shown in Attorney-General O'Malley's report to the New York Legislature last April to have paid 12 per cent. dividends every year since its organization. In 1909 it paid 22 per cent. in dividends. It must have been this desperate absence of profit that compelled the company in question to increase the price from 8 cents to 9 last November. Bowing before public opposition and the possibility of prosecution by the State, the milk companies went back to the old price—after five or six months. With courage worthy of a better cause they now return to the attack. If this time the milk companies mean to stick, the Attorney-General's report has laid sufficient basis for a thorough testing out of the question. If the manœuvre is to be the old one of holding out against public clamor for a couple of months and retiring gracefully with a heavy extra profit, the case is more reprehensible still. The reasons for the latest increase in prices are the same hard-worked reasons of last year and the year before. There is the high price which the companies claim to be paying the farmer, and which it has been repeatedly shown they do not pay. There is, in the second place, the season. All seasons smile upon the milk operator. He raises prices in the late fall, in winter, and in midsummer. Unlike the Russians against Napoleon, who had Generals January and February on their side, the milk companies have all the generals from January to December with them.

Legislators who enter into bi-partisan combinations may read a warning in the news from Illinois. Last week, at a conference of Democrats at Lincoln, a movement was begun to defeat for renomination those Democratic members of the Legislature who helped the Republican ring elect Shurtleff Speaker and Lorimer Senator. To a bitter denunciation of these "traitors," the conference added an excoriation of Roger C. Sullivan, the Democratic boss, who is held primarily responsible for the party's disgrace. On the same day it was announced that Gov. Deneen and his friends would conduct a campaign against every one of the thirty-two Lorimer-Shurtleff Republicans who refused to enter the party caucus, and constituted the Republican end of the bi-partisan merger. The Governor himself will go into every district where these men are striving for renomination and raise the clear issue that this is "a question of control by the dominant political party or by an irresponsible bi-partisan alliance." All this is in line with the action of the Wisconsin Democratic Convention which read out of the party three Assemblymen who made possible the election of the Republican Senator Stephenson a year ago by absenting themselves from the session. These protests against corrupt bi-partisanship seem to indicate that so long as party responsibility is an accepted fact in our political system, the party must be made actually responsible. All of which, we may remark, is just as true of New York as of Illinois or Wisconsin.

There is at least one man in the world who has remained faithful to the cause to which, in the stirring days of '96, Mr. William Jennings Bryan declared his undying devotion. Mr. Bryan clung to silver with undiminished zeal in 1900,

and held on with some firmness in 1904; but since that time it has faded out into the dim recesses of his mind. Mr. Moreton Frewen, however, is not only unwavering in his fidelity, but strikes ever and ever again the same old note, and utters again and again the same dismal prophecies. The fall of exchange with Asia continues to hang over the destiny of the Western world, threatening its civilizations with destruction. Vast industries are being built up in China, he says in a letter to the London *Spectator*, through the beneficent workings of cheap money; in certain great lines he is convinced that "a quarter of a century of present exchange rates with China will wipe out all her white competitors." But we have already had a quarter of a century in which an abysmal fall has taken place in the gold-value of silver, and about fifteen years in which silver has been continuously worth (in gold) only half what it used to be, or less; and yet no beginning has been made towards that consummation. Chinese exports have been growing at a jog-trot rate, and imports have been growing likewise—no sign of a Westward flood driving out Occidental industry.

From the mixed results of Saturday's Democratic primaries in Texas, it is possible to argue that real issues will bring out a real expression of opinion from the electors. Even Texas heat did not prevent four hundred thousand Democrats from going to the polls, either because they wanted to have something to say on the prohibition question—the chief issue in this contest—or because they were interested in one of the four candidates for Governor. The returns show, however, that a considerable proportion of the electors must have disregarded the platform on which the candidates stood, for, while the submission of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor was carried by some twenty thousand votes, Oscar B. Colquit, an anti-prohibitionist, who opposed submission, seems to have won over his opponents by almost sixty thousand plurality. Judge Poindexter, who is an ardent submissionist, and who had the support of Senator Bailey, ran about even for second place with Gene Johnson, the unconditional prohibitionist. Many minor issues were injected into the campaign which ended Saturday, part of them personal and part sectional, but if the result shows anything it is that the electors used their discrimination to such an extent that they have chosen Colquit, despite the fact that he is opposed to a proposal which a large majority of his party supporters have endorsed.

The way in which selection interferes with the making of trustworthy causal inferences from statistics is constantly being illustrated by such inquiries as those dealing with the effects of smoking on colleges students. A very careful investigation of this kind, conducted by Dr. George L. Meylan of Columbia University, is summarized in the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It comes out quite plainly, for example, that the percentage of smokers who do well in their studies is very much smaller than that of non-smokers; but Dr. Meylan feels bound to call attention to the fact that there are in college two quite different classes of students, those who go to college with an earnest purpose as students and those who go chiefly for the pleasures or social attractions of college life, and that a vastly greater percentage of the latter class is, of course, to be found among the smokers than among the non-smokers. Thus it cannot be inferred that it is the smoking that makes the poor scholarship, the only thing to say is that the two things are apt to go together. Fortunately, however, quite apart from statistics of this kind, "all scientists are agreed that the use of tobacco by adolescents is injurious," and accordingly Dr. Meylan urges parents, teachers, and physicians to "strive earnestly to warn youths against its use."

Hard luck continues to pursue the British protectionists. When Mr. Chamberlain started his great campaign against free trade, seven or eight years ago, his heaviest gun was the fact that for three or four years the volume of British exports had been about stationary; but, as ill luck would have it, the figures almost immediately began mounting up, and in 1907 they reached the colossal total of £426,000,000, as against £290,000,000 in 1903. After the world-wide depression of 1907, the amount of British exports naturally declined, the total for 1908 and 1909 being £377,000,000 and £378,000,000, respectively; but the returns for the first six months of the present year indicate that 1910 will probably break even the unexampled record of 1907. Exports of domestic products from the United Kingdom, for the half year ending June 30, 1910, exceed those for the corresponding period of 1909 by £27,000,000; so that, unless something should occur to check the steady upward movement that has been manifested during the past few months, the total for the year may be expected to surpass that for 1907. What makes the showing all the more remarkable is the fact that average prices of the exported articles were presumably lower in 1910 than in 1907, the *Economist's* index number having decidedly fallen. With British manufactures and commerce thus perversely prospering under the blight of free trade, the Conservatives would be having uphill work trying to win a majority in the House of Commons on the issue of "tariff reform," if the general election were now on.

The speedy collapse of the strike on the Northeastern Railway in England suggests some reflections that are just now very much in point for our own country. What brought the strike to an end was the refusal of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants to recognize and finance the fight of the strikers. This indicates that the sobriety and cool judgment which became characteristic of the great trades unions of England forty or fifty years ago, after a preceding period of wild combativeness, have not disappeared from their councils. There has recently grown up in this country a disposition among large numbers of well-meaning and otherwise intelligent persons to espouse the side of the strikers in any contest without inquiry either into the merits of their contentions or the possibilities of the business situation. There is, of course, a point of view from which practically every strike will command the sympathy of kind-hearted persons; we all feel that the lot of the workers is comparatively hard. But if we are to act simply on that consideration, we ought not to stop at approving and assisting every strike actually declared, but should instigate a universal strike; in other words, should go in for revolution.

"DEMOCRATIC" AS A LABEL.

"Government by label" has justly been called one of the leading political vices of modern times. We are all tempted to be nominalists in politics. It is so easy to affix a tag to a given movement or measure—to say, oracularly, "This is socialistic," "This savors of anarchy," or, worst of all, "This is un-American." Yet the effort of the thoughtful citizen should obviously be to pierce through names to realities; to test definitions by examples. Really intelligent opinions cannot be formed, much less can a discriminating vote be cast, on the basis of adjectives or epithets, whether they be applied by friends or enemies of any bill or project or party. Statutes may be passed to assure us that a package stamped "pure food" will really contain it, but there is no law and no authority to guarantee, by the label, that a proposal or political device is of the essence of pure democracy. Yet the description "democratic" or "undemocratic" is confidently employed on all hands, more freely than almost any other in use.

An amusing but instructive example of this was given in the recent set debate in the House of Commons on the woman suffrage bill. That measure was attacked both because it was too democratic and because it was undemocratic. Winston Churchill opposed it because it was undemocratic in giving propertied women the franchise while excluding their poverty-stricken sisters. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not vote for it because it was not democratic enough. Similarly, the Prime Minister objected that there was no clear "principle" in the bill, and that it was plainly not democratic. Upon all this playing fast and loose with the term "democratic," Mr. Balfour made a really admirable comment. He refused to be caught in the tangle of question-begging epithets. For him it was not a question of ready-made categories or doctrinaire "principles," but of actual political realities. The distinction which he would make, and which he did make with a force that can be but poorly indicated by a mere extract, was substantially as follows.

> My view is that a democracy, properly understood, is governed by consent, broadly speaking. The idea that you can give to every citizen in this country of a given age exactly the same weight in the counsels of the Empire, or that, if you did give them precisely and exactly the same weight, we should get on better than now—all that seems to me to be rather visionary. But I do think that whenever you get to the point that a class feels itself as a class excluded, and outraged by being excluded, then those who believe that democracy, properly understood, is the only possible government for any nation at the stage of political evolution which we have reached must consider whether it is not their business to try to see that the government which is by hypothesis not a government by consent can be turned into government by consent.
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> Do not answer me by saying, "How loose is the phrase 'government by consent.' How are you going to define it and put it in an act of Parliament?" You cannot put it in an act of Parliament. You cannot put it into any formulæ. Is it on that account worse suited to deal with conditions so complex as those of our modern civilization, and are we not sufficient statesmen to refuse to reject a system because we cannot clear-cut every frontier of our case and be able to say with perfect precision that this instance falls outside your rubric and that instance within? Therefore my ground, broadly speaking, is not a ground of right, and I refuse to be frightened by all the arguments used by the Prime Minister that if you once admit a right you do not know where it will end. I do not admit the right, but I do say that when women have begun, or any large and important section of women have begun, to feel that they suffer under an hereditary disability it is your business to consider the situation and to see if you cannot remedy that grievance.

We are not now concerned with the particular application which Mr. Balfour made of this reasoning to the bill before Parliament; we merely wish to signalize it as the kind of reasoning which has made Anglo-Saxon government the thing it is, and of which we cannot have too much. It embodies, that is to say, the sort of cautious inquiry and feeling one's way politically, with an entire rejection of the either-or logic, and a sweeping conclusion from a general principle, which have made our liberties slowly broaden down and not come in crashes and revolutions. If certain classes of women are given the Parliamentary franchise in England, it will be because men like Mr. Balfour feel that the women have at last fairly "made out their case," and not at all because Englishmen are as yet ready to draw severely logical inferences from some assumed grand axiom of democracy, or are prepared to jump lightly from one case to another alleged to be on all-fours with it. It is this kind of slow-footed advance and refusal to be deluded by names that led Bagehot to thank God that his countrymen were not logical in their politics. There is, however, the truest kind of political logic in this method which insists upon searching the premises to the bottom before undertaking to draw general conclusions.

If in this country our philosophers were statesmen, or our statesmen philosophers, they would have abundant occasion at the present time to warn their fellow-citizens against being led astray by political labels. In particular they need to be on their guard against the all too facile use of the word "democratic." The very fact that it is a noble name, standing for something that is now in our very life-blood, and connected with our brightest hopes of progress, is a reason why we should not permit it to be indiscriminately used in every recurring political hurly-burly. A thousand things are said to be needed or inevitable because they are democratic, and a thousand others are condemned because they are not. Direct nominations, the referendum, the recall, election of United States Senators by direct vote—all these have the label "democratic" eagerly affixed to them, or angrily torn off. But if our democracy is true to its genius, it will not permit itself to be deceived by tags. It will patiently hear what is said and test each case as it comes up, seeking to discover on which side lies the weight, not of assertion but of argument, and will not be afraid of being denounced for acting on the rule of thumb. A thumb is at least a real thing, whereas a label may be only an airy nothing.

PROGRESS IN CITY GOVERNMENT.

For something like half a century the defects and vices of our municipal governments have been acknowledged, by the common consent of all thinking persons, as the one worst exhibit of our great American experiment with democracy. When, in 1893, Mr. Bryce—at once the most friendly and optimistic and the most competent of our foreign critics—said, in his "American Commonwealth," that "there is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States," he made an assertion which, so far from being startling, was but the statement of an undisputed fact. Indeed, the feeling was widely entertained that the vicious character of our city governments was ineradicably connected either with

our democratic system or with the essential qualities of our people, and that all attempts at radical improvement were doomed to failure.

To-day there is no standing-ground for such a view. Substantial progress toward higher standards, both of honesty and efficiency, has been made by most of our American cities. Part of this progress has been effected simply by the advance of public opinion; but a much greater part has come through an improved organization of municipal government. For the past two or three decades there has been a steady growth of the idea that the old aldermanic system was essentially unsuited to the handling of our municipal problems, and charter after charter has been adopted in which the central idea was a concentration of responsibility upon a few persons charged with definite administrative duties and clothed with ample powers. The commission system, which has lately been attracting so much attention, is but the culmination of this movement. It is not a brand-new manifestation; there is nothing revolutionary about it. What limitations are to be set upon its usefulness or desirability remains to be seen; in the meanwhile, there is no denying the remarkable and beneficial results it has accomplished in the moderate-sized but important cities in which it has been tried. The changes that have been wrought in Galveston, in Houston, in Dallas, and in Des Moines, make a most impressive story.

The extinction of graft is a common feature in all these cases, and is in itself a great thing. But the story does not end there. Under the commission system of efficiency and responsibility we hear of municipal credit reestablished, great sanitary improvements installed, business enterprise promoted, splendid park extensions effected, and so forth—all this in a remarkably short space of time, and without any increase of taxation. What such a change in the spirit and character of city government may mean to the happiness of the people, in the course of a generation or two, may easily be conjectured; and, moreover, we have only to look at the progress in beauty and comfort of the German cities which have long enjoyed government of the highest excellence to have ocular demonstration of its possibilities.

Whether a form of government which does well for a city of 50,000 or 100,000 with a comparatively homogeneous population is equally adapted to a great metropolis of cosmopolitan population and with problems far more complex and formidable is, of course, an open question. The experience of Des Moines or Houston, though valuable, is not conclusive; it is probable that similar experiments in larger cities will present more difficulty. But, in the meantime, a vast amount of light has been thrown on the general question of the honesty and efficiency that it is possible to secure by a proper distribution of responsibility, and on the still broader question of the benefits resulting therefrom. The experiment which Mayor Gaynor is now carrying on in New York city is of essentially the same nature. He has cut loose from many a vicious tradition and precedent, and has gone right to the heart of the question of responsible and efficient administration in one direction after another.

In most of the cities that have adopted the commission plan the "recall" has been made part of the system. Of course, this is not an essential feature of the plan, but it is regarded by many of its advocates as in the highest degree important. On this head it should be remarked that the question of the advisability of the recall in the case of municipal officers is of a wholly different character from the same question as applied to members of a legislature or to other political officers. One obvious objection to the commission plan is the placing of unusual discretionary powers in the hands of a few administrative officials; and the recall is designed as a check on the possible abuse of these powers. It has been said, apparently with good ground, that the success of the commission experiment in Des Moines turned largely on the potential use of the recall in the case of some of the commissioners first elected; when these showed signs of a failure to live up to their responsibilities, the prospect of a recall soon sent them back into the middle of the road. The idea of the recall as a universal medicine is repugnant to the spirit of representative government; but it does not follow that it is undesirable as a precautionary instrument for particular classes of offices. Of course, such talk as Mr. Garfield's, when he considered its possible application even to judgeships, is simply childish.

A "LAWYER'S COLUMN."

We have received a printed copy of the unconventional and pungent address which Mr. James Byrne of the New York bar delivered before the State Bar Association of North Carolina on June 29. Without wasting time on generalities about the obvious duty of lawyers as citizens and patriots, Mr. Byrne went swiftly to his point, which is that members of the legal profession are not so active as they ought to be in promoting the intelligent discussion of important public questions. Most of our legislative bodies are made up largely of lawyers; and nearly every burning political issue finally resolves itself into a dispute about laws, in force or proposed; yet lawyers as a rule do much less than politicians or editors in endeavoring to lead the voters to make right decisions.

To make his remedy for this evil concrete, Mr. Byrne urges the establishment of a "Lawyer's Column" in the newspapers. To it he would have members of the bar of high standing and good repute contribute accurate information especially about new laws under discussion. He gives a sample letter, of the kind which he thinks ought frequently to be published in the press, apropos of the railway bill which was passed in the last session of Congress. It consists of a careful and detached analysis of the existing Federal laws on the subject, put into proper relation with State laws, and then a summary statement of the arguments for and against the proposed changes in the law, with a forecast of their legal effect and probable operation in practice. The advantage which Mr. Byrne contends that a lawyer would have, in writing for the purpose of public enlightenment, is the exact habit of mind which leads to precise citation of statutes and bills, and of the decisions of courts in their full context and bearing, as opposed to the loose and slapdash methods of stump speakers, and the hasty writing and partial knowledge of newspapers.

The general idea seems to us to be excellent, and we admit the force of Mr. Byrne's argument for more serious and informed debate concerning the larger matters which agitate our politics. Editors will not be miffed by Mr. Byrne's

quiet assumption that they are too often in ignorance of the precise state of the facts and the true effect of the law. If he can suggest a way of making up their deficiencies, we are sure that they would jump at the chance. Any newspaper would be glad to accept and print regular communications from the leading minds of the legal profession.

The true obstacles to Mr. Byrne's plan lie elsewhere. Could he bring his fellow-lawyers to the scratch? Many grave doubts present themselves. It is not only that able lawyers are very busy men, and that they are accustomed to be well paid for their written opinions. They are, as a class, very sensitive on the subject of having their motives possibly misconstrued. And they would know perfectly well that, if they were to go into print on the controverted political questions of the day, no matter with what pure and unselfish intentions, they would immediately be suspected of an ulterior purpose. If, for example, a leading lawyer were to write some public letters on a pending bill affecting railways, the sneer would at once be heard, "Oh, Mr. Habeas Corpus evidently wants a retainer!" Or, "I see that Mr. Nisi Prius is thinking of running for Congress!" In a word, the work which Mr. Byrne would lay upon his brethren would necessarily have the air of being professional; and everything of that kind, no matter how well meant, is open to unkind suspicions.

We very much fear, therefore, that any newspaper which put the words "Lawyer's Column" on one of its pages would find the space either unoccupied or wasted. The lawyers whom editors and the public would hear gladly would not write, while those for whose opinions nobody cared would do nothing but write. Moreover, they would be continually falling foul of each other, exposing each other's blunders and fallacies, intimating that the other fellow was no better than a pettifogger, and leaving the public rather more in the dark than before how to decide when lawyers differ. We also beg leave to intimate a doubt whether the average lawyer would at all be able to manœuvre his fleet of heavy-armed verbiage inside of Mr. Byrne's "column"! Yet the force of Mr. Byrne's contention remains great. Public discussion is far too trivial and ill-informed; and if the legal profession can in any way aid in making it more weighty and instructed, it is their duty to do so.

GREAT WRITERS THEN AND NOW.

The initial steps have recently been taken toward the formation in England of an Academy of Literature, which, like the French Academy, is to comprise forty members. The original members number twenty-seven, of whom the best-known are Alfred Austin, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Andrew Lang, Lord Morley, Sir Arthur Pinero, and George Macaulay Trevelyan. The list, it will be observed, is arranged alphabetically, a circumstance that has the unfortunate result of placing in the most conspicuous position the name of a writer of verse whom it is almost inconceivable that any representative body of literary men should include among the prospective "immortals," were it not for the accident of his official laureateship; but with this exception the list of the nine "best-known" among the twenty-seven elect represents, in every instance, a high order of literary merit. Possibly George Macaulay Trevelyan is written in the dispatches by error for George Otto Trevelyan; but either father or son would stand well in the company. Two additional members were selected by the original twenty-seven at their first meeting, which was held last week, these being Maurice Hewlett and A. C. Benson. The name of Kipling is conspicuous by its absence; and other names which will occur at once as having claims to a place alongside the names mentioned are those of Shaw, Chesterton, and Wells.

Leaving out Alfred Austin for reasons already indicated, and omitting Trevelyan on account of a reasonable doubt as to which Trevelyan is meant, we have a list of seven names—Dobson, Gosse, Hardy, James, Lang, Morley, and Pinero—representing, with a fair degree of accuracy, the height of literary eminence in the England of to-day; and it is a natural impulse—for men no longer young, at all events—to compare this array with what it might have been half a century ago. Then, as now, there would have been a great number of highly meritorious and highly appreciated writers from among whom a company of twenty-seven might have been selected in a great variety of ways; but the choice of seven is marked out with singular definiteness. Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Thackeray, Carlyle and Ruskin, and John Stuart Mill—these were the men who, in 1860, were the shining lights of English letters. To the last name, the objection might be made that he was more of a philosopher, economist, and publicist than a representative of "pure literature"; but it would be mere pedantry to exclude from the category of literature a voice like his, which influenced not only the thought but the sentiment of two generations.

Between the two sets of names there is a difference so profound as to be almost startling. It is not a mere difference of greater literary ability—a question of superior mastery of literary art or greater native powers of expression. There is a certain largeness, a certain breadth and sweep, a certain oneness with the great currents of life and thought, that is characteristic of each one of the seven great mid-Victorians, and is absent almost entirely from their present-day successors. Of all of the seven latter-day names, only those of Thomas Hardy and of John Morley represent that quality of high seriousness which belongs to every one of the earlier masters. In the case of Morley, however, notable as has been his record as a writer and a political worker, it is not as a primary source either of influence or illumination that we can think of him, but only as an unusually admirable writer of the second order. As for Hardy, it would be idle to attempt to appraise the merit of his subtle and profound creative work, and to compare it with such wholly dissimilar achievements as those of Dickens and Thackeray; but whatever the result of such comparison, the fact would still stand out that Hardy's work is, relatively speaking, that of a specialist—an artist with his own peculiar method addressed to one type of mind or to one mood of the soul—as against the wide sweep, the abounding humanity, the all-embracing appeal of his great predecessors. In the other fields—in poetry, represented by Tennyson and Browning, and in the great domains in which Carlyle and Ruskin and Mill held sway—there is of course to-day not even the most distant approach to the experience of the older time.

Nor can we flatter ourselves that the difference is merely apparent, and due

to an illusion of distance. It was while these men were living, and in the prime of their powers, that their greatness was most amply recognized and most fully effective upon the minds and hearts of men. Indeed, with the single exception of Browning, we believe it may be said that the fame of all these mid-Victorian writers was nearly at its zenith in the year 1860. We are not counting others of the first rank who might be included if we were to anticipate by a little their coming eminence; for George Eliot had produced "Adam Bede" in 1859, and George Meredith's "Richard Feverel" appeared in the same year. Nor are we counting names which represent a vast popularity and vogue without having a deeper significance, such as Bulwer, or Charles Reade, or Trollope. In this great galaxy of seven names, each one meant, to millions of their contemporaries, a large element of life, a factor without which the world would not be the same. Of which of the seven "best-known" men in the new-born Academy can the like be said? Who among them is a centre of life-giving inspiration, a source of intellectual and spiritual sustenance? Whatever the reason, we have fallen upon a different time—a time when, with great currents of helpful energy and public-spirited zeal flowing alongside the mighty tides of commerce and industry and science and invention, there is yet a lack of something refreshing and vivifying and inspiriting which was poured forth mightily in days that in many ways were far darker.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN INDIA.

Bombay, India, July 1.

Despite the caricatures that Rudyard Kipling and other Anglo-Indian writers have seen fit to make of "Babu-English," there is no doubt that the Hindu has a better genius for learning foreign languages than has the Briton. Whereas the average Englishman, after virtually a lifetime in Hindustan, has a wofully inadequate vocabulary of Hindustani and an execrable pronunciation, hundreds of thousands of natives in India now speak and write faultless English; millions of boys and girls to-day are acquiring a more or less intimate acquaintance with the English and American masters of prose, poetry, and drama; and the volume of periodicals and books printed wholly or partly in English which daily pours from the presses in the Land of Ind has already assumed gigantic proportions, and year by year is growing in size.

At present there is not a town of any importance in the whole of the peninsula in which an English paper—fortnightly or weekly, if not daily—is not printed. These newspapers are set up and printed by natives, who also prepare and edit all literary matter and correct proofs. The metropolitan cities maintain English daily papers—Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Allahabad, and Lahore each possessing several dailies printed wholly in the language of the rulers, but brought out and read by the ruled. In these larger cities, several newspapers, also, are printed for the exclusive benefit of the Englishman domiciled in India, and for his half-breed brother, the Eurasian; but although they are edited, financed, managed, and read by the white man, they are invariably set in type and printed by natives. From Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Allahabad are issued monthly publications printed in English—all serious reviews, and with two exceptions unillustrated. One of the magazines in question, the *Modern Review*, prints color-types which nearly approach the excellence of colored illustrations in the best American magazines. It seems almost superfluous to add that many of these Indian papers and periodicals are set up by linotypes and printed on modern presses run by steam and electricity.

Exact figures are not available as to the actual number of English papers in India. The total number of all newspapers printed in Hindustan in 1905-06, however, was 747, whereas there were only 674 in the previous year. The number of periodical publications, for the same year, mounted up to 793, an increase of 283 above the preceding year. During this period the Indian post office statistics show that 44,045,566 individual pieces of current literature were received for delivery. At a rough estimate it may safely be assumed that out of this circulation at least one-fifth of the copies were printed in English. It must be remembered also that, India being a poor country, papers and periodicals pass from hand to hand, each copy being read by from ten to fifteen times the number of people that would read it in the United States. Considering the cheapness of Indian labor, current literature is much dearer in Hindustan than it is in America. In fact, the one-cent English daily is an unknown institution, even among the native community in India. The newspaper, as a rule, costs two cents, or more likely, three, four, five, or even six cents. The reason for this is that the newspaper—the English and the vernacular, native-conducted as well as foreign-managed—lacks the patronage of the advertiser.

In contrast with this, the Indian manages to print his books at a very low cost. The English books, especially, are a marvel of cheapness, the native edition of standard works whose copyright has expired being almost half the price charged for it in America. Among English publications, text-books for schools and colleges easily take the first place. The Indian publisher seems to be very ambitious to publish annotated standard books of English prose and poetry for use in the class-room, the notes being specially prepared by an English or native professor with the peculiar needs of the Indian pupil in mind. Deservedly these special editions are popular, and the student buys the foreign book only when he cannot find a reliable home edition.

Fiction and drama are poorly represented. This is probably due to the fact that, after all is said, English is a foreign language, and since the facile pen is the *sine qua non* of a novelist, the Indian must have recourse to his dialect, no matter how poor in expressions it may be. Besides, during the past few years, the native vernaculars have absorbed thousands of English words, and thus they are to-day a far better means of expression than they were a few years since. Of the few English novels written by Indians and printed in Hindustan last year, "Satyananda," by A. Madhaviah, published by the press of the *Mysore Review*, Bangalore, is the only volume of any importance. The action of the plot, which requires 422 pages to work itself out, takes place at Bengras, across between Madras and Bengal, the characters all being natives of the former presidency. You are made acquainted with the modern, Western-educated Indian lawyer, with his fine contempt for moral scruples, who in one respect, is like the American attorney in that he advertises himself through his patriotism and uses it as a ladder to fame, fortune, and position. Then there is the typical ignorant, superstitious Hindu wife, who succeeds in ruining the happiness of her family. You have almost a personal affection for the educated young Hindu, who still retains his religious orthodoxy, and who, no matter how he is circumstanced, invariably reveals himself as a true gentleman. You find depicted, with life-like reality, the treacherous Jesuit managers of an Indian college. The book affords an insight into the contempt with which the natives of the land regard the Christian missionaries, and also throws strong side-lights upon the hatred existing to-day between the white rulers and the brown ruled in Hindustan.

Another interesting English novel from the pen of an Indian, recently published, is "The Slave Girl of Agra," by Sirdar Jogendra Singh. It is an historical romance dealing with Mumtaz-Mahal, in whose memory the celebrated Taj Mahal was built by her surviving consort, the Emperor Shah Jahan. The story is well written and cleverly work-

ed up. This volume has been issued by a London publisher, but is largely imported into India.

The great bulk of the English books, printed in India, save the text-books, are religious and metaphysical. The Hindu has been philosophical and mystic; and the leaders of India to-day are doing what they can to prevent the younger generation from abandoning the ancient religion; to this end they are providing translations and commentaries of the sacred books which the younger readers cannot read in the original. In the present decade, especially, this seems to be the dominant tendency, and, from the presses all over the country, pretentious and unpretentious volumes are poured out, all written with the purpose of keeping the young sheep from straying into the pastures of free thought, agnosticism, atheism, and Christianity—for among the orthodox natives the last-named is put on a par with the preceding heresies. Of the serious attempts recently made along this line a notable example is the volumes entitled "The Sacred Books of the Hindus," by Major Vamandas Basu, now being published by the Panini Office, Bahadurganj, Allahabad.

But for better or for worse, the Indian is losing his love for the metaphysical and is becoming more infatuated with politics. This change is strongly reflected in the English books issued in Hindustan. The leaders may redouble their activities to produce wholesome literature for the religious edification of the English-educated young Indians, yet the political pamphlet by far outnumbers the sacred book. Nearly all the political propaganda work is done through the medium of the English language and among the English-speaking Indians. As a natural result, the majority of the political books brought out in India are published in English.

This political literature may be divided roughly into two classes. The first is frothy and foamy, more or less with a red tinge, and contains nothing but agitation directed against the continuance of Great Britain's rule in India. The second is of a more serious character, it is written with a view to inspiring a sentiment of nationality in the incoherent masses of Hindustan, and appeals to them to arise from their slumber of ages and set out on the path of organized progress. On the one hand, the Indians are urged to give up the hampering ways and prejudicial institutions that have come down to them from the ages, and on the other they are enjoined not to permit themselves to be denationalized.

As showing the present trend of India, I may mention "The Tonsure of Hindu Widows," an essay by M. Subramanyam, B.A., B.L., published by G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. This little book is one of a series of prize essays brought out by authority of the Madras Hindu Association, which is interested in doing away with hindering religious practices. The author proves, by the "Shastras," the Hindu sacred books, that the practice of shaving the head of the widowed girl has no religious sanction, since they enjoin merely that a Hindu widow shall not dress her hair elaborately.

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

Correspondence.

ART IN THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently a painter and critic who is well known in the art centres of the world said that, in his honest opinion, "the best art work to be done would shortly proceed from the universities." His statement compels us to consider the standing of art in the present-day American university.

Most of us consider that art is eminently respectable, but that artists are the precise reverse. We have a dim, vague notion that painting and sculpture, like poetry, are the results of a disordered brain. We expect the artist to be a "Bohemian"—which has a bad connotation—and we more than suspect that his charming pictures may be the product or even the direct result of a misspent life. Such is the idea of the public, and artists, as a class, foster these opinions; for many of them, when asked by admiring laymen how they paint pictures, will say that they have worked hard to master their technique, but, with a touch of pride, that they cannot explain how they do it—they really don't know. They leave one to imagine that their art has come straight from the gods, and that they, as the prophets of art, should be considered in a different light from other people. Thus the uninitiated imagine that art is not amenable to law; in short, that it is perfectly non-reasonable.

These two attitudes, that of the artist and that of the public, have determined more or less the present standing of art in the American university. Universities are local, no matter how much one may wish that they were national. There is the University of the East and the University of the West. Each includes art in its curriculum, and the treatment in each is the result of local conditions. The Eastern university realizes that art stands for culture, that much-abused word in the West. Art is, therefore, and for a long time has been, a part of her curriculum; it is taught from the literary and æsthetic standpoint, and here, for all practical purposes, the instruction begins and ends. Drawing is taught, of course, and some excellent design; our best masters of water color visit the university once or twice a week and criticise classes. The courses are, however, intended primarily for architects, for it is thought that other students who take up such studies are loafing. Few understand the value of these courses for laymen. The Western university, with her intense desire to *do* things, cannot afford to pay a good man to lecture on æsthetics and other impractical subjects. She is now laboring under the impression, in very many cases a mistaken one, that the people who are paying the taxes and supporting her must see the most tangible results possible, and that they do not appreciate the value of culture, and, consequently, art, *per se*. She, therefore, introduces classes in the arts and crafts, and leaves the rest severely alone. The great new West is really beginning to see the commercial value of æsthetics, however, and the universities will soon be confronted with a new aspect of the problem.

Now, as Sir Roger de Coverley would say, "there is a great deal to be said upon both sides." The Eastern attitude is over-conservative and senile; the Western ill-considered and puerile. The remedy is a combination of these two attitudes, for it can easily be seen that a fusing of the over-practical and the ultra-æsthetic will give a sane result. What would the combination of present Eastern and Western courses mean? Thorough and consistent study of the history of the fine arts and the conditions that produced them; color theory and the theory of pure design (at these the art schools laugh); technical courses in applied design and in the study of form and color to progress simultaneously with the æsthetics and the history. This combination will undoubtedly come, and it will probably have its inception in the West. In reconstructing the courses, why not try to give to art the same advantages that have been given to other courses, courageously, as if it were really "scientific" and worth while?

The great masters were thoroughly alive; they were well-informed men whose horizons were not limited by their own canvas and clay. We know that Michelangelo was an engineer; that Leonardo da Vinci, also an engineer, was one of the best chemists of his day; that blustering old Benvenuto "admits" that he could do anything at all and do it well. But, layman and artist may say, Leonardo was forced to be a chemist; he and all the rest of them were compelled to make their own colors. Truly a terrible misfortune. To what magnificent flights might their art have attained had they not been forced to take time from it to meddle with chemistry! That is the modern idea in a nutshell. If a man is going to paint let him paint and that is all.

The truth of the matter probably is that Da Vinci was a better painter because he was a good chemist, a good naturalist, and many other things. He was brought closer to the universal good; and seeing it from many different points understood that no good thing was the result of blind chance, and from his very reasonableness was able himself to do good things. The university must aim to teach art under the law; to create the demand for the broad-minded, cultured, and sane artist, and the pure and noble art. Just as soon as the artist becomes a broad-minded man, as soon as he becomes a good business man and can talk intelligently with other men about subjects not related directly to his art, just so soon will he take a great forward step for himself and for his art, and the universities should be the means of his doing so. Then hysterical children will not leave the high schools to study "art." On the contrary they will do sound work in the secondary schools, understanding fully its necessity; they will flock to the universities for sound training, technical and theoretical

inseparably hand in hand. From their very reasonableness they will become the founders of a greater and more vital art, the stimulators of a deeper and truer thought, and will themselves be, as they will help others to be, better, more useful, and contented citizens.

CHARLES FABENS KELLEY.

University of Illinois, July 5.

EXPRESSIVE LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the centuries have passed, many peculiar expressions have crept into our language, but none more peculiar and expressive than those that have come as a result of our association with animals. To-day they are accepted by all as authentic and good English, particularly by those who are acquainted with the peculiarities and traits of animals.

We say "a man is a dark horse," and, knowing the horse and his racing associations, we know what kind of a man we are speaking of. Again, we say, "I will win the horse or lose the saddle," meaning, will gain or lose all. How often do we hear this expression when we are told of a good man going wrong, " 'Tis a good horse that never stumbles." Then, again, we see some friend putting on airs, and we say, "He's on his high horse." Sometimes, when we lose through carelessness some valued object or position of trust, we plan to prevent such a recurrence—"when the horse is stolen, we lock the stable." If we see some one aspiring for a position he is not capable of filling, we say, "He's putting the cart before the horse." We hear a loud, boisterous, coarse laugh, and we exclaim, "What a horse laugh!" We see an awkward soldier on parade, and we consign him to "the horse marines," and, when we see a strong fellow, we say, "He's as strong as a horse."

The hog also has added his share to the expressions that make our language so forcible. When we see some fellow taking more than his share of the good things, and wasting them foolishly, we say, "He is going the whole hog." We find, also, that the sheep has done its share, as well, for we call a bad boy in a family, "the black sheep," and when we catch a youth winking at a girl, we laugh and say that "he is making sheep's eyes."

But no other animal has been so closely associated with man as has the dog, and as a result we find many peculiar expressions. We hear of a husband and wife quarrelling, and we say, "They are leading a cat-and-dog life." We hear of a friend who has gone astray, and we say, "He has gone to the dogs." We hear of a useless, good-for-nothing fellow, and we call him "a dead dog." Some man does a mean, contemptible thing, and we class him as "a dirty dog." We come in contact with a cranky, cross old fellow, and we say he is "a surly dog." When war breaks out, we say, "The dogs of war are let loose." When some one is giving it to us good and hard, we tell him "to call off his dogs." If we are not getting along well, we console ourselves with the thought that "every dog has his day." In the game of life we see innocent men accused of wrongdoing, some of which always sticks, and we think of the expression, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." The wife tells us she has some article for which she has no use, and we tell her "to give it to the dogs." We hear of a man who is always talking, and we tell our friends confidentially that "barking dogs seldom bite." We place an old man in a new position; he cannot master the tricks of the trade, and tells us sadly that "old dogs cannot learn new tricks." In the morning after a night at the club, our friends prescribe "a hair of the dog that bit you."

In fact, if we take all animals, and study language in relation to them, we will be surprised at the thousand and one expressions that have crept into our language as a result of their peculiar traits. Surely we can exclaim, "They are dumb, but yet they speak." DUNCAN W. JOHNSON.

Ottawa, Ontario, July 15.

ALFALFA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The etymology of alfalfa, the name of a well-known variety of lucern (*Medicago sativa*) is, I believe, wrongly given in our dictionaries. The Century Dictionary states that it comes to us from the Spanish, and further says that "it is said to be from the Arabic *alfaçfaç*, the best kind of fodder."

This assumes that the first syllable is the Arabic article *al*, which begins so many Arabic words adopted into European languages. The Century Dictionary does not give its authority; but I find the same derivation in Roque-Barcia's great Spanish encyclopædic dictionary, whence I presume Murray's Dictionary also took it. Murray says "Identified by Pedro de Alcalá with Arab. *alfaçfaç*, the best sort of fodder."

Roque-Barcia is untrustworthy; and I think that any trained etymologist would hesitate to accept a derivation involving such a violent change as that of *alfaçfaç* into *alfalfa*, or even into *alfalfez*, which is another and an earlier form of the word in Spanish. Moreover, the source of error is evident, since *fiçfiç* (from the verb *façfaç*) is the Arabic name of this very plant.

I believe that the true etymology may be traced as follows: The first syllable of *alfalfez*, the older form, and therefore the best to trace back, is not *al*, the Arabic article; but the word *alf*, beginning with the guttural *ain*, which few Europeans can pronounce, and which is usually represented by a simple *a*. This word means fodder.

Your readers, even without special knowledge of Arabic, will readily understand the Semitic construction whereby the article standing between two nouns comes to represent the English "of." A grammatical analysis of this construction would here be out of place; but an example familiar to your readers is the title "Sheich-ul-Islam," which means "the Elder of Islam."

Alfalfez (alf-al-Fez), then, is merely the fodder of, or from, Fez. The Spaniards, or the Moors, doubtless introduced this kind of fodder from Morocco (Fez), and hence the designation.

FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

Geneva, N. Y., July 21.

Literature.

SAINTSBURY'S PROSODY.

A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day. By George Saintsbury. Vol. III, from Blake to Mr. Swinburne. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

The three volumes of this history of Prosody stand beside the equal bulk of the history of Criticism as the greatest work yet accomplished by the most indefatigable of English critics. If a comparison is to be made, we think the Prosody more valuable than the Criticism. Some experience with the latter as a reference book has brought us to the conclusion that quite as often as not Professor Saintsbury misses the real thing that a particular critic signified—if he does not actually pervert it. In the Prosody, on the contrary, so long as he deals with pure poetic form, he is almost invariably right. As a work for reference these three volumes are, indeed, of little value; they have nothing of the text-book or the dictionary about them, no tabulations and very few metrical schemes. The method is purely historical, and great license is taken in selecting and omitting points for discussion. The advantage of this procedure is twofold. In the first place, it permits the author to render a dry subject extraordinarily interesting, though, of course, this entertaining quality is due as much to Professor Saintsbury's inexhaustible spirits as to his mere method of exposition. Unfortunately, it must be immediately added that his spirits sometimes indulge in pure high jinks. We are ready to forgive a good deal to an author who succeeds in bestowing upon a treatise on metric all the raciness of a political squib, but we must still regret the lack of restraint and decorum which Professor Saintsbury too often seems to regard as essential to vivacity. Thus, in defence of his darling Blake, he exclaims: "If anybody objects to the 'cockney' rhyme of 'dawn' and 'scorn,' he may 'go shake his ears,' which are probably long enough to wave like the reeds that told the story of Midas." Well, "dawn" and "scorn" is a hateful rhyme nevertheless, and as a matter of fact our author scolds Mrs. Browning for less offensive faults. Professor Saintsbury might have been just as entertaining without being vulgar.

But the historical method employed by Professor Saintsbury has a more important advantage than that of interest; it leads him to a sound metrical system, and we cannot be too thankful, in a subject which has called forth more perverse writing than most others, that this book, which for its very bulk if for nothing else will take a predominant place in the teaching of prosody, does not countenance any of the pedantic fads. For

English prosodical theory has been the victim of two distinct and belligerent pedantries. At its beginning, in the Elizabethan days, it fell a prey to the scholars who despised all things modern and tried to revive the classical world. To this end they sought to remodel English rhythms in accordance with the laws of Greek and Latin grammarians. In this they suffered a double error. They supposed, in the first place, that English verse as actually practised was entirely unquantitative; secondly, in attempting to introduce quantity they proceeded on the theory that syllables were long and short in English for the same reasons as in Latin. Thus they held that a vowel followed by two consonants was in English long, whereas a double consonant often has with us the effect of shortening. They overlooked the indeterminate quantity of our syllables, forgetting that the same syllable is often made long or short by sentence accent. The result is that the verse written by them under their arbitrary assumptions is not English, and is not even quantitative, in any sense; it has no rhythm at all.

The consequence of this fiasco was the reversion to an opposite and more persistent form of pedantry, of which the egregious Guest is the High Priest. This school will have nothing to do with classic laws, and is all for the Middle Ages. English rhythm with them was established in Anglo-Saxon times, and the invasion of Romance elements and the Renaissance has troubled but never altered the fundamental Anglo-Saxon metre. Our rhythm is purely accentual, and has nothing to do with quantity. Now, if by "quantitative" you mean the syllabic laws of quantity introduced by the Areopagus, in accordance with classic models, Guest and his fellows are right. If by "quantitative" you mean the division of the line into groups of syllables taking equal lengths of time, they are demonstrably wrong; there can be no rhythm except by divisions of time. If, on the other hand, by "accentual" you mean that these measures of time are marked off by recurring accents, Guest again is right; English verse is "accentual" and differs in this respect from Latin. If by "accentual" you mean that accent alone and the mere counting of syllables, without consideration of time, can make rhythm, Guest is wrong. That is to say, Latin verse is purely quantitative; the word and sentence accents have no recognized effect on the length of syllables, and the feet are marked off purely by the recurrence of regularly long and short syllables without regard to accent. English verse is accentual in so far as the quantity of the syllables depends largely on accent, and the feet into which a line is divided are marked off by regularly recurring accents; but English verse is also quantitative in so far as its rhythm is due to the fact that the feet represent equal quantities of time in pronunciation. Unfortunately, Guest and a succession of Teutonic "accentualists" have taken quantity and accent in the wrong way, and have, so far as was in their power, reduced English prosody to a pedantic nightmare.

Now Professor Saintsbury has been saved from these pitfalls both by his historic method and by his taste. He was in the earlier volumes rather chary of committing himself to any prosodical theory and contented himself with girding at the pedants. In the present volume, he comes more frankly into the open, and especially in his admirable discussion of Guest's system becomes himself almost systematic. The basis of rhythm with him is the foot: that is to say a line is made up of groups, or feet, of one, two, or three syllables each, these groups taking equal intervals of time in reading. Though he misses no opportunity to ridicule the "accentualists" he evidently tries to avoid the word quantity, and uses foot as a kind of non-pedantic term which will rescue him from the theoretic dilemma. But it is easy to see that he really understands English rhythm in accordance with the true meaning of accent and quantity. Nothing could be better than his summing up of the matter in a footnote at the end of his chapter on Guest:

> An article on Greek and English Accentuation in the *Eclectic Review* for 1838, and so exactly contemporary with Guest, contains a proposition which might be fruitfully handled as a text, though it can hardly be accepted as a dogma: "Accent determines that a line shall be metrical. Quantity gives it expression, harmony, variety." I should translate this: "The presence of equal or equivalent feet determines that a line shall be metrical. The constitution of those feet, with the arrangement of their pauses, gives expression, harmony, variety."

The foot is thus almost a perfect analogy for the bar in music. But Professor Saintsbury, curiously enough, after slaying the "accentualists," falls foul of the musical metrists with almost equal vehemence. No doubt he has here some provocation. Musical analogy has led to strange errors; it tends for one thing to overlook the essential fact that prosodical rhythm is a much looser affair than musical rhythm, and allows the reader far greater liberties than any musician would dare take. But apparently Professor Saintsbury's rage against the bar is due to a confusion in his own mind. He seems to think the attempt to express prosodical rhythm in musical notation results necessarily in the same distortion of pronunciation as that which occurs when verse is set to an actual and independently rhythmized tune.

Of Professor Saintsbury's many subtle observations on the rhythm of particular lines and poems, we shall not speak at length. He is here at his best and rarely, if ever, goes astray. We may instance as a specially keen stroke his thrust at the English hexameter for its tendency to "tip-tilt" its dactyls into anapæsts; and, indeed, his distinctions between rising and falling rhythms, between the iamb or anapæst and the trochee or dactyl, are always as sound as they are, by some strange dulness of metrical writers, unusual. But as a matter of fact the book is by no means confined to metrical questions; a considerable portion of it is literary criticism of the most general sort. This relieves the tedium of the discussion, and it also introduces the virtues and vices that are familiar to all readers of his other critical works. Within his own romantic sphere his taste is almost unerring, and he has something like genius in the selection of beautiful passages to illustrate his text. His present work, for instance, is notable as an anthology of quotations, often from unexpected sources, invariably well-chosen and effective. But beyond this praise cannot go, and indeed vigorous protest is needed. He writes always under the old romantic fallacy of the pure lyric; the contents of a poem, in the prosaic sense of the word, are a matter almost of indifference, and the only thing of real weight is the indefinable song quality that reaches its perfection in Blake and Coleridge. Thus "Kubla Khan" is "pure poetry" and is surpassed by the "Odyssey" only as "the hogshead is a greater health than the nipperkin." We submit that to place the iridescent bubble of Coleridge's dream, magical as its enchantment may be, beside the "Odyssey" with its freight of human meaning and its "sober certainty of waking bliss," is to speak from a cloud of German romanticism which should long ago have been dispelled. Professor Saintsbury quotes two stanzas of Blake:

> O Earth! O Earth! return!
> Arise from out the dewy grass.
> Night is worn,
> And the morn
> Rises from the slumberous mass.
>
> Turn away no more;
> Why wilt thou turn away?
> The starry floor,
> The wat'ry shore,
> Is giv'n thee till the break of day.

The poem is certainly not without its exquisite charm, but to say that one "would rather have written these lines than anything in English poetry outside of Shakespeare," is simply to stultify one's self; in the case of a writer like Saintsbury, who is the most voluminous and the best-known living English critic, to say such a thing is to bring discredit on the whole art of criticism. There is a good deal more enters into the making of great poetry than the melodious breathings of a vague revery. These errors do not belong strictly to prosody, but they are

in Professor Saintsbury's book, and they challenge reproof wherever found.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Flower of Destiny. By Margaret Mordecai. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here are assembled five tales, ranging in dates from the seventh century to modern times, all relating to what the author is pleased to call the Serail. As a rule the foundation of each story is a single historical fact embroidered as thickly with inventions and descriptions as ever was Sultan's velvet with gold and pearls. Thus the first one, though the story "is entirely my own," is woven about the old Oriental theme of the loves of Ferhad and Sira, and the troubles which fell upon Sira's master, King Chasroes, because he tore the letter of Mohammed which summoned him to embrace the new religion. Another tale introduces Mohammed the Second killing his favorite in the presence of his soldiers to disprove their accusation that in love he had forgotten war. It seems a pity that the author, obviously competent, had not given us history trimmed with millinery instead of the reverse. As it is, she leaves a cloying impression and a haunting memory of the handkerchief-box pictures of the last century. And when will story-writers consult the nautical almanac?—

> The sun had set. . . . a glimmering light appeared behind the mountains. . . . there rose and glittered in the summer night a silver crescent, the new moon of Islam.

The Red Flag. By Georges Ohnet. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

The Lehrange-Steingel works lie on either side of the Alsatian frontier. M. Didelot, head of the French establishment, is in theory—and in politics—a Socialist; in practice a very successful and benevolent employer, who, with no idea of sharing the control or the ownership of his business with his workmen, has hitherto kept them so uncommonly well-off and happy that there has never been the least excuse for a labor-disturbance. Into this paradise enters the serpent in the form of one Stylb, an emissary of the extreme Socialists, whose real object is to supplant Didelot as deputy from the district and who succeeds in bringing about a violent strike. Didelot, however, has always his trump card in reserve: he can declare an indefinite lockout, and turn over all his orders to the German branch of the establishment; this, in his anger, surprise, and wounded vanity, he is driven to do.

The situation is interesting and affords some significant contrasts. When a French lieutenant of dragoons, sent out against the mob, with the order, "Receive blows, but do not return them," is shot dead, the troops are confined to barracks, the officers ordered not to go about in uniform, and the body of their murdered comrade is actually shipped off to Paris to avoid the excitement of a military funeral. Emboldened by this treatment, the strikers march across the frontier to call out their fellows from Steingel, and in an instant a howling, panic-stricken mob is fleeing back to France before the charge of a squadron of Uhlans.

Interesting, too, is the variety of types, not so much of character as of opinion: the sentimental Socialism of the "bon bourgeois" Didelot, facile, kindly, and shallow; the rabid class-hatred of the fanatic Grangel; the deliberately and selfishly adopted collectivism of the orator Bouillaud—and, on the other side, the simple, direct Nationalism of Didelot's soldier son, and the romantic Conservatism of his clever daughter.

Were these persons really alive, were they anything but types and mouthpieces, "The Red Flag" would be an exciting story, though as a "document" it would still suffer from the extreme partisanship of the author, all of whose Socialists are knaves or dupes, while every defender of the old order wears a halo of intelligence and virtue.

The translation is stiff, but seldom positively bad.

Those Brewster Children. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is the same kind of book as "The Professional Aunt," reviewed the other day in these columns—with a difference. The author of the aforesaid sprightly book conceived of children only as *enfants terribles*, out of whose exploits and remarks the adult is destined to extract a species of agonized amusement. The chronicler of "Those Brewster Children" also finds the infantile mind and habit a source of entertainment, but she is chiefly concerned here with the rearing of the human young as a problem. She holds a brief for the bloodless and blowless method. She regards it as wicked to strike a helpless child, the sure way of undermining its morals and compromising its future. The Brewster parents are not of the brutal sort: they believe in moral suasion and the rule of love. Their three children are saucy and self-willed. The mother is able to get the semblance of obedience out of them only by an endless process of coaxing and nagging, bribes and grieved looks. When she does try a little feeble discipline, the father, who likes to have everything comfortable about him when he gets home at night, turns the attempt to naught. There are plenty of households like this in America, but few disinterested observers are able to view them with the complacency of the present chronicler. The children are so "cunning"; the parents so tender! The horrid spectacle is understood to be that of another couple of parents, bold, bad ones, who spank their children freely with the butter-paddle, and glory in the practice. The children, instead of being subconsciously grateful to this assiduous pair, as most normal children are in real life, become sneaks and rebels, bent only on mischief, and altogether undesirable companions for the "cunning" little Brewsters. However, the author is conscious that all is not absolutely as it might be with her favorites, and we leave the senior Brewsters revolving plans for the self-government of their children according to some vague Judge Lindsay, George Junior recipe. The author's "Afterword" is a little tract against child-beating, which ranges the uplifted slipper and the promoted butter-paddle with "the rack and the thumbscrew, the gag, the branding-iron, and the scourge." To the mind which regards torture and punishment as the same thing, there will be nothing to take exception to in this little story, unless it be the unusually feeble "love-interest" connected with a Miss Tripp and a Mr. Hickey.

In the Shadow of God. By Guy Arthur Jamieson. New York: R. F. Fenno Co.

In spite of its failure to develop successfully its conscious plot, and in spite of its crudities of form, this story has a certain quality of the soil which prevents it from negligibility. At its best, it is a tale of the Southwest by a native. At its worst, it is a series of incidents concerning a young man named Garner who is of no particular importance or reality. As a boy, he developed an ambition to become an "artist"; but a brief experience in a New York art school sent him back to the country without money or encouragement. So he becomes a preacher, in accordance with his parents' wishes. He develops skill as an exhorter in the fold of the shouting Methodists, and for a time aspires to be a bishop. Presently he undergoes a number of perilous adventures connected with susceptible young women, and with difficulty maintains his blamelessness. However, he has not only his religion as a safeguard, but the memory of a girl's face, seen once in the distant city. Of course the face is destined to be brought into his immediate vicinity, and its owner to become, in due time, his bride. In the meantime, he is cast out of the ministry because of a nude picture discovered in his rooms by the elders of the faith: a symbolistic painting of his own. Fortunately, it is no very long time thereafter when his art finds itself vindicated by the agency of a Fifth Avenue auction, and he is free to dedicate his genius to the interpretation of the forests and prairies of his own country. The human beings in the

story are far more human in their weaknesses than in their alleged virtues, in descanting upon which the author inclines to the high-flown. The "shadow of God," it may be said, is that bane of crude religion which the hero identifies with all religion. The world, he says, has groped too long in this shadow: it is his purpose to lead it, by means of his art, "into the sunlight."

The pages are defaced by an incredible typographical carelessness.

GROWTH OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The American Public Library. By Arthur E. Bostwick. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The development of public libraries during the last fifteen to twenty years can be gauged by comparing Mr. Bostwick's book with Mr. Fletcher's "Public Libraries in America," which was published in 1894. Many of the activities of which Mr. Bostwick writes at some length were scarcely thought of when Mr. Fletcher wrote his book. Work with children and the schools, the distribution of books for the blind through public libraries, coöperation with museums and art galleries, cooperative cataloguing, open access to shelves, branch libraries, travelling and home libraries—now well-established parts of the activity or administration of most public libraries, large or small—are barely mentioned in the earlier book. In 1894, the only national organization concerned with the interests of American libraries was the American Library Association; now there are separate organizations of State libraries, law libraries, and "special" libraries, the last-named being such as cater particularly to the needs of special business interests. The first, and long the only, State Library Commission was that of Massachusetts, organized in 1890; at present the library interests of not less than thirty-two States are guarded by some such official authority, and in 1908 these commissions joined themselves together in a League. Thus the comparison could go on, showing how the libraries of the country have grown in importance, and their activities developed and multiplied.

Mr. Bostwick, as well as Mr. Fletcher, addresses himself chiefly to the general public, and his book should be read by those who wish to keep themselves generally informed in regard to the educational and intellectual movements of the day. More particularly, it may be hoped that library trustees will give it close attention, as by so doing they will obtain a clearer understanding of the real position and needs of the institutions they are appointed to govern. They might ponder especially those portions of Mr. Bostwick's book, in which he speaks of librarianship as a profession and of the salaries paid to the workers in libraries. These salaries Mr. Bostwick compares with those of teachers, and he shows that, while librarians are apt to receive higher pay than teachers at the outset, it soon becomes stationary, whereas the pay of teachers gradually increases. Few chief librarians, for instance, receive more than $5,000 a year, and chiefs of departments and librarians of middle-sized libraries scarcely ever reach $3,000, while the rank and file of assistants receive salaries ridiculously low. Quite often these salaries are so low "as to preclude the employment of any but those living at home in the city where the library is situated." This, the author continues, "is not conducive to improvement of assistants in quality of work and in education, and, besides, it favors the employment of those who work not for self-support, but for pin-money." In other words, the work in many libraries is done at the cost of the assistants, rather than at the cost of the community for whom the work is done: not a situation to be proud of.

The book opens with a chapter on the Modern Library Idea, the new conception of the library's aims and duties which has arisen, "together with the recent great multiplication of popular libraries in the United States—partly as a cause of it; partly, too, as a result of it." As Mr. Bostwick says, "the library is now required to be an active, not a merely passive, force; it not only preserves and guards its books, but it makes them accessible to those who want them, and it tries to see that those who need them realize that need and act accordingly." And this idea "is tantamount to a confession that the library, as a distributor, must obey the laws that all distributors must obey, if they are to succeed in the largest sense." But, and this is an important point, "the comparison of library work with trade holds, of course, only in so far as both are systems of distribution." The library is not a business concern; its purpose is the quick and efficient service of those who need it, and the introduction of business methods into the administration of a library is justified only so far as it answers this purpose. The function of the modern American library—and this holds good not merely of the ordinary municipal library, but of all libraries that do not serve exclusively a particular group of citizens and students—is twofold, to distribute knowledge and to spread literary culture. Mr. Bostwick deals with both sides of the library's function. The chapter on Reading and Reference Rooms considers the distribution of knowledge, and shows how, under certain circumstances, the library can aid in the advancement of research. There is in this chapter an interesting passage in which Mr. Bostwick expresses the hope that the library, by broadening its collections of original sources and making them available for compilers, may bring new life into the important work of compiling books for the general reader. "When the value of careful, intelligent, expert work of this kind," he says, "is more generally realized it will be done better than it is. Readers will insist upon more readable and more accurate work; publishers will cease to prize speed of execution above all else; writers will refuse to give to the public except of their best. The great mass of informational literature must be produced in this way, and the public library is its laboratory."

The chapter dealing with the Library for the Business Man and the Mechanic is one of the most important in the book, and presents a phase of library work which has so far attracted little attention and which is not sufficiently known among the classes of readers or would-be readers for whose benefit it has been developed. Perhaps the recently formed Special Libraries Association, which is to meet annually with the American Library Association, will aid in spreading the idea among the librarians of our public libraries. The demand for technical books is here, the demand that public libraries shall hold them available is growing, the general realization by librarians that this demand is perfectly legitimate is probably near at hand. In time, perhaps, the function of the library to improve the character of the books it holds available will be understood and employed even in the case of technical books; it is nowhere else so greatly needed.

At the Sign of the Hobby Horse. By Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

In these thirteen essays Mrs. Wetmore again comes forward in her vigorous manner with a plea for greater vitality of living and for greater capacity to enjoy life as we find it. But hers is no advocacy of the strenuous life in any narrow sense. She has no detailed creed to urge, and even the Ten Commandments are not insisted upon, though the impression is gathered that they are accepted by the author as perfectly proper and just. Her morality is of a large, airy sort, based upon what the ages have found to be good. Against anything looking like smug modernity or a fetich she rises with a club, and how she can wield it! Speaking of the rather *nouveau* passion for reform among writers nowadays, she says, "No hero to-day—except in our very lightest literature—will consent to own a penny until all the washerwomen in the United States have had their humble needs for 45 H. P. motor-cars supplied." She hates, too, the confidence of the literalist who believes that he has at length discovered realism, and gives him truly a stunning blow: "The dewy shimmerings in the soul of man are as

much an actuality as fried onions or a braying ass."

Her impatience with this modern scurry and complacency of reform one might denounce as unprogressive if she did not evince at every turn a familiarity with the ins and outs of contemporary existence. The titles of the chapters would in themselves be enough to prove her strictly contemporary, having been planned with commercial skill to meet the demand for the latest catchy phrases. Here are a few of them: The Importance of Being Earnest, Common or Garden Books, Strong Meat for the Masses, The Little Member, Upon Making the Most of Life. Nor does this smartness end with the chapter titles. "Dick," she says of somebody's brother, "like most men who married, had become so absorbed in his wife's side of the family that he was almost like a stranger." She observes that Americans, in looking for a chief executive, "do not feel that they can safely trust their destinies to one who is restive under platitudes." "A kindergarten teacher, when asked where beefsteaks came from, hesitated, and then stammered forth at last that the nice, kind, good cow *gave* them to us!"

On the side of freshness of example and illusion, the book is a constant delight. But there is a serious side also to be reckoned with. The author has a firm grip on the past as well as on the present. At first her method may seem archaic. To measure our young men of to-day by the nonchalance of an epic hero reminds one a little of the manner of Raleigh's "History of the World." The reader is soon convinced, however, that her comparisons have their justification, and that her judgment is free from the bias of any given age. After her rapid but vital survey the conclusion, one feels, is inevitable that "Life is not as dark as our contemporaries would have us believe. Nor are we all weltering in blackness waiting for slum adventures to regenerate us. Ginger is still hot in the mouth, and Sir John Falstaff is a far pleasanter and more wholesome figure than these introspective, self-conscious gentlemen who are setting about redeeming humanity by toiling in the sweat-shops, and being ridiculously, tediously, and inhumanly in earnest." "The backward pull of those who have a myopic eye for the meaning of life is tremendous." The airy sanity of these essays is sure to act as a corrective on those who are committed to the futile sort of strenuosity, and to give peace and poise to those whose enjoyment of life is full-hearted and old-fashioned.

It is to be regretted that in a book of such importance two or three glaring blunders should not have been removed. To style them all typographical is perhaps straining a point. And yet such they must be, for every one knows, of course, that Plato did not formulate rules for drama, that Galileo did not say quite *per se muove*, and that the gender of *chose* does not happen to be masculine.

A History of Perugia. By William Heywood. (States of Italy Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Story of Padua. By Cesare Foligno. Illustrated by Giovanni Vianello. (Mediæval Towns Series.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

Among the many pictorial accounts of mediæval Italian cities which have been pouring forth in English during recent years, we have seen none more solid, painstaking, and trustworthy than Mr. Heywood's "History of Perugia." The author is not only familiar with his material, but he is also an open-minded student of mediæval conditions. More penetrating than earlier writers—Symonds, for instance—he lays stress on Perugia, not because it was the scene of the crimes of the Oddi, Baglioni, and other despots, but because it was a bulwark of the Papacy. He scarcely exaggerates when he suggests that but for Perugia's stanchness and effectual aid "the temporal power of the Papacy would hardly have survived the removal of the Apostolic See to Avignon." The working out of this point of view gives to his study a significance which no mere recital of the incessant revolutions could give. In addition to the chronicle, there are chapters on the mediæval city and on life in Old Perugia, which ought to disconcert those reactionaries, religious and political, who would have us believe that men were better and life nobler in the "great Catholic centuries." His description of the rule of tyranny by which her Papal suzerain requited Perugia's loyalty is noteworthy for its understatement. It may interest some readers who have heard much from Ultramontanes of the indispensableness of the City of Rome to the Pope, to learn that Pope Gregory XII actually sold "the States of the Church and even Rome itself for the ridiculous sum of 25,000 florins" to King Ladislaus of Naples (p. 284). The light which Mr. Heywood throws on Papal expansion lends to his "History of Perugia" more than local or provincial importance. There are many excellent illustrations.

There is little to be said of Sig. Foligno's "Story of Padua." It follows the usual plan of the books in this series: half the volume is devoted to an historical sketch, and the rest to a literary description of the city to-day. The history lacks focus and evolution, so that the political overturns come to have hardly more coherence than a Newgate Calendar. The guide-book part gives the point of view of a native, and so differs from most of its predecessors. It is a pity that the manuscript was not revised by some one conversant with English, who would have prevented such solecisms as "Christiandom" (p. 29), "Trivisian" (p. 51), "Parmisans" (p. 67), and "Catharinic" (p. 70). And why, in an English book, employ the German form "Ludwig" for the King of Hungary (pp. 123, 125)? Vianello's pen-and-ink sketches, like most of the others in this series, are inferior to the half-tones among which they figure.

Modern Business: Vol. I, Economics: A Practical Exposition of the Science of Business, with illustrations from actual experience, by Edward Sherwood Meade. Vol. II, Organization, by Lee Galloway; Business Correspondence, by George Burton Hotchkiss; Transportation, by James Mavor. Vol. III, Accounting, Theory, and Practice, by Leo Greendlinger. Vol. IV, Corporation Finance: An Exposition of the Principles and Methods Governing the Promotion, Organization, and Management of Modern Corporations, by William H. Lough, jr. Chicago: The De Bower-Elliott Co.

The several authors have been allowed "complete liberty in the expression of opinions and conclusions." The scope of the series is no less encyclopædic than the complete circle of modern business. The aim is to afford the equivalent of a university course in commerce and business administration to practical business men and ambitious young employees who are kept from attending routine courses of study. Each volume is supplemented by quiz questions, based upon the text. The questions are to test the reader's apprehension of the subject matter, paragraph by paragraph. The books are of substantial size; are printed legibly on a rather coarse variety of paper; and are uniformly bound in buckram backed with coarse leather.

The initial volume, intended in a way to herald the rest of the series, is by Prof. Edward Sherwood Meade. His capacity was signally instanced by his excellent volume on "Trust Finance"; and by comparison the present work merits very meagre commendation. Not but that there are parts of it which may prove profitable to the class for which it is designed. In particular, the illustrations drawn from the actual practice of large concerns and some of the discussions of particular topics, such as woman's labor, are excellent. But the general verdict must be decidedly adverse. The book reads like a gigantic pot-boiler, speedily written, and slapped together by liberal resort to scissors and paste. The editor of the series declares that in Professor Meade's book the reader will find "the keystone of the business arch." The remark suggests that the keystone is evidently of conglomerate. Not far from one-third of the contents—an assay of the first 100 pages

yields exactly 28 per cent.—consists of lengthy excerpts from other authors.

The grounds for an unfavorable judgment upon the book are as follows: First, there are some glaring errors in scholarship. For instance, we are told that "the early Latin tribes counted their cattle by the head (*per capita*) and from this is derived the modern expression 'capital'" (p. 123). Whereas, unless most modern authorities are mistaken, the mediæval Latin expression, *capitalis pars debiti*, denoting the principal of a money loan, yielded the modern expression "capital." Indeed, "capital" was originally an adjective commonly used to modify "stock," and was at times separated from the substantive.

Secondly, the busy man of affairs and the aspiring young captain of industry are entitled to a clearer explanation of capital formation than appears in Professor Meade's mangling of Mill's unfortunate dictum. To say that "all capital, although saved, is consumed in the process of saving" (p. 76) is either paradoxical or nonsense. Cannan's little shilling primer says excellently that "saving" combines the meaning of storing up and abstaining from some enjoyment. "The addition to the stock is what is stored up, and the enjoyment which might have been immediately obtained by the labor which was actually expended in making the addition to the stock is what is abstained from." Clearly, the net addition to the stock of useful material things is *not consumed* "in the process of saving."

Thirdly, Meade's account of "How rates of wages are determined" is hardly consistent with itself. What shall we say of a paragraph whose opening and closing sentences run as follows: "In each of the classes of labor a certain rate of wages is established which is fixed by the custom of the trade and which changes very slowly" (p. 206). . . . "The standard rates of remuneration within each class are fixed by the demand for the labor of that class compared with the supply of that labor" (p. 206)? Clearly, if custom sets wages, demand and supply do not; and *vice versa*. Apparently, the laws of population, if there be such laws, are not operative upon wage levels, or not sufficiently to evoke any mention of such laws from the writer.

Most provoking of all is the general atmosphere which the volume breathes. Its philosophy is a debased copy of Samuel Smiles. It too often prostitutes the ample ideal of social welfare to the art of money-getting. Thus, "we may criticise some of the methods of Mr. Rockefeller and his Standard Oil associates, in making large profits out of railway rebates, but we can not deny that at the outset each one of Mr. Rockefeller's competitors had the same opportunity to take this advantage of the railroads that he had, nor that his remarkable success shows conclusively his greater skill at the game of business" (p. 295). After this we need not be surprised at the author's complacent acquiescence in protection as a permanent policy, nor at his approval of Trusts. For, after all, the Trust only robs the people for the people's good. "As consumers, their free income may be taken from them in the price of commodities; but this is straightway handed back to them in the form of dividends" (p. 388). Emphatically, this will never do.

The second volume is comparatively innocuous. The part on Business Organization is commonplace; the succeeding part on Business Correspondence is feeble to the last degree; the third part, on Transportation, lacks the penetration such as characterizes Acworth or Noyes, who have written much more incisively and illuminatingly upon the same general topics.

With the third and fourth volumes the series shows a decided improvement. The reviewer is not an expert accountant, and can say only that while Mr. Greendlinger's book on "Accounting" lacks the perspective which such authorities as F. A. Cleveland bring to bear upon this field, it is a thoroughgoing system of illustrating the essential cases of bookkeeping. The numerous problems and illustrations give the treatise something of the appearance of an overgrown commercial arithmetic, but probably augment its serviceability. The fourth volume, on "Corporation Finance," by Prof. William H. Lough, jr., is well done. It is an honest piece of informing work upon the methods of corporate financing; and, while making no pretensions to great novelty, it is a thoroughly useful compend, destined—as the first two volumes emphatically are *not*—to instruct and enlighten both the student and the practical man.

The Buccaneers of America. By John Esquemeling. Edited by H. Powell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

This is a reprint of an old English translation from the Spanish rendering, in 1682, of Esquemeling's original Dutch account (Amsterdam, 1678) of the exploits of certain notorious pirates, including himself, in the Caribbean Sea and the West Indies from 1666 to 1676. To this is added the journal of Basil Ringrose, a member of an expedition to the South Sea during the years 1679 to 1682. Esquemeling's story, at once translated into the principal European languages, quickly gained wide popularity, appealing as it did to the lawless spirit of adventure characteristic of his time. Doubtless, its effect was, on the whole, pernicious, despite its crude but interesting descriptions of the West Indies. By us of a later day and a higher ethical standard it can only be read with a shudder, for in a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact style it records acts of cruelty and atrocity which are almost beyond belief.

In Esquemeling's days the island of Tortuga, lying just north of Hayti, was the headquarters of these nefarious ruffians, who enjoyed the protection of its French governor, himself a sharer in their profits. From Tortuga were sent forth the majority of the forays. Complaints by Spain to the courts of London and Paris were met by the formula, "That such men did not commit these acts of hostility and piracy as subjects of their Majesties; and therefore his Catholic Majesty ought to proceed against them according as he should find fit." In other words, France and England washed their hands of all responsibility, refused to regulate the conduct of their citizens, and invited the Spaniards to look out for their own. The supineness of the Spanish crown, resulting in failure to police the Caribbean and to protect its people and its commerce in those parts, is astounding, yet it is quite in keeping with Spanish policy. When Pierre le Grand, in an open boat, with but twenty-eight men, boarded and captured a Spanish vice-admiral's flagship, he virtually served notice on all similar marauders that the Spaniards were an easy prey. His example was speedily followed by Pierre François and Roche Brasiliano, the latter being a gentle soul who roasted Spaniards "alive upon wooden spits for no other crime than that they would not show him the hog-yards where he might steal swine.'

From seizing Spanish ships the step was easy to landing in troops to sack, pillage, and ransom towns on shore. One Lewis Scot did this at Campeche; Mansvelt at St. Catherine and Cartagena, and John Davis in Nicaragua. They took all the money and plate they could find, not even sparing the churches. Davis gathered in some fifty thousand "pieces of eight," or over $60,000. It was this last rover who likewise plundered "St. Augustine of Florida."

As might be expected, much space is given to Henry Morgan, one of the ablest and most ruthless of his tribe, who sacked Porto Bello, Maracaibo, the island of St. Catherine, and Panama, leaving in his wake murdered men and women and the ashes of fair cities. Those who fell into his hands were wont to receive drastic treatment, such as the rack with beating of the body and limbs; burning matches between the fingers; stout cords twisted about their heads "until their eyes burst out of the skull," "applying palm leaves burning to his face under which miseries he died"; "others had their feet put into the fire and then were left to be roasted alive." In such manner did he gain about 250,000 pieces of eight, besides "huge quantity of merchandize and slaves." Such a leader had no dif-

ficulty, of course, in securing recruits. His force on leaving the castle of Chagres to attack Panama, in August, 1670, was 1,200 strong. Horrid as was the whole affair, one can but admire his ability and the courage and fortitude of his men as they made their way across the Isthmus, through the dense forests, some marching on foot, some poling up the streams in canoes. Why the Spaniards, knowing their fate in case of defeat, did not use their overpowering numbers to drive back Morgan's thieves and cut-throats remains a mystery. Resist they did, but in a half-hearted, ineffectual way. The tower of the church is virtually all that remains to-day of this splendid city—for a new Panama was built at a different location not far away. Esquemeling's story does not differ materially from the accepted accounts of those gentlemen of the Jolly Roger, who murdered, ravished, and burned at their own sweet will. Their only redeeming feature was their loyalty to each other and the strict observance of their own rules for dividing the spoil and for indemnifying, on a fixed scale, such as had lost eyes or limbs or become permanently crippled.

It is unpardonable to print such a book without the maps and charts which are essential to following the story, and this is particularly true where, through the lapse of time, many names of localities have undergone a change. The index is wholly unsatisfactory. It does not even contain the name of Morgan!

Ringrose, a man of considerable nautical attainments, was pilot under Captains Sawkins and Sharp in a notable cruise in the South Seas which was comparatively free irom the atrocities of L'Ollonais and Morgan. His diary is minute, containing frequent sketches of headlands, islands, and mountains, and charts drawn by himself of numerous harbors and anchorages he visited. It is a valuable contribution to the hydrography of his day.

As offering contemporaneous testimony to a revolting phase of human activity this book is valuable in the extreme, and it is interesting withal, through the quaint and graphic English of its first translator, and the thrilling episodes it records.

The Teachers of Emerson. By John S. Harrison. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50.

Dr. Harrison's book is a welcome example of the kind of study now given to American literature at home and abroad. There is comparatively little question of texts or biography in our simple, public-lived authors; for that reason, perhaps, they have not greatly tempted the German-trained investigator. It has remained for a finer scholarship to exercise itself in ideas, in the history of an author's spirit rather than in the record of his dates.

Dr. Harrison entitles his book "The Teachers of Emerson," but his preface makes clear that he means the Greek teachers. So convinced is he of the exclusive influence of Platonic ideas on Emerson, that he is disposed to deny any debt to other philosophy. Perhaps it is enough to say that one suspects a better showing might have been made for Kant, had Dr. Harrison been looking for his influence instead of Plato's. One who feels most keenly the value of this book may well balk at the author's identification of source with influence. The borrower of an idea may chance to be an initial inspiration. "Any history of philosophy," says Emerson, "fortifies my faith by showing me that what high dogmas I had supposed were the rare and late fruit of a cumulative culture, and only now possible to some recent Kant or Fichte—were the prompt improvisations of the earliest inquirers; of Parmenides, Heraclitus, and Xenophon." As Dr. Harrison reads this passage, Kant and Fichte are not to be reckoned with as important teachers of Emerson; yet a different reading is quite possible, especially as Emerson in this address is emphasizing the present, not the past:

> The new man must feel that he is new, and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe and Asia and Egypt.

This is the one serious criticism of the book, which a different title and a slightly different treatment might obviate. And it must be said that Dr. Harrison makes a strong case for his theory, with just that fortification of exact fact, page, and date, that the minute scholar reverences. The books in Emerson's library, the dates when they were published, or when they came into his possession, his indexes and notes upon his reading, are here made to show his special and overwhelming debt to Plato as it has not been shown before.

One asks one's self, before reading far in the book, how can the epigrammatic mind of Emerson derive from the intricate thinking of Plato? To answer this objection, Dr. Harrison takes a hint from Emerson's own statement that books are for nothing but to inspire; and that the Platonists "may be read for sentences, though the reader fails to grasp the argument of paragraph or chapter." "For I hold that the grandeur of the impression the stars and heavenly bodies make on us is surely more valuable than our exact perception of a tub or a table on the ground." From this notion of reading we can expect little that is exact or accurate in Emerson's scholarship; and Dr. Harrison takes into account these limitations, either when Emerson ascribes to Seneca what he had read in Plutarch, or when through the narrowness of his own nature he arrives at defective theories of art.

The method of the book is clear from its main chapters on Nature, Soul, Love and Beauty, Art, and Mythology. The final chapter on the Ascendancy of Platonism attempts to show for how little other influences counted with Emerson. If it does not wholly convince, it at least proves that Dr. Harrison has mastered his field, and is aware of all the problems his ideas will suggest. The book is evidently the result of very wide scholarship; if it made no other contribution, its specific account of the books through which Emerson came at Platonism would be invaluable. Should Dr. Harrison investigate all the teachers of Emerson as effectively as he has the Greek ones, he might give us our most enlightening study of the poet-sage. At it is, every lover of Emerson and Plato will thank him for this book.

The Universities of Ancient Greece. By John W. H. Walden, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Part of the prevalent impatience of the study of Hellenism rests on the notion that, unequalled as was the glory of Hellas, it was impermanent. A handful of exceptionally gifted men achieved a great deal in a period of perhaps fifty years or so, with chaos behind them and Rome before. They have therefore no lesson for modern peoples whose chief aim is stability. Of course, a moment's thought explodes this error. Even if we take no account of the pre-classical period or of the Byzantine, still from Pericles to Justinian is a thousand years, rather longer, that is, than from the Norman Conquest to the present day. Throughout that not inconsiderable portion of the history of Europe, Greece dominated the intellectual life of the known world by means of ideas, and in some cases of institutions, of a complete historic continuity.

Mr. Walden's study of the educational system, without dwelling on this aspect of the almost unexampled stability of Hellenism, gives a striking, concrete example of it. After an excellent sketch of Greek education during the classical period and of the subsequent tentatives toward systematization, he dwells on the less well-known period of the actual development of the higher education on an official basis through the personal initiative of the Roman emperors of the second century A. D., and carries his narrative down to Libanius and the end of the fourth century. Mr. Walden has the art to make these latter periods, so barren in some hands, to blossom like the rose. The sophist in particular, a much-abused man, receives justice and is perceived to possess the virtues and vices of the college-professor of all ages. The

whole literature is drawn upon, with discretion; in particular Philostratus's "Lives of the Sophists," a most entertaining work, is made to yield up some of its choicest anecdotes. A specially interesting aspect of the story is the account of the college days of various fathers of the church, whose early training explains so humanly the carrying over of Greek ideas into Christianity. From many points of view the book is a valuable compendium of all that most persons need to know of the ground it covers, while the careful and exhaustive notes are a guide for further reading. It is worthy of remark, however, that neither index nor bibliography mentions Norden's "Antike Kunstprosa," with its suggestive discussion of the sophistic as a modernizing rather than an archaizing literary movement. In the course of a sound definition of the μελέτη, Mr. Walden calls attention to an error of Volkmann's which, though palpable, has not hitherto (to the reviewer's knowledge) been publicly corrected.

Notes.

A new poem by Thackeray, entitled, "A Castaway," has recently heen discovered in manuscript form. It is a translation of Béranger's "Ma Vocation," and is to he printed in the *Cornhill* for August.

From the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig is shortly to appear a facsimile edition of the forty-two line Gutenberg Bihle. The plan includes a supplementary volume of introductory matter, prepared hy Professor Schwenke.

Sturgis & Walton are to puhlish in the autumn a volume of selected passages from the "Diary of Samuel Pepys; as Christmas tokens: "Popular Carols," "Ancient Carols," "Sayings of Dr. Johnson," "Thirty Sonnets," "Lyrics from Tennyson," "Rubaiyat of Omar Khâyyâm," "Lyrics from Browning," and "Sayings from Sydney Smith"; "Young Farmer's Practical Lihrary," edited hy Ernest Ingersoll"; "Periwinkle," hy William Farquhar Payson; "Leopold II, King of the Belgians," by Angelo S. Rapnaport, and "West Point and the U. S. Military Academy," hy Dr. Edward S. Holden, lihrarian of the Academy.

Funk & Wagnalls's list of hooks for the autumn contains "The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language," by Hudson Maxim; "The Training and Care of Children," by Dr. Le Grand Kerr; "The Marvels Beyond Science," hy Dr. Joseph Grasset; "The Day of the Country Church," hy the Rev. J. D. Ashenhurst; "Fundamentals in Education, Art, and Criticism," hy Prof. George Lansing Raymond; "How to Develop Self-Confidence in Speech and Manner," and "How to Argue and Win," hoth by Grenville Kleiser; "The World's Childhood," hy Dr. Louis Alhert Banks; "Jesus: A Problem, a Teacher, a Personality, a Force," translated from the German by George William Gilmore, and "Little Talks to Little People," hy Dr. James N. Farrar.

The places of Sir William Huggins and George Meredith, in the Order of Merit, are filled by Sir William Crookes and Thomas Hardy.

In a careful dissertation (University of Pennsylvania, puhlished at Champaign, Illinois), Dr. L. J. Paetow examines "The Arts Course at Mediæval Universities with special reference to Grammar and Rhetoric." He shows that the Latin classics, which had heen revised in a genuine epoch of humanism at the end of the eleventh century, exerted an ever-declining influence on the curriculum, until in the middle of the thirteenth century, "the humanistic movement died a death from sheer starvation." As causes for this decline, he points to the furor for philosophizing and theologizing, induced hy the discovery of long-forgotten works of Aristotle, a new interest in the physical sciences, the rapid development of civil and canon law and medicine, and the commercial importance of the *ars dictaminis*, the precursor of the notary's art, which led to positions ranging all the way from stenographer to secretary of state. The age had some of the characteristics of our own, in which the preëminence of the physical and, especially, the social sciences tends to drive the classics to the wall.

"The Two Knights of the Swan: Lohengrin and Helyas," (Putnam), by Robert Jaffray, is not a work of original research, hut it offers a good survey of the development of the famous Swan-Knight legend based on the hest authorities, Gaston Paris and others. The author gives careful bibliographical references and brief analyses of the different versions, so that his hook constitutes a useful introduction to the study of the legend. Some things hetray, however, the hands of the amateur—for example, the citation of Meyer's "Konversations-Lexikon" as an authority and similar references to an out-of-date work like Fauriel's "Histoire de la poésie provençale." The author's studies have evidently not extended to the Arthurian romances. Citing Fauriel, he remarks: "He instances a prose-romance wherein the author states that the hook containing the history of the grail was hrought to him from heaven hy Jesus Christ in person!" This prose-romance is, of course, the so-called "Grand St. Graal," which since Fauriel's day has heen rendered accessihle in no less than three different editions. The second note on page three contains two errors, "Bologne" for "Boloyne" in the title of Caxton's "Godeffroy of Boloyne," and "reviewed" for "reprinted"—for Miss Colvin did not merely review, she reprinted Caxton's work in the Puhlications of the Early English Text Society, (1893). It may he added that "miles," which Mr. Jaffray translates "soldier," should he translated "knight." It was the regular word for "knight" in mediæval Latin.

Besides his humor, Mark Twain's chief gift as a speaker was an ability to tell a story dramatically. His gift included also a power of concealing the careful preparation which William Dean Howells tells us, in explaining the humorist's curious system of mnemonics, was Mark Twain's practice. This dramatic quality is well hrought out in the volume of his "Speeches," issued in the uniform edition (Harper). Of the hundred-odd selections given here, the most have as basis stories illustrative of the suhject, told rapidly and simply. One of the hest of this sort is the tale of the drinker who unwillingly put in an application for membership in a temperance society, sailed the next day on a three years' voyage, on which he kept the pledge in spite of longing and temptation, and returned to resign only to find that his name had heen hlackhalled originally. Mark Twain's extravagant imagination made rich material, too, of nearly everything he approached; the speech which appropriately ends the volume, his dissertation on morals, delivered upon the occasion of a dinner given upon his seventieth hirthday, is inimitahle. He rarely attempted oratory, although in his few efforts he succeeded hy evident sincerity of emotion, and by the directness of his words. His appreciation of the worth of hrevity is apparent throughout the hook, which presents, on the whole, an excellent view of him in his frequent rôle of speaker.

"The Lihrary and the Librarian," by Edmund L. Pearson (Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vt.), is the second number of "The Librarian's Series," edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent. Its author has for some time heen known in the inner circles of the library world as the literary wit of his profession, hut during the last few months, through his clever literary hoax, "The Old Lihrarian's Almanac," and the confusion it has brought upon so many learned reviewers, his literary gifts have received wide recognition, hoth in the library and in the literary press. The present volume will materially add to the reputation thus gained, and, in spite of its brevity, may fairly entitle Mr. Pearson to a first place among the literary interpreters of his profession. The hook consists of some fourteen sketches, all of them setting forth with a happy mingling of fact and fiction some characteristic picture, episode, or problem of the modern puhlic library. Throughout the sketches there runs a vein of whimsical criticism, touching impartially now on the misconceptions, idiosyncrasies, and ahsurdities of the library-using public, now on the weaknesses of lihrary trustees and administrators, and now on the fads, follies, and exaggerations of the modern, trained librarian. Both for the librarian who wishes to see his fact clear and to see it whole, and for the outside puhlic who wish a happy introduction into the lihrarian's world, the book will prove as profitable as it is delightful.

English and American publishers are conspiring at present hy their numerous anthologies to disprove the old helief that French poetry is unpoetical. The latest book is Francis Yvon Eccles's "A Century of French Poets" (Dutton). This handsome volume of library or presentation copy aspect is prepared after the plan of a textbook, with introduction, notices, commentaries on versification and language. The best criticism is, perhaps, to be found in the preface of the editor himself, who has appreciated the qualities and defects of his own work: the heavy and ornate style of the introduction, the irrelevance of some of the notes, the selection of poems based more on personal liking than on the con-

sensus of critical judgment. But the book is a scholarly one; the editor knows well, not only the works, but the lives of the nineteenth-century poets, and though some readers may be puzzled at the omission of old favorites, others may be interested in extracts from less-known writers, whether true poets or eccentrics. In view of Mr. Eccles's own statements, specific comment on omitted or included names would be superfluous. His chrestomathy will help to make French poetry better known to foreigners.

P. S. King & Son of London have published a third edition of "People's Banks," by Henry W. Wolf, who for years past has been endeavoring to transplant to English soil the methods which have been employed in various European lands to furnish elementary banking facilities to the multitudes whose means are too small to bring them into vital connection with ordinary commercial banking. Such banking seems trivial in the details at first sight, but when we learn from official reports that 919 "people's banks" of the Schultze-Delitzsch type in Germany dealt out in advances of various kinds during the year 1908 the sum of £175,000,000, the great economic significance of the movement is beyond question. The author, however, is inclined to rate the moral gain from this coöperative self-supply of credit to the poor as of greater importance than the economic. The one new chapter in the present edition discusses and condemns the tendency of the state, in certain instances, to stretch out its paternalistic hand and "assist" the movement by providing funds at a low rate of interest. Both on the moral and on the economic side he is convinced that this official interference is wrong in theory, and he succeeds in producing considerable evidence that this inner weakness has already disclosed itself in untoward results. The difference between a coöperative banking organization of comparatively poor people formed, financed, and managed by its own members and one thrust upon a similar community by the state is just the difference between self-reliance developed and maintained from within and self-reliance undermined from without. Mr. Wolf's volume would gain greatly by condensation and more systematic arrangement, but even as it is it deserves careful study.

In 1885 the Rev. J. R. Bloxam completed in seven volumes his well-known "Register of the Members of Magdalen College, Oxford." Ten years later the first volume of a new series, designed to supplement and correct the former, was issued under the editorship of the Rev. W. D. Macray, editor of Clarendon's History and Correspondence and other similar works. This series has now reached its sixth volume (1821-1880), with one more volume to come, carrying the record to the present time. It carefully avoids duplicating the entries of Bloxam, so that the accounts given in both series must be consulted for the whole period of four and a half centuries. But it contains, what is not in Bloxam, a very complete set of extracts from the registers and bursars' accounts relating to gifts, subscriptions, and appointments, beginning as early as 1454, and closing with December 17, 1880. The last entry records the death of the college steward at the age of seventy-nine, after a continuous service of fifty-one years! The biographical and financial items are chiefly of interest to the members of the college and to Oxonians at large, but the occasional details of management have a value for the history of university education, wider even than that possessed by Bloxam's chronicle.

The literature of American political history receives an interesting accession in "The Federalist Party in Massachusetts to the Year 1800," by Dr. Anson Ely Morse (Princeton: Published by the University). Prepared in the first instance as a doctor's thesis, and preserving, in its voluminous footnotes, the traditional character of such undertakings, the work is of broader scope and more general interest than its title might indicate. While the details of local party origin, management, and growth are not neglected, they are not allowed to overshadow the larger questions of the influence of national affairs on State politics. Students will find of most value the account of the effect of the French Revolution upon both Federalists and Republicans, and of the attitude of the clergy, Federalists almost to a man, towards their political opponents. The political aspects of American ecclesiastical history, indeed, have nowhere a more striking illustration than in Massachusetts at this period, when the Congregational ministers, thoroughly alarmed at the growth of political radicalism and religious indifferences, rose in their might to combat the allied forces of Unitarianism and Universalism, Jeffersonian republicanism, and Paine's "Age of Reason." Dr. Morse, basing his work on a painstaking study of newspapers, sermons, and local histories, has on this point made a contribution of real importance. Fifteen appendices, some of them in reality small monographs, contain a good deal of matter that might well have been incorporated in the text.

To the enthusiast who has spent many spring seasons studying the tricks of fishing for brook and river trout, G. E. M. Skues's "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream" (Macmillan) is a mine of timely suggestions. But the writer, though an Englishman, is a traitor to all the fondest fancies of British anglers. He dares to advocate wet flies as a substitute for dry flies under certain conditions, even on the chalk streams. It is gratifying to the American fisherman to hear that a Briton thinks there is quite as much art in hooking "the big fellow" with a half-submerged lure as with a floating artificial insect; all these years English writers on fly-casting have scorned the wet fly as an amateur's decoy, and Mr. Skues has been the object of good-natured bantering in sporting periodicals because of his heresy. "It is true enough," he says in summarizing, "that there are days and times when the dry fly will beat the wet fly hollow, but there are days when the converse is the case, and from experience I can recommend the trial of the wet fly on those dull, nervy days of the milk-and-watery glare." Aside from discussion of the wet and dry, Mr. Skues's book must prove wonderfully good reading to fly-casters of both schools. It contains scores of attractive anecdotes from the brookside, told entertainingly and with an expert's regard for details. The writer knows his favorite sport in all its phases. Yet he is a wise enough fisherman to confess that even a lifetime angler cannot explain the tastes of the speckled trout. "Indeed, why a trout should take any artificial fly is a puzzle to me," he says. "The very best are not really very like the real thing."

In a monograph of forty-two pages, Frau von Bartels (wife of the well-known Munich artist) attempts a new interpretation of the famous Bronze Liver of Piacenza, found in Italy thirty years ago, which has been the subject of much discussion among archæologists. It is now universally admitted that the bronze really represents the model of a liver—probably a sheep's liver—and that it was used as an object of instruction in an Etruscan centre to teach the Etruscan method of divining the future through the liver of a sacrificial animal. We know that this method of divination was in vogue among the Etruscans, as among the Babylonians, and that, through Etrurian influence, it was introduced into the Roman cult, though subsequently the Romans added to the inspection of the liver the examination of the heart and lungs. The Bronze Liver of Etruria dates from about the third century before our era, and is, therefore, a comparatively late object. It is, however, according to Frau von Bartels, a copy from a much earlier period; and instead of regarding the Etruscan words found on the object as the names of deities, our author is inclined to believe that they revert to the early period when what afterwards became names of deities were used to convey certain attributes and conceptions connected with the gods. She believes that these attributes formed the starting point for a semi-mystical development of religious ideas; and, as a further consequence, the parts of the liver and the markings on the liver represented on the object were likewise interpreted symbolically. Thus the finger-shaped appendix of the upper lobe, which played a great part in divination, became the Divine Mountain, regarded as the dwelling place of the gods. In the same way the markings on the liver became the regions to which the gods were assigned. Passing in this way from one part of the object to the other, she reaches the conclusion that this Bronze Liver is a reproduction of the Etruscan cosmological system. To follow her ingenious discussions in detail would carry us too far; indeed the monograph must be read carefully in order to obtain a definite view of the theory propounded. Its ingenuity and suggestiveness cannot be denied even by those who are not able to accept all the deductions. ("Die Etruskische Bronzeleber von Piacenza." Berlin: Springer.)

A frightful famine is the chief event in the three years covered by the fourth volume, "The English Factories in India," of William Foster's excellent calendar of documents relating to the English in India (Frowde). Millions of the natives perished from bad harvests, followed by great floods. "Manie dead bodyes laye uppon the hye way; and where they dyed they must consume of themselfes, beinge nobody that would buirey them. In the cytty of Suratt ther is so great a stanch of dead persons that the sound people that came into the towne were with the smell infected, and att the corners of the streets the dead laye 20 togeather." So runs a typical letter. But in spite of the checks to gain due to the famine, to the seductive practice of pri-

vate trade by the company's own merchants, and to the Dutch and Portuguese competition, the English trade in India and the Persian Gulf steadily throve. The Portuguese were especially troublesome, but were no match for the English in an actual conflict. In 1630, forty-five Portuguese frigates could not beat five English vessels; in a land-fight, which made a great impression on the natives, the Portuguese were routed and driven to their ships, with a loss of several killed and twenty-seven prisoners, while the only loss on the English side was a fat corporal, who drank too much cold water when overheated.

Hunter and other historians have been accustomed to give 1633 as the date of the first English venture to Bengal; a letter on p. 183 shows that two years prior to that date the English made a voyage thither, laying "a good beginning to a future hopefull trade." A letter of 1632 suggests a considerable consumption of punch by some of the agents. This appears to be the earliest mention of this famous drink, the name being derived from the Hindu panch, "five," in allusion to the number of ingredients used. Many of the merchants, on the other hand, had much of the Puritanical spirit. Fines were imposed for non-attendance at daily prayers and divine service on Sundays. There were many complaints and regulations against drinking, gambling, filthy talk, and the "multitude of sacrilidgious and abhominable oaths, which are imitated by the heathen people who have learned to stamer a little English." It is interesting to note that Henry Hudson's son, Richard, appears several times in these pages. In 1614, when practically no hope remained that that famous explorer would ever be seen again, his "wife or widdowe," as she is pathetically termed, implored the East India Company to give employment to Richard; this the company did, "conceyvinge that therein they were partly obliged in charitye to give assistaunce, in reguard that his father perished in the service of the commonwealth." The frontispiece is a reproduction of Van Dyck's portrait of the Earl of Denbigh, who was the first English nobleman to go touring in the East. He was proud of the tour, and the portrait shows him dressed in a semi-Indian costume and attended by an Indian servant, with a background of tropical scenery.

A little volume on the "History of Caste in India," by Shridhar V. Ketkar of Cornell University (Ithaca: Taylor & Carpenter), attempts to give a new interpretation of the vexed question of caste from the point of view of a native scholar. Mr. Ketkar protests against the translation of *varna* as caste; but this is not a new idea. It is only because the idea of caste is foreign to us and because *varna* was originally rendered by "caste" that this remains a convenient word with which to translate what in strictness should be "class" or "order." Yet the correct word for caste was constantly interchanged by the Hindu writers themselves with the word *varna*, and even Manu, with whom Mr. Ketkar is chiefly concerned, is not consistent in his use of the words. Manu's date is put rather late by Mr. Ketkar, who assigns him to the third century, A. D., chiefly on the ground that the Andhras are mentioned in Manu as a low caste, which, as Mr. Ketkar thinks, could happen only when the Andhra race of warriors was sunk to a low level, as it was in the third century. In his ethnological appendix Mr. Ketkar criticises Risley, and maintains that even the Dravidians, in fact, all the people of India, "with the probable exception of the Bengalese and the northeastern frontier tribes," are Caucasian. This is a view requiring more arguments in its favor than are given by the author in the present monograph, and more space to discuss than the limit of this note permits. As Mr. Ketkar promises to write a series of monographs, he will probably take up the subject again. At present it seems to be as inconclusive a suggestion as that given to the world a few years ago in regard to the "Aryan" Ainos of Japan. Mr. Ketkar, by the way, makes a timely protest against confusing "Aryan" and racial characteristics. To the Hindu the word *arya* was not ethnical but ethical. Arya was noble; an Aryan was a gentleman, of whatever race. Yet even here it must not be forgotten that the "noseless" people mentioned in early Vedic times show race-signs not forgotten later on when the "regenerate" (high-caste) Hindus are particularly described as having "fine noses."

Sir Thomas Holdich, whose previous volumes on the "Indian Borderland" and "India" have already been favorably noticed in the *Nation*, adds this year a third volume to the series of his instructive works, and in "The Gates of India" (Macmillan) gives a narrative of the history of the borderland to the west and northwest of India, Baluchistan, Afghanistan, Seistan, etc. He supplements the accounts of ancient writers with his own rich experience of twenty years' wandering through these countries, and the result is a volume made up of history and modern geography, which contains all that is known about the rude barbarians without the "Gates," from the time of the early explorers to the present. Sir Thomas concludes, as a political moral to his tale, that "we must have men and material sufficient . . . to guard these gates when open, or to close them if we wish them shut." Less reliable is his extraordinary statement (p. 241) that Merv had "Christian congregations, both Jacobite and Nestorian, about 200 (sic!) A. D." As Nestorius lived in the fifth century and Jacob Baradal, founder of the Jacobites, in the sixth, one wonders whether the authority for this palpable *lapsus* is the printer's devil or merely one of those erratic historians who derive all Christianity from the farther East. American readers will be interested to see that more than sixty pages of this work are devoted to "American Exploration" in Afghanistan, being a résumé of "Masson's weary walk" in the thirties of the last century. "Fifty years elapsed before the footsteps of Masson could be traced with certainty. As an explorer in Afghanistan he stands alone. His work has never been equalled."

"Germany of the Germans," by Robert M. Berry (Scribner), is an English compilation of heterogeneous facts about various aspects of the German empire of to-day. In spite of the author's disclaimer, the work is hardly more than an ill-digested mass of statistics. "The facts are given: the reader is left to draw his own conclusions." We have not been sufficiently interested in the book to undertake any certification of the figures. They seem to be authentic, and American readers may find the compilation a convenient source of information about contemporary German politics and commerce, as well as national and municipal enterprises of many sorts. Mr. Berry would have done well to limit himself to these practical matters. His account of the organization of the empire, following a somewhat gossipy chapter on the Emperor, is, though it contains nothing new, the most readable part of his book. The chapters on literature, music, art, and philosophy are grotesquely inadequate. There are some thirty miscellaneous illustrations.

The number of matriculated students attending the twenty-one universities of Germany during the present summer semester is 54,845, including 2,169 women. A year ago there were 51,700, and ten years ago 33,700. Besides these matriculates there are 2,686 men, and 1,226 women as hearers, making the whole number in attendance 58,757 (55,554 last year), of whom 27,577 (25,638) are in the ten Prussian universities, 9,369 (9,074) in the three Bavarian, 5,297 (4,931) in the two Baden, and 12,602 (12,057) in the remaining six universities of the empire. As regards the departments of study, 15,475 (13,911) devote themselves to philology, philosophy, and history, 10,682 (9,462) to medicine, 7,937 (7,385) to mathematics and natural science, 2,406 (2,198) to cameralistics, or finance, 1,264 (1,238) to dentistry, 1,840 (1,766) to Catholic theology, and 2,507 (2,398) to Protestant theology; only jurisprudence, 11,323 (11,657), and pharmaceutics, 1,147 (1,154), show a diminution of students in attendance. Of the several universities Berlin takes the lead in numbers with 7,902 (7,194); then follow Munich, 6,890 (6,547); Leipzig, 4,592 (4,581); Bonn, 4,070 (3,801); Freiburg, 2,884 (2,760); Halle, 2,451 (2,310); Breslau, 2,432 (2,347); Heidelberg, 2,413 (2,171); Göttingen, 2,353 (2,239); Marburg, 2,192 (2,134); Tübingen, 2,061 (1,921); Münster, 2,007 (1,760); Strassburg, 1,964 (1,935); Jena, 1,817 (1,606); Kiel, 1,760 (1,593); Würzburg, 1,429 (1,369); Königsberg, 1,381 (1,293); Giessen, 1,334 (1,271); Erlangen 1,050 (1,158); Greifswald, 1,029 (967), and Rostock, 834 (743). Erlangen, alone, has fewer students than last summer. The increase in Leipzig and Strassburg has been very slight, in Kiel, Jena, Berlin, Munich, and Münster considerable. In the list Halle has risen from the seventh to the sixth; Heidelberg, from the ninth to the eighth; Tübingen, from the twelfth to the eleventh, and Münster, from the thirteenth to the twelfth, while Strassburg has fallen from the eleventh to the thirteenth. Instead of 2,169 women, as at present, there were 1,432 a year ago, 320 three years ago, and 137 five years ago, when women were admitted only to the universities of Bavaria and Baden, and to Tübingen in Würtemberg. Of the 2,169 female students, 1,700 are Germans and the rest foreigners, mostly Americans and Russians. The increase in numbers is due in a great degree to the fact that girls have recently obtained in Germany better facilities for pursuing preparatory studies. In this semester 1,217 (699 a year ago), devote themselves to philology, philosophy, history, and kindred branches, 512 (371) to medicine, and to the natural sciences, 313 (245), to political economy, 55 (42), to dentistry, 38 (44), to law, 26 (23), to evangelical theology, 4 (4), and to pharmacy, 4 (4).

The only decrease is in dentistry, and the greatest increase in philology, philosophy, etc. We may add in this connection that in France there are now 3,862 female students in the universities, of whom 2,042 devote themselves to philology and literature, 1,074 to medicine, 508 to natural sciences, 152 to jurisprudence, and 86 to pharmacy. Of the women in German universities nearly one-third, 626 (417), are in Berlin, 204 (114) in Bonn, 200 (110) in Göttingen, 191 (138) in Heidelberg, 176 (148) in Munich, 116 (90) in Freiburg, 100 (64) in Breslau, 68 (38) in Marburg, 68 (25) in Münster, 60 (38) in Greifswald, 56 (30) in Königsberg, 41 (14) in Jena, 37 (26) in Halle, 36 (30) in Giessen, 35 (9) in Tübingen, 34 (18) in Kiel, 34 (21) in Strassburg, 22 (16) in Erlangen, 9 (9) in Würzburg, and 5 (0) in Rostock. There are also 1,226 women as hearers, making the whole number in attendance 3,395.

Léopold Victor Delisle, a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, and for many years administrator-general of the department of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale, died last Friday in Paris, at the age of eighty-four. He was a member of several learned societies interested in the history and the antiquities of France, and wrote extensively on these subjects. His works include, "Etudes sur la condition de la classe agricole et l'état de l'agriculture en Normandie au moyen âge," "Histoire du château et des sires de Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte," "Le Cabinet des manuscrits de la Bibliothèque nationale," "Chronique de Robert de Torigni," various palæographical and bibliographical essays, together with descriptions and summaries of important manuscripts.

Science.

To those familiar with the doctrine of his earlier books, the latest volume of the Inner Life Series, by Horatio W. Dresser, with the title, "A Message to the Well," (Putnam), brings little that is really new. To others it may be a welcome restatement of the principles of mental healing. The title belongs more exactly to one of half a dozen answers to appeals for personal help or explanation, here printed together. Some of these have already been published as contributions to periodicals. Much of the book is concerned with a discussion of the Emmanuel movement which is looked upon as "legitimately carrying out the therapeutic practice of Mr. Quimby," in which, however, the individual is a mere agent, the real power coming from above. Essentially his criticism of the movement is that it is not enough to trust to subconscious processes and suggestion, even though these play a certain rôle; there must be a more fundamental conception of the reality of a divine presence. This idea is elaborated in a fashion which will interest all who care to follow these questions further.

"The Boys' Book of Airships" (Stokes), by Harry Delacombe, is by no means a child's story-book, as one might suppose, but a simple, well-written narrative of the evolution of the various types of aerial crafts; and, though intended primarily for the young, it is none the less interesting to the adult. It should seem as if the author had greatly deplored the relative inactivity of his countrymen, the English, as compared with the French and the Germans, in matters pertaining to aerial navigation. As a consequence of this, his avowed purpose in writing the present book was to interest the rising generation of Englishmen in aeronautics, with the underlying hope that he might inspire some of his young readers to adopt the profession of an aeronaut. In his opinion, "it will be an honorable and glorious profession, affording opportunities for distinction which could scarcely occur on the earth or sea-level, and becoming of greater importance every day." Rather more than two-thirds of the volume is given over to a consideration of the history of human flight up to that point where the coming of the petrol motor, a few years ago, and its adaptation to the glider made possible the successful use of the aeroplane proper. The greater proportion of the rest of the book contains little more than a succession of descriptions of the leading types of heavier-than-air machines of the present day. Reference is made, here and there, to the more comprehensive and scientific treatises which deal with the whole subject of airships, in case the reader should wish later on to get more light upon various questions which do not fall within the scope of the present treatise. The volume contains nearly one hundred illustrations, and the press work is of more than usual excellence.

A new number of the Rural Science Series, "Fruit Growing in Arid Regions," by Prof. Wendell Paddock and Orville B. Whipple (Macmillan), fulfils its purpose satisfactorily. It is addressed to growers in the inter-mountain country of our West, and in a well-illustrated volume gives the result of recent experiment and orchard practice. But while we can recommend this book for use in the arid regions, we are more struck by its value for the Eastern orchardist. It will teach him that only by following Western methods can he hope to equal the better grade of Western fruit. Not until he learns to cultivate and prune and thin scientifically will he be on the way to make the best of his natural advantages of locality and climate. Even then he will not be able to sell in the cities of his own State until he learns to pack attractively and to organize for marketing.

Music.

Instruments of the Orchestra and Precursors of the Violin Family. By Kathleen Schlesinger. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $6 net.

The author of this volume has attacked one of the most difficult problems in musical history—the genealogy of the violin—in a volume of 441 pages, and proclaims boldly that the conclusions reached by her differ entirely from those of such authorities as E. J. Payne, E. Heron Allen, Antoine Vidal, Laurent Grillet, Fétis, Julius Rühlmann, and others, who derive the violin from the Moorish rebab for the reason that, as far as is known at present, the bow was first used with that instrument in Europe. Nor does she side with those who trace the ancestry of the violin to the Welsh crwth. The immediate precursor of the violin was, in her opinion, the guitar-fiddle, or bowed guitar, which in its perfected form was known in Italy as the lyra; and from that she traces the ancestry back to the Greek kithara, with much evidence of careful and independent archæological research. The problem is so involved and obscure, and so many quaint instruments not among those fittest to survive come into consideration, that it is impossible in a review to indicate the line of argument, or to pass judgment on her claim. As she herself admits, we still have almost everything to learn concerning the archetypes of European instruments in the East, and the manner in which they were made known to the nations of the West. Not a few experts will be likely to object to her attempt to make the soundchest (instead of the bow) the most important characteristic of the violin, thus shifting the line of argument. At the same time, the writer of these two volumes deserves unstinted praise for the way in which she has studied and delved and presented the results of laborious research. Her work will be indispensable to all who are interested in the genealogy of the queen of musical instruments. The bibliography, a monument of painstaking labor, takes up 99 pages, while the index fills 53 pages.

In the case of the other orchestral instruments, to which the first volume (212 pages) is devoted, only a paragraph is given in each chapter to the question of origin, the other points considered being construction, production of sound, compass, quality of tone, and possibilities. This volume, therefore, has a practical value, and as it is, like the other, very fully illustrated, it will interest also those who simply desire to know something about the sources of the wonderful sounds produced by a modern orchestra. There is no reference to the heckelphone or the celesta, and in the brief chapter on the viola one misses mention of the new type of instruments invented by Ritter, which so aroused the enthusiasm of Wagner. Otherwise the treatise meets all requirements. Interesting information is given as to the manner in which the problem of imitating deep church bells in "Parsifal," which Wagner was unable to solve to his satisfaction in 1882, is now dealt with. The author got her information direct from Bayreuth. The tones as heard there are a combination, being produced by (1) a large instrument with four strings, constructed somewhat on the principle of the grand piano; (2) four gongs tuned to the pitch of the four notes; (3) a bass-tuba which plays the notes in quavers, to help to make them more distinct; and (4) a fifth gong on

which a roll is executed with a drumstick.

Art.

BERLIN ART EXHIBITION.

BERLIN, July 12.

Until the second of October, visitors to Berlin may see the annual art exhibition. The display numbers over two thousand works of art, including oils, water-colors, pastels, sculptures, and architectural models. That German art is alive—perhaps too much so—to every fad and fancy of the artistic world, an examination of this collection will show; but, happily, one also meets with the work of those who follow the Scriptural precept and "hold fast to that which is good" in the tradition of their art. By which we do not mean to extol a blind obedience to ruling conventions. It should seem, for example, that sculpture were just happily emerging from the centuries of trammel bestowed upon it by Michelangelo when he discarded all sculpture but the pure white. That a tinted cast produces a better impression than the uncolored original, the camera testifies. Of this fact modern artists are now aware, and the sculptors who exhibit at Berlin are no exception. But to return to those who cling to tradition: it should occasion no great surprise to discover a frank imitation of Turner or of Corot, but to uncover a portrait in the spirit of Memling is a distinct surprise. Yet capitulation is necessary before that Flemish-like portrait head of a girl (Mädchenkopf) by Robert Wellmann. Verisimilitude in execution, a simple but vigorous color scheme, and exquisite tone, especially in the flesh, constitute its charm.

The exposition indicates generally that the seventeenth-century Dutch interior painters still furnish inspiration. Müller-Schönefeld's Brother and Sister (Die Geschwister) has all the subtle color harmony and artfully homely composition of a Vermeer. His portrait of a woman reading (Lesende Frau) is thrilling for similar reasons. If these canvases are inferior to those of their Dutch exemplar, their inferiority lies in the lack of that lovely velvet-like finish which is the property of every Vermeer. One might mention other men like Schönnenbeck, Müller-Cassell, and Alfred Höhn, who have produced interiors of almost equal merit and of like source of inspiration.

In devoting a special room to the pictures of Julius Bergmann, the committee have made no mistake. The present writer found these canvases deeply moving. Chiefly rural in subject, they range, in their interpretation of the moods of nature, from the glaring luminosity of full mid-day to the fresh dawn of a morning, or the after-glow of an evening. Even the casual observer would remark the versatility of method—the fine adaptability of technique to subject in hand. The same remark holds true, only in less degree, of the other artists whose work is exhibited in extent. Although successful in pure landscape, Bergmann is perhaps most happy when he localizes his scene by the introduction of sheep or cattle. Never, however, does he permit his animals a preponderance over the background. Such a canvas is his Evening at the Pool (Abend am Tümpel), which one may say combines the qualities of a Corot and a Troyon. The method, while unmistakably impressionistic, is nevertheless subordinated to the subject, and does not overtly flourish the fact of its existence in the face of the observer.

Another painting of a most satisfying sort was the Rising Moon (Mondaufgang) by Max Uth. The problem was the play of the weird moonlight over a mysterious wood. Among many subjects that put a strain on one's moral tolerance it was stimulating to come across Fritz Burger's fresh and cheerful portrait of the youthful H. K. In addition to this accidental merit the portrait had real qualities of force and vividness.

The most vivid and most stenographic treatment of all was to be found in Ludwig Vacatko's Horses at the Pond (Pferde am Weiher). With but a few significant strokes he has embodied the action of the animals and conveyed the sense of motion. In the portrait of the artist and his family, by John Quincy Adams, one was also conscious of force, but of a more potential kind. The observer derived an impression as of strength held in reserve, but none the less potent. A picture that delighted me, with its skilful rendering of bluish-green water encircling a rocky ledge, was Karl Boehme's Cape St. Martin, near Biarritz. Also fascinating for its delicate harmony and cool tones was the portrait of his wife by Schulte Im Hofe. Among those pictures which did not impress at the time, but which one recalled afterwards, may be mentioned Emil Burmester's realistic wrestling-bout, and Franz Paczka's Hungarian peasants, with their audacious greens and rich browns.

As to general impressions, the writer would speak most favorably of the commendable showing of the landscapists. Sunsets are a favorite theme, and are skilfully handled. The trick of representing a shaft of sunlight streaming through a break in the clouds has been mastered by many. The glare of the mid-day sun by the seashore, the cool shade in the grove of an afternoon, and the evening forest gloom, are problems of light and atmosphere that have found clever solutions. But all these good qualities are outweighed by the negligent attitude of these artists, amounting almost to disrespect, towards their medium. I am not criticising the modern or direct method of applying pigment, although there is much to be said in favor of such under-paintings as Rubens, for example, used. The evil consists in painting merely for the moment, with no eye to the permanence of the picture. Select a canvas almost at random, and you will discover cracks and blemishes that foretell an early death, and this before the painting has passed its first birthday. If the artist paints only for the moment, or for himself, one might justly ask what is the use of ever displaying his work. And perhaps this very point of respect for medium would help us to an explanation of the secret of the old masters.

Just as landscape has discovered new fields for itself, so is sculpture reaching out for new forms of expression. At Berlin this movement interests itself chiefly in new materials. For example, the integral beauty of Günther-Gera's portrait bust of a woman was increased by the charm of the reddish gypsum in which it was worked. Rather more in the classical spirit was the bronze figure of the Sandal-Binder by Fritz Röll. Carefully balanced in an unusual position, the figure was so composed as to stand inspection from any point of view. The Spear-Thrower, by Fritz Heinrichs, possessed the same quality of four-sided composition. Classical in inspiration, but delightfully original in treatment, was the tombstone of Johannes Seiler, which represented the figure of Grief in bas-relief upon red gypsum. Captivating for its air of innocence was Johannes Götz's double portrait bust of two children. One cannot close without a reference to the many materials—bronze, marble, sandstone, gypsum, wax, and even wood—with which these sculptors have busied themselves. Some of the happiest results have been obtained in a greyish sandstone, and wood also has furnished a successful medium for not a few subjects. An interesting feature of the architectural department, perhaps appealing most strongly to one's juvenile instincts, was the collection of models ranging from department stores to cottages.

MN.

Finance.

SHOWING OF THE BANKS.

The condition of the national banks of the United States on June 30 has recently excited lively discussion. The figures of the Comptroller of the Currency for that date, as compared with those of March 29, the date of the previous showing, reveal a decrease of nearly $124,000,000 in deposits, and a decrease of less than $2,000,000 in loans and discounts. Virtually the whole of the reduction in loans was in the central and

other reserve cities: to be exact, the reserve cities cut their loans down $63,554,280, and the islands of the sea pursued a similar course to the extent of $149,151, while the rest of the country made an increase of $61,620,273. The last item was disappointing, in view of the assertions for weeks past that the Western banks were cutting down their loans.

Still, four weeks have elapsed since June 30, and they have been exceedingly active weeks. It is possible that the true view of the Comptroller's latest figures would be to regard them somewhat in the light of ancient history. Many persons had supposed that the banks throughout the country, notably those of the West, began a month prior to June 30 to contract their loan account. The presumption is, however, that, though as long ago as that they saw the necessity of so doing, they questioned the wisdom of setting about the task precipitately. The money market is like a huge ship; it cannot turn too sharp a corner. And it is reasonable to suppose that if the Comptroller of the Currency had deferred his call until July 30, the showing of the loan account would have been much better.

Dismissing conjecture, however, and taking the figures for June 30, as they stand, one must infer that New York will be asked to play an unusually large part this year in financing the crop movement. Her ability to do so appears to have been steadily improving. Last Saturday's New York bank statement was highly satisfactory, as compared with previous statements in 1910. That excess of loans over deposits which for so many weeks was a source of uneasiness to some minds has disappeared, and its place is occupied by an actual surplus of deposits amounting to about $9,000,000. A few more weeks of decreasing loans and increasing deposits, especially deposits representing goodly receipts of European gold, should put the New York banks in a position fully to meet the exigencies of the coming months.

The most encouraging feature of the situation still resides in our ability to draw gold from abroad. Europe as a whole is in excellent condition to help us finance the 1910 crop. Her supply of the metal is adequate to her present need. In 1907, European bankers were a good deal exercised over the insufficiency of the gold supply, and did not hesitate openly to express themselves as such. One hears little of that talk in 1910; nor is there this year such a scramble for the new gold from the mines as has taken place on some previous occasions. In fact, Europe appears to regard our situation as one that requires care in the handling, but not as one which should cause her to tie her purse strings against us. Our bankers are as shrewd as any in the world in meeting delicate situations, when they have to, and this time they are fully alive to the necessity of prudence.

There are several things which, no doubt, they have in mind. One is that the farmers are not the only people that will have to be financed this autumn; another is that we shall have to rely to a much larger extent than usual on foreign money to do this financing, and must pay it back eventually. The fact that the New York banks have lately been pulling themselves together in a creditable manner to meet such coming exigencies should, to be sure, occasion no easy-going optimism. The outlook is encouraging only as the situation is properly handled.

Appearances are that the Western banks will have to draw heavily on New York banks for the remainder of the year, in order to finance their agricultural customers. The farmers, in other words, are likely to be more at the dictation of Eastern bankers than they have been for some years. We shall be be curious to note how far any extravagant notions which they may now have regarding the price of their products will be modified by this fact. Conceivably there may be a divergence of view between the New York bankers and the Western agriculturists on this point. The farmers have already made a heavy drain on the working capital of the nation, and one of the consequences has been the slowing up of other forms of industry. General industry, in fact, has been liquidating all summer: manufacturers and merchants have cut prices freely, in order to convert their goods into cash. It is but instinctive, then, to ask if the farmers alone are going to escape this movement. The final decision will rest not with them, but with the New York banks. The scale on which the latter will re-discount for the Western and Southern banks will be the governing factor in the price of our agricultural products this autumn.

It would be futile to ignore the fact that we are putting ourselves under obligation to pay back to Europe a large amount of capital. What we are borrowing now may, perhaps, tide us safely over our situation later; that is, it will afford us time to adjust our finance and industry to a more rational basis, without undue hardship. Yet there is some reason to fear that this foreign aid will be viewed by Wall Street and the industrial world as a means of re-creating the boom conditions of 1909. And any such effort would be profoundly regrettable. Its positive results might not be large, for it is doubtful if Europe is advancing us the present sums with any eye to their permanent employment here. But negatively the effect might be unfortunate; anything may be considered unfortunate at this time that prevents the people of this country from seeing clearly the necessity of cutting our industrial garment a little more in accordance with the real quantity of our cloth.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, C. M., Gambrill, J. M., and Tall, L. L. Bibliography of History for Schools and Libraries. Longmans. 60 cents net.
Bailey, H. C. Storm and Treasure. Brentano. $1.50.
Bond, F. Wood Carvings in English Churches. 1—Misericords. Frowde.
Brace, H. H. Gold Production and Future Prices. Bankers Pub. Co.
Britton, F. H. Teddie. Detroit: F. B. Dickerson Co. $1.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. VIII. Robt. Appleton Co.
Curtis, C. H. The Book of the Flower Show. Lane Co. $1.60 net.
Dalton, W. Auction Bridge Up-to-Date. Wycil & Co.
Debar, J. Prohibition. Cincinnati, O.: The author.
Dehan, R. One Braver Thing. Duffield.
Demarest, V. The Fruit of Desire: a Novel. Harper. $1.20 net.
Ditmars, R. L. Reptiles of the World. Sturgis & Walton. $5 net.
Droste-Hülshoff, A. v. Die Judenbuche, with intro. and notes by E. O. Eckelmann. Frowde.
Dunning, R. C. Hyllus: A Drama. Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Gardner, E. A. Religion and Art in Ancient Greece. Harper's Library of Living Thought.
Gordon, H. L. Indian Legends and Other Poems. Salem: Salem Press Co.
Gould, F. J. The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks. Intro. by W. D. Howells. Harper. 75 cents.
Graham, W. The Enemy of Woman. London, W. C.: Mills & Boon.
Gubernatis, A. de. Pietro Metastasio. Florence: Successori le Monnier.
Hardy's. A Laodicean. Harper's Thin paper edition. $1.25 net.
Harvard University: Quinquennial Catalogue of the Officers and Graduates, 1636-1910. Cambridge.
Humphrey, L. H. The Poetic New-World. Compilation of Poetry. Holt.
Larned, J. N. History for Ready Reference. Revised and enlarged edition. Vol. VII.—Recent History. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols Co.
Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm. Edited with intro. and notes by J. Wiehr. Frowde.
Neale, W. The Sovereignty of the States. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.
Nixon, E., and Steel, H. R. The Bible Reader. Part IV. The Message of the Prophets, Solomon to the Captivity. London: Unwin.
Oppenheim, J. Wild Oats. Huebsch. $1.20 net.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII. Sauce-alone—Scouring. Frowde. $1.25.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Selected Old Ballads; Selected English Classics, Seventeenth Century Characters. 2 vols. Frowde.
Rix, F. R. Voice Training for School Children. Barnes Co.
Roman History and Mythology. Edited by H. A. Sanders. Univ. of Michigan Studies. Macmillan.
Stackpoole, H. De V. The Bourgeois. Brentano.
Stebbing, W. Three Essays. Frowde.
Tilden, W. A. The Elements. Harper.
Vane, V. The Bankruptcy of Bryan Kane. Rochester, N. Y.: Bates Pub. Co.
Varney, G. L. Favorite Poems of Famous People. Vol. I. Chicago: Vaughan Pub. Co.
Wicheiman, F. A. The Dangerous Currency System of the United States. The author: 10 cents.
Wilde, H. Celestial Ejectamenta. First Halley lecture, del. May 10, 1910. Frowde. 35 cents.
Willis, B., and Salisbury, R. D. Outlines of Geologic History with Especial Reference to North America. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Wright, E. H. The Authorship of Timon of Athens. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Zoëga, G. T. Concise Dictionary of Old Icelandic. Frowde. $3.40.

HAZEN'S EUROPE SINCE 1815
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1910.

The Week.

It was unkind of the Treasury Department to come out so close on the heels of the Ohio Republican Convcution with the showing of a deficit for July of more than $14,000,000. The Ohio platform, in its praises of the Aldrich-Payne tariff, solemnly but not very truthfully declared that it had "converted a deficit into a surplus." It is true that July is usually a month of Treasury deficits, owing to heavy payments at the beginning of the fiscal year, but $14,000,000 is a big minus quantity to start off the account with. It is virtually certain that the next three months will not turn it into a positive quantity. We note that the July reveuue from customs dutics fell off nearly $4,000,000 from a ycar ago. The large return then was said to be due to advance importations in fear of "reduced" rates! In any case, the change shows again the truth of Senator Aldrich's remark that the taxes on imports are gettiug to be a brokeu reed for American public finance to lean upon.

New Jersey may not be the only Eastern State in which the Democrats will name a mau of high ability and standing for Governor. The enthusiastic unauimity with which members of the Democratic State committee last Thursday at New Haven endorsed the suggestiou of Simeon E. Baldwin, formerly chief justice of the Counecticut Supreme Court, for the head of their State ticket indicates their appreciation of the importance of taking the best advantage of the anti-Republicau tide. It is rare that the electors of any party in any State have the opportunity of voting for a man of Judge Baldwiu's attainments and character. His long service on the bench, his learning in the law, demonstrated in his lectures at the Yale Law School, as well as in his writings, have won him the honor of election to the presidency of the American Bar Association and have led to his mention as a fit appointee to the United States Supreme Court. As a publicist and historian he is eqnally well known, being an ex-President of the American Historical Association. If it could elect Woodrow Wilson Governor of New Jersey and Judge Baldwin of Connecticut, the Democratic party would scarcely know itself.

Colorado has almost unaccountably lagged behind other States in the enactment of laws dealing with corporate control, ballot and primary reform, and tne whole class of "progressive" legislation. A mere recital of the proposed reforms to be urged by Gov. Shafroth upon the special session of the State Legislature, which he has called to meet early this month, shows how true this is. Direct nominations, the initiative and referendum, the Massachusetts ballot, railway and public service commissions, bank deposit guarantees—there is scarcely a State west of the Mississippi that has not adopted one or more of these reforms within recent years. Colorado has had, to be sure, a hard struggle to free herself from the grip of mining and smelting corporations. It has taken the best in Colorado to do that work. Perhaps on that account it is unfair to draw comparisons between her and more progressive States. Were the Democratic party, with a majority in both houses of the Legislature, wholly free from suspicion, there would be a promise of a hearty response to the Democratic Governor's plea. But it cannot be counted on with certainty. And fear of adding to Democratic power and prestige may deter the progressive Colorado Republicans from supporting a programme which they really favor.

Congressman Ames of Massachusetts might seem more interested in aerocycles than primaries. Nevertheless, those authorized to speak for him declare that in every one of the 280 legislative districts in the State, Republicans will he called upon to say in September whether they prefer Lodge or Ames for United States Senator. Lodge himself is leaving no stone unturned to see that the decision shall be in his favor. Reports to the Republican town chairmen, gathered by the Boston *Globe*, do not indicate any great danger of his being defeated. Why is he displaying so much concern? His friends say he wants his victory to be overwhelming. But some with long memories recall the contest between Dawes and Long, when the latter, with a clear majority of the Republican votes in the Legislature, was defeated by Dawes with the aid of Democratic votes. Massachusetts Democrats would never support Lodge. If Ames can elect enough members to hold the balance of power, his friends profess to think he may be as lucky as Dawes. And there are unmistakable signs of a sentiment in many strong manufacturing centres like Lowell and Lawrence and Fall River that may not be for Ames, but is decidedly against Lodge. Highly protected Attleboro, for instance, is said to be "95 per cent. anti-Lodge." Lodge might well exclaim: "Et tu, Attleboro"; for it was partly to save her cheap-jewelry manufacture that he beat the French reciprocity treaty.

Attorney-General Wickersham has given his legal opinion in the matter of the Robert E. Lee statue, Mr. Taft has given his approval to that opinion, aud the incident may be regarded as closed. Mr. Wickersham, in asserting that no reason exists for the removal of the Southern leader's effigy from Statuary Hall, attempts very adroitly to placate both parties to the dispute, and at the same time to administer a merited rebuff. Robert E. Lee, the Attorney-General declares, has come to be looked upon as typical of all that was best in the cause he stood for. Southern opinion will receive this pronouncement with satisfaction. But, goes on Mr. Wickersham, Lee gave "also the most loyal and unmurmuring acceptance of the complete overthrow of that cause." To overlook the treason in the man and recognize only his loyalty, is not so legalistic an argument as may appear at first sight. That is the only ground on which the nation can give recognition to a man who took up arms for its undoing—that, having had recourse to the arbitrament of arms, he unmurmuringly accepted the outcome. The example of Lee might very well serve as a reminder to those emotional reconstructors of history who have latterly been so much in fashion. The fact that the lost cause was a lost cause does not

necessarily make it a sacred cause. The fact that the Union cause triumphed does not necessarily make it a triumph of brute force over right.

There are few races in America whose transplanted members tend to flock together politically as do the Scandinavians. This was never better indicated than in the case of the late John A. Johnson of Minnesota, who, although a Democrat, was thrice elected Governor of his State, when the rest of the ticket on each occasion was carried by the usual overwhelming Republican majorities. Engaging as was Johnson's personality, and admirable as was his record in public office, there can be no doubt that he owed much of his strength at the polls to the fact that he was the son of Scandinavian parents. It was doubtless this consideration that had something to do with the choice by the Minnesota Democrats of ex-Gov. John Lind, a Swede by birth, to head their State ticket this autumn. Nevertheless, Lind has independent elements of strength. He was a Republican Representative in Congress from 1887 to 1893, but left that party on the silver issue and was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1896. He was elected Governor by a Democratic-Populist fusion in 1898, but was defeated when a candidate for re-election in 1900. Subsequently he served one term in Congress as a Democrat. He has thus been a factor in the political life of Minnesota for almost a quarter of a century, and the people know just what to expect of him. His nomination last week was unanimous, despite his protest that he could not accept the honor. If he finally agrees to run, there are close observers who believe that Minnesota, like Ohio, may be rated as a doubtful State this autumn.

Even those friends of the Indian who most firmly believe in tonic treatment for him may have misgivings about the new legislation which enables an allottee holding land under the Government trust to devise it by will. It should seem that property which he is deemed incompetent to handle in health cannot safely be left to his disposal when weakened by the approach of death. In view of the ignorant Indian's confidence in lawyers, and the love of frontier lawyers for the ignorant Indian, we may look for the outbreak of a testamentary orgy as soon as the news of this enlarged privilege spreads through the West. The natural heirs of the Indian landholder, who formerly could count on one day selling his farm for their own profit, can still gamble in post-obit obligations, though subject to a much heavier discount. But hereafter no Indian not a citizen who owns a valuable parcel of land need hope to be permitted to die in peace. His only escape from pestering will lie in privately making as many wills as there are coveters of his homestead, and leaving the beneficiaries to fight it out among themselves.

Newbern, in North Carolina, celebrates the two hundredth anniversary of its birth with an historical pageant. Cape Town, in South Africa, is celebrating or just getting ready to celebrate the birth of United South Africa, and likewise by an historical pageant. The two facts together emphasize the rapidity with which this form of combined public entertainment and lesson in patriotism has swept over the English-speaking world. Until a very few years ago it was too readily taken for granted that the Anglo-Saxon temperament had no place for the carnival spirit. And for that matter the critic is still at liberty to maintain that the Anglo-Saxon in his public merrymaking quite lacks the gayety and the elemental love of color and music that the Latin races claim for their own. Into such refinements we need not enter. The fact stands that while Rome has had the last of its famous carnivals, London, New York, Newbern, and Cape Town have gone in whole-heartedly for the pomp and feast and revelry and masque and antique pageantry of which the Middle Ages were so fond. Is this a desperate endeavor on our part to escape from the drab monotony of modern life? Well, let the critic once more have it as he will; only he cannot keep up his censure very long without falling foul of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose heart must be one vast surge of delight at this recrudescence of merrie, hearty, ante-Puritan Anglo-Saxondom.

American courts doubtless err on the side of caution and leniency, but when the abuses of a different system come to light they should at least tend to temper the condemnation of American methods and promote patience with what sometimes seem unwarranted delays.

This remark is a newspaper comment on a case in which a French farmer was convicted of murder years ago, and died in prison, and in which a ragpicker now comes forward and confesses that he committed the crime for which the farmer was punished. At the trial, the presiding judge had "left the bench and from the floor of the courtroom denounced the prisoner as a guilty fiend, while the enraged spectators shouted 'Kill him!'" But it is not the abandonment of the Anglo-Saxon system that is proposed by those who object to the preposterous delays and difficulties which so often characterize its working in this country. These do not turn on any rational demand of care or caution; nor are they in any sense an intrinsic part of the system. The practices on which they rest are a morbid excrescence, not a part of the healthy organism itself. And it is not to France, but to England, that those point who urge the duty and the practicability of a reform. Both in civil and in criminal practice, England has found it perfectly feasible to combine efficiency, promptness, and freedom from the deadweight of monstrous technicalities with the full maintenance of the Anglo-Saxon traditions of law and justice, and there is no reason why we should not endeavor to do as well.

To the jealous eye of the European jingo, this country's intentions with respect to the republic of Liberia stand fraught with direst significance. American aid for Liberia means the entrance of the United States into the field of African interests. It means that henceforth American diplomacy will take its place behind American capital in the exploitation of the Dark Continent. It means, according to some of the most excited patriots in England and Germany, that all the other nations will have to push a little closer together on the African bench in order to give Uncle Sam a place in the sunshine—and a generous place. Finally it means—what in the end all jingo visions and arguments mean—a greater navy for threatened Europe and conscription for England and universal drilling and—who knows—girl scouts, perhaps, for the defence of hearth and home. The fact is that the European fire-eater even more than our own species is bound to make molehills into mountains. European international politics is accustomed to take seriously a market riot some-

where in the Balkans, a marriage between a royal cousin and the member of a mediatized house, the omission of a royal prince to visit this capital or telegraph a kind word to that one. To people accustomed to such a scheme of delicate adjustments a good-sized country like Liberia may indeed loom big. Europe finds it difficult to understand that, in the absence of any deep schemes in Liberia, tradition and sentiment in this country are sufficient to bring us to the assistance of that distressed republic without any thoughts of aggrandizement in the back of our minds.

The vote of 410 to 84, by which the bill modifying the royal declaration passed its second reading in the House of Commons last week, is a 5 to 1 vote against bigotry and for common sense. To speak of the amendment which the Government was induced to accept as a setback for Mr. Asquith is absurd. The Government's prime object was to remove the source of Catholic offence. Instead of defining the King's faith negatively by pointing out what dogmas he "abhorred," the proposed formula simply substituted the declaration, "I am a faithful member of the Protestant Church as by law established." The last four words raised up a Non-Conformist storm. That historically sensitive conscience discerned in the words an additional sanction for the Church of England. In reality, Mr. Asquith, who is himself not of the Anglican Church, may simply have intended a phrase explanatory of the term "Protesant Church." As the oath stands now, King George will declare simply that he is a "faithful Protestant," though we question whether that term has ever received precise definition.

Detailed figures of the vote on the woman-suffrage bill in the House of Commons are now at hand. The vote of 299 in favor of its second reading was made up of 161 Liberals, 87 Conservatives, 31 Labor members, and 20 Irish Nationalists. In the opposing list of 189 were found 113 Conservatives, 60 Liberals, 14 Nationalists, and 2 Labor members. One sees how the question was as a sword for the dividing asunder of parties. On the vote immediately following to refer the bill to Committee of the Whole House, instead of to a special committee, there were a number of abstentions and many changes from one side to the other, the final result being to carry the motion by 320 to 175. In the majority, the Conservatives numbered 176, the Liberals 124, while in the minority were recorded 101 Liberals and 29 Conservatives. The adoption of this motion to refer has been said to mean the indefinite postponement of the suffrage bill. But this was not the understanding of Mr. Haldane, Secretary for War, who voted for the second reading and afterwards for the reference to the Committee of the Whole, the latter on the express ground that the suffrage bill had now become a first-class question, and so was entitled to be dealt with by the House as a whole.

Possibly the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Vatican is a somewhat abrupt step by the Spanish Government, but it is evident that a rupture of ideas and policies lies behind it. With a Papal Secretary of State who is himself a Spaniard, it might seem that more accurate information as to the actual state of opinion in Spain should have been available to the Holy See. But its misapprehension appears to have been grave. As one member of the Spanish Cabinet observes, the Vatican has been acting as if nothing had changed in Spain since 1750. Yet the increasing anti-clerical sentiment in the Peninsula has long been too obvious to be ignored. That it is not a matter of political parties is shown by the fact that ex-Premier Maura and many Conservatives are standing by the Liberal Ministry in resisting the extreme pretensions of the Church. The actual break has occurred on a question of punctilio. While professing to be ready to enter into friendly negotiations, in a conciliatory spirit, concerning a revision of the Concordat and the subjection of the religious orders to regulation and taxation by the Spanish authorities, the Vatican made it an initial requirement that the royal decree already issued in favor of the liberty of worship should be recalled. This was plainly impossible, and hence the breach. The movement at the head of which Canalejas has placed himself is partly economic, partly educational, and is throughout rather anti-clerical than anti-religious. The Clericals may succeed in their announced purpose of bringing about the fall of the Ministry, but if they do it will only be at the expense of even stronger attacks upon them in the future.

Typical of the profound significance Europe finds in pretty small things is much of the comment aroused by the approaching erection of the principality of Montenegro into a kingdom. This nation of 3,630 square miles and 250,000 inhabitants would apparently be just as powerful a factor in European politics under any ruler, king, or prince. Nevertheless, Belgrade is reported to be greatly stirred up over the matter. Can the move be an Austrian manœuvre against Servia? Is the horrid intention to stir up enmity between the Montenegrin house of Petrovitch and the Servian house of Karageorgevitch for the purpose of preventing any future anti-Austrian *entente cordiale* between the two houses? The Serb radicals have bitterly attacked Prince Nicholas as a traitor to the cause of the Serb race in having meanly preferred a royal crown for himself and his descendants to the opportunity of bringing about a union between the two countries.

The latest of the Swiss mountain railways threw its last section open to passenger traffic a few weeks ago. It achieves a record, inasmuch as it reaches a greater height than any other European railway built on the ordinary system. At the Bernina Hospice, the new Bernina Bahn is 2,300 metres above sea level. As a matter of course, the motive power is electricity; for on the Italian slope the grade is frequently as high as 70 per cent. To insure absolute safety, the Bernina system is supplied with four kinds of brakes—none too many, those will think who drop over a mile in the short distance from the Hospice to the Italian boundary. From the point of view of through traffic, the new route is of no importance; for while by it one can reach Milan from St. Moritz in eight hours, a traveller in a hurry to get to Milan from Berlin, Munich, or Frankfort will save time by using the tunnel routes. More leisurely tourists will appreciate the fact that the new railway avoids all tunnels; nor will they object to its taking three hours and a half to cover a distance of only forty kilometres; for this distance includes some of the finest scenery in Switzerland and Italy.

THE REPUBLICAN DIFFICULTY.

Interpretations of the Ohio Republican Convention vary with the taste and fancy of the interpreter. It was a triumph for the reactionaries; it was also a nine-tenths victory for the progressives. It was a repudiation of Boss Cox, and at the same time a recognition and confirmation of his power. The man whom President Taft and Col. Roosevelt and Senator Burton wanted for Governor was nominated, and yet he was not. The reader pays his money and takes his choice.

Such uncertainties of conflicting inference are always possible where a political convention is not cut-and-dried, and the Ohio convention obviously was not. It is long since we have seen contending forces left, as they were at Columbus, to fight the battle out. Three ballots for Governor, with the vote fluctuating and the result in doubt to the last—that is like old times, before we had the modern system of issuing an order to the delegates on the morning of the convention and expecting them to follow it in sheep-like harmony. Besides this appearance of unwonted freedom from dictation in the Ohio convention, the things most to be noted about its action are its final choice of a colorless candidate for Governor, and its adoption of a platform of far too pronounced a color. Mr. Harding seems to be a pleasant man, who is a good stump-speaker, but there is nothing in either his record or his personality to compel attention, and he appears to be so ill-fitted to cope with a vigorous and positive opponent like Judson Harmon that many, even in Ohio, are taking his nomination as a confession of defeat in advance.

About that we make no predictions, not being fond of prophesying unless we know, and we certainly will not charge the Ohio Republican leaders with deliberately riding for a fall. Yet it is clear that they cared much more about their platform than they did about their candidate; and in fact their declarations on national policy will attract a great deal more attention throughout the country than any aspect of their announced programme for State legislation, or the struggle to regain control of Ohio. The really critical thing was the platform, and on that the progressives led by ex-Secretary Garfield were clearly beaten and badly beaten. True, some of their ideas about State matters were accepted, but not only their words, but their whole attitude, concerning national questions found no favor with the convention. On the tariff, the Ohio platform out-Tafts Taft, admitting none of the abatements which he has made, and laying very little emphasis upon what he considers so important—namely, the creation of a tariff board to inquire into the facts scientifically and to enable Congress to make another and much more thorough revision. On the whole, the stand-patters were victorious at Columbus; and it is mainly on national issues, as they outlined them, that the Ohio campaign is to be fought. Congressman Longworth frankly admitted in his speech as temporary chairman that they could not hope to defeat Gov. Harmon unless they pushed to the front the need of rallying all Republican voters to keep the party in control of Congress and to uphold the President.

The problem which the Republicans had to meet in Ohio is typical of that which confronts them in many States. They have a strong dissatisfied element in their own party, and their difficulty is in knowing just how to deal with it. The practice will doubtless vary in different places, but in the main we think that the method followed in Ohio will prevail. The party managers, that is, will speak the insurgents fair. They will endeavor to placate the opposition within the party, conscious as they are that they are going to need every vote "from whatever source derived." Some of the progressive doctrines they will adopt, more or less sincerely. But when it comes down to what they consider the essentials—control of the party organization, nominations, conduct of the campaign—they will stand firm. And, of course, they have the power nearly everywhere to carry out their plans. Insurgent Republicans have to confess that they are in a minority. They may frighten the party management and intimidate it into acquiescing in some of their contentions, but they cannot hope at present to take charge of it. Hence it is probable that the course of the party leaders in Ohio will be a sort of norm to guide action elsewhere.

All is plain sailing for the Republican organization up to the election. In all that relates to conventions and platforms and the selection of candidates and the appointment of committees, there is hardly any one to dispute control with the existing managers. But their real difficulty is of another kind. How can they tell where the smouldering dissatisfaction will burst forth? What is to be the effect upon the party vote of all the divisions and heart-burnings and rancor? Of what avail is it to announce the official party policy if doubt remains whether the rank and file will sustain it? May there not be economic causes and social forces at work in great masses of the population, producing discontent and leading them to vote from motives and for purposes which party leaders cannot even dimly divine? It is to such questions as these, and the political difficulties wrapped up in them, that Republican managers are giving haggard thought; and in their hearts they are not at all confident of being able to answer the questions or surmount the difficulties.

REPUBLICS AND DIPLOMACY.

M. Alcide Ebray, who was for a time French Consul-General in New York, has just published a book about France, which is a veritable cry of despair. No foreigner would have ventured to be so pessimistic about the present condition and the future prospects of France as is this son of hers. M. Ebray entitles his volume "La France qui meurt," and its whole tenor is that his native land may now fairly be included among what Lord Salisbury called the "dying nations." His arraignment of existing tendencies is most severe, and the curious thing is that he lays it all up to the form of government. It is the republic that is ruining France, affirms M. Ebray. More precisely, his argument is that under a parliamentary régime it is impossible to govern France properly; to keep her army at top strength, and her diplomacy keyed up to the vigor necessary to maintain her old rank among the nations. His longest chapter is called République et Diplomatie; its 170 pages are devoted to proving that no republic can have a strong and successful diplomacy.

It would be easy to take issue with M. Ebray on many of his statements of fact. The Italian republics, for example, had some lessons, both good and bad, to teach the world on the subject of diplomacy. Our author alleges that competent men to direct foreign relations are, in the first place, very hard to find in a re-

public, and that when found they have so brief a tenure of office that they are not able to impress themselves deeply or to work out and establish a consistent policy. Yet both Hanotaux and Delcassé had a longer term at the Foreign Office in France than did other Ministers of their time in other departments of the government. Americans might bring forward the names of Hamilton Fish and John Hay to show what republics can do in the way of sustained diplomacy. M. Ebray envies the practice of Germany in this particular, yet since Bismarck's retirement the Germans have had a succession of new men in Wilhelmstrasse; and just as M. Ebray's book comes from the press still another Foreign Secretary is appointed in Germany to show how the advantage lies with a monarchy. One question is continually rising in the mind of the reader of this book. Its chief contention being that there is no hope for France, except in going back to the Empire, one keeps wondering why the writer does not refer in detail to the terrible diplomatic and military defeats which came to France under the last Empire she had. The point occurs to M. Ebray, too, but he meets it in a footnote by observing that Napoleon III failed only because he tried to make the Empire "Liberal," appealing to *plébiscites*, giving the press more freedom, encouraging parliamentary aspirations, and so on. We do not laugh at this, but we are afraid that most Frenchmen would think it a little ridiculous.

All such criticisms, however, are superficial. They do not go to M. Ebray's real thesis, and on that we may cheerfully admit that he is largely right. His idea of diplomacy, that is to say, is of a sort which we may freely concede cannot easily be realized under a republic—but so much the better for a republic. M. Ebray gives a great deal of space to the tension between France and Germany in 1904-5, over the Moroccan question, and is filled with shame that the French Government should then have been afraid to go to war and should have sacrificed M. Delcassé. It was for France, he argues, to have taken a high hand, to have seen to it that her army was in fighting trim, that her alliances with other nations were favorable and powerful, and then to have waded through blood, rather than admit, as Prime Minister Rouvier did, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs had gone too far and must not be followed in a way where madness lay.

For the sake of argument, it may be admitted that M. Ebray's account of what happened is exact. He is an avowed partisan of M. Delcassé, and all that he says of that Minister could not pass unchallenged, as a matter of history; but granted the truth of it all, where does it leave us? Why, at this: a dubious and terrible war was avoided; the chief matters in dispute were sent to the Algeciras Congress, and from that France emerged with far more laurels than Germany. She was made by Europe joint-mandatory with Spain for keeping order in Morocco, and Germany has since, in a formal agreement with France, absolutely renounced all ambitions for political control in Morocco. If this be the imbecility of French diplomacy under a republic, Frenchmen might well pray Heaven to send them more of it.

For a man of M. Ebray's temper there is, of course, no consolation in the final peaceful and advantageous result. He cannot get over the national disgrace of having shrunk from the "last reason" of a bloody war, and of having admitted in the face of the world that a Foreign Minister had taken an indefensible position and must be abandoned. The cause of this he finds in the dread of public opinion which paralyzes men under a republic; the same men, he argues would, in a monarchy, become daring and resolute. Presidents read the newspapers more anxiously than a King need do. Ministers dependent upon a parliamentary majority have a cringing way of inquiring what Deputies think and what attitude the voters are taking or will be apt to take. How can there be, with such a régime, demands M. Ebray, a diplomacy which shall be fearless and unyielding? The reply is that there cannot be, in the sense he means, and that we ought to be glad of it. Diplomacy in the old conception of it as a game in which subtle masters played armies and peoples against each other, like so many pawns, has broken down and is disappearing everywhere in the modern world. It is as difficult for a Foreign Minister in a monarchy to practise it longer, in the former unscrupulous way, as in a republic. Sir Edward Grey in England has to reckon with public opinion as truly as does Secretary Knox in the United States. And all diplomatists have now to deal with a clearer and more watchful international opinion, which is making with increased strength against every form of international over-reaching and aggression. It was practically this international pressure which prevented even the autocratic Bismarck from going to war again with France in 1875, and it would be applied with even greater power to-day to any too ambitious or reckless diplomat. Whatever the form of government, modern diplomacy has to submit itself to the considerate judgment of mankind; and if republican institutions help on that process better than others, it certainly is none the worse for republics.

MR. CARLISLE.

The late John G. Carlisle offered as clear a case as perhaps even this country ever exhibited of a man's rise by sheer mental ability. Of humble antecedents and with the most meagre advantages of education, he early displayed an intellectual power which won him first local and then national recognition. Not a magnetic man, not even a popular orator, he had gifts of analysis and lucid statement and solid judgment which opened doors to him in the law and in public life. His career as United States Senator was too brief to be distinctive; and his administration of the Treasury fell on a time when any Secretary's reputation might easily have been wrecked, and his own was certainly not heightened. It was in the House of Representatives, as member and Speaker, that his talents had freest play, and there that he acquired his highest fame.

A ready and formidable debater, he also made himself a master of parliamentary law. Without a good knowledge of that, it is rare that any man makes himself a power in the House. Mr. Carlisle was unexcelled in his grasp of the rules, both in their details and their principles, and always had the precedents at command. This great skill he put at the service of his party when on the floor of Congress, and afterwards, when he became Speaker, he added to it a fine judicial quality which made his decisions universally respected. He was popular even with his political opponents, not for genial personal traits, but for their belief in his absolute fairness as Speaker. When called

upon to rule on points of order, his luminous mind, stored with accurate knowledge of the decisions of his predecessors, was able instantly to put the matter in its proper light, and to arrive at conclusions which would commend themselves to all as sound and just. It has often been said that a more judicial-minded man never occupied the Speaker's chair.

Mr. Carlisle's name was never associated with angry controversies about the Speaker's powers, as was that of Thomas B. Reed. For the former it would probably have been impossible to count a quorum in order to get a rule authorizing him to count a quorum. He had too great a respect for the doctrine of *stare decisis* to be capable of that. But in a quiet and almost unperceived way Mr. Carlisle did a great deal to exalt the power of the Speakership. No Speaker before him had used the right of "recognition" in just the way he did. That is to say, where other Speakers had often refused to "recognize" a member with a motion that would be troublesome to the dominant party, of which the Speaker was the tacitly acknowledged leader, Mr. Carlisle followed his own individual judgment. For example, during all the time he was Speaker the Blair Education bill was pending in Congress. Three times it passed the Senate, but Speaker Carlisle never recognized a member who sought to lay it before the House.

An even more striking illustration of his conception of the Speaker's duty came in 1885. In that year a bill was pending to repeal the internal-revenue tax on tobacco. A letter was sent to the Speaker by three prominent Democrats, George D. Wise, John S. Henderson, and Samuel J. Randall, informing him that a majority of their party, together with many Republicans—in all a large majority of the House—were in favor of the measure, and appealing to him "most earnestly" to "recognize" some Democrat who would move to suspend the rules and pass the bill. After thinking it over for two days, Speaker Carlisle sent an answer which Miss Follett, in her book on "The Speaker of the House of Representatives," declares to be "a monumental document in the history of the Speakership." It was a brief discussion of the party situation as respects plans to cut down taxes, and wound up by saying: "I consider that it would not be proper, under the circumstances, for me to agree to a course of action which would present for the consideration of the House a simple proposition for the repeal of the internal revenue tax on tobacco, to the exclusion of all other measures for the reduction of taxation." Thus coolly did the Speaker set his personal judgment against that of his party, and, indeed, of a majority of the House, and make of himself a leader who declined to take orders from his followers.

For more than ten years Mr. Carlisle had dropped entirely out of political life. It is not alone this fact, nor the age at which he died, which made him latterly appear like a survivor of a generation that is gone. He was that, too, in his attitude toward public questions, and the political methods which he adopted. The clamor and the shouting and the advertising which acquired so much greater strength and offensiveness since his retirement were not congenial to his nature, and he could never have felt at home with them. Without bitterness, he called himself old-fashioned, and withdrew from politics to devote his strength to the practice of the law. Never a man of the highest possibilities in our public life, his death yet removes a figure that was both noteworthy in his time and typical of political conditions that passed away before he did.

ENDOWMENT OF BUDDING GENIUS.

In the last number of the *Independent*, Mr. Upton Sinclair gives the results of an inquiry conducted among fifty distinguished American and English writers concerning the desirability and feasibility of establishing a prize fund for the encouragement of commercially unsuccessful young writers. In each of three classes, poetry, fiction, and "prose writing of an inspirational character," there should be one one-thousand-dollar prize and two five-hundred-dollar prizes for a period of three years, the awards to be made by a board of three judges made up of men who "have produced vital work themselves," and have shown themselves able critics of the work of others. To speak of the "results" of Mr. Sinclair's canvass is somewhat misleading, since only sixteen out of the fifty men consulted have gone to the trouble of expressing their opinion. Two of the sixteen replies are neutral, six are in favor of the plan, and eight are against it. If we count by weight of authority as well as by mere number, the balance goes heavily against Mr. Sinclair's project. The best-known names among those who have pronounced in favor of the plan are Bliss Carman, Edwin Markham, Stewart Edward White, and Charles Edward Russell. Voting in the negative are John Bigelow, Henry van Dyke, William James, Henry James, Jack London, Eden Phillpotts, H. G. Wells, and William De Morgan.

If we take into account the writers' intensity of belief, the balance sways still more heavily against the plan. Those who condemn it are very emphatic in their sentiments; those who favor it do so with hesitancy and qualification. Nearly everybody has his doubts whether a suitable board of judges can be found. Mr. Wells points out that if the object is to encourage work of a "new and path-breaking nature," that is just what a selecting jury never will be capable of. Such bodies "invariably become timid and narrow and seek refuge in practical, academic, and moral tests that invariably exclude the real men of genius." Again, Mr. Charles Edward Russell and Mr. Stewart Edward White would exclude fiction from the benefits of the scheme. Fiction is well rewarded now, and we have too much fiction as it is. This would leave poetry and "prose of an inspirational character," essays presumably; and in so doing would, we imagine, negative Mr. Sinclair's main intention. For it is undeniable that the "new, path-breaking" work in literature of to-day is done by the fiction writer and his colleague, the dramatist. As for the poet and the essayist, they have nothing more to gain by our endowment than the meagre three years' sustenance it offers. For even if the prize bring with it recognition and success, these, to the poet and the essayist, can almost never mean material success. The two are in a business that, practically speaking, has never paid, and, if they are endowed at all, they should be permanently endowed.

The geographical division-line of opinion is not the least interesting characteristic of the *Independent's* symposium. Of the six men in favor of the endowment plan, five are Americans. Of the eight men opposed to it, only four are Americans. Probably the fact that

the originator of the project is also an American writer may have had something to do with the result. Yet the odd fact persists that in this land of unrivalled opportunity, of periodicals circulating by the million and paying ten cents the word, the need of an artificial fostering of literature should be so acutely felt; whereas in England, with its appreciably lower standard of living, England where authors do not inhabit rural palaces or own a "string" of motor-cars, the author feels no such need of help from the outside. Mr. Phillpotts, in negativing the entire project, wonders why it should have ever originated on our side of the Atlantic:

> An original man has a better chance to be heard in your country than in mine, because your magazine literature is alive and alert and fairly ready to welcome a new thing. It is not entirely under the thumb of religion, or in terror of public opinion, or hat off to the young person's parents. Here, these forces rule, because they represent the money, and an artist who lives by writing can only boil the necessary pot with discomfort. No; your budding genius is in better case than ours; you are going on all right, save for a stupid petticoat prudery in sexual matters; while for us, what we want is certainly not prizes for unrecognized merit in our writers, but an effort toward more merit in the readers. We and they alike wallow in the mean sties that our journals provide. We cannot get ourselves to them, because magazine proprietors will not suffer us to do so. We must appear before them in the moth-eaten garments that they know.

There is a good measure of truth in what Mr. Phillpotts says concerning the avidity of our magazines for what is new. Under that definition some very good literature now and then gets into our magazines.

And yet in Mr. Phillpotts's statement is contained a strong argument in favor of the endowment scheme. A prize fund in itself would be such a novel institution that it could not but appeal to the magazine editor and the publisher. It may be that a board of jurors would function very imperfectly and that an annual distribution of a bare six thousand dollars would be but a drop in the unfilled literary bucket. The gain would be in the fact that such an institution did exist and did operate in some manner or other. It might not discover many great American poets and essayists—although Mr. Sinclair hopes for a Chatterton or a Keats—but it would make the patronage of poets and essayists of sufficient advertising value to work a change of heart in the magazine editor. Just as a single year of the New Theatre has unmistakably set the commercial managers to thinking of stock companies, répertoires, and revivals, a substantial laurel for poetry and inspired prose might tend to make those branches of literature respectable. Tremendously successful they will never be in a monetary sense, but to the hard-up young writer we imagine that every little would count.

A DUTY OF PARENTS.

The fortune which was left a few weeks back to a beloved son of eight, on condition that he should follow a minute programme of education and conduct, caused many at the time to speculate on its size, and to wonder whether the game was really worth the candle. Those with a bias for the dramatic naturally suspected a hoax, and mentally tucked away a chuckle against the coming climax. Doubtless they will feel cheated at the premature revelation, made a day or two ago, that they were virtually right, that the fortune amounts to almost nothing. But many others will sigh with relief to think that the boy, now that there's "nothing in it," is probably to be spared the huge ordeal which his father prescribed, and will dismiss the case from their minds as being merely eccentric and, therefore, uninstructive.

There is a theatric exaggeration in the case, no doubt, yet underlying it is a problem so important and so typical of any age that it prompts serious thought. The problem is: To what extent may a parent be to his children the divinity that shapes their ends? It is the old, old question. Petrarch's father was determined that his son should become a lawyer, and coming upon him reading poetry tried to destroy his precious library. Boccaccio believed himself so thoroughly to be a poet that he has the fact recounted on his tombstone, but was forced to study law, and ended a first-rate story-teller. Incidentally, it may be remarked that compulsory law has committed a greater number to the Hall of Fame than all the other professions put together. And, in general, parental authority, thus exerted, has turned out to be quite as much of a spur as a curb. Milton, we suspect, would scarcely have done so well if he had not been flying in the face of his father's wishes.

Now, we are not in reality poking fun at the insight of parents. On the contrary, our brief is really on the side of more planning by parents. For the lack of it, the situation in America has become serious. Of the two classes, the wealthy and the poor, wealthy sons with every opportunity go to college unburdened by even the precepts of Polonius, and are expected to emerge cultured gentlemen of genuine ability. It is the rare exception, among this class, to meet a student, as one might do frequently abroad, whose family traditions or wishes are leading him in the direction of medicine or scholarship or politics. As a result, these "rich parasites," through no real fault of their own, drift about from course to course listlessly, often contemptuously—having neither curb to chafe under nor spur to urge them on. There is no plan of life imposed upon them from without or from within to give their thoughts coherence; and the vaudeville theatre is their chief thought-producer. Yet we wonder how it is that so few of these fellows have any real mental fabric, or are able to talk in a sustained way on any subject whatsoever for more than fifteen minutes running! The actual condition is seen clearly by the contrast of an Englishman of wealth, attending one of our large Eastern universities, who announced on one occasion that his father, the governor, had brought home a new book of essays and that they were having some great discussions over it. For one reason or another, and we believe it is due partly to this sort of supervision, the well-to-do graduate of Oxford or Cambridge has more ideas and is a better talker than the corresponding type in this country.

But what shall we say of our students of only moderate or even slender means? Here the situation is brighter, though through no fault of the parents. Indeed, it is our boast that men of this class are qualified to carve for themselves; that even in college they are learning to pick and choose what is best for them out of the great mass of conflicting facts and tendencies which we call life. This they are attempting to do beyond question, and the spectacle is not uncommon of a freshman believing that he knows just what he is going to be and just what courses will best serve his purpose. Yet few freshmen, in the existing conditions, are capable of assuming such responsibilities.

's things are in our highly specialized systems, courses may be found leading to virtually any position whatsoever, either in the professional or the business world—a state of things which has been hastened by the influence of special, technical schools. With such a distraction of courses, how can a freshman or sophomore or a junior, even, know what he ought to do? Plenty of educators have, of course, seen the difficulty, and some of them are attempting to remedy it. It was this undoubtedly that turned President Lowell of Harvard into a reactionary, with the idea of not allowing any boy, from a false notion of his own capabilities, to pass by the recognized elements of knowledge in the broadest sense.

This is a step in the right direction, but it can never replace the idealism which should properly issue from the home and gain strength and direction in college. Idealism, unless fortified, stands very little show of surviving the specialization of college. Indeed, we recall that one of our most distinguished professors recently left for a year abroad with the curse on his lips that there was no longer any idealism in ——, his college town. In behalf of these earnest students much should be done to win back for them the opportunity, possessed by students of old, to dream dreams and to see visions, instead of allowing them to become, before their time, little old men, fighting blindly for recognition. This assistance, we believe, must come first of all from the wisdom of parents, which should give the boy serious purpose, to be sure, and yet at the same time a large enough glimpse of the big realities to make him see the advantage of care-free speculation on other topics than those for which he feels particular interest. Such chance rummaging has in more than one instance in the past started a boy on the way from mediocrity to genuine achievement.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT THE SOUTH.

[A Southern View.]

A Harvard professor, of acknowledged abolitionist descent and traditions and sympathies, and a London man of letters, hitherto better known for his interest in the drama than in race questions or other themes in politics and sociology, are the two latest contributors to the Southern question.* Neither, perhaps, is quite the sort of person to whom one would, at first thought, be inclined to look for either first-hand information or intimate concern about the life of our Southern States. But Mr. Archer is, he tells us, the son of a California "Forty-Niner"; and for all his identification with London and with letters he is clearly of that strain of Englishmen to which the waste places and the lesser tribes have given world-wide occupation. As to Professor Hart, he has evidently always felt that interest in the South, even responsibility for the South, is a part of the abolitionist inheritance. The abolitionist bias is, I feel, perceptible throughout, but it is also quite plain that Mr. Hart is constantly making a sincere and commendable effort to deal with the Southern people sympathetically—to employ, as the phrase is, "the sympathetic method." Not content with mere visits to the South, he has traversed the whole region. So far as was practicable, he has not merely travelled in the South, but gone and lived in the South. If, on the whole, he has not quite succeeded in the endeavor to be sympathetic, it is not because he has not made that endeavor honestly and persistently. It is rather because his temperament and cast of mind, and his habitual intellectual method, as well as his abolitionist traditions and antecedents, have made the sympathetic method for him peculiarly difficult.

On this point a sentence in his introduction is probably more significant than he himself quite understood when he wrote it. Two principles, he is declaring, must be observed in such a work as he is attempting. The second is impartiality—freedom from animus. "The first is that no statement of fact be made without a basis in printed material, written memoranda, or personal memory of the testimony of people believed to speak the truth." That, we take it, is essentially the declaration of faith of what may be called the documentary school of historical and political science. Limited as it is here to mere matters of fact, it is hard to assail, but its adherents do not so limit it. They extend it until it becomes a circumscription on all their mental processes. They make of it a rule which, if rigidly followed, will always insure accuracy in particulars, but which, we are almost persuaded to say, can never produce truth in the general view and impression: certainly, there can be no assurance that it will result in a truthful general view or impression. Scrutinized closely, it is a principle which ties the mind down rather than sets it free. Even in pure science, it is hardly true that our advance is solely by the mere adding of one carefully verified fact to another; and in dealing with so fluid a thing as society in any of its forms the limitations of that method are very great. That is not the way we penetrate to the essential quality and genius of any civilization. Facts, of course, one must have, facts innumerable and of infinite variety, and one's mind must be fairly soaked in them, before one is ready to attempt such a portrait and interpretation of any society as De Tocqueville, let us say, made in his "Democracy in America," or Tacitus in his "Germania." But in drawing the portrait the hand must be free; in bodying forth the interpretation the mind must be not enslaved but enfranchised by its knowledge. In such high inquiries the mind will often, in fact, dart through or over or beyond the mere specific facts straight to its most priceless insights and generalizations. To insist upon the other and more pedestrian procedure is to deny to such studies powers which are in truth quite as applicable to them as to the study of individual human nature. It is as if one held that the only true acquaintance with individual men is by categories of deeds done and words spoken and qualities displayed. It is as if one said that the only true painting is mosaics.

The criticism is not easy to put clearly or to shade fairly. To make it at all may at once do a certain injustice to Professor Hart's book, which is by no means all facts, and is even not entirely without untrammelled leapings after the heart of his subject; but perhaps a passage from the much slighter and less thoroughgoing work of Mr. Archer will serve both to make the criticism clearer and to indicate why it is just. In the matter of thoroughness, indeed, the two books are not to be compared. Mr. Archer made but a hasty tour of but a part of the South. In method and manner, and doubtless in aim also, his inquiry and report were distinctly journalistic. Mr. Hart, on the other hand, has neglected hardly any phase or aspect of Southern life which one would expect to see treated in such a book as he has written. Mr. Archer's contribution to our mere information concerning the South is, accordingly, negligible, whereas Mr. Hart's is substantial. Yet here in Mr. Archer's book is a passage which for penetration, for true interpretative value, is hardly matched by anything one will find in all Mr. Hart has written. Mr. Archer has been describing his visits to a number of homes of prosperous negroes in a Southern city. He tells us that what he saw of them was modern and clean, with a tendency to "plush," and frequently not unlike what one might see in a certain class of English suburban residences. But he goes on:

What troubled me throughout my domiciliary visits was the sense that (with one

*"The Southern South," by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., etc., Professor of History, Harvard University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

"Through Afro-America: an English Reading of the Race Problem," by William Archer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

or two exceptions) these homes were not homes at all. I do not doubt that each roof sheltered a home; but I do not believe that the prim parlors I saw had any essential connection with it. They were no more homelike than the shop window rooms of the up-to-date upholsterer. If they were lived in at all, it was from a sense of duty, a self-conscious effort after a life of refinement. They were, in short, entirely imitative and mechanical tributes to the American ideal of the prosperous, cultivated home. I could find in them no real expression of the individuality of their inhabitants. . . .

A remark of my guide on one of these expeditions summed up a phase of culture as I saw it. "We have a little whist club in our set," he said. "We meet to play once a month. But the best part of it is the good dinner at the end of the season."

The whist club, so frankly characterized, guided me to the word I had been searching for in the back of my mind through all these experiences. It was the word "Veneer."

Here, it seems to me, is an instance of a kind of insight into the true nature of the difficulty of the Southern situation which Mr. Hart's method does not yield. Mr. Hart supplies us with much material for forming a judgment about the negroes—their character as a race, their moral quality and economic efficiency, and the stage of development at which they are arrived. He also expresses his own judgments clearly enough. He makes, it is quite plain, a strong effort to keep down his natural impulse to write as their defender and champion. There is also a like self-restraint in what he has to say about the Southerners—except, perhaps, when he finds that he can praise them. But in dealing with both races the form his caution takes is adherence to the verified fact, the attested instance; and it is precisely that caution, that self-hampering, which, while it keeps his work from being anywhere valueless, keeps it also from having anywhere the highest kind of value it might have.

What, however, after all, have these two investigators to tell us of the South to-day, and of the present state of its "problem"? Do they mainly agree, or differ widely, in their impressions? Does one rise from reading them encouraged and hopeful, or baffled and depressed? What, in a word, is their actual contribution?

It is not to be summarized in a word—not, perhaps, to be summarized at all. Mr. Archer's work is, as I have said, not thoroughgoing, but light; hardly, in fact, more than a series of first impressions of parts of the field. A collation of views is therefore impracticable; but one is struck with the amount of agreement between the two writers, rather than the extent of their differences, on what are doubtless the main considerations, the main doubts and queries, about the South. Their agreement on one extremely important and long violently mooted point is particularly noteworthy. Neither of these two outsiders takes issue at all with the Southern contention that the negroes are, as compared with the whites among whom they dwell, an inferior race—not a merely delayed and backward and unfortunate race, but an inferior race in the sense that not only have they accomplished and attained less but that less may be expected of them.

That this is Mr. Archer's view appears from his constant tone and from countless indirect implications, such as the passage cited above, rather than from any single declaration. But Mr. Hart, perhaps because he has found the declaration hard to make, makes it distinctly, in set terms; and it accordingly becomes quite the most salient thing in his book. He ends his chapter on negro character with the positive sentence: "Race measured by race, the negro is inferior, and his past history in Africa and in America leads to the belief that he will remain inferior in race stamina and race achievement"; and he sets down among the "Postulates of the Problem," from which any solution or betterment must proceed, this proposition: "The South is divided between two races, one of which is distinctly inferior to the other, not only in what it now does, but in the potentialities of the future." He goes farther and adds this:

> The lower race is so far behind, and so likely to lag indefinitely, that it is necessary for the welfare of the community that the two be kept separate; and this stern edict applies not only to the pure African race, but also to the two millions of mixed bloods, many of whom in aptitudes and habits of thought are practically white men.

These two convictions, so deliberately arrived at and unequivocally expressed by a man of Mr. Hart's antecedents and principles and leanings, are not merely striking and interesting. They have a practical importance. Northern opinion has always been a factor in the Southern situation, and Mr. Hart represents the kind of Northern opinion which has most constantly insisted on a hearing, even when it has not prevailed. What he says, therefore, may not unreasonably be taken as virtually marking the end in the North of that contention concerning the two races in the South and their mutual relations and obligations, which has been directly contrary to the almost universal Southern contention. To dismiss it makes for candor. There is, moreover, one distinct advantage to be gained by this particular candor on the part of the North. Let it become so general that Southerners will cease to suspect Northerners who concern themselves with the race problem of the design to disturb that which the whole white South has in this matter supremely willed, and the possibility is created of such a coöperation and mutual trust between the North and South as we have never yet had. The criminations and misunderstandings between the two sections which have darkened and embittered all our history, and still confuse our politics, will tend to disappear, so that the race question, while it will doubtless continue to be mainly the question of a section, will cease to be a sectional issue or controversy. In this regard, Mr. Hart has rendered a real service.

But to grant that the negro race is inferior, to grant that the two races must be kept separate socially, even to grant, as Mr. Hart also does quite explicitly, that any "general federal legislation" on the subject would be unwise—these concessions leave the essential difficulty of the situation untouched. They permit a calmer view of it, they bring us upon it less divided among ourselves, but it remains what it was—the hardest challenge in the world to all the noble forces that make for complete justice in modern societies.

Hopefulness can scarcely be said to prevail in either Mr. Hart's or Mr. Archer's view of it. Mr. Archer rejects entirely three of the four "solutions" of it which he discusses. These are, extinction of the blacks, amalgamation, and what he calls the "Atlanta Compromise"—the idea, namely, which Booker Washington expressed in the sentence: "In all things purely social we can be as separate as the five fingers, and yet one as the hand in all things essential to progress." The fourth "solution" Mr. Archer does indeed favor and recommend. But that "solution" is segregation—the setting up somewhere within our borders of a negro State, to which the mass of the blacks shall be transferred; and to most Americans, Mr. Hart included, that proposal seems quite as impracticable as the others seem to Mr. Archer.

Mr. Hart shows good sense in that he offers no "solution" at all. Although he still speaks of the "problem" and occasionally uses other language which is too complacent with our old habit of treating the Southern situation as if it were a sort of puzzle which might be "worked" if we could only find the trick of it, his concluding chapters are wise in that they are unsatisfying—in that they merely discuss remedies, alleviations, agencies of betterment, and disregard the panaceas. His judgment on the crucial question of the extent to which the negroes are rising is also conservative and probably very near right. He holds that perhaps a third or fourth of them are "getting ahead" materially, and that the proportion to which distinct moral and intellectual progress may be attributed is not larger; that the race as a whole is not improving so fast as the whites among whom they live, and that the South as a whole, although undoubtedly advancing, and in a far more hopeful state than ever before, still lags

behind the North in material and intellectual progress. To this last comparison he gives what seems a rather disproportionate amount of space and detail, perhaps in order to strengthen the appeal to Southerners, on the ground of sheer self-interest, for more sympathetic handling of the negroes. The main animus of the book displays itself in protests, which would be more effective if less sarcastic, against various injustices of the stronger toward the weaker race. One of these, I think, he exaggerates. His chapter on "Peonage" gives the impression that the usage still prevails quite widely; possibly he may have got that impression by failing to distinguish between peonage, properly so called, and less objectionable, though perhaps not really defensible, forms of control over negro laborers by white employers.

A word should be added concerning the many specific observations on the life of both races to-day which, as I have indicated, probably give the work its principal value. Nearly all are interesting, some illuminating, but some, I think, mistaken. I am particularly glad to see Mr. Hart doing justice to that neglected community, the Southern town. It has been too much overshadowed in literature by the plantation. He does not overpraise the good taste usually displayed in its public buildings and its residences. He is right in accounting Charleston much the most distinguished of Southern cities. He is again right in declaring that, notwithstanding the tradition to the contrary, Southern white people are far more democratic in their relations with one another than are Northern white people; yet equally right in holding that, as between whites and negroes—even between the best whites and the best negroes—there is less friendliness, and less mutual comprehension and sympathy, than ever before.

But on some things he is wrong. For instance, I think he has been misled concerning the treatment of negro children by their parents. Southern observation is to the effect that negro fathers and mothers do not lack affection for their offspring. That the young are not better cared for is oftener due to ignorance than to indifference or cruelty. He is wrong also in using the term "poor whites"—as nearly every Northern writer about the South does—as if it designated, or ever did designate, a clearly defined class. That error probably goes back to Cairnes's "Slave Power." The term is not used in the South, and the Northern use of it is misleading. I think he also somewhat misinterprets the feeling of the South concerning "social equality," particularly as it was manifested over the episode of President Roosevelt's having Principal Washington to dinner; and I think he again goes astray in dealing with the darkest and most unpleasant of all the aspects of the race question. But these difficult topics cannot be discussed to edification without more space and freedom than is here available.

WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Volume IV of "Papers" of the Bibliographical Society of America has just been distributed to members. This volume, of which three hundred copies have been printed, contains the addresses delivered at the tenth meeting at Bretton Woods on July 3, 1909, and the eleventh meeting in this city December 31 last. Some of the titles are: "Some Bibliographical Puzzles in Elizabethan Quartos," by Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard; "English Dictionaries Before Webster," by Dr. Percy W. Long; "On Calendaring Manuscripts," by Worthington Chauncey Ford; and "The Manuscript Collections of the American Antiquarian Society," by Dr. Charles Henry Lincoln.

At Sotheby's sale of July 2 and 22, Bishop Gott's four Shakespeare folios sold as follows: the First Folio (1623), a small copy, one corner of title in facsimile and some other leaves mended, £1,800; the Second Folio, 1632, some leaves extended, £210; the Third Folio, first issue (1663), but with the additional leaves containing the seven plays inserted, no portrait on title, the space for it being blank, £870; the Fourth Folio (1685), a good copy throughout, £76, or a total of £2,956 for the set. This is the set which, when offered at Sotheby's in March, 1908, was "bought in" by the owners at £3,850. A year before (in 1907) the same set had been priced in Sotheran & Co.'s catalogue at £7,000.

The following are a few other prices paid at the same sale: Shakespeare's "Poems" (1640), portrait cut close and inlaid, £106; Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia" (1624), with all the maps, but a poor copy, £48; the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" (1599), first edition, a fine copy, £145; and a manuscript Book of Hours on vellum of English execution, end of fifteenth or first of sixteenth century, £580.

The set of the Four Folios brought together by the late John Caldwell of Pittsburgh has been acquired by Dodd & Livingston. The First Folio is the Gaisford copy, and is in an old red morocco binding. The leaf of Ben Jonson's verses preceding the title-page is in facsimile, and some blank portions of the title and two or three other preliminary leaves have been restored, but the copy is otherwise sound and good. The Second Folio, the Allot issue (1632), the usual title with "Copies," is in old sheep binding and uncleaned. The leaf of verses was placed before the Dedication by the binder, and so is unusually clean and crisp. The Third Folio is the most remarkable volume of the set. It is the first issue(1663), with imprint "Printed by Philip Chetwinde," but has the Droeshout portrait printed in the space left for it. This space in most copies (as in the Gott copy described above) is blank. The Caldwell copy does not contain the additional plays—of course they did not appear with this issue. The "Verses" and title are rudely inlaid, but no letter is wanting, and the book is otherwise probably one of the cleanest and best preserved copies extant. A copy of the Third Folio with the 1663 title (with portrait), and with the 1664 title, and the additional plays sold at Sotheby's in June, 1907, for £1,550, was purchased, it is understood, for Marsden J. Perry of Providence. It is curious that the E. D. Church collection of Shakespeare Folios (the most nearly complete in any library anywhere) does not contain a Third Folio, 1663 issue, with the portrait, his copy of this issue (from the Earl of Aylesford's collection) having the blank space as usual, though it contains also the reprinted 1664 title, with accompanying leaf of portrait with verses below.

The Church collection of the Shakespeare Folios consists of eleven volumes, every one perfect, and comprises:

The First Folio (1623). A large and fine copy.

The Second Folio (1632). Five examples showing variations in the title-page:

(1.) With imprint "Tho. Cotes for Robert Allot," with the last word spelled "Coppies" in the line "Published according to the true Originall Coppies."
(2.) With imprint "Tho. Cotes for William Aspley."
(3.) With imprint "Tho. Cotes for Richard Meighen."
(4.) With imprint "Tho. Cotes for John Smethwick."
(5.) With imprint "Tho. Cotes for Richard Hawkins."

The Third Folio (1663-64). Two examples:

(1.) With imprint "Printed for Philip Chetwinde, 1663." With blank space on title and with 1664 title inserted.
(2.) With imprint "Printed for P. C., 1664."

The Fourth Folio (1685). Three examples:

(1.) With imprint "Printed for H. Herringman, and are to be sold by Joseph Knight and Franklin Saunders."
(2.) With imprint "Printed for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, R. Chiswell, and R. Bentley."
(3.) With imprint "Printed for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley."

Neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian possesses such an extended series of variations. The Bodleian has Malone's copy of the First Folio, with the portrait in its earliest state (without the shadow of the hair on the collar), and one of the four First Folios in the British Museum has the fourth line reading "Histories and" instead of the ordinary "Histories &." The First Folio with the date 1622 instead of 1623, described by Lowndes and other early writers, is now universally admitted to be merely a case of pen-and-ink alteration. It is in the Lenox Library.

Several other slight variations of the title of the Second Folio are recorded. Of the books printed for Robert Allot the Church specimen, the "Coppies" issue, is probably the earliest. The imprint of this issue has "are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard." In some copies with the second title-page reading "Copies," "Blacke Beare" has an upper-case initial for each word. In some other specimens the three words "at his shop" are omitted. One of the Lenox copies has a unique title-page with "Copies" and "blacke," but with a misprint, "accodring" for "according," and "Impression" instead of "Jmpression."

The companion leaf of the title-page A5,

"Upon the Effigies," was also reset, examples with "Coppies" having the earlier form with "Poet W. Shakespeare," in line 13. In the reprinted leaf this line has "Poet, VV. Shakespeare."

In the case of the Fourth Folio, also, the types of the title-page were twice set, the earlier form having the imprint "are to be sold by Joseph Knight and Francis Saunders." Several signatures in the body of the book were also twice set, as is shown by numerous typographical variations.

Correspondence.

POETRY AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent reading of some 500 English papers for the College Entrance Board has left one conviction, among many confused and sometimes melancholy reflections. This is the belief that the so-called classic poetry of the eighteenth century has particular value for preparatory school work in English literature.

Whatever else the teacher of college English may desire in his freshman student, he hopes, and should expect, to find the power to get the full denotation of the words in a line of verse, and a reasonable proportion of their connotation. He hopes and expects to find in him the resultant ability to grasp all thought of the writer which can be supposed to come within his mental range. This desire is surely not extravagant, provided that one asks for a full comprehension of such a passage as:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay,

rather than:

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death.

But it is not always, or often, realized, as those who give themselves the pain of testing their classes know.

It is not often realized, because before the thought will spring entire from a group of words the boy must be taught to get the precise meaning of each word and the significance of the common allusions; must learn to assemble the whole into the thought which the poet wished to convey. Under the most excellent of conditions this is difficult, under bad conditions it is drudgery.

The best poetry of the eighteenth century should have a very great value for just this work. The verse of Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith is clear, logical, precise. It lacks the highest imagination, but it gains in clarity and precision in measure as it has few profundities, few elusive perceptions of the unknowable, and no romantic and ineffable longings to express. Furthermore, the English language reaches, in these poems, its height of craftsmanship; words are used with consummate skill, and with all the power they can assume and still remain expressive of the normal man, who is content to take the world at its face value. And if this poetry is without the final touch of imagination, nevertheless it possesses to a supreme degree perfection of form and perfect adjustment of means to ends. There is the slight complexity of expression, strangeness of vocabulary, richness of allusion, which must go with a meaning more searching than prose conveys; and this provides a shell upon which young teeth may be sharpened, with the assurance that a kernel will be found inside. But thought and expression are in most cases thoroughly intelligible to a boy in his teens. Take "Macbeth" when you wish to train a boy to get *all* the thought from a sentence, and who will guarantee that more than the general meaning of a passage, with a gloss of modern words for the hard ones of the text, will be the result? Take "The Deserted Village" for this particular branch of his training, and you will find diction that he can know through and through without excursions into historical grammar or obsolete vocabularies, and which, once known, will be as a path to that bridge between mere word-knowledge and genuine comprehension which young students find so hard to cross.

I am well aware that in this argument I have left a flank unprotected. Let me quickly assert that I do not for an instant propose that we shall give no food for the imagination in our schools, that we shall cut out Coleridge, Tennyson, or Shakespeare. By no means. I contend merely that for the large and important part of a literary training which involves a perfect comprehension of the medium of expression we should chiefly employ this poetry of the eighteenth century. Let the teacher use his tools intelligently. Let him teach Shakespeare and Tennyson for values which do not have to be enlarged upon here. Let him do the thorough work which must somewhere be done in words, allusions, collocation, and the complete comprehension of thought, with literature in which neither thought nor language is beyond the grasp of the student.

The suggestion I have outlined above is theoretical in form, but practical in origin. It comes from the entrance papers of the students themselves. A question upon the meaning of a passage in "The Deserted Village" brought forth answers which showed an especially satisfactory knowledge of that text. Questions requiring a statement of methods of study, or reasons for liking a poem, elicited responses which went far toward proving that a minute study of poetry of this eighteenth-century variety gave the desired results without killing interest in the poem.

A little Pope, Goldsmith, and Gray, with scattering poems from other eighteenth-century authors, is already in the entrance requirements for English A. Other poems could, perhaps, be added with advantage in both A. and B. But I am content to propose that more extensive and especially more particular use be made of that which the examiners have already given us.

Henry Seidel Canby.

Yale University, July 20.

REBELLION OR CIVIL WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the review of George Cary Eggleston's "The Confederate War," in the *Nation* of June 30, your reviewer says:

> While for legal purposes the struggle is perhaps best described as a rebellion, it was a rebellion of so large and fundamental a sort as to elevate the contest to the plane of a public war, and give to it the character of a war for independence.

The legal status of the Southern States was established many years ago by the Supreme Court in its decisions in the prize cases, so that "for legal purposes" the struggle was, according to the court, a civil war. That is, it was a civil war if we accept the view of those who contended that the States were never out of the Union, or of Alexander H. Stephens, who called it "the war between the States." For those who considered that they were out of the Union, it was a war with a foreign power, the Confederate States of America, or, as Mr. Eggleston terms it, "the Confederate War," just as the war with Spain was called the "Spanish War."

The government at Washington fixed the status of the war in its inception when it proclaimed a blockade of the Southern ports. Although Mr. Seward objected to recognizing the belligerency of the Confederacy, yet when the blockade was proclaimed and the foreign representatives inquired on what ground, he was compelled to reply that it was on the ground of belligerency. Their reply was that he could not recognize belligerency at sea and refuse it to land operations. His position was, of course, untenable.

That the Southern States were recognized as belligerents in the full sense by the Washington government is evident from the fact that there was an exchange of prisoners all during the war, captured troops were paroled—a whole army of them, after the fall of Vicksburg—and at the conclusion of the war there were no trials for treason or rebellion. It is a rather fantastic use of the term "rebellion" to apply it to a war with a people who, for four years, maintained a representative government in complete administration, with its President, its Congress, its Legislatures, and its courts, as well as its diplomatic agents abroad. I imagine the term is used now rather from ignorance or prejudice or for purposes of invective—even for that it is getting a little stale.

Robert L. Preston.

Kittery Point, Me., July 16.

BOOKS AS TOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the record of the proceedings of the American Library Association in the *Nation* of July 21, reference is made to the address delivered by Prof. Charles Hubbard Judd of the University of Chicago School of Education, on "The Library and the School." The professor said he wished the present study hours in the class-room could be changed to library hours when pupils, under the guidance of a school librarian with a wide knowledge of books, could be led away from the thralldom of text-books and could learn to use books as tools. What Professor Judd has here called attention to is precisely what many others interested in the proper and full development of the free public library system in this country have felt was needed to make our libraries of more practical use to everybody, and particularly to those who carry on the work of the world. Somehow, in spite of all the attention given to technical detail in the management of public libraries—or perhaps because of it—those who should make daily use of the

books in these institutions do not do so. The library as a workshop does not appeal to those men and women who might make the most of its advantages. In few schools are books handled as tools, and our librarians generally have not yet awakened to the great possibilities that lie within their reach. Perhaps this explains the curious lack of liberality on the part of the municipal authorities in too many sections of the country toward the local library. They do not think it pays.

In our big business houses, both wholesale and retail, we see that those in charge of them have gradually revolutionized the methods of the past in dealing with the public. Business men—and men of as true genius as is to be found in literature and art—have educated the people to a different system of trading, enabling them to buy a better article for less money and on fairer terms than were ever dreamed of by the merchant of the past. There are those who believe the same revolution will yet be worked out in the library world, when men of sufficient imagination and executive ability take hold of this institution and develop it in the big way that has marked the growth of American commercial life.

JAMES C. MOFFET.

Louisville, Ky., July 18.

WHISTLER'S BIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter which you published from Mr. Arthur Studd (*Nation*, July 7) is misleading. Whistler, in his lifetime, authorized us to write his biography and, when, later, we were dragged into the law courts by Whistler's executrix, this was completely proven and the authorization was upheld on every point by the British High Court of Chancery. The Metropolitan Museum, in the Introduction to its Catalogue of the Whistler Exhibition, states the facts correctly. Mr. Studd's letter is an endeavor to misrepresent them to your readers.

JOSEPH PENNELL,
ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

London, July 21.

Literature.

McMASTER'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War. Vol. VII. By John Bach McMaster. New York: Appleton. $2.50 net.

Two subjects of high interest virtually fill the seventh volume of Professor McMaster's "History," the social situation of the country in 1840 and the war with Mexico. Exactly ten years, 1841-1850, are covered in the narrative, and those ten years formed a turning point in the nation's history. The slave power exerted its greatest force of aggression, and seemed to have attained its desire; but in so doing it raised influences that in the end were to conquer by overthrowing that power, and wiping slavery from the land.

The account of the measures leading up to the war with Mexico is admirably told, and gains much by the use of the rich manuscript sources that have come within the reach of the student in recent years. The story is retold with greater detail, and the relations of the leading actors in that political struggle are not a little changed by the new material. The main lines remain as they were, and there is nothing that would alter the generally accepted view of the justice or injustice of the war, and the interested motives of Polk for beginning it. Jackson unwittingly allowed himself to be used as a cover for the annexationists, and on the plea of military necessity came out positively for annexation; in so doing he defeated the Presidential hopes of Van Buren. A little coterie of Southern statesmen succeeded in overthrowing the plans of one of the shrewdest political managers of the day, one supported by all the weight and prestige of the idol of the Democratic party. Not only did they defeat him in a convention that was intended to meet, and as a matter of form nominate him, but they reduced him to an impotence so great that he could not so much as command the nomination of the member of the Cabinet from his own state. Mr. McMaster might have touched upon the exclusion of Van Buren from Polk's confidence, and the very tardy and not entirely sincere peace offering which was made to the ex-President in the form of the English mission. It is unfortunate also that the diplomatic correspondence of the Texan republic was not published in time for use, as there is much in it to modify general statements on the position of Texas and its true relations with European Powers, on which Jackson so largely based his conclusions.

Polk regarded his election as a mandate for annexation, but found that action had already been taken by Tyler looking towards the admission of Texas into the union under a resolution of Congress. Here again some recently published letters of Polk add something to the case as stated by McMaster. Tyler had sent Donelson to Texas to induce her to give up her independence and become one of the United States, electing to act under a resolution passed by the House, and not under another of the Senate. Although the campaign had been fought on the question of annexation, Polk reached Washington and took the oath of office without having come to a decision under which resolution he should act. Having learned what Tyler had done in the matter, he was content to send a messenger to Mexico, but matters had then gone too far for such treatment. Out of Polk's attitude or hesitation on March 4, grew a controversy which he felt keenly, as it involved the charge that he had given pledges that were unwarranted before taking office. He had no opinion at the time—certainly a singular position for the Executive at such a crisis.

On the course of negotiation, propositions, and hostilities Mr. McMaster's chapters are crowded with interesting detail, sometimes so full as to be a little confusing. He brings out with admirable force the fact that when war did come, the people were not confused by any moral questions over the rights of Mexico or the extension of the slave power. They took their cue from Polk's message, and thought only of the "aggravated and multiplied wrongs to which our country has been subjected by Mexico during a long series of years." The papers dwelt much upon the faithlessness, falsehood, and insolence of Mexico, and on her refusal to pay claims or negotiate upon the subjects in dispute. From that it was a simple step to assert that Mexico had invaded American territory, and, as the war proceeded in favor of the American arms, to increase the demands for territory and compensation, until it seemed as if no moral issue could possibly have been involved. After peace came the rise of the free soil party, the agency for once more recalling the people to certain dangerous aspects of national tendencies.

The Oregon question and the Clayton-Bulwer treaty were also events of this time, and are treated with great fulness. In seeking to show what opinions the people held on those political questions, Mr. McMaster gives a summary of many newspaper articles, taken from different parts of the country. The result is confusing, because there is no standard for measuring the influence of those respective journals. It is the same with the often long summaries of Congressional speeches. Indeed, it is a characteristic of all of McMaster's volumes that he remains impersonal. The so-called leaders seem to be mere figureheads, convenient for an occasional appearance and utterance, but without life and vitality. It would be difficult to gain any idea from these pages of the manner of man Polk, Van Buren, or Taylor was. No attempt at characterizing is made, and no opinion is given by the author upon the careers of these men. The reader would suppose from the account given on p. 505 that Adams had never been of moment in the nation's history.

While political narration loses by this absence of personality, the description of the moral and social condition of the country gains. Here Mr. McMaster is at his best, and the curious and readable information drawn from many sources, from the very unreliable census of the day to the political philosopher, makes these volumes a veritable treasure-house of good things. The visiting foreigners naturally supply a good part of the more definite pictures, for

they had greater skill in presentation and were more impressed by the novelties. As a whole, they do not seem to have been unjust, or to have departed far from the truth. Even as Mr. McMaster pictures them, the modes of travel and of entertainment were exasperating to any who were acquainted with a certain convenience. A journey from Mobile to the Atlantic seaboard required much endurance, while west of the Mississippi the element of tragedy was ever present. The descriptions of cities like Boston and New Orleans show how far the country had advanced since the War of 1812, and the social movements, like the study of Fourierism, the crusade of Dorothea Dix, and the rise of libraries, are extremely suggestive of the workings of moral forces as yet crudely seeking for an outlet. These chapters are good reminders to the reader of the beginnings of tendencies that have become general, and an essential part of the progress of knowledge. For these alone this history deserves high praise.

CURRENT FICTION.

Morning Star. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

It must be said, with all due sadness, that if it were not for the name upon the title-page of this romance, one would incline to dispose of it in short order as a mediocre performance. But for anything by the author of those gratefully recalled treasures of a vanished boyhood, "King Solomon's Mines" and "She," one naturally has a second glance. To the youthful mind, the present story will no doubt possess its merits. It has the spooky quality peculiar to Mr. Haggard's best romances; and it has enough of mere adventure to appease the juvenile thirst for action. To the ear of middle age it all rings a little thin. The heroine is but another of those miraculous females of whom "She" was the great original. Neter-Tua, "Morning Star of Amen," is of course a Queen; royalty is a fundamental virtue of Mr. Haggard's heroines. Her realm chances to be Old Egypt. She is heir of a usurping dynasty. The older line is represented in the flesh by a young Rames, a mere soldier in the royal army, but foster-brother and beloved of Neter-Tua. The author's task is obviously to seat the pair together, after a proper series of vicissitudes, upon the double throne. The chief adversary is one Prince Abi, uncle to Neter-Tua, and himself aspirant to the throne. He is a very bad man indeed, and only gets his deserts. He brings about the death of the Pharaoh, Neter-Tua's father, and, having made the beautiful princess his prisoner, gives her choice between marriage to himself and starvation. She makes the heroic choice, and seems in a fair way to pay the penalty, when it suddenly appears that she is not daughter of the great god Amen for nothing. Supernatural presences supply her board, and presently whisk her away altogether beyond the power of wicked old Abi. Remains behind in her dungeon an avenger in the form of her "Ka," or double, which assumes the part of willing bride to Abi, and shortly brings him to confusion. Meantime the real, or bodily, Neter-Tua wanders upon the track of young Rames, and it is not hard to imagine the upshot of the whole affair. It is a little surprising to find that the veteran romancer is as much given to mingling highflown archaisms and modern colloquialisms in his dialogues as the majority of his successors in the esteem of the romance-reading public.

Anne of Tréboul. By Marie Louise Goetchius. New York: The Century Co.

The besotted self-sacrifice is one of the subjects with which novel readers have ample chance to lose patience. When the father of Anne's unborn child besought her to marry him, when mother and curé added their entreaties, there is pitiful lack of pretext for Anne's making martyrs of herself and family. The knowledge that Yvon loved Aimée was the excuse she offered, but in the face of facts and of her acute maternal instinct the mistake was wholly unnatural, and makes of the story a vain show. The Breton coast, the traditions of the fisher-folk in their work, their play, their dangers, their penances, are not without the familiar Breton picturesqueness. No story of the sea by one who knows the sea can be entirely uninteresting. But the strained and motiveless motive is enwrapped in so much verbiage of an awkwardly Gallic English that the manner does not redeem the matter. What is meant to be a pathetico-tragico-idyl is in fact a bit of rococo sentiment overloaded with nondescript language.

The Godparents. By Grace Sartwell Mason. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A very pleasant little story; slight of its kind, but excellent in that kind. It has been recently declared that the reign of the short story is nearing its end: that the new form of fiction is to be neither the tale nor the extended novel, but the three-part story—a story, that is, of such length and quality as to enable it to appear in three consecutive numbers of a popular magazine. "The Godparents," though we do not know that it has found that form of publication, appears to be of about the right length and type to fit this new measure. It is rather an expanded short story than a condensed novel. Some ten years before the story opens, two young people have rather carelessly stood godfather and godmother to the child of a friend. The friend has died, and the boy is growing up neglected and unruly. He is nominally in the care of his grandmother, but she has not long to live, and, like the boy, is under the virtual rule of a designing housekeeper. Almost on her death-bed, she summons the godparents to do their duty by the boy. The man gives up his work, and fairly browbeats the woman into giving up her pleasure, in order that the boy's life may be saved. Needless to say, the godparents are both unmarried, and destined to be brought together on the field of duty. To tell the truth, the author herself is so much interested in their progressive philandering as to find difficulty in keeping the boy in the foreground. To begin with, he does not seem to be in such a fatally bad way. He refuses to have anything to do with the reforming pair, so that the ease of their task may not part them. He takes to the woods so that they may pursue him and carry on their acquaintance among the romantic surroundings of the camp and the trail. He becomes amenable just as soon as it is desirable to wind up the whole episode. But let us not bruise the butterfly, which is, as we have said, a pretty example of its species.

A Disciple of Chance. By Sara Dean. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Travers" may be recalled as a story laid in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake—a story in some ways crude, but with a vigor belonging to its direct conception of a modern action in a modern scene. We half suspect that "A Disciple of Chance," by the same author, is an earlier book. Its origin is literary, its structure artificial. The curtain rises upon a company of elegant eighteenth-century gamblers amusing themselves with hazard in White's Coffee-house. Horace Walpole and George Selwyn are among the number. The host is a certain Earl of Yerington, who shows, one by one, all the qualifications of the romantic hero. He is one of the finest gentlemen of his time, and a good fellow besides; a favorite with both sexes, master of the smallsword, and quondam conqueror of the greatest of England's professional bruisers. Add that his blood is of the oldest, his face of the handsomest, and his fortune being gallantly flung away at the gaming-table and elsewhere, and you have the finished type. His crowning folly is to wager his life against the guess of a titled enemy that he will be a ruined man within a specified time. After a good deal of rather stagey and artificial adventure, he is saved from ruin and the ensuing duty of suicide by the always acceptable expedient of marriage with an heiress. But, of course, the expedient is the novelist's, not the hero's. We must hope for another "Travers" rather than another story of this conventional and merely tolerable cast.

GREEK RHETORIC.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus: On Literary Composition. Being the Greek text of the *De Compositione Verborum*, edited with introduction, etc., by W. Rhys Roberts, Litt.D. (Cambridge), Hon. LL.D. (St. Andrews), Professor of Classics in the University of Leeds. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

This volume for the first time makes fully available for a reader who knows the elements of the language, whether distinctively a Grecian or not, the most important work of one who is classed by Jebb as the "best literary critic of antiquity," and to whom G. Saintsbury assigns "no mean rank as a critic" without limitation of time. The best previous edition for general use, leaving aside the bare Teubner text by Usener in 1904, was that by Schaefer, with a Latin version and variorum Latin notes, published in 1808. But a fairly good classical scholar might fail to appreciate at its true worth, in a wholly antique dress, a treatise which approaches the subject from a point of view very different from the modern. Even the vocabulary, while it looks so classical, employs distinctive terms in senses varying so subtly from the classical that one may, unless he has given special attention to the later rhetoric and literary criticism, be more struck by what seems queerness than by its penetration and good sense. The very title illustrates this. "De Compositione Verborum" is clear enough after reading the treatise, but hardly before; "On Literary Composition" starts one right. Whoever is interested in the theory of criticism, including every teacher of literature, should place this work from the age of Augustus with the "Poetics" of Aristotle and the anonymous treatise mis-named "On the Sublime," perhaps of the first and perhaps of the third century of our era. Different as they are, these are the three ancient theoretical works in their field most worth attention; they "confirm our belief in the essential continuity of critical principles, in the existence of a firm and permanent basis for the judgments of taste." It may be mentioned that the latest in date of the three has also been published in a similar style by Professor Roberts, and the volume is now in a second edition.

The editor's work is admirable for technical scholarship, for breadth of view, and for literary skill in the difficult task of translation. An ample introduction gives the setting, a lucid explanation of what the author's subject includes and what it does not include, discussion of his sources and literary references, and an adequate account of recent writings connected with the treatise. It is pleasant to note that American work is generously recognized. The text is independently constructed and accounted for, with full acknowledgment for the work of Usener. A graceful yet wonderfully accurate translation faces the text; excellent explanatory notes at the foot of the page contain, among other good things, abundant illustrations from modern authors as well as ancient. Thus, opening at random to p. 146f, we find illustrative quotations from Quintilian, Virgil, Demetrius "On Style" (also edited by Professor Roberts); Demosthenes "On the Crown"; Cicero, Euripides, George Meredith, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and John Thelwall; and these are connected by illuminating comment. Text and translation are followed by a copious glossary, including terms of rhetoric, grammar, prosody, music, phonetics, and literary criticism. This glossary is useful even for specialists in these departments; for others it will be found an invaluable aid, not only to an understanding of this treatise, but for a wide range of reading. Three appendices and a double index close the volume. Appendix B is devoted to illustrations of word-order in Greek and modern languages. The editor's method is simple and telling; he takes four famous Greek passages of prose and adds French, German, and English versions of well-known translators for direct comparison. Thus the opening lines of Plato's "Republic" are accompanied by the versions of Victor Cousin, Schleiermacher, Davies and Vaughan, Jowett, and A. D. Lindsay.

The volume is printed in Macmillan's best style, so that form and contents correspond. Altogether it should find a wide circle of readers outside the ranks of professional Hellenists. Would that more of these might in like manner learn to combine literary skill and the love of letters with their learning.

John Lothrop Motley and his Family: Further Letters and Records. Edited by his daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay. With numerous illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

The most important letters of the historian of the Dutch Republic were published by George William Curtis more than thirty years ago, but a considerable remnant has been in the family archives, and some important letters have in the interval come to light. These, with numerous letters by Mrs. Motley and Miss Lily Motley, now Lady Harcourt, make up a very interesting volume. All the Motleys were good letter-writers, and the wife and daughter kept abreast of all literary and political activities of the head of the family. So this book, though frankly made up of scraps, has a certain continuity, and covers in a glancing fashion the greater part of Motley's public life. There are a number of illustrations including a charming Colonial pastel, apparently an early Copley, of an ancestress, Elizabeth Checkley, and a capital silhouette of Bismarck as a corps student.

While reading this informal memoir one moves in excellent company. At a dinner Mrs. Motley heard Buckle on the subject of the newly devised competitive examinations for the civil service:

> He said that he approved of it, not because he thought it gave the country a chance to be served by abler men, for, on the contrary, it encouraged false learning or cramming, but because it was a democratic movement, having the effect of diminishing patronage. Anything that tended to pull down the aristocracy and weaken the power of government must be a move in the right direction.

It was Mrs. Motley also to whom Theodore Parker said that he hoped the Dutch histories would be "liberal in tone, but not too popular," adding that one reason for Prescott's amazing vogue in America was that he always took the side of queens and kings. To Lord Robbert Cecil Mrs. Motley once said apropos of the civil war: "I must try to convert you Tories to the right views of America," and elicited the characteristic retort, "Well, there is one way to convert us all—win the battles, and we shall come round at once."

Most readers will turn first to the brief correspondence with Bismarck. It affords some tidbits. Bismarck, writing in 1864, had asked his old fellow student if the United States "knew what it was fighting about." The answer was:

> We are fighting to preserve the existence of a magnificent commonwealth—and to annihilate the loathsome institution of slavery. If men can't fight for such a cause they had better stop fighting for evermore. Certainly since mankind ever had a history and amused themselves with cutting each others' throats, there never in the course of all the ages was better cause for war than we have.

The *Junker* Bismarck appears in a spirited and destructive discussion of the legendary *jus primæ noctis*, a bugbear which Motley had admitted into his first volume. Nothing could be more maliciously fine than Motley's quip to Bismarck just before the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein. "Do you remember," he writes, "what the formal old fop of a parson in 'The Antiquary' used to say to Miss Griselda, much to the indignation of her brother, Jonathan Oldbuck: 'Madam, I drink to your inclinations, provided always they be virtuous'? Well, I drink to your inclinations without that proviso." After Sedan, Motley wrote a long letter to Bismarck pleading for moderation. "The more moderate the terms on the part of the conqueror at this supreme moment, the greater would be the confidence inspired for the future, and the more secure the foundations of a durable peace, and the more proud and fortunate the position and character of Unit-

ed Germany." On the margin in Bismarck's writing are the words, "Damn confidence," a phrase which pretty well expresses the spirit of German foreign policy ever since.

Such extracts suggest the various interest of this book. In the preface we learn that all of Motley's descendants are English, and by a bitter irony a grandson fell in the Boer war attempting to subjugate that very race whose love of liberty had been the grandsire's lifelong theme.

Ancient and Modern Imperialism. By the Earl of Cromer. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.

Whatever the former Consul-General of Egypt might have to say about Imperialism would be sure of a good hearing, and the present essay, expanded from the presidential address to the British Classical Association, is not merely weighty in its analysis, but fortified with numerous historic instances, and attractive in style. One may regret that the distinguished author has been so sparing of judgments in a matter that touches current morals and policy so nearly. In the main, the essay is analytical. The Greeks, he finds, hardly managed to think, and never to act, imperially. The Romans achieved the greatest success of which we know, partly through the simplicity of their aims, partly because the times were propitious. The idea of nationality was weak. They dealt not with nations, but with tribes already impressed by the greatness of the Roman state. On the whole, they gave better administrations than those they destroyed. In late republican times there were "little Romans," anti-imperialists quite like those of England and America.

Into the larger question whether these critics were right Lord Cromer does not enter, though no one can doubt what his verdict would be. The broad issue is, Could the large heritage of law, literature, and civilization generally which Rome bequeathed to Europe have been amassed under other than imperial conditions? We think there are many evidences that the valuable and transmissible part of the genius of Rome had no imperial implications whatever. On the other hand, the glamour of the empire unquestionably lent authority to the spiritual testament of Rome. It should be added that the processes of empire have rarely been conscious or rationalized. The Romans and English alike merely meet political troubles and seek markets in piecemeal fashion. No empire, unless it be Napoleon's transient fabric, ever grew otherwise than by rule of thumb. One would be glad to know if Lord Cromer takes this fatalistic view of the matter, or whether he believes that aggressive politics, and even trade, may eventually be moralized and rationalized. Such is the hope of those who venture to criticise the forward tendencies of trading nations.

Examining the conditions of modern empire, Lord Cromer notes the growth of national feeling and of antipathy based on color, "a plant of comparatively recent growth"; the impossibility of imposing a single speech upon alien civilizations, and finally the lack of a single ideal of dominion. In this matter of the logical discrepancy between absolute rule oversea and free institutions at home, between pro-consulates and self-governing colonies, Lord Cromer is refreshingly frank. He approves of the South African settlement, and advocates indefinite tutelage for India. He fails, however, to go to the root of the matter ethically. He assumes that England must rule India indefinitely, or let the land slip into chaos. This is probably true, but the moral issue lies deeper. Has a nation a right to its own form of chaos, if it honestly prefers this to an orderly rule imposed from outside? Morally we feel the right of any country to its own form of misgovernment is incontestable, if it can be shown that no other nation suffers serious inconvenience thereby.

Naturally a great administrator may be excused from discussing these burdensome underlying principles. Yet we regret such reticence, for nobody could bring a fairer or more experienced mind to the subject than Lord Cromer. He gives no comfort to the transcendental and pietistic arguments by which imperial policy is often defended. He sees in the movement not the hand of Deity, but commercial expediency, the fear of other forward-moving nations, and the necessity of dealing some way or other with conditions bequeathed by the past. This opportunism is characteristic of a most judicious study. The relative success of the Romans he attributes largely to their extraordinary opportunities. Among modern imperial nations, he finds England has neither uncommon qualifications nor noteworthy defects. All foreign overlords are impartially hated. The ingratiating qualities of the Russians, for instance, are grossly exaggerated, as is the alleged inflexibility of the British. Where England has failed she has failed not as British but as Western. We fancy imperialists will draw little comfort from this historic parallel. It shows that the current imperial policy lacks clear-cut political or moral warrant; that it is pursued under gravely increasing difficulties; that it often brings new misfortunes to the countries it professes to benefit, and finally that imperialism failed to perpetuate itself under far more favorable circumstances. Such conclusions are not expressed in a study which is mostly expository. They are, however, fair inferences from the data presented.

Principles of Political Economy with Some of Their Applications to Social Philosophy. By John Stuart Mill. Edited with an introduction by W. J. Ashley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Ashley has put the economic world in his debt by this edition of Mill's great work. He has taken the final text of 1871, and has traced the various changes which were introduced in the six revisions which separate it from the original text of 1848. Many of these changes are illuminating as showing the fluidity and unfinality of Mill's thinking. The editor has supplemented the text by what he modestly terms a Bibliographical Appendix. It is much more than this, however, for it provides in compact form a complete apparatus for bringing up to date the study of the more important moot questions contained in the Political Economy. Thus under the note upon the wages fund doctrine is reprinted the gist of Mill's recantation of that error in the *Fortnightly Review* for May, 1869. Admirable also is the selection of essential statistical matter containing the gist of such movements as price-variations, fluctuating wage-levels, and declining birth-rates. Nothing is better adapted than this vitalizing kind of editing to prevent a literary and scientific masterpiece of a by-gone generation from becoming merely the happy hunting ground of the professional commentator and eventually the victim of the specialist. It is not the least of the work's merits that a thousand pages of good clear type are compressed within two covers without producing a bulky volume.

In his entertaining introduction of twenty-five pages, Professor Ashley, with commendable restraint, has limited himself to pointing out the three intellectual streams which met without ever quite coalescing in Mill's economic thinking. The dead hand of his father's narrow utilitarian logic always held in fee Mill's mature striving for a new point of view. The adhesion to Comte's social philosophy never permeated Mill's economics, though it broadened its scope as the sub-title to the work indicates. Mill could never find the sociological missing link—the unfound science of "ethology"—to bind his own economics to the Comtean philosophy of the sciences. The third strain was the humanitarian thinking of his wife, for whose intellectual powers, it seems likely, Mill always entertained a chivalric over-estimate. Professor Ashley's segregation of the three unblended elements only point old Roscher's dictum anent Mill—"zu wenig aus *einem* Gusse."

A re-reading of Mill is a happy corrective of the too prevalent state of economic Pharisaism which dismisses the system as logically "a ruin." In what modern work on economics shall we find

in future times the poignant elemental note to which Mill occasionally abandons himself? It is as though he was filled with a revulsion at the whole spectacle of the crowded trampling of the market, and would sound a protest in favor of something deeper and nobler. As a single instance, take his final comment on "The Stationary State," the bug-bear of his professional brethren:

A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and rai ment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation, or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without.

Notes.

A reprint of Arnold's "Celtic Literature" is soon to be issued by David Nutt; also "Three Unpublished Plays of Peacock" and "Monumenta Historica Celtica," by W. Dinan.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce a new book by Dr. Lyman Abbott, entitled, "Seeking After God," also a volume of verse by Charlotte Porter.

A second volume of "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," by Selma Lagerlöf, is in the hands of Doubleday, Page & Co.

From the same firm comes the announcement that beginning with November, 1910, *Country Life in America* will appear semi-monthly.

Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "The Siege of the Seven Suitors," is to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

The autumn announcement of Cassell & Co. includes: Fiction—"Freda," by Katharine Tynan; "The Lovely Mrs. Blake," by Richard Marsh; "Janey Canuck in the West," by Emily Ferguson.—History, Travel, Literature, etc.—"In the Heart of Africa," by Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg; "Australia: the Making of a Nation," by John Foster Fraser; "Napoleon in His Own Defence," by Clement K. Shorter; "Puritanism and Art," by Joseph Crouch; "The Dictionary of English History," new and revised edition, edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling; "A First Sketch of English Literature," enlarged, by Professor Henry Morley; "The Story of English Literature," by Christabel R. Coleridge, new and revised edition; "Breeding and the Mendelian Discovery," by A. D. Darbyshire; "The Light Side of the Law," by George A. MacDonald; "The Pocket Reference Library," "Steamships and Their Story," by E. Keble Chatterton; "Dryden's Aenid of Virgil," edited, with an introduction, by Prof. A. J. Church; "The Greek Heroes," translated by Niebuhr, with additions; "Stories of King Arthur," by A. L. Haydon; "Alice in Wonderland," illustrated; "Practical Electricity," new edition, by Ayrton and Mather.

Johann David Schoepf's "Reise durch einige der mittlern und südlichen vereinigten nordamerikanischen Staaten, 1783-84," which has been translated by Alfred J. Morrison, is in the hands of Samuel N. Rhoads, Philadelphia.

The sixth issue of "Who's Who in America" (A. N. Marquis & Co.) has appeared, with its encyclopædia of biographies corrected for 1910, 1911. In the case of a book becoming almost as well known as a dictionary, there is little more for the reviewer to do than announce its regular appearance and the continuance of its growth. The present volume embraces 17,546 biographical sketches, an increase of 1,151 since the previous issue.

It is far from the time when ten-thousand pirated copies of "The Wide, Wide World" sold at a single railway station, yet there are still old-fashioned readers who will welcome the biography of the author. "Susan Warner ('Elizabeth Wetherell')," by her sister Anna B. Warner (Putnam), should in fact make an appeal even to those for whom "Queechy" "Wych Hazel," etc., are merely names. Of Puritan stock transplanted to New York, Susan Warner was brought up in modest luxury, only to find herself, at eighteen, impoverished and virtually the head and the support of a motherless family. Her high-minded but wholly unworldly father was periodically stripped, by less scrupulous people, of the remnants of a shrinking competence. Constitution Island, in the Hudson, off West Point, had been bought in affluent days as a country estate. It served instead as a refuge. Susan Warner, with the aid of the younger sister who writes the biography, maintained an heroic and relatively successful struggle against poverty. At times the little group on Constitution Island knew something like destitution, but desperate need gave power to her pen, and her books gradually won for herself and hers an uncertain ease. She has left extensive journals of the struggle, which are both pathetic and heartening reading. A strong and genuinely mystic religious sense sustained her throughout. Her vision of the world was intense and perhaps correspondingly narrow. One divines in her the passionate incompatibility with averages in life or thought that characterized a kindred if much abler spirit, Charlotte Brontë. Shy, keenly intellectual, and apparently a little suspicious of alien excellence, her quality was attractive. The West Point students were glad to attend her Bible classes. She was a very personal sort of a person. There was a kind of genius in her of which her books are an inadequate expression. Her journals afford authentic and vivid pictures of the afterglow of Puritanism. There is a quaint and homely flavor about her intimate writing which is also, paradoxically, highly distinguished. Miss Anna B. Warner has minimized her office as memorialist, merely knitting together the materials of the biography. Her occasional comment, however, has a fine and rather stately crabbedness which we feel will not displease the generation it compares so unfavorably with her own. Her attitude towards her subject is that of frank idolatry, and she has lavished details of infancy that many will feel to be superfluous. On the whole, though, the book contains a uniquely complete and interesting record of a typical Puritan family. It symbolizes the fading out of many a sturdy Puritan line in which the men have retained only the fineness with little of the efficiency of the stock, while the women have transmuted into a sort of febrile spirituality the vital energy that their mothers gave to the perpetuation of the race.

Frederic Stanhope Hill's "The Romance of the American Navy" (Putnam) is an interesting and instructive narrative which cannot fail to appeal most forcibly to the general reading public. The term "navy" is used by the author not in its strictly technical sense, but "as covering all vessels commanded or manned by American seamen, whether or not their vessels might, at the time, be included in the roster of the colonial or American navy." As a consequence of this broad interpretation, more or less attention is given to the daring exploits of privateersmen, especially in connection with the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. An attempt is made to cover in a single volume of moderate size the whole history of the navy from the time of the first war with England up to and including the recent cruise of the battleship fleet around the world. As a proper basis for his story, the writer has availed himself of a wide range of both original and secondary sources. The chapters dealing with the civil war assume an added interest by the fact that the author himself saw active service at that time as a naval officer under Farragut and others. The book is liberally illustrated, and, all in all, is a valuable contribution to the literature dealing with our naval history.

Under the title of "Latter-Day Problems" (Scribner), Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin has gathered together "for the lay public" a series of economic studies, several of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's Magazine*, and the *Journal of Political Economy*. The first group of chapters bears upon the part which the science of economics should play in providing such analysis of social conditions as may form a stable basis for the effective aid and permanent improvement of the less fortunate classes. The promotion of increased efficiency, or productivity, in the individual laborer is held out to labor unions as a working principle of far greater promise for the raising of wages than the inherently suicidal attempt to corner the labor market by the creation of an artificial monopoly of workmen who are available in any given field. One chapter deals with Socialism, and holds it up as a state of mind rather than a logical system of thought. In its idealistic outreach for escape from the hardships of life, it appeals powerfully to the latent idealism in us all, but its vaguely outlined hopes take no due account of actual and inevitable conditions of human existence. It looks to merely external means, such as the abolition of competition and private property, to create a situation impossible without the production of new and fundamental virtues in human nature. The work of social settlements is criticised, in no unkindly spirit, for a certain lack of definiteness in aim, and for a failure to apply careful economic analysis to the conditions with which the settlement must deal. Chapter vii contributes a vigorous argument against the theory that the physical valuation of rail-

ways presents a fair basis for determining the rates which they shall be allowed to charge. There follows a long and effective argument, perhaps unduly heated at points, against the movement for the guarantee of bank deposits, and the volume closes with an exposition of the advantages of bank issues as compared with a currency of government notes.

In 1882 Prof. Henry Marczali of the University of Budapest, published an authoritative volume on Hungary at the time of the accession of the Emperor Joseph II. This has now appeared in an admirable English translation, with a learned introductory essay by Harold W. V. Temperley, under the title of "Hungary in the Eighteenth Century" (Putnam). It is interesting to contrast recently published volumes on the economic development of modern Hungary with the picture of the country at a time when the great fertile lowlands consisted of uninhabited forests or marshes. It was only after 1740, when the Turkish invasion was no longer dreaded, that a rapid development took place, which, as Professor Marczali points out, "reminds us of the state of things in modern America." But while Maria Theresa encouraged Hungarian industries, a complete change took place under Joseph II, who "viewed and treated Hungary—the home of all that was mediæval, customary, and traditional—according to the hard reason and doctrinaire theories of an eighteenth-century philosophy, alienated the well-to-do classes, and, in particular, exasperated the nobility of Hungary and Transylvania by his reform measures, which curtailed their privileges in the matter of taxation and caused them to patronize foreign markets rather than home industry." The chapters on The Social System, Nationality, The Church, and The Royal Power of the Government of the State, while scarcely appealing to the general reader, will be found very instructive by those in search of first-hand information concerning Hungary. The entire volume, in its accuracy of detail and freedom from errors in the spelling of Magyar names, reflects great credit on author, translator, and publisher.

Miss Adelaide R. Hasse's volume for Kentucky, in the "Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States," now in process of publication by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, differs in no essential particular from the eight volumes that have preceded it, except in recording certain local conditions that have involved the loss or destruction of official documents. For the first time the editor is compelled to acknowledge that she cannot find the complete file of the journals and reports of a State. Kentucky has suffered from many fires at Frankfort, and many of the Senate and House journals for years before 1807 apparently do not exist. It seems an extraordinary fact that every copy of a printed work of so comparatively recent a date as 1792-1806 should have disappeared, particularly as such journals must have been distributed more or less widely, and were not likely to suffer from intentional destruction. We hope with Miss Hasse, that when the fact becomes widely known further search will bring to light copies of the missing volumes.

Under the title, "Knowledge, Life and Reality" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Prof. G. T. Ladd has summarized in a single lucidly written volume the system of philosophy which for the last twenty-five years he has been gradually unfolding in a series of more technical and elaborate treatises. Like most contemporary philosophers, Professor Ladd somewhat resents classification; his motto he declares to be: *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;* and he begs his reader not to assign him "to any so-called school." Yet the affinities and the principal sources of his doctrine are sufficiently unmistakable, and the broader traits, if not the details, of it may be most briefly indicated by mentioning its intellectual ancestry. In all that is most characteristic and fundamental in his conception of philosophical method, his metaphysics, and his theology (though not in his ethics), his thought is closely akin to that of the eminent Göttingen philosopher whom, in his earlier days, he did much to make familiar to English readers. Professor Ladd, at Yale, and Professor Ormond, at Princeton, have been, perhaps, the chief representatives of the influence of Lotze upon American reflection; though each has emphasized somewhat different elements in Lotze's system, and has developed and amplified these in a distinctive manner. Both insist that thought deals with a "trans-subjective" reality; both equally insist that this external reality, primarily the object of natural science, is finally conceivable only as "self-like" in its intrinsic character; both, while affirming the necessity, deny the logical ultimateness, of mechanistic explanations of natural processes, and maintain the indispensability of the category of purpose in any rational interpretation even of physical nature; and both deduce from these principles a conception of the world as personal and ethical. No summary description of a philosophy can ever be satisfactory, but Professor Ladd's system might not with entire inaptness be characterized as a cosmic anthropomorphism.

In "Judaism as Creed and Life" (revised edition; The Macmillan Co.) the Rev. Morris Joseph sets forth a liberal conservative view; his position, he says, is midway between the orthodoxy that regards the Talmud as the final authority and the extreme liberalism that would cut the religion loose from the bonds of tradition. The work is largely parenetic in tone—the author's object is to give his co-religionists, old and young, a clearer insight into their faith, and to stir them to enthusiasm for it. He has, he explains, taken the best of Judaism, its ideal religious and ethical side. He gives vigorous expression to the conviction—a type of conviction found in all religious bodies—that his people have the specific religious truth that the world now needs and will ultimately adopt. And so, believing that this result can be secured only by maintaining the integrity of the Jewish people as the bearers of the essential truth, he deplores marriages between Jews and non-Jews—a practice which, as he rightly says, if carried on extensively, would obliterate the Jew as a separate community. Isolation has long been the policy of the Jews; whether the advantage of developing along their own line will compensate them for the loss of closer social contact with their neighbors is a question that time only can solve. The spirit of Mr. Joseph's volume is excellent, and its high moral tone and fine religious feeling may be a profitable influence for others than Jews.

Under the title "Health and Suggestion: The Dietetics of the Mind," Ludwig Lewisohn has published (New York: B. W. Huebsch), a version of Feuchtersleben's "Diätetik der Seele" which stands midway between an English translation reprinted in America in 1858, of which Mr. Lewisohn appears not to be aware, and the adaptation by Mr. Pollak recently noticed in these columns. That is to say, "the present version, though conscientiously faithful to Feuchtersleben's sense, has been almost entirely recast from the point of view of form." The German text has undergone some abridgment, as well as recasting. The resulting version is smooth and readable, but is, as a translation, not so good as Mr. Pollak's, in the cases where Mr. Pollak actually translates. The title seems somewhat misleading. It is interesting to note that whereas the English translator felt bound to protest that "the Christian will find in this book nothing contradictory to, or incompatible with, any part of his faith," Mr. Lewisohn takes satisfaction in aligning Feuchtersleben with the Emmanuel Movement, and quoting Dr. Worcester to this effect.

Some false friend must have persuaded Leander A. Bigger of Kansas that his travel letters were worth printing. No less than four volumes of them, with illustrations, have been published, with the title, "Around the World with a Business Man" (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company). It is an extraordinary mass of callow comment, misinformation, and misplaced facetiousness. Mr. Bigger discovered, among many similar mares' nests, "etchings," by Raphael and Michelangelo, not to mention a Joseph and Potiphar's wife, by Leonardo da Vinci. The judicious will find many a chuckle in Mr. Bigger's philosophy and observations, but that such stuff should be printed and presumably read is no joke at all.

"L'Inde britannique" (A. Colin, 520 pages, 2 maps, 10 francs), by Joseph Chailley, appears also in an English translation by Sir William Meyer, secretary of the government of India for Finances, who also lent his aid to the original work. The competence of the author is guaranteed by his many studies of European colonies, particularly his authoritative book on Java. Of his present large volume he says: "For twenty years I have been thinking of it; I have worked at it ten years." Whatever may be said of his theories, the authentic revision of his facts gives the highest value to the completed work. He aims at describing the native communities, their government and administration by Europeans; and "British India," while extended to the entire Indian empire, is chiefly treated for the part directly administered by British authorities. Before M. Chailley expounds his own views, he is careful to set forth the history and present status of each question, with a fulness and clearness which have perhaps not been realized before in any single volume. The exposition has one of the merits which have usually attached to the better class of French books until now —an understanding of all that concerns its branch of humanity in time, over and

above the immediate subject. This is one result of the old liberal education, in which philosophy and even poetry counted. A mere administrator's view of caste amounts to little.

The first annual report of the Hamburg Colonial Institute shows that the leading foreign port of the German Empire has begun in earnest, and with every promise of success, to train its citizens for useful lives in the colonies. The German Colonial Office acted in harmony with the local authorities to perfect an organization which should unite practical and theoretical instruction. It works with other Hamburg educational institutions, such as the Natural History and Ethnological and Geological Museums, the Astronomical Observatory, the Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, the Agricultural station, and the Institute for Ship and Tropical Diseases. Instruction is supplied in geography, public law, the history of the East, the languages of East Asia and Africa, and in hygiene of the German colonies. A hall of public lectures, the gift of a citizen of Hamburg, was made its permanent seat. Teachers were brought from the universities, and work began with twelve instructors, and local schools increased the number to thirty-five. Hamburg supplies its city library of above 600,000 volumes, and its commercial library.

Liberal provision for the expenses was given by both from the public treasury and large gifts from its citizens. Instruction in Eastern languages is made prominent, and both for the native German students and for those coming from German colonies, opportunity is given to study German industries in the busy centres of their growing activity. The report contains a detailed account of the large number of lectures given in two terms, October to March and April to August; there were more than 1,100 students and hearers, 16 diplomas were awarded after examination, and among those in attendance were merchants, judges, lawyers, army and navy officers, land owners, engineers, and officials. The Colonial Institute supplies a Bureau of Correspondence for answers to inquiries on specific points in colonial life, business, and interests. It acts as intermediary between German manufacturers and colonial consumers, and equally between the colonial producers and German and other possible purchasers. All this has been done by a wise union of local and imperial forces. Why cannot our universities thus join the Washington authorities and give the officers and settlers of our colonies like opportunity for training?

Science.

Ants, Their Structure, Development, and Behavior. By William Morton Wheeler, Ph.D., Professor of Economic Entomology, Harvard University; Honorary Curator of Social Insects, American Museum of Natural History. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

It is safe to say that no entomological work of higher qualities than this, perhaps none of equally valuable qualities, all things considered, has recently appeared. Whether one regards Professor Wheeler's work from the standpoint of the systematist, the anatomist, the ethologist, the psychologist, the naturalist philosopher, or the bibliographer, one is struck by the complete and easy grasp of his subject, and by the painstaking labor and erudition herein shown. Even in the selections from authors chosen for chapter mottoes, which range through Latin and Greek writers, and German, French, and English literature, one marks the facility and felicity of his mastery of his theme.

Perhaps there is no insect—not even the bee—so well adapted by its natural endowments to attract and hold the interest of men as the ant. As Professor Wheeler remarks in his opening chapter:

> This interest is aroused by an undeniable resemblance to our own condition. Reflection shows that this resemblance cannot be superficial, but must depend upon a high degree of adaptability and plasticity common to man and the social insects; for in order to live in permanent commonwealths, an organization must be not only remarkably adaptive to changes in its external environment, but must also have an intense feeling of coöperative forbearance and affection toward the other members of its community.

Professor Wheeler has here touched the keynote of the last book of his colaborer in myrmecology, Dr. McCook's "Ant Communities, and How They Are Governed," which appeared only a few months before his own, and with which, perhaps, one is likely to compare it. There are, however, but few points of contact and comparison, except in descriptions of the habits of such interesting species as the agricultural ants of Texas and the American plains, the cutting ants, the honey ants, and the mound-making ants of the Alleghenies. In these points the two authors confirm each other. Otherwise, they move independently through their chosen fields. Professor Wheeler's is the more detailed and technical work, covering a far wider field of science. Dr. McCook's is perhaps the more popular as a whole, although much of Professor Wheeler's book is well adapted for general reading.

The excellency of Professor Wheeler's book, which differentiates it from other publications on myrmecology, lies in the fact that it gives within the compass of one volume a full and thoroughly scientific study of the entire field. Its contents do not betray its title: "Ants, their Structure, Development and Behavior." Moreover, it abounds in new facts in ant life, which are virtually inaccessible to any but the specialist.

Professor Wheeler's "Ants" is illustrated with a fulness that at once attracts attention. There are 279 cuts, some of them full-page and many having several figures therein. The section which treats of the external and internal structure of ants is particularly rich. The photographic reproductions have an especial interest, as they give us glimpses of the ants and their actions as they appeared to the observer himself. The bibliography of the book is in itself a vast achievement, covering apparently everything that has been written upon ants in all modern languages. No scientific author with whom we are acquainted has given quite so extensive a collection of the literature of any single subject.

One would suppose that in a volume of this size (663 pages), the author had exhausted his subject, or at least his own energy. But he promises soon to publish a monograph on the systematic classification of American ants. This will meet a much-felt want among entomologists, and will enable students to know our native ants without recourse to the scattered and often meagre and inadequate descriptions that have served as the taxonomy of North American species.

"Soils and Manures," by J. Alan Murray (Westminster Series, D. Van Nostrand Company), is not a book for the average farmer. It is intended for those with at least a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry, and is in general more theoretic than practical, the reader frequently being left to make his own application of the principles stated. The book is English, and while agreeing in the main with recent American research, deals mostly with English conditions and trade products. We should like to know more of nitrolim, a new compound which, already in wide use in England, has scarcely been introduced here. It is apparently a valuable fertilizer. The book is very thorough and complete, and will be helpful to those who, having the necessary knowledge of chemistry, wish to study the bases of the science of farming.

The Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, founded in 1885 by A. Lawrence Rotch, and maintained by him now for a quarter of a century, was the pioneer in many valuable types of meteorological study. One of the first stations in the United States to be equipped with self-recording instruments, it is one of only a few in the world to-day where virtually every element is continuously recorded. At no other station has the upper and lower air been studied so long. Among Mr. Rotch's assistants have been W. P. Gerrish, S. P. Fergusson, H. H. Clayton, A. E. Sweetland, and A. E. Wells. The last is still at the observatory, and he and Mr. Fergusson and A. H. Palmer are the present assistants. Local weather prediction was soon inaugurated, and kept up until, in 1891, the United States Weather Bureau began similar forecasts at Boston. Metric units and the international form of publication were first used in this country at Blue Hill; and the earliest measures in America of the height and velocity of clouds by trigonometry and other methods were made there, in 1890-91, and in 1896-97 were repeated, as part of an international system. The first application of kites, carrying instruments to record graphically and continuously meteorological conditions of the upper air, was

made at Blue Hill. These observations brought much fame to the observatory, as well as the subsequent use of cellular kites flown with steel wire and controlled by an original power windlass. This device was afterward adopted by the United States Weather Bureau, as well as by many foreign stations. Researches at high air elevations over the ocean have been made with much success by Mr. Rotch, one noteworthy expedition to equatorial regions being made in conjunction with M. Teisserenc de Bort, from which resulted much new knowledge of clouds, temperatures, and trade winds. Kite flights are made each month at Blue Hill. Freo balloons carrying automatic instruments were employed in this country for the first time by Dr. Rotch during the exposition at St. Louis. In that year and the three following, seventy-six balloons were sent up, and of these seventy-two were recovered. Sometimes their flights have taken them ten miles above the earth, and once a temperature of 111 degrees Fahrenheit below zero was recorded, one of the lowest natural temperatures ever recorded or observed. Such observations, now conducted at many stations throughout the world, are not only of much scientific value, but have an important bearing on aerial navigation. Twenty-five years' homogeneous observations of all the meteorological elements comprise a unique series in America, which it is to be hoped may be continued for many quarter centuries to come.

Drama.

Shakespeare's Roman Plays and Their Background. By M. W. MacCallum. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Shakespearean criticism has all too frequently fallen into one of two classes: either the impressionistic sort, sometimes brilliantly suggestive but often including inferences in no way warranted by the text; or criticism so severely accurate and cautious that it fails to reflect Shakespeare's range of imagination and great knowledge of human nature. The latter kind, especially, which prevails for the most part to-day, no one cares wantonly to depreciate. For the past half-century scholars have been laboring steadfastly to win back Shakespeare's own point of view. History, literary history, biography, theology, politics, dramatic technique have all been drawn upon to reconstruct the conditions under which he wrote. The harvest truly has been plentiful, nor have the laborers been few.

The net result of such scholarship, however, has been somewhat disappointing. For Shakespeare has been nailed in the process rather too tightly to his own times; his indebtedness to others and his conformity to the dramatic fashions of that day have in general been allowed to overshadow the transcendent part of him, his genius. There seldom seems room for a study of both, even in the writings of mature, noted scholars: once the magnificent critical apparatus is installed, there is space for but one or two safe shivers of delight at Shakespeare's growing power—always growing, never grown! Meanwhile the uninitiated continue to ask themselves, What was the happy combination of qualities which could create a Juliet, a Desdemona, a Lear, who are so different from characters of other dramas? Whence has come the dignity of a Shakespearean villain or fool? Why Shakespeare's great assurance in handling the improbable? And was his imagination the sort to make for realism in any age?

Fortunately, the way has recently been pointed to this larger kind of criticism, notably by Prof. A. C. Bradley in his book on the four great tragedies, which appeared a few years ago, and now again by the author of the work here to be noticed. Both men employ much the same method, and achieve results of almost equal merit. Both square their utterances relentlessly to the actual text before them, make use of the great, various mass of critical investigation, and yet, unbewildered, interpret with far-reaching imagination. Professor MacCallum's work forms a worthy companion-volume to its distinguished predecessor.

The book opens with an elaborate introduction dealing (1) with Roman plays, outside of Shakespeare, in the sixteenth century, especially with the French Senecans. In the presence of parallel passages the author refuses to become giddy, and concludes that, "the grounds for believing that Shakespeare was influenced by Garnier's 'Marc Antoine' are very slight; for believing that he was influencel by Daniel's 'Cleopatra' are somewhat stronger; that he was influenced by Garnier's 'Cornélie' are stronger still; but they are even at the best precarious." (2) A brief but precise chapter compares Shakespeare's treatment of history with that of several other playwrights, including Schiller, Swinburne, and Tennyson. (3) There is a careful study of Plutarch, Amyot, and North, containing, incidentally, the decision that Amyot translated from the Greek and not from any intermediary Latin version. After such preparation the reader is ready for the thoroughgoing interpretation which follows.

Here, in the main portion of the book, as elsewhere, Professor MacCallum displays great learning and an almost perfect assimilation of this learning. So well has he mastered the sources of these plays and the surrounding dramatic conditions that he gives the impression of being able to follow and to present Shakespeare's actual method of selection and re-creation. In addition, he brings to his work a remarkable knowledge of life, which time and again assists him with reference to perplexed situations.

The results of such an outlook are manifold, though difficult to illustrate in detail. Chief among them is perhaps the writer's insistence on the fact that Shakespeare rarely if ever is so enslaved either to his sources or to the dramatic conventions of his day as to present characters who are not human. A case in point, and an interesting one considering certain recent publications,* is Professor MacCallum's interpretation of Julius Cæsar. His words will bear quoting at length:

> The Cæsar, the first of those Cæsars who were to receive their apotheosis and be hailed as *Divi Augusti,* must in literal truth answer Hobbes's description of the state, and be a mortal god. He must be fearless, omniscient, infallible, without changeableness or shadow of turning: does he not represent the empire? He has to live up to an impossible standard, and so he must affect to be what he is not. He is the martyr of the idea that has made his fortune. He must not listen to his instincts or his misgivings; there is no room in the Cæsar for timidity or mistake or fickleness. But, alas! he is only a man, and as a man he constantly gives the lie to the majesty which the spirit of Cæsar enjoins. We feel all the more strongly, since we are forced to the comparison, the contrast between the shortcomings of the individual and the splendor of the ideal rôle he undertakes. And not only that. In this assumption of the Divine, involving, as it does, a touch of unreality and falsehood, he has lost his old surety of vision and efficiency in act. He tries to rise above himself, and pays the penalty by falling below himself, and rushing on the ruin which a little vulgar shrewdness would have avoided. But his mistake is due to his very greatness, and his greatness encompasses him to the last, when, with no futile and undignified struggle, he wraps his face in his mantle and accepts the end.

In some respects the most successful chapters in the book are those on "Antony and Cleopatra." Every one has felt the splendor and despair of the world of these two lovers; but few, we believe, have felt with the articulate precision of Professor MacCallum its subtly shifting atmosphere and the almost convincing appeals of its myriad moments. He is always judicial, too, even when his sympathy is quickest. One would like, if space permitted, to quote from the author's estimate of the difficult character of Coriolanus, with which the book concludes; for it bears strong witness to the accuracy of Shakespeare's psychology, and to the author's own flexible learning.

*See the letter in the *Nation* of June 2 by Lisi Cipriani, attributing indebtedness by Shakespeare to the "Cesare" of Orlando Pescetti, and the replies to this letter in the following number. Also the interesting article in the current number of The Publications of the Modern Language Association on "Julius Cæsar" by H. M. Ayres, in which it is reasonably shown that Shakespeare probably got the initial cue for his conception of Cæsar from the Herculean Cæsar of several Senecan dramas, who was so well known as to be an almost necessary convention.

Art.

The Art Institute of Chicago opened on Tuesday the following exhibitions: An historical collection of water colors by American artists, lent by Gustav H. Buek of New York. A collection of artists' copies of old masters. A memorial exhibition of paintings by the late William A. Harper of Chicago. The exhibition will continue until August 28.

"A. E. G," the author of "Modern Art at Venice and Other Notes" (New York: J. M. Bowles), will readily be recognized as a young critic whose enthusiasms are Whistler and Aubrey Beardsley. The subjects, beside the long notice of the Venice International Exhibition of 1909, are Of Versatility and Whistler, W. E. Henley as an art critic, Studies in Pictures, by J. C. Van Dyke, and brief appreciations of the young American painters, Maxfield Parrish, Steichen, Glackens, and Clark G. Voorhees. The booklet is handsomely printed, issued in a limited edition, and contains as frontispiece a print after a rare sketch of Carlyle by Whistler.

We have received the third volume of "In English Homes," a large folio of cuts of famous interiors, with running text, published by English Country Life (Scribner importation, $15 net). Among the great houses thus illustrated are Blenheim, Chatsworth, Houghton Hall, Thorpe Hall, and Wolterton Hall, with its admirable tapestries. The letter-press is adequate, but the attraction of the work lies chiefly in its excellent cuts after Charles Latham's photographs. Its appeal is chiefly to readers of antiquarian and genealogical taste, and its destiny is in the main the reception-room table, but decorators will also find the big plates suggestive. Most of the houses described are of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the furnishings naturally are of various periods.

The collector and decorator are pretty clearly in mind in Francis Lenygon's "The Decoration and Furniture of English Mansions during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (Scribner importation, $10 net). Most of the illustrations represent objects installed in an early Georgian house belonging to a well-known firm of London antiquaries. We have then a kind of reconstruction of the periods more complete than is to be found in private residences of the age. Mr. Lenygon discusses in five chapters the progress of the English Renaissance manner, and then in a dozen chapters treats tapestries, panelling, plaster work, decorative paintings, chimney pieces, lighting of rooms, etc. The book is a large quarto, and many of the plates are separately printed and mounted on granite paper. In general, the work, with its abundant cuts, which include details on large scale, will be welcome to students of the English Renaissance. We must differ at some points with Mr. Lenygon's taste. The furniture of William Kent, for example, seems to us heavy and infinitely inferior, both in design and workmanship, to its Continental exemplars. It seems to us to have the same relation to really fine furniture that most Georgian building has to really fine architecture. In fact, we hope that a certain picturesqueness in the early English styles will not impose itself upon us at the expense of better models.

Francis Bond, author of several works on English mediæval architecture, has produced in "Westminster Abbey" (Frowde) a handsome and useful account of that most interesting of all the religious shrines of England. The fundamental idea of the author is to trace the influence of purely religious and monastic requirements and ideals in the design and construction of the church and in English mediæval architecture generally, in opposition to "the brilliant generalizations of Violliet-le-Duc on the secular origin of Gothic architecture." In the first seventeen chapters the historic evolution of the existing abbey is taken up analytically in considerable detail. The two remaining chapters, comprising 150 pages, constitute a visitors' guide to the abbey and its monuments, and are followed by a list of the abbots of Westminster and indexes of illustrations and of contents. The entire work is well done, written with spirit, and embodying the result of extensive reading and scholarship, and the illustrations are abundant, well selected, and unusually satisfactory. It is likely to be the standard book on Westminster Abbey for general readers, at least for some years to come, and even the expert and the professional student of English architecture will find in it much valuable information and suggestion not otherwise accessible except by wide reading of the authorities listed in Mr. Bond's bibliography of the subject.

According to Aymar Embury II, the author of "One Hundred Country Houses; Modern American Examples" (Century Co.), no less than eleven styles are used among us for country houses, to wit: New England Colonial, Southern Colonial, Classic Revival, Dutch Colonial, Spanish or Mission, American farm-house, Elizabethan, Modern English, Italian, Art Nouveau, and Japanesque. Surely here is a bewildering eclecticism, which reduces itself, however, to a more reasonable aspect when one recalls that at least three of these styles are vaguely Palladian, while only a great doctor could tell the difference between what Mr. Embury calls Dutch Colonial and American Farmhouse. The Dutch, we think, merely built in regions that afforded tractable stone and plenty of brick clay. We have, by our simplified analysis, three styles of American growth, Georgian in more or less classic phases, farmhouse types, and Spanish Mission; and four direct importations, Elizabethan (half-timbered), Modern English, which is after all merely revised Georgian, Art Nouveau (happily rare), and Japanesque, which has commended itself for California bungalows. In a general way the Georgian styles seem to be making most headway, the Elizabethan, which prevailed for a time on account of its overt picturesqueness, is unfit for our climate, and, indeed, possible only through insincere construction. The mission and Italian styles are almost invariably misfits in practice, for the good reason that our conditions require an amount of fenestration quite alien to these types; the remaining styles are plainly sporadic. Mr. Embury has illustrated one hundred houses, most of which must have cost in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars. Upon these modest structures the architects have worked with enthusiasm, and it will be instructive to the layman to see concretely how much taking thought and working out apparently small refinements count in dignity and attractiveness. The demonstration should convince the would-be home-maker that really the cheapest and most satisfactory purchase he can make will be the brains of his architect. Mr. Embury adds to his century of houses two chapters on gardens architecturally considered, and on the conditions that dictate the plan of a modern house. This in quarto is well-made, though plate paper makes it rather heavy for the hand.

Finance.

THE LATEST BREAK IN STOCKS.

Early last week the decline on the New York Stock Exchange, which had continued with little interruption since the beginning of January, became exceptionally violent, losses of 5 to 10 points in two days being general throughout the market. It was then discovered that the forced liquidation proceeded immediately from an international syndicate, organized by an American promoter, which had conceived the idea of buying control of five railways—the Lehigh Valley, the Wabash, the Rock Island, the Missouri Pacific, and the Denver and Rio Grande—and welding them together into an ocean-to-ocean system. This ambitious exploit was undertaken on the basis of buying, with money borrowed from the banks, something like a million shares at the high prices of last autumn. The subsequent great decline in prices swept away the "margins" of the syndicate; compulsory selling followed; then a highly critical situation for the capitalists involved in the undertaking, and at length a transfer of their holdings, at prices below even those of the open market, to a group of bankers identified with the larger railway systems.

Some recovery ensued on the Stock Exchange, when it was learned that the worst of the threatened disaster had been averted. But in the meantime prices of active stocks had touched a level which was not only 30 to 60 points below the high range of last autumn, but which indicated that much more than half of the entire recovery, from the extreme low prices touched in the Stock Exchange panic of October 24, 1907, had been lost. These are some of the striking comparisons:

	Low this week.	High since panic.	Low in 1907 panic.
Amal. Copper	55½	96⅛	41¾
American Smelting	61⅜	107	61¼
New York Central	105⅛	147¾	93¾
Northern Pacific	112	159½	100½
Pennsylvania	122½	151¼	106½
Reading	130⅝	173⅜	70½
St. Paul	116	165⅛	98½
Southern Pacific	103¼	139⅛	63¼
Union Pacific	152¼	219	100
United States Steel	61¼	94⅞	21⅞

In a community which habitually occupies its mind with the rise and fall of Stock Exchange prices, such a downward sweep in values is an event of profound interest. It is none the less so when every individual is at liberty to construct and make public his own particular theory as to the cause.

If any one undertakes to sift the various theories propounded to account for what may be called the grand movements on the Stock Exchange, he will probably be impressed with the fact that Wall Street always has ready an explanation for a rise, but finds it extraordinarily difficult to explain a decline. A prolonged and violent rise in prices, such as that of a year ago, encounters regularly three satisfactory explanations. The great capitalists are "putting up prices," and their resources are too great for anybody to stop them. Corporations are going to increase dividends, and the market is anticipating that process. Stocks are rising because this is a country of enormous industrial possibilities, and because it is not safe to be a "bear on the United States." Every one at all familiar with the thoughtful exchange of views which goes on across the stock ticker at such times, will recognize these explanations as old friends.

But a prolonged break in stocks is not to be disposed of so easily. The first perplexity one encounters arises from the fact that whereas, when prices were advancing by leaps and bounds, all the eminent Wall Street authorities agreed that the movement was a proper response to underlying conditions, now, when prices are falling, the same authorities declare with similar unanimity that the market gives an absolutely false reflection of the financial position. There is nothing in the situation to warrant lower prices; the decline is inexplicable. From this attitude, it is a short step to the theory that it is "bears," a malicious and unpatriotic tribe, who are doing all the mischief. How they managed to do it or dared to try it, in the face of the impregnable resources of the great capitalists, which were assigned as a cause of the preceding violent advance, is not explained; that is, perhaps, the weak point of the "bear" theory. Others will throw responsibility on "the Government," and that is always easy to do. Occasions are rare when government is not itself doing something which corporation managers dislike, or else preventing the corporations from doing something which they do like.

The reason, no doubt, why these somewhat roundabout theories, and others like them, are so popular in a falling market, is that they evade the more unpleasant inferences which might be suggested. For instance, severe logic would impel the man who had explained last year's 50-point advance by a coming increase in dividends, to ascribe this year's decline to a coming reduction of dividends. But Wall Street and its votaries are not often willing to turn the argument about in this way; and, to tell the truth, it is not always necessary to do so. Prices may have risen violently in response to rumors of higher dividends, and the higher dividends may not have materialized. If, after this, prices go down again quite as rapidly as they had just gone up, nobody need infer that dividends must be lower. Even in cases where a dividend had been increased, it will usually be found—such is the mercurial temperament of Wall Street—that the rise in prices was two or three times as great as the increase in dividends would by itself have warranted.

But the philosophy of such a Stock Exchange reaction as has lately occurred is in reality very simple. Two obstacles stand in the way of the complete success of any continuous movement to put up the price of speculative stocks, and they operate alike when the public at large is speculating, and when the speculation is conducted single-handed by a group of powerful capitalists. One is the possibility that prices may be put so high, through expensive credit operations, that real investors stop buying, leaving the speculators to sell for what they can get. The other is the possibility that the speculators may exhaust in their "bull movement" their own credit facilities and the resources of their banks, thus finding themselves compelled to sell their stocks at a sacrifice to pay their debts.

The first of the two obstacles mentioned is always apt to be encountered when the public or the great capitalists get excited over the unlimited opportunities of a particular enterprise or of the country as a whole. They invariably manage to translate into present-day stock-market prices the value anticipated for a property a decade or so from now, if all their expectations are fulfilled and no accidents happen. But as the prudent investing public is somewhat familiar by experience with the flaws of the "discounting" process and the probability of accidents, it invariably retires from a market which it recognizes as governed by such illusions.

The difficulty from exhausted credit facilities comes more rarely, but has been strikingly familiar in the American markets of the decade past, which have again and again presented the curious phenomenon of the most powerful capitalists in the country misjudging completely the credit resources of the season, and the most powerful banks in the country so tying up their funds in Wall Street loans that strenuous efforts had to be adopted to prevent a money market convulsion. In either case, it will be observed that the forced liquidation and the consequent break on the Stock Exchange are the necessary preliminaries to return to a sound financial position. To what extent the recent prolonged decline in prices, after last year's experiments in a spectacular "bull movement" almost on the heels of a formidable financial panic, is explained by these two familiar aspects of the questions, any one familiar with Wall Street affairs may judge for himself.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anthologie des Prosateurs Français Contemporains. Tome 1, Les Romanciers. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.20.

Argyll, Duke of. Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century, edited. 2 vols. London: Stanley Paul & Co.

Ballard, A. From Text to Talk. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

Blunt, E. L. When Folks Was Folks. Cochrane Pub. Co.

Brace, H. H. Gold Production and Future Prices. Bankers Pub. Co.

Browne, L. G. Eva's Choice, and Other Poems. Cochrane Pub. Co.

Brown, V. The Glory and the Abyss. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Clark, G. L. Notions of a Yankee Parson. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

Coffey, George. Guide to the Celtic Antiquities of the Christian Period Preserved in the National Museum, Dublin. Second edition. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.

Coit, S. Woman in Church and State. London: West London Ethical Society.

Cooke, G. M. The Power and the Glory. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.

Crafts, W. F. National Perils and Hopes. Cleveland: F. M. Barton Co. 50 cents.

Cuthbertson, W. Pansies, Violas, and Violets. Stokes. 65 cents net.

Dino, Duchesse de. Memoirs, 1836-1840. Second series. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Gask, L. The Quest of the White Merle. Crowell. $1.50.

Gates, E. M. H. To the Unborn Peoples, and Other Poems. Baker & Taylor.

Gerard, L. The Golden Centipede. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Giddings, J. W. From Here and There. Cochrane Pub. Co.

Gilbert Hilton Scribner Memorial Addresses, Delivered Feb. 7, 1910. Yonkers, N. Y.: Fortnightly Club for the Study of Anthropology.

Hall, H. R. Days Before History. Crowell. $1.50.

Hawthorne, N. Letters to William D. Ticknor, 1851-1864. First publication, limited. Newark, N. J.: Carteret Book Club. 2 vols. $25.

Howard, J. R. Best American Orations; Best American Essays. 2 vols. Crowell.

Hull, E. The Boys' Cuchulain: Heroic Legends of Ireland. Crowell. $1.50.

Jewett, S. God's Troubadour; the Story of Saint Francis of Assisi. Crowell. $1.25 net.

Landels, T. D. Visions. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

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Peacock, W. Selection and Arrangement of English Essays, with notes by C. B. Wheeler. Frowde.
Pitman, N. H. Chinese Fairy Stories. Crowell. $1.
Robertson, J. A. List of Documents in Spanish Archives Relating to the History of the United States. Carnegie Institution at Washington.
Seton, E. T., and Baden-Powell, R. Boy Scouts of America; a Handbook of Woodcraft, Scouting and Lifecraft. Doubleday, Page. 25 cents.
Time of the Singing of Birds. (A Collection of Verse.) Frowde.
Townsend, J. A History of Abingdon. Frowde.
Wadleigh, H. R. Munich: History, Monuments, and Art. Stokes. $2 net.
Wilkinson, W. C. The Epic of Paul; The Epic of Saul; The Epic of Moses (2 parts); Poems. 5 vols. Funk & Wagnalls.
Wright, H. J. Sweet Peas. Stokes. 65 cents net.
Zwierlein, F. J. Religion in New Netherland; A Dissertation Presented to the University of Louvain. Rochester, N. Y.: John P. Smith Ptg. Co.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910.

The Week.

To the people of New York nothing could have been a greater shock than the startling news that Mayor Gaynor was shot Tuesday morning on the deck of the steamer on which he was about to sail for Europe. As we write his life seems not to be in danger. His work in the Mayoralty has been of unique quality, and has been recognized everywhere as of the utmost value in the elevation of the standard of government in all our great cities. The distinctive personal quality, too, that has run through all his acts, has made him a living reality in the minds of the people, and not merely the representative of general principles of action. We trust that not many weeks will pass before he will again be in the full exercise of that extraordinary energy, alertness, and zeal for the public good which have already made his term of office, although still in its beginnings, a landmark in the history of New York city.

From all sides rise voices of Republican distress calling upon the President to cast the Hon. Jonah Ballinger overboard. Mr. Taft, after his custom, keeps his own counsel. By this time he is used to weathering outbursts of public clamor. Just what he thinks of Ballinger it may not be difficult to guess. But neither is it hard to guess what, in his heart of hearts, Mr. Taft thinks of Cannon and Senator Aldrich. Concerning Ballinger, the President is reported as absolutely determined to do nothing to force him from the Cabinet, yet, at the same time, as sitting up nights waiting for Mr. Ballinger to come around and hand in his resignation. We do not believe this is Mr. Taft's attitude, because it is a rather childish attitude for any man to assume. If the President is really anxious to rid himself of Ballinger now, no promise he may have given to the Secretary is binding. Reasons of state will always excuse an honest change of opinion. The truth probably is that, with the Ballinger investigating committee about to present its report, the President honestly feels that the Secretary should not be condemned by anticipation.

The inquiry of the Congressional committee has already fully justified Senator Gore in the position he took in the closing days of the session with regard to the purchase of lands from the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. His interposition at that time not only caused the immediate abandonment of a scheme which is admitted virtually on all hands to have been essentially fraudulent, but led to the investigation now going on, which is likely to result in some thoroughgoing reforms. Mr. Gore did not make any charges against Senators or Representatives, still less against the Vice-President; he simply stated that a corrupt offer had been made to him by an agent connected with the scheme, and that this agent had named certain public men as interested in it. It was with evident reluctance that, on the witness stand, he gave the name of Vice-President Sherman as one of these men, and he has since expressed his regret at the necessity he found himself under of doing so; and no man of sense will attach any weight to the dragging in of a prominent official's name by an attempting briber. But the case as a whole looks fully as grave as Senator Gore regarded it in the first place. One of the later phases is the testimony of the venerable chief of the Choctaws, who tells a circumstantial story of an attempt made to bribe him into acquiescence in the scheme by the attorney in charge of it.

Returns from the Kansas primary show that a political revolution has been accomplished in that State. The Republican insurgents have more than made good their promises. In addition to nominating their Governor with ease, they have named six out of eight Representatives in Congress, defeating the standpat members of the Kansas delegation whom Speaker Cannon made such heroic efforts to save. The entire result is an overwhelming popular endorsement of the Congressmen who, with Senator Bristow, spoke and voted against the Aldrich-Payne tariff. Kansas insurgents are now the regulars, and can point to their strong endorsement by the voters of the party as a sufficient warrant for all that they have done or intend to do. And the most gratifying aspect of the victory is the fact that the attack upon the tariff was made upon moral grounds. The fight was not about schedules or revenue-producing capacity or any charge that Kansas had been unduly discriminated against. What Bristow and the others went up and down the State denouncing was the use of the tariff-making power by Aldrich and his political followers and business allies as a means of unscrupulous self-enrichment.

Ex-Gov. Folk of Missouri seeks to recall the Democratic party to its historic mission. He deplores the tendency among Western Democrats to join hands with Republican insurgency to the detriment of their own political organization. Why such a movement should take place is not very hard to see. The Republican insurgents are now fighting against abuses that have been the subject of Democratic criticism for decades. The iniquities of the tariff, the alliance between corporate business and politics, the dominance of the interests at Washington have so intimately passed into the bone and sinew of Republican insurgency as to make the dividing line between Republican and Democrat in many Western States largely a vanishing line. But when it comes to a question of Republicans going over to the Democrats or Democrats going over to the Republicans, can there be doubt which way the drift will be? Democrats have themselves largely fallen into the belief that if any Democratic policy is to be enacted into law it must be done by the Republicans. Under such circumstances, are they to blame if now and then they hanker after the Republican fleshpots; for even Republican insurgents have fleshpots? Are they to be blamed for loitering in the tents of the insurgents, just to catch the rare taste of what success means? Yes, says Mr. Folk, they should be. And he warns the Democracy of the West that it must not follow its policies into the camp of the insurgents; that it must keep to its old rôle of watching and waiting and hoping.

The judiciary elections in Tennessee which resulted in the defeat of the regular Democratic ticket are a severe blow

to the aspirations of Gov. Patterson. The contest, which was one of the bitterest ever waged in the State, resolved itself into a struggle in which the Governor was the real issue, as a candidate to succeed himself. Through his influence, it is charged, the Supreme Court justices who refused to render a decision favorable to the Coopers, the slayers of Senator Carmack, were denied a renomination. Later they were placed on an independent ticket which the Republicans supported, and received a large vote in all parts of the State. The result must be considered another demonstration of the emphatic way in which an American electorate will resent any interference with the independence of the judiciary. From another point of view, it was merely the first blow in the fight against Patterson, which will be settled at the November election. If, as now seems likely, independent Democrats and Republicans unite on a fusion ticket his defeat would appear to be reasonably certain.

All the details that have come out in regard to the outrages near Palestine, Texas, merely make the affair seem the more excuseless and terrible. There was not even an allegation of outrages by negroes; the whole trouble grew out of a dispute about a debt; and then a band of armed white men scoured the region shooting down inoffensive and unresisting blacks wherever they were found, in one instance three white-haired negro men and women being slaughtered as they were keeping watch by the corpse of a murdered member of their family. To the credit of the Texas authorities be it said that they took prompt measures to suppress the bloody outbreak, and to arrest all the guilty white brutes upon whom they could lay their hands. But the fearful thing is that such a massacre could even be conceived of; and that depraved men are cherishing race hatreds which make it possible. We evidently need, North as well as South, to be continually on our guard lest our civilization lapse into barbarism.

In the statement given out at Portsmouth on Saturday, by the railway attorneys, we have a noteworthy sign of the times. For a week sixty-five lawyers representing the railways had been discussing the new legislation affecting their property, and at the end of their deliberations they authorized a report of their conclusions which they frankly admit indicates "a change of attitude of the railroads and of counsel towards government regulation." In a word, the old uncompromising position has been abandoned. The law is not to be contested in any of its provisions, although the attorneys think that one or two of its clauses might be successfully attacked in the courts. Much less is any attempt to evade the law to be countenanced. The whole intention of the railway lawyers, as they explain it, is to work harmoniously with the Interstate Commerce Commission in arriving at a proper interpretation and reasonable application of the new statute, and to seek to obtain from the recently established Court of Commerce a series of consistent decisions that shall enable the railways to know just where they stand.

It is true that the counsel to the railway corporations are not satisfied with the new regulation act. Some things in it seem to them dubious, others actually perilous. They specify the long and short haul clause, the provision that rates reduced to meet water competition must not be restored when that competition ceases, and several other points. But with the certainty that the courts will protect the railways from anything like confiscation, there is every reason why they should in a cheerful and even confident spirit take up the task of obtaining working-understandings with the Commission. It would be over-sanguine to assume that all our railway troubles are now things of the past. The future will doubtless see fresh agitation and new clashes. But those we may face with greater serenity in view of the way in which existing difficulties are being surmounted.

The adjournment of Parliament leaves British politics and the British people in a more quiescent and contented state than they have known for some time. The tone of the day is decidedly cheerful. This is, in part, a natural reaction from the emotional crisis attendant upon the death of Edward VII and the inauguration of a new reign. But other reasons are plentiful. The bitterness of political strife has subsided. After the war over Mr. Lloyd-George's first budget, the adoption of this year's financial bill took place amidst a harmony of uttermost concord. The royal accession oath was modified in much the same spirit of sweet reasonableness. The crucial question of the Lords' veto has been put into the hands of a conciliation conference; and while it is by no means sure that its deliberations will result in a solution of the difficult problem, it is something to have entered on the ways of peace; and in any case the reassembling of Parliament is three months off.

But perhaps the most potent contribution to the average Englishman's peace of mind came only a few days before the adjournment of Parliament, in the form of Mr. Asquith's declaration concerning naval armaments. After a year and a half of semi-hysteria over Britain's imminent loss of the supremacy of the sea and the peril of invasion, the country has been authoritatively informed that the fear has been empty. On the one hand, the German authorities have been really telling the truth concerning their headway in naval construction, and British shipbuilding, on the other hand, has not fallen into the pitiful state of decrepitude which the fevered mind of the Dreadnought maniacs has been conjuring up. The leaders of the Opposition have been forced to acknowledge that no reasonable grounds for apprehension exist to-day, and now have very little left except vague suggestions as to the horrible things that may happen in the future. To the over-taxed British imagination, this relief from panic must be grateful, indeed. With peace at home, and peace abroad and in the colonies, and British trade soaring to new records of prosperity, the British M.P. and his constituent can go about their grouse-shooting and their daily business in exceptional ease of mind.

We are not to have a British Academy just yet, after all. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, a member of the recently announced "Academic Committee" of the Royal Society of Literature, writes to the London *Times* to deny that "a full-blown Academy" is in contemplation. He states that the committee intend merely to do "certain things which the Royal Society of Literature and the Society of Authors wanted done," but asserts that neither organization "had any intention

of putting us up as 'immortal' cockshies." Indeed, Mr. Trevelyan objects to the entire principle of an Academy in "distinguishing between rival merit." This he thinks is bad for the free republic of letters, whereas fit persons may be chosen to discharge specified functions without exciting either jealousy or ill-will. All the more unfortunate, then, that the humble Academic Committee was made up of the ominous number forty, thus inviting direct comparison with the French Immortals, and also exposing its members to being made "cockshies" of—that is, targets for envious or malicious missiles.

Although the French military aeronauts have as yet blown up no imaginary battleships by dropping supposititious bombs down their hypothetical funnels, they are really doing more than we are to develop the aeroplane's possibilities in naval warfare. Neither Curtiss's nor Harmon's experiments in hand-grenade target-practice are convincing. If bombs are ever to be thrown from aeroplanes going forty miles an hour, they will be thrown by a marksman especially detailed for that purpose on board the aeroplane. It is absurd to suppose that Harmon or Curtiss, working his machine with hands, feet, wrists, and shoulders, is really taking aim when he drops his imaginary bomb from a basket slung about his neck. One man to navigate the airship and one man or more to do the fighting, is the way aerial warfare must go on. And along that way the French are advancing. In France they have given more attention than elsewhere to flights for two and three persons. Military aviators in couples are reported to be following up the great cross-country race now under way, as a matter of almost daily routine. Aerial photography is being steadily perfected. And, as a matter of fact, it is the aviator's camera, rather than his high explosives, that will soonest come into play in actual war.

On top of the Ministerial changes in Germany came the resignation by Prince Hohenlohe of his office as Second Vice-President of the Reichstag. This was taken by the Liberals as a protest by this Conservative against the tendency of his party to make an alliance with the Clerical Centre. However that may have been, it is clear that a readjustment of the relations of the Government to the various parties is under consideration. A new Reichstag is to be elected next year, with the certainty of large gains by the Social Democrats, and the Chancellor is reported to be going over the situation to see where he can hope to assemble the elements of a parliamentary majority. The old Conservative-Liberal *bloc* upon which Von Bülow depended is now impossible, yet a *bloc* of some kind it is believed to be imperative that Bethmann-Hollweg, despite all his ambition to govern above and independently of parties, should somewhere find. For it seems probable that a *bloc* will be formed against him. In the Baden Landtag the Socialists are now in successful alliance with the Liberals in furthering an anti-clerical and anti-agrarian policy, and the suggestion is made that some such working agreement may yet be reached in the Reichstag itself. There it would undoubtedly be very difficult to form and maintain, yet the very fear of it has led to cries of alarm. Thus a Westphalian newspaper declares: "In face of the new political tasks which the economic future of the Empire will impose upon the Reichstag, it would be a crime to perpetuate the quarrel between the parties which strive for the preservation of the state." To meet a threatened combination against the Conservatives and the Clericals, it would have an "economic *bloc*" against the Social Democrats.

Part of the Russian case against Finland consists of the charge that the laws of the Grand-Duchy discriminate sharply against natives of Russia proper. In the eyes of the Finnish law, the native Russian is treated as a foreigner. This is the more intolerable because all over the empire native Finns are on absolute equality with Russians in respect to political and civic rights. Russians resident in Finland, the accusation runs, are not allowed to vote for members of the Diet, although Finnish residents in Russia vote for deputies to the Duma. It is estimated that fifty thousand Russians in Finland are thus deprived of their right to the franchise without being exempted from taxation. By indirect means Russians have been excluded from the Finnish civil service. Russian physicians in Finland may pursue private practice only; they are excluded from positions of any kind under the government. Up to 1891, Russians might acquire real estate in Finland on the same condition as foreigners; but this law holds now only against Jewish citizens of Russia. Such points in the case against Finland are properly made. But they can in no way be held to justify the policy of Russification which is now under way. Finnish discrimination against Russian citizens really emphasizes the strength of the Finnish case. If Russia proper were on a cultural level with Finland, if anything like the same standard of personal liberty and of enlightenment obtained everywhere in the Czar's dominions, Finland's attitude might have been characterized as selfish separatism. But in view of what the prevalent Russian culture and Russian government ideals are, can the Finnish people be blamed for guarding with extreme jealousy those rights which are all the more precious because they are so rare under the Romanoffs?

The country over whose destinies Señor Pedro Montt will preside till September, 1911—the reëlection of a President being forbidden by the Constitution—stands among the three progressive South American republics. With Argentina and Brazil, Chili helps to save the day for Latin-American efficiency, enlightenment, and self-restraint, as against the wretched record of their fellow-republics on or near the Caribbean. Chili has about one-half of Argentina's population, one-fifth of Brazil's, and ranks after Peru and Colombia. But her commerce is four times that of Peru, nearly ten times that of Colombia, and but little less than half that of Brazil. Argentina alone surpasses Chili in her per capita commerce, but save for her nitrate fields—which, by the way, were once Peru's—Chili cannot compare in natural resources with the Argentine Republic. What is most characteristic of Chili is that her achievements, more than those of any of her neighbors, are native to the soil of South America. Immigration into Brazil and Argentina has been on a great scale, and the resultant impetus can scarcely be overestimated. Immigration into Chili is almost negligible; and while foreign capital plays its part there as elsewhere in South America, the Chilian may nevertheless boast that his civilization is autochthonous to a degree unapproached by his neighbors.

THE REPUBLICAN "CIVIL WAR."

The phrase is Senator Cummins's. In his address at the Iowa Republican Convention last week, he spoke of the "clouds of civil war" that now hang over his party. He instantly gave evidence of his readiness to wage this civil war in uncivil fashion, for in calling the roll of Republican Presidents and leaders, including the names of Garfield, Blaine, and McKinley, he deliberately omitted that of Taft. His motive for inserting Blaine was possibly to dispel any calumny to the effect that he and his followers were fastidious reformers. But the reflection on President Taft was as obvious as it was unprecedented. Even the unpopular Hayes used to get perfunctory endorsements from Republican conventions. Not till this year of grace, prosperity, and rancor has it been possible for Republicans in convention assembled to plan an insult to their President, and to refer to him in their platform in a way almost to heighten the offence. Senator Cummins was not so far wrong in speaking of a state of civil war within the party.

Both the Iowa Senators are plainly bitter in their antagonism to President Taft. Some will maliciously account for this by pointing to that plank of the Iowa platform which asserts that the Republicans of that State are "the best judges of the Republicanism of their Senators," and will resent "any attempt to exclude them from the honors and privileges which properly attach to membership in the Republican party." It will be said that "honors and privileges" can mean only a welcome at the White House and a full share of the patronage. But even if this is true, it does not mend broken bones. The situation in the party remains ugly and threatening, no matter what brought it about. When the two Senators from Iowa open war on the Administration, with the majority of the party in their State behind them repelling all overtures for compromise and harmony, it cannot be denied that it is a pretty serious thing for both the Administration and the party.

In Iowa, as in Kansas, it is mainly the tariff that is splitting the party. Yet if one looked merely at the Iowa platform, he might find it hard to say why. The Iowa Republicans renew their solemn professions of faith in the doctrine of protection. They have no patience with any party that questions the "principle." But the application--there's the rub, as it always has been. What the Iowa platform protests against is the fact that, in framing the Aldrich-Payne bill, no attempt was made to live up to the promise of the National Convention to revise the tariff on the basis of the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad. This might seem the choice of a pretty narrow field on which to fight. To determine scientifically the cost of production anywhere is highly difficult. We doubt if either Cummins or Dolliver would undertake the task. Yet they are really shrewd in putting the case as they do, since the promise was undoubtedly made by the Chicago platform and was as undoubtedly broken by Aldrich and the Republican organization in Congress. Moreover, it is morally certain, even without an accurate demonstration of the facts, that the great run of protective duties is far in excess of any possible difference in labor-cost, here and in foreign countries. So that, in this matter, the Iowa Republicans are on strong strategic ground. For what they say on this point, they cannot be successfully attacked; and at the same time all the vague dissatisfaction with the tariff, and the latent discontent with the way in which things have been going at Washington, will yield supporters for their cause, and render it still more formidable and divisive.

In any aspect of the matter, the course of Kansas and Iowa Republicans, now with a proved majority in either State, cannot fail to be most disturbing to the party managers. The fact that they may be able to allege personal and even small motives on the part of the Iowa Senators will not meet the difficulty. It will be generally admitted, we think, that some parts of the Iowa platform have a petty air. For example, it praises the Senators for their efforts in behalf of postal-savings banks, yet withholds all recognition of President Taft, without whose personal and long-continued efforts it is absolutely certain that Dolliver and Cummins would never have had a chance to vote for a postal-savings bill. Yet all this is only incidental. The chief political fact is that an unparalleled break in the Republican party has occurred in two "rock-ribbed" States of the Middle West; that independent and bold criticism of the party management has found free expression in the party primaries and conventions; and that what began as insurgency has now attained the status of revolution.

To deal with this party civil war will tax the patience and the wisdom of President Taft and his advisers. The angry personal differences which have grown up it will probably be impossible to compose, for a long time to come. The political difficulty is also confessedly great, having already destroyed, in the minds of most Republicans, what little hope there was that they might be successful in the November elections. Anything like real harmony and effective united action it now appears impossible to bring about within three months. Yet for the tariff question President Taft has one resource in his hands which may be made later a powerful instrument. If Professor Emery at the head of the tariff board is able soon to place in the President's hands a conclusive demonstration that certain schedules of the tariff are far too high and grossly inequitable, Congress can be urged to reduce them in detail, in accordance with the demand of the Iowa platform, and the Iowa Republicans will be bound to applaud and assist. If, however, the demonstration showed, as it easily might, that the duties on Iowa wool are outrageously high, we imagine that Cummins and Dolliver would be fully as disturbed as President Taft can be now.

SPAIN AND THE VATICAN.

Each day's news makes clearer the real issue between the Spanish Government and the Vatican. When we see an influential newspaper like *El Imparcial* of Madrid, professing itself devoutly Catholic, yet offering the heartiest support to the Prime Minister whom it had before opposed, we begin to understand how strong a national sentiment has been aroused. Spain wishes to be mistress in her own house. It is not an attack upon the Church which is intended, but a vindication of the right of Spaniards to control the religious orders. A sharp distinction is made in Spain between the Church and clericalism, between the secular clergy and the regular. This is nothing new. So long ago as the agitation over the supposedly anti-clerical play by Galdós, "Electra," the author raised the cry, "Do not touch the secular clergy." Even among the monastic orders he was willing to make

distinctions, being ready to tolerate or actually uphold the Augustinians and Carmelites. He contended that only the disquieting and extra-legal growth of monasticism in Spain should be checked.

All political parties and all Ministries in Spain have avowedly been working to that end for some years. The original impulse may have come from France and her law of Separation. Ideas easily leap over even protected international boundaries. The movement against the religious orders, which swept everything before it in France, is also visibly astir in Italy and is at the bottom of the rupture between Spain and the Vatican. It strikes at two things—the teaching functions of the orders and their anomalous economic position, not subject to taxation yet actively competing in certain ways with national industries. The complaint about this is no novelty. About the time of the close of the war between Spain and the United States a Madrid comic paper represented the typical patriotic Spaniard as saying: "If we could only get rid of our monks as easily as of our colonies!"

In the closing chapter of Havelock Ellis's striking book on Spain, published in 1908, were grouped a great many expressions by leaders of Spanish thought regarding the policy which their country ought to pursue in the process of recuperation and upbuilding. Among them it is surprising to find so large a number avowing hostility to the religious communities. What these professors and moralists and publicists have been saying, the Government is now endeavoring to translate into action. It is felt that there are too many ecclesiastics in Spain, who are too unproductive. Sentiment is, of course, divided. To quote Havelock Ellis:

> In one direction there is clearly, among both men and women, a large amount of faith, of religious observance, even of passionate devotion, and sometimes also of intolerant bigotry, the whole supported by a mass of superb tradition, of magnificent architecture and ritual, of ecclesiastical organization and wealth, to-day unsurpassed in any country. But in another direction we have the subtly penetrating influence of Liberalism and Republicanism and Anarchism, of the revolt against the ancient and inert forces which are believed to be impeding the advance of Spain.

It is evident that the way in which the latter tendencies are now declaring themselves is in advocating the limiting and regulation of the religious orders, and in resisting the extreme claims of clericalism in the national life.

The position of the Catholic Church in Spain is guaranteed by the Spanish Constitution. Article xi reads: "The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion is that of the state. The nation obliges itself to maintain its worship and its ministers." That was the historic thing, but the innovation follows: "No person shall be molested in the territory of Spain for his religious opinions, nor for the exercise of his particular worship." It was added, however: "Nevertheless, no other ceremonies in public will be permitted than those of the religion of the state." It is over the interpretation of this last clause that the Vatican broke with Spain. By royal decree, permission was granted to the handful of Protestant congregations in Madrid and elsewhere, as also to the Jewish synagogues, to place on the buildings where they met for worship some indication that religious services were held within. Before the practice had been to banish all such insignia, and to have no public entrance to the buildings, admission being usually by a side-door. Yet there has been no denial that Protestant worship has been "public." When a service commemorative of the Emperors William and Frederick was held in the Lutheran Chapel at Madrid, representatives of the army and the Government and even of the royal family were present. There was nothing furtive about this! And since it is known to everybody that Protestant meetings and schools exist, it does not seem so fearful a thing to permit an announcement that they exist. Yet on this single point, where its right under the Constitution is by no means clear, the Vatican has chosen to send an ultimatum to the Spanish Government. In so doing it certainly appears to have been very badly advised.

From the thickening troubles in lands like Spain and Portugal and France, where it has been established by law, the Catholic Church must look with great relief to the United States. Here it has no special privileges and must be self-supporting, yet it has had a wonderful growth and success. The Vatican has shown itself in times past capable of adjusting its policy to circumstances. Leo XIII advised the Catholics of France to "rally" to the republic. The present Pontiff has shown himself more inflexible—though this may be a tribute to the simplicity and sincerity with which he has carried the ideas of a parish priest to his great office. But he and his counsellors must perceive in time that they need to yield something, even in Spain, to the spirit of the time and the mounting sense of national independence and dignity.

CRIME AND THE LAW.

A judge of the General Sessions of New York, Judge Foster—if correctly quoted in a newspaper interview—is not content with the common humanitarian theory of "the uplift of the individual" as a "primary object" of criminal punishment, but states his view of the working of the law as follows:

> Imprisonment never was and never can be a deterrent to others. For one reason, others do not know the fate of a given convict, except in such conspicuous cases as that of Albert Wolter. And even if they did, no person about to commit a crime ever thinks he is going to be caught, and the possible penalty has no effect upon him.

Very possibly the judge did not say, or did not mean, precisely what these words convey. Nevertheless, the state of mind they indicate is not very different from that actually entertained by a considerable number of persons, some of whom, doubtless, are on the bench; and it is a state of mind that is unwarranted both in fact and in logic, and that is highly detrimental to the interests of society.

One of the sources of the error into which the proponents of this sort of view have fallen is indicated, in a peculiarly gross way, to be sure, in these remarks of Judge Foster's. There is, among those who allege the inefficiency of punishment as a deterrent, a singular lack of imagination—a failure to realize what the system of penal control means in the aggregate. Sometimes they appeal to the statistics of a few months, or a few years, to demonstrate that this or that change in criminal procedure has had no appreciable effect in increasing or diminishing crime, and they infer thence that it would make little or no difference if the whole idea of punishment as a deterrent were abandoned. The logical error of such a view is too obvious to require comment. Whatever may be true of any one particular case, in the long run an impression is produced, and is spread throughout the communinty, which corresponds roughly

with the truth. If swift and adequate punishment is the usual result of wrongdoing, the association of the crime with its punishment becomes an instinctive habit, and, unless the ordinary laws of human nature do not apply in this domain, must inevitably exercise a powerful influence upon conduct.

There is no incompatibility between the idea of reformation and the idea of punishment as purposes of the criminal law. Whatever can be done in the way of reformation and rehabilitation by wise and humane measures, by all means should be done, in and out of prison. The objection to the views of humanitarian extremists is not that they think too much of reformation, but that they think too little of deterrence. Many of them, without expressing themselves with the crude positiveness of the words ascribed to Judge Foster, tacitly assume that reformation is the sole object that can rationally be aimed at in a criminal code. Nothing is more familiar in the literature of their agitation than their analogy of a prison sentence with a hospital. What would be thought, they say, of sending a man to a hospital for six weeks, regardless of whether it would take six days or six months to cure him? The merits of the indeterminate sentence as a practical measure, and probably in a very wide range of cases, are doubtless great; but the analogy is nevertheless radically false. We do not send a man to a hospital as a lesson for others not to get sick; we do send a man to prison as a lesson for other people not to steal, or rob, or forge, or kill. We cannot tell how many people are kept out of prison for every man that is sent into it. We do know that among the millions of men, of all sorts and conditions, around us, there are many thousands who have strong passions, or morbid desires, or defective consciences; many thousands who are subjected to dire temptation or surrounded by terribly trying circumstances. Who shall say what passions now held in leash, what weaknesses now guarded against, what crimes now shrunk from, would have their way but for the tremendous tradition of law—of that law which says that crime shall be punished—which is a fundamental part of the moral equipment of every human being in a civilized community?

THE NEW COLLEGE IN THE WEST.

The plans and purposes of Reed College, the institution to be opened a year hence at Portland, Ore., are of a character to attract considerable attention. And there are at least two points of great interest in the recent interview with the president of the college that is to be.

The first is that the productive endowment of $3,000,000 is to be used exclusively for college work—university work will not be attempted at all. There is a wayside inn near the White Mountains, of which the cards read thus: "What, second-class? Sure! The only second-class hotel in New Hampshire." A college without a university attachment is as rare as a second-class hotel; but President Foster wishes it understood that Reed College is going to be just this, for some time to come at least. The adoption of such a programme means something more than the mere devotion of the whole income of the college to the work of college teaching. It means the elimination of some elements of difficulty that come entirely from the merging of college purposes with university ambitions. That certain great advantages come to college students from the presence of the university work alongside that of the college is undeniable; but that much confusion of purposes has also come from the combination is equally certain. Especially are the excesses of the free elective plan, against which so strong a reaction has now set in, largely to be traced to this source. The working out of a college system in a new environment, with the distinction between college and university emphatically in mind from the beginning, should prove highly interesting and instructive to the whole country.

The second point to which we have reference is closely allied to the first. "The sort of men I am looking for," said President Foster, "must be men, first of all. Second, they must be teachers. Their proficiency as research scholars will rank third in importance with me. In some of our universities, the order of these qualifications appears to have been reversed—to the detriment of the students, I believe." The fact is, of course, that the relative importance of these qualities in college teachers is altogether different from what it is in university teachers. Helmholtz was—with occasional exceptions—a very poor lecturer, but his students got from him what they could not have got from the most perfect teacher in the world; and the same is true of many of the greatest investigators. Sometimes the power of the perfect teacher and the genius of the great investigator are combined in one man, and that, of course, is the best thing possible, whether in college or in university; but in the university, where men are training to be specialists and investigators themselves, the example of the great leader is of far more importance than the instruction of the perfect teacher. In the college it is different, and President Foster's position is well taken. Still, even in the college, there is danger of going too far—or perhaps rather of going in the wrong direction—in the search for teaching quality. To make teaching truly effective in the higher departments of thought, a kind of enthusiasm and insight is requisite that the *mere* teacher can hardly possess—an enthusiasm and insight that come only with hard work in one's chosen intellectual domain. But, on the other hand, it is a cruel waste and injustice to put ardent young men, ready to respond to the appeal of a genuine teacher, under the instruction of the ordinary specialist, without sympathetic quality, without the power of expression, without the vital impulse of the true teacher; and this is what happens in hundreds of cases in our colleges. The new college will do a great service if it sets up a true standard in this extremely important matter.

With a clean sheet before him, the president of the new college on the Pacific might, we would suggest, profitably consider a question which bears on the character of his own functions and which is also intimately connected with that matter of the personal qualities of the professors on which he has laid so much stress. The autocratic college and university president is a peculiar product of America, especially curious as contrasting with the democratic ideals of our political system. But it is not on the basis of an abstract doctrine of democracy that criticism of this one-man-power system rests. The position of a college professor, and even of the younger college teachers, should be a position of dignity, independence, and the fullest measure of self-respect. In most of our colleges we have fallen into the

habit of elevating coördination, discipline, "harmony" in the faculty, to a position of utterly factitious importance. Not these things are wanted—or at least a very little of them is quite sufficient—but dignity, spontaneity, intellectual independence. In no way could President Foster more magnify his office than by belittling it. A college faculty does not need a boss; its efficiency is neither to be attained nor to be measured by the methods that apply to a factory or a department store. If the college needs in its professors real men and true teachers, it must not treat them as wheels in a big machine. There is already a vast difference in this regard between some of our colleges and others; but there is a fine opening for a new institution to show what a college can be wherein the personal domination by the president is abandoned, and in its stead we have a company of gentlemen and scholars working together, with the president simply as the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation.

POLITICAL CARTOONS.

The death of Edward Linley Sambourne will bring about no striking change in *Punch's* leading weekly cartoon. Because of Sambourne's illness, Bernard Partridge has for some time been doing the pictorial "leaders" for *Punch*, and in his work he has continued the tradition of Sambourne, which the latter ten years ago took over from Tenniel. What this traditional type is in detail we may leave for the technicians to discuss. The average reader in this country will be content to distinguish the *Punch* cartoon as being at the same time much more direct, much more massive, and much more serious than our own native product. Where we sketch and scrawl, the British cartoonist paints. He puts in foreground and background, blocks out his figures, attends to his lights and shades, and, having left no chance for any one to miss the point, repeats it in good-sized print at the bottom of his picture. This justificatory legend at the bottom—we find it in Carruthers Gould as we find it in Partridge, Raven-Hill, and their colleagues—is as characteristic of the English political cartoon as the explanatory legend at the top of the page is characteristic of the English bit of light verse. And it is not the laconic word or two to which our own newspaper artists are wont to resort. It will often be a solid sentence or paragraph couched in the solid style of the British parliamentary reporter. Mr. Owen Seaman is as likely as not to preface one of his delightful bits of satirical rhyme with some such statement as this:

> The Duchess of Abercrombie, speaking on Wednesday last before the Central Council of the woman's Tariff Reform Auxiliary League and animadverting on a statement made in the House of Commons by the Hon. W. Ponsonby Hawkes, to the effect that the female imagination, when applied to matters of finance, is frequently apt to go astray, remarked that woman's capacity for dealing with intricate problems of domestic economy entitles her to serious consideration in the broader field of public administration.

This has all the gravity of an official communication; and even in its lighter moments the British mind seems unable to forget that, as the author of "Pinafore" pointed out long ago, official communications are always unanswerable.

The point need not be pressed too far. One can readily think of cartoons in *Punch* that are exceptions to the rule. No detailed legend accompanies the picture of Britannia mourning over the bier of Lincoln. Text and drawing fit absolutely in the famous "Dropping the Pilot." But these are moments of exceptional solemnity when words would be clamorously out of place. And it is on such occasions of high solemnity that the massive style of draughtsmanship shows itself at its best. But in the ordinary run of political comment, our main characterization will hold. There is little of that light-hearted abandon and stenographic style with which we on this side of the ocean picture the passing of Presidents and the triumph or defeat of large issues and the pressure of serious economic problems. The average Englishman would refuse to put up with the hilarious illumination which our comic artists to-day are shedding upon the question of the increased cost of living. He would resent our newspaper artists' merry war with the Trusts.

Not that the Englishman is incapable of whim or extravagant humor. He has shown it in his cartoons on Woman's Suffrage, which he chooses to take in light fashion. We should find it hard to surpass the rollicking fun of *Punch's* cartoon in which anti-suffrage Cabinet ministers out for an after-dinner stroll are waylaid by militant women who pop up from coal-holes and out of the disguise of sandwich-men and organ-grinders. There is fun in the Ladies' Pageant, where poor Mr. Asquith is represented as desperately dodging the lances of suffragist and anti-suffragist charging each other in modified knightly array. There is a great deal of fun in the picture of the woman suffragist who knows jiu-jitsu and throws one London "bobby" after the other over tall iron fences. But the English cartoonist rarely applies this method to Mr. Asquith in Parliament, or Mr. Balfour on Tariff Reform. Here, apparently, crops out the oft-asserted national feeling that politics and government are serious things which must even be made fun of seriously.

The English artist's simplicity of utterance, as compared with our own, may be either the cause or the result of the much scantier supply of traditional types he can draw upon. Virtually he has two types only, John Bull and Britannia; and of these, Britannia is reserved for only the most solemn occasions. It is John Bull who asks Mr. Asquith how about the German fleet, and John Bull who asks Mr. Balfour how about the duty on corn, and John Bull who quizzes Mr. Haldane on what progress he is making with the reorganization of the Territorials. A stout gentleman named John Bull facing a thin gentleman named Lord Lansdowne reduces a cartoon to very simple terms. And sometimes, when John Bull stands face to face with a gentleman like Mr. Haldane who is himself stout and aquiline-nosed, the absence of variety becomes almost oppressive. Compare with this meagre equipment of the British artist our own rich stock of anthropological, zoölogical, mythological, and technological cartoonist's types. In Uncle Sam alone, we have the full equivalent of John Bull. But in addition, we have the separate sectional types—the Yankee farmer with cowhide boots and tufted chin, and the Southern Colonel and the broad-brimmed Westerner. We have the Elephant and the Donkey and Miss Democracy and the Boss and the Trust and the Ship of State and the Locomotive of Progress and the Full Dinner Pail and the Plain Citizen and the Rough Rider and the Big Stick. And as if that were not enough, we stand ready to seize upon the event and the type of the moment—the aeroplane, wireless, Dr. Cook, Mr. Jeffries. Is it any wonder that our artists can produce com-

binations and effects quite beyond the reach of the English cartoonist?

The question of relative merit does not enter here. If we take up the essential nature and purpose of the cartoon, it may very well be that our superior agility, our great readiness in the whimsical and the allusive, fade before the straightforward give and take of the English cartoon. Directness of address is the prime quality where the object is to appeal to multitudes and at once. Our own best cartoons have been simple. Thomas Nast did not hunt after cleverness. Mr. Davenport's widely-disseminated "He is Good Enough for Me" is extremely simple. Mr. Opper's family of Trust giants leaves little to the imagination. Yet these are the exceptions on our side of the water, even as Mr. Bernard Partridge in his lighter moods supplies the exception the other.

THE CENTENARY OF CAVOUR.

I.

The nineteenth century produced three statesmen of the first rank. One of these, Lincoln, saved a nation; the other two, Cavour and Bismarck, created nations. In many respects, the hardest task fell to Cavour, who combined in a rare degree the patience, magnanimity, and personal charm of Lincoln with the dynamic masterfulness of Bismarck. He possessed besides a suppleness all his own.

Count Camillo Benso di Cavour was born at Turin, August 10, 1810, when the great Napoleon, at the height of his power, ruled Italy; he died June 6, 1861, when Lincoln had been for three months President of the United States. The intervening fifty years witnessed more changes, not merely in the surface of life, but in men's ideals, than any previous half-century. Camillo was named for Prince Borghese, Pauline Bonaparte's husband, who stood as godfather to him. His father's family, the Bensi, had been conspicuous since the days of the Crusades: his mother, a De Sellon, of Geneva, grew up a Protestant and became a Catholic only on marrying Marquis Cavour. So far as heredity counted, Camillo, through his father, was a Piedmontese to the core: but through his mother, he had contacts not only with a different people, but also with a different religion. But heredity and environment do not work automatically; Camillo's elder brother, Gustavo, had the same parents and the same associations; but Gustavo grew up a Conservative with Clerical sympathies, while Camillo Cavour was one of the world's indefectible Liberals, and a model of religious toleration.

Educated at the Military Academy at Turin, with only a second son's expectations, he won repute as a youthful prodigy in mathematics, and at sixteen he received his commission as sub-lieutenant of Engineers. Subjected at home and among his associates to the prevailing doctrines of the Old Régime, how did he come by his faith in liberty? It requires more than heredity or environment to explain that. Although the reactionary Piedmontese government shut out modern political ideas, under pain of death, and a most bigoted priesthood added religious to political blight, Cavour seemed to draw in from every wind that blew his life-giving principles. That is the way of genius.

Love of justice and passion for liberty were born in him. His visits to Geneva, which was then one of the intellectual centres of Europe, helped to form him. There he met men of international reputation, from whom he had tidings of the social and political theories that the next generation would attempt to apply. Before he was twenty-two, however, his career in the Engineers was cut short. Having expressed too much sympathy for the Revolution of July, he was rusticated to the Fortress of Bard; and then, as soon as he decently could, he resigned from the service. At Turin in those days, a young noble had no prospects outside of the army and the court; and Cavour, as a second son, could expect no fortune; but he was too proud and too energetic to waste his life in such idleness as his small allowance might have secured for him. His family, though affectionate always, regarded him as a black sheep; the King and reactionary court looked distrustfully at the young rebel. To escape from this tedium, he offered to go down into the country and manage a farm. No doubt everybody at Turin breathed a sigh of relief when he was buried, for good, as they thought, at Grinzano. In that sleepy old village he seemed as safely beyond the current of historic achievements as Abraham Lincoln seemed then in his frontier town in Illinois. But Cavour, to the surprise of the family, made the farm pay; and in due season, he was promoted to the care of very large estates of Leri. Thenceforward, he was his own master, rich, as riches were counted in Piedmont. Three things, besides material wealth, came to him through his years of virtual exile: an exhaustive knowledge of the agricultural and industrial conditions of his country; training in handling men—not merely the bailiffs and farm-hands, but the merchants and bankers with whom he had transactions; and self-reliance. The experience which would have crushed or embittered many ambitious youths became, thanks to his indomitable will, the fountain of his strength.

II.

He went on several journeys to France and England, where he studied the practical working of government, and especially the new applications of machinery to industry and transportation. He made the acquaintance at Paris of statesmen, writers, financiers, and men of the world. He read profoundly in the literature of sociology and of economics. He wrote essays on these topics, which Swiss and French reviews printed. He discussed the English Poor Laws, Irish Home Rule, and Free Trade, and he marked out a railway system for the Italian Peninsula which should serve both commercial and patriotic ends. As all that the lion eats turns to lion, so all of Cavour's tentative activities during the years of his apprenticeship had a Liberal aim. He promoted primary schools and savings banks, agricultural clubs and whist clubs—and the Government suspected that even the whist club which Cavour frequented concealed a purpose to talk politics.

But Cavour was no conspirator. He abhorred conspiracy, not because it might be bloody, but because it was proved ineffectual. The abortive revolutions of 1820 and 1821, the abortive uprisings of 1830, the abortive Mazzinian attempts of 1834 and 1843, convinced him that Italy could not be redeemed by plots. Once convinced that a tool was worthless, he wasted no time over it; on the contrary, he regarded as criminal those enthusiasts who went on using it. He was the earliest of the statesmen of the first rank to give due weight to evolution; to understand that only training in constitutional methods, for instance, can prove their worth; to insist that Utopia itself could not profit a people that plunged into it without preparation.

Italy then was truly, as Metternich sneeringly described it, a mere "geographical expression," broken up into half a score of petty states. Immemorial traditions, not less than local jealousies and dynastic rivalry, kept her asunder. She required Liberty, Independence, and Unity. The tradition of individualism warred against her Unity; the Papacy, which for a thousand years had depended on foreign support, warred against both her Unity and Independence. The inheritance from feudalism and the Renaissance, shared in common with most of Europe, warred against her Liberty. Over all, loomed the tyranny of Austria. Her revolution of 1848, waged at first by her princes in behalf of constitutional liberty, independence, and a federal unity, failed. Charles Albert, the most earnest and loyal of the princes who fought in that year, declared that Italy needed no foreign assistance. His motto, *L'Italia farà da sè*—"Italy will work out her own salvation"—did great harm; but he was not responsible for the backsliding of the other princes, including the Pope, which led to the collapse of the national move-

ment, and to the Restoration of 1849, in which every Italian ruler except Victor Emanuel, Charles Albert's successor, became the willing vassal of Austria.

III.

Cavour came into public notice shortly before the outbreak of 1848, by founding the *Risorgimento*, the first modern newspaper in Piedmont. Thenceforward he urged on the war against Austria, which, if victorious, would have secured independence to the Peninsula. Liberty, in the form of a parliamentary government, was promised in each state, and if independence could be maintained, the promise would have to be fulfilled. Then the final problem—unity—could be solved by the Italians themselves, without interference from outside. But the calamity of 1849 left the whole Sisyphean task to be undertaken anew: and in some respects it seemed harder, because, besides the permanent opposition of Austria and Reaction, there were dissensions among the Italians, the paralyzing sense of failure, and a belief that the princes had deliberately betrayed the cause. The Pope, too, had formally declared liberty to be incompatible with his Papal authority.

In 1850 Cavour was appointed Minister of Agriculture. "Take care," said Victor Emanuel, "this little fellow will turn you all out." The King's prophecy came true within two years, when Massimo d'Azeglio stepped down from the Premiership and Cavour took his place. From that time till his death, he so far outweighed the other statesmen of Italy—and there were men of ability among them—that he seemed to be a constitutional dictator; "seemed" only, because he had to fight for every inch of progress, and he scorned to resort to dictatorial compulsion. His devotion to constitutionalism was so strong that he insisted on a full discussion in Parliament of each measure he brought forward. Unlike Bismarck, he never "jammed through" his bills, nor by a threat of resigning induced his sovereign to coerce the representatives of the nation.

Briefly, he aimed at making Piedmont a model of self-government—to prove thereby that the Italians were capable of using their liberty. He introduced railways and telegraphs, he promoted agriculture and industries, and by adopting free trade principles—at least to the point of reciprocity—he extended Piedmontese commerce. That, on the material side. On the moral and intellectual, he labored for national education, for the disestablishment of ecclesiastical courts, and of palsying clerical intrusion and privileges; and he upheld freedom of speech. Politically, by coalescing with the Left Centre, he created an invincible party, which believed in progress and national emancipation. Within five years, little Piedmont stood before Europe as the champion of Italy.

But this was not enough. Cavour saw that Italy could never expel Austria without foreign aid. He saw also that that aid must come from either France or England. To secure their friendship and gratitude, he joined them in the Crimean War. That gave him the opportunity, at the Congress of Paris, of solemnly warning Europe that she could expect no lasting peace until the Italians were freed from Austrian, Bourbon, and Papal misrule. From that time forward he hypnotized Napoleon III and compelled that visionary despot to devote the army and treasure of France in behalf of Italian liberty. After the Peace of Villafranca, which, like a bolt from the blue, upset Cavour's calculations, he turned to England, and with consummate skill played England off against France. Thanks to this strategy, he prevented the French Emperor from intercepting Garibaldi's wonderful campaign in the Two Sicilies, and Victor Emanuel's march on Naples. When he died prematurely on June 6, 1861, all Italy, with the exception of Venetia and the shrunken Papal refuge, was free, independent, and united.

The little Piedmont of 1850, crushed by war, almost bankrupt, troubled by doubts, clouded by differing counsels, was transformed in 1861 into the Kingdom of Italy. The magnet of four millions had drawn to itself eighteen millions. If little Portugal in our time should liberate Spain from a powerful oppressor, and should make Spain Portugal, we should have a parallel to the redemption of Italy under Cavour's leadership.

IV.

Many men and many factors went to that result. Mazzini the prophet, Garibaldi the paladin, Victor Emanuel the loyal standard-bearer, exiles and martyrs unnumbered, publicists, poets, soldiers, volunteers—all wrought for the desired consummation. But without Cavour, the end could not have been attained when it was; without him, it might never have been attained in durable form. For he represented Reason. Was it not Oxenstiern who bade his son observe by how little sense the world was governed? If governments are becoming more and more the field of the expert, then Reason will be more and more the attribute of successful governments, and this aspect of Cavour's achievement will command increasing admiration.

The most masterful of Opportunists, he possessed certain fundamental principles from which he never departed: therein lay his strength. He would go round an obstacle if he could not dislodge it; he would wait; he would concede in non-essentials: but he never compromised where, as he said, honor was at stake. By honor, he meant allegiance to those principles which were the breath of his life. At twenty-two, he wrote that he even dared to dream of waking up some morning as the Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Italy. Nothing that he did in the intervening years contradicted that dream.

So his life-work is remarkably homogeneous: one step leads to the next, and all move toward the goal. We do not feel with him as we feel with Gladstone, and other eminent statesmen of the second class, that his later career was a refutation or denial of his earlier. And yet, few nation-builders have been more persistently misrepresented than Cavour was. On his entrance to public life, his opponents insinuated that he was a reactionary in disguise. Caricaturists drew him with the queue which symbolized the *codini*. Enemies inflamed the mob against him by declaring that he was cornering the grain market, and the mob attacked his house and hoped to lynch him. Mazzinians painted him as the abject tool of Napoleon III, when, in fact, the Emperor was a marionette in his hands. If he had heeded Mazzini and not persuaded the French to embark on the war of 1859, Italy could not have been united; and yet to-day Radicals repeat the old calumnies that Cavour loathed the idea of unity, and strove only to aggrandize Piedmont. His almost life-long ordeal of unpopularity and libel—we must go back to the vilification poured out on Washington and on Lincoln for parallels—simply fortified his resolution. He never considered how any act that he deemed necessary would affect his popularity. Cavour insisted on monarchy as the cornerstone of Italian unity, because the Italians were not then ready for a republic—nor are they now. Every advance won by his policy brought unity nearer: yet his enemies declared that he opposed it! Fanatics in Germany have laid a similar charge against Bismarck; and there was a time when Abolitionists denounced Lincoln for not proclaiming that his first purpose was to free the slaves.

Of Cavour's master-strokes in statesmanship, his Crimean Expedition has long been regarded as unequalled. But his decision to invade Umbria and the Marches in 1860 involved an immensely greater risk. So his winning Napoleon III over at Plombières; his forcing the war with Austria, in spite of the hostility of all Europe; his foresight in assuring the liberation of the Duchies and Emilia, even after he himself had resigned; and his collusion in the Garibaldian expedition—these, not to mention earlier achievements, stamp him as a master. He had audacity, suppleness, tact, and swiftness: and he never gave up. If his Matterhorns were impregnable on the south, he scaled them on the north.

Outside of Italy—in France, in England, in Germany, and in America—the wisest judges have long assigned to

Cavour a place among the highest. Not only did he accomplish great things with small means; but he worked in concerns which must always touch civilized men. He established freedom from ecclesiastical tyranny, which always corrupts both Church and State; he believed that mankind are capable of indefinite improvement, and that it is the business of government to secure this to them; he trusted liberty. His guide was Reason—Reason sensitive to the deepest emotions, Reason inspired by the noblest ideals. Civilization pendulates between hope and despair. On the back-swing, there is a scramble to Conservatism; old creeds are revamped; the Jesuit, ecclesiastical or political, walks abroad unchallenged. But Cavour was the child of one of humanity's great moments of hope; himself the embodiment of that disciplined and indestructible optimism which ever and anon knocks at the heart of the race and bids it up and forward. Such a man works not for his own people only, nor for a single epoch, but is a precious possession of mankind forever.

VI.

I cannot close this brief survey of Cavour's intricate and amazing career without referring directly to the man himself. Small in stature, with large head, blond hair, spectacled blue eyes—half closed on account of near-sightedness—rosy cheeks, and smiling lips, he looked at first glance the good-natured country banker, rather than the consummate statesman. He was the easiest of men to approach: equally at home with monarchs, and with the peasants on his rice plantations. Everybody testifies to his charm. That somewhat rigid soldier, La Marmora, writes at a time when he had personally broken with the Prime Minister: "Cavour is the most *seductive* man in the world." Madame de Circourt, to whose salon at Paris the élite of Europe flocked, told Nigra that even when Cavour first called, an unknown young man from remote Piedmont, she recognized in him the "most magnanimous soul" she had ever met. Magnanimous, he truly was. He allowed no personal dislike to prevent him from seeking the coöperation of any one who could help Italy. He thought so little of personal considerations, indeed, that his enemies could not credit his disinterestedness. He lived up to his maxim that in politics, nothing is so futile as rancor. His buoyant nature made men forget the burden that he carried. His gift of playful irony—like Lincoln's humor—brightened even the most tragic crises and enabled him to relieve the tension of many a gathering storm in the Chamber. He turned aside much rhetoric with a genial laugh.

It is a commonplace to say that he was Machiavellian. Statecraft in his time was not always candid; it is not candid in our time; neither is war, nor business, nor society; and even in daily intercourse with our intimates, we are not always candid. Life might become intolerable, if we were. I say this not to palliate deceit, but as a reminder that we must not Pharisaically misjudge statesmen. We must learn how the methods they employed compared with the standards of their time. What surprises me more and more, after many years' acquaintance with Cavour's writings and speeches, is their downrightness, their frankness. This and their lucidity go together. He did, in fact, as he jokingly remarked, deceive the diplomats of Europe by simply telling the truth. His reticences, his evasions, even his deliberate deceptions, will be excused, so long as a general in battle or as the ruler of a state is justified in acting by a code which he would as an individual be condemned for using.

Cavour's wit, his large good-nature, his insatiable interest in life, his simplicity, made him the best of companions. The younger men who served under him came to love him as a father. When he died, one of his lieutenants, La Farina, wept, not for the loss of the chief on whom his own fortunes depended, nor of Italy's mainstay, but for the loss of his best friend. La Farina was no sentimentalist; nor were many others who, like him, shed tears. In Cavour's later years, the people of Turin, having divined his character, lovingly nicknamed him "Papa Camillo." So his nearest counterpart among modern statesmen was plain "Father Abraham" to his countrymen.

William Roscoe Thayer.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the spring of 1909 Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum spent a few weeks in Providence, R. I., and the result of his work now appears in a catalogue of the collection of early-printed books which were brought together by Gen. Rush C. Hawkins and deposited in the library building erected by him there to the memory of his wife, and called the Annmary Brown Memorial.

Gen. Hawkins, now past eighty, is one of the collectors of the past generation. In an introduction to the catalogue, he tells of buying his first book, a "Life of William Wallace," when nine years of age, with the first considerable amount of money he ever possessed. In 1851, he says, "the attending of book-auction sales became a favorite habit," his first collections being in history and literature. In 1855, "without any further purpose than possibly the gratification of passing curiosity," he bought his first fifteenth century book, and this purchase "proved to be the forerunner of a pleasurable occupation, destined to continue through life."

His early aim was to acquire a copy of the first book from as many as possible of the first printing presses set up in each of the two hundred and thirty-eight towns in which printing had been established before 1501. The collection was thus undertaken with one particular object in view: "to perpetuate the memory of the first printers of the fifteenth century and their work," which Gen. Hawkins has, he says, "always regarded as being the most important in its result of any labor ever performed by any one set of workers." The books were almost without exception bought abroad, "less than twenty items in the whole collection" having been purchased in the United States. Gen. Hawkins gives 1884 as the year in which he gave up miscellaneous collecting, afterwards keeping more closely to his chosen line. His general library was sold at Leavitt's in March, 1887, and the catalogue comprises upwards of 2,500 lots. This collection covered almost every branch of literature, and contained upwards of a hundred incunabula.

In 1884 he published a volume: "Titles of the First Books from the Earliest Presses Established in Europe before the End of the Fifteenth Century," compiled primarily, we may presume, as a guide to his own collecting.

The collection as described in Mr. Pollard's admirable catalogue consists of five hundred and forty-two books printed by about 300 different printers in 144 different towns, and in the case of 119 of these towns books from their earliest presses are included. The size of the collection is not important, but its completeness, as exhibiting the development of the art of printing, is remarkable. Besides the description of the books themselves (and these descriptions are, needless to say, bibliographically perfect) Mr. Pollard gives us much other information about the work of the early printers. The arrangement is chronological by countries, towns, and printers. At the head of each town is given in a few lines a succinct general note about the printing done in the town, and a similar, but often fuller, account of each of the printers represented, and his work. There is also a special note about each of the books and whatever is of interest about the copy described. This information is of great importance, as the study of incunabula has been revolutionized since the publication, in 1893, of the late Robert Proctor's "Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum." For example, we quote Mr. Pollard's statement in regard to a recent discovery:

> A group of books in a Roman type with a peculiar form of letter R (whence the name "the R-printer" for their anonymous producer) can now be assigned with practical certainty to Adolf Rusch of Ingweilen, who married Salome, daughter of Johann Mentelin, and seems to have worked simultaneously for his father-in-law and for himself. From an inscription in a copy at Basel of his edition of the Rationale of Duranti we know that Rusch was at work at least as early as 1464, and he was thus the first printer to use Roman type. In 1470 Rusch seems to have told a customer at Nordlingen Fair that he himself was the printer of two books in Mentelin's types (the Terence and Valerius Maximus), but it seems safer to take this as evidence of the position which Rusch held in Mentelin's business than to interpret it as meaning these books were not printed in Mentelin's office.

The Hawkins collection does not contain even a leaf of the Gutenberg Bible, and indeed throughout the great books, which sell for thousands of pounds at sales, the books

which are the glory of such libraries as those of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hoe are conspicuous by their absence. But the strength and notability of the collection lies in another direction.

We may note here that the Library of Congress has recently acquired, as custodian only, the similar collection of incunabula brought together by the late Hon. John Boyd Thacher of Albany. Mr. Thacher's collection, formed during more than fifty years, is on somewhat the same lines as the Hawkins collection, but is even more extensive. No catalogue of the Thacher collection has been printed, but in a letter written a few months before his death he said of it:

> What is my collection? It is composed of representatives of incunabula of the fifteenth century presses, and this congregation is greater in number than that of any other collection except the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale—and if the proper comparison be made, it will not fall short there.

And at the same time he stated that he owned incunabula from 564 separate presses.

To Mr. Pollard's Catalogue of the Hawkins books is added a supplement giving a list of incunabula in the library of Brown University and the John Carter Brown Library, both collections being housed within a few hundred feet of the Annmary Brown Memorial building.

The volume, a quarto of about four hundred pages, has been printed at the University Press at Gen. Hawkins's expense. Ernest Dressel North of this city is the agent for the sale of copies.

Correspondence.

"GREAT AND GREATER BRITAIN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your recent review of "Great and Greater Britain," by J. Ellis Barker, alias Otto Elzbacher, was very satisfactory, especially for its tone of good-natured badinage, which is the proper treatment for such a book. Your reviewer, however, made one slight mistake. J. Ellis Barker has at length got into "Who's Who," in the last edition for 1910, which your reviewer apparently has not seen. For three years, since I became thoroughly convinced of the charlatanism and unreliability of Mr. Elzbacher, I have searched in vain for information about his training, until I saw this year's "Who's Who." There I learned that he was born in Cologne and was privately educated.

Your reviewer very properly comments on the remarkable fact that in the last Budget campaign the two intellectual leaders of the Tory party in the public print were J. Ellis Barker, "made in Germany," and the renegade Home Ruler, J. L. Garvin, an Irish boy who left school early to go into journalism. Indeed, some trustworthy correspondents have said that Garvin had more influence in fomenting bad blood against Germany, and in goading on the Lords to the rejection of the Budget, than any other Tory leader, even Mr. Balfour.

But the antecedents, training, and unscrupulousness of J. Ellis Barker have an important interest for Americans as well as Englishmen. Last January a thoroughly trustworthy Washington correspondent reported that Senator Lodge had persuaded the Senate to reprint J. Ellis Barker's "101 Points against Free Trade" as a public document, and it is certain that this thoroughly misleading and false document is now being distributed free at the expense of the government as Republican campaign literature.

This circulation of Mr. Barker's partisan brochure is another example of partisan peanut politics on the part of Senator Lodge. This document has been completely discredited by Chiozza-Money's crushing reply, and dissection of Mr. Barker's falsehoods and fallacies. I do not believe that partisan literature on either side should be circulated at government expense; but, if Congress does that sort of thing, let it give both sides a fair hearing. Fortunately, in the autumn campaign we are to have a thorough discussion of the iniquities of the present high tariff.

Mr. Chiozza-Money's reply to each point can be obtained by sending five cents to the London *Daily News*. It would be an education in logic and the tariff question if every earnest voter could study these two pamphlets side by side. The result, I am inclined to think, would be an increase in the votes for a reduction of the tariff, and a decrease in the honest, intelligent, supporters of Senator Lodge in Massachusetts.

George L. Fox.

Seal Harbor, Me., July 28.

INK AND MANUSCRIPTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It gave me great pleasure to read in the letter of my friend, Mr. Ford, in your issue of July 21, that mine in your previous number furnished him amusement, as, I am assured, it has so many other readers—but at the expense of the ink rules of the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Historical Societies! Doubtless Mr. Ford, as editor for the former organization, is allowed the use of ink when he needs it, as are those employed by the society here; otherwise it would not be so amusing. Knowing well his excellent rules while in the manuscript division of the Library of Congress, where, as he says, the rule "is lifted as occasion requires, and so falls under the discretion of the guardian." I was astonished to learn that he had not carried them with him to Massachusetts. It is not too late yet.

Indeed, had Mr. Ford read my letter with his usual care—not in vacation—he would have seen that the Congressional Library rule is the one thing I plead for. Let those two great institutions adopt that flexible rule, and there would be no occasion for this letter. As to his statement about the universality of inflexible ink rules, let us see: Dr. Jameson of the Carnegie Institution writes that the use of ink was refused to one of his staff, a man of wide experience, in but one institution in this country. Prof. Charles M. Andrews of Johns Hopkins states that in his work for the Carnegie Institution throughout England not an institution refused him the use of ink under proper conditions. Dr. Jordan of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania tells me he saw the "pencil-pen" in use in Germany, even in the manuscript rooms, and granted me the use of it in editing manuscripts here during the past year. A letter of Librarian Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society, now before me, says: "In general, I should say that most of the libraries and depositories in Europe and America allow the use of ink to those who might come under the class of special investigators."

Mr. Ford cites an instance of injury to manuscript. We could all cite some, but is one going to abandon all railway travel because a wreck somewhere has cost many human lives? Doubtless the Congressional Library has had accidents, also, but that does not prevent it from having, for special investigators of known reputation and serious purpose, a rule that "can be lifted as occasion requires." And let us hope Mr. Ford will transfer that enlightened rule to Massachusetts and cease to be a bad example for Pennsylvania. Mr. Ford would hesitate to say that 75 per cent., or any major proportion of the serious special historical investigators of Europe and America are unworthy or unfit to be trusted to use ink in work with his treasures; but that is precisely what the rules of his society and that of President Pennypacker proclaim upon the housetops, and these gentlemen need not be surprised that it is at last vigorously resented; not by a sweeping indiscriminate censure of all historical societies, but only of the two particular distinguished offenders. Let them enforce ink rules against offenders only, and they will receive the hearty support of all who do not offend. It is absurd to intimate that the world of historical scholarship has not as great concern for its treasures as any society can possibly have. The efforts of many of them in this direction compare favorably with those of any official of historical collections.

Burton Alva Konkle.

Swarthmore, Pa., July 25.

WORK ON HISTORICAL RECORDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter, printed in the *Nation* about a year ago, I called attention to the movement on foot to fill in the gaps in the historical records of America by recourse to European archives, and also mentioned the proposals which had been made for coöperative effort. It may interest many of your readers to know that during the past year substantial progress has been made in this worthy work. In December last, Dr. Rowland of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History reported before the meeting of the American Historical Association in New York city that the sum of $2,000 had been contributed by the Historical Societies of the Mississippi Valley States for the work of preparing a calendar of documents relating to American history in French archives. He stated that Mr. Warren G. Leland, already employed in Paris in research for the Carnegie Institution, had been engaged to superintend the work on the calendar, and to provide for it such expert assistance as he might find necessary.

August 13, when the steamer Minneapolis leaves the harbor of New York, it will bear with it the American deputation to the "International Congress of Archivists," which meets in Brussels August 28. This deputation includes Mr. Gaillard Hunt of the State Department in Washington, Dr.

Dunbar Rowland of Mississippi, and Mr. Warren G. Leland, named above. These gentlemen, appointed by the American Historical Association, will all read papers. C.

Jackson, Miss., July 28.

"SOUTH" AND "SOUND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Without questioning at all the value and interest of the consideration of "altered quotations" that Mr. Baker proposed in his letter to the *Nation* of July 21, may I suggest that perhaps Hazlitt's reading of "south" for "sound" in "Twelfth Night" is not his own *alteration?* Hazlitt probably memorized the passage from a text not earlier than that of Pope. As Dr. Furness states (Variorum edition of "Twelfth Night," page 9), the "change of 'sound' to *South* maintained its place in the text without question for nigh a hundred and twenty years, from Pope to Knight" (? 1840). The concluding pages of the Variorum note, containing Dr. Furness's personal contribution to the discussion of the reading, are interesting in connection with the "mixed figure" in the reading "sound," the poetry as affected by that reading, and the probable acceptance of "sound" by future editors.

May I call attention to a slip in Dr. Rolfe's letter in the *Nation* of June 30, page 651, column 1? For "the first American edition (1857)" we should read, of course, "the first American edition (1859)."

It may be remembered that to the four readings of the passage in "Merlin and Vivien" that Dr. Rolfe referred to in the paragraph I have just indicated, I added a fifth in my letter in the *Nation* of June 3, 1909. John Edwin Wells.

Hiram College, Hiram, O., July 23.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I appreciate thoroughly the interpretative phrases which—with the space at his command—your reviewer (*Nation,* July 14) gave to certain contributions of mine to "The Younger Choir." But I should like to protest against an impression quite justifiably gained from those contributions in their present printed form. Both poems ("The Celebrants" and 'Christmas on Fifth Avenue") were, without my permission or consent, mutilated by the editors of "The Younger Choir." Each poem consists of two parts: one analytic, one synthetic; one descriptive, one philosophic. The editors of the anthology in question, however, saw fit to print only the first part of each poem, thus giving both (as your reviewer justly observed) an appearance of glaring impressionism in method, and, I may add, of socialistic tendency, utterly alien to my habits of thought and work.

Ludwig Lewisohn.

Charleston, S. C., July 26.

FACSIMILES OF THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The note referring to the facsimile reproduction of the forty-two line Gutenberg Bible (*Nation,* July 28) might have been ampler.

Two facsimile reproductions of this edition are under way—one by the Insel-Verlag in Leipzig and one by Hubert Welter in Paris. The Leipzig reproduction, prepared under the direction of Geheimrat Dr. (*not* Professor) Paul Schwenke, will consist of 20 copies on parchment at 3,000 marks each and 300 copies on paper at 700 marks (850 marks bound). This price for the edition on paper will later be raised to 900 marks. The Paris facsimile will be in two folio volumes of 1,282 pages. Of this 250 copies will be offered at 750 francs each until September 30 next, after which the price will be 1,000 francs. Roscoe Ham.

Brunswick, Me., July 31.

Literature.

A HISTORY OF RELIGION.

Orpheus: A General History of Religions. By Salomon Reinach. Translated by Florence Simmonds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Orphism, says M. Reinach, contained elements common to all religions, drawn from the depths of human nature and nourished by its most cherished illusions, and a little book intended to summarize religions and their histories could not invoke a better patron than Orpheus, poet, musician, theologian, mystagogue, and authorized interpreter of the gods.* In this somewhat fanciful title the author expresses his conception of the unity of religions and the essentially poetic nature of religion; but his work is a summary rather of facts than of principles. Taking Voltaire as his model of narrative style, in his survey of his large field he has cultivated successfully the arts of condensation of material and epigrammatic terseness of expression. The result is an attractive sketch—a skilful presentation of details, with many acute remarks and happy characterizations, clear and vivacious. The division of the text into short numbered paragraphs gives the author freedom to pass easily from one point to another; and, though there are occasional errors of statement, his descriptions, considering the vastness of the field he goes over, are in general remarkably accurate. The style he adopts is not without its inconveniences and dangers: the rapidity of the narration, the great array of detached facts, may become wearisome and confusing to the general reader; and the effort at brilliancy sometimes leads to unwarranted generalizations or superficial judgments. His wit occasionally passes the limits of good taste; he disposes thus, for example (p. 33) of the question as to the relation between the code of Hammurabi (23d century, B.C.) and the little code in Exod. xxi-xxiii (8th century, B.C.):

> The Babylonian code is anterior by six centuries to the date assigned by tradition to the Mosaic code; if, then, this latter was dictated by God to Moses, God must have plagiarized from Hammurabi. Such a conclusion seems, with very good reason, inadmissible to the most universal of German savants, the Emperor William II; in a famous letter addressed to an admiral, he decided that God had successively inspired various eminent men, such as Hammurabi, Moses, Charlemagne, Luther, and his grandfather, William I. This opinion found general acceptance in court circles.

Here a serious historical question is settled by a witticism, and the Emperor is lugged in *vi et armis.*

The introduction points out (following Mannhardt, Frazer, and Robertson Smith) that the basis of much of later religion is to be found in the ideas and usages of savage life. Myths are properly described as largely explanations of ritual. Totemism is identified with the worship of animals and plants and regarded as universal—a view that cannot be brought into harmony with the ordinary definition of totemism and is not supported by recent investigations. The cult of beasts and their connection with gods plays a prominent part in early religion and mythology, and is treated at length by such writers as Andrew Lang and Mannhardt and their followers. M. Reinach's discussion of this point is one of the least satisfactory parts of his work. Impressed by the religious importance of beasts, he leaps to the conclusion that gods were originally animals—Romulus and Remus, Silvanus and Dis Pater were wolves, Athene an owl, Aphrodite a dove, Artemis a bear, Demeter and Persephone sows, Orpheus a fox, Samson a lion, later identified with the sun. But the fairly well assured result of modern observation of savage religion is that the early god is a supernatural anthropomorphic headman, charged with the oversight of the interests of the tribe; and the association of a beast with a god is to be explained as due to a collocation and combination of two independent cults. If the dove was sacred to Aphrodite, this was not because the goddess was originally a dove (she was doubtless originally a patron of fertility), but because her cult coalesced with that of a local divine bird, and the lesser was subordinated to the greater.

Though he allows himself small space for the description of non-Christian cults, M. Reinach has succeeded in giving a clear statement of their main features. The appended bibliographies suggest that he has read widely and well. He deals at greatest length with the "Hebrews, Israelites, and Jews" (these names marking successive periods); the chapter devoted to them is a good outline of Old Testament criticism and a sympathetic sketch of Jewish history since the destruction of Jerusalem. What we miss in his treatment of ancient religions is an exhibition of the development of the religious thought. The material for such a sketch in the great re-

*The original French edition of this book was noticed briefly in the special correspondence of the *Nation,* April 8, 1909.

ligions is abundant, and M. Reinach is at home in the history of Israel, Greece, and Rome; yet he fails to set forth the social and intellectual movements that produced the successive phases of the Hebrew and Greek cults. True, his principal object is to give an intelligible account of the outward phenomena of the religions of the world—he does not propose to himself a philosophic analysis; but even so, it belongs to the essence of his subject to refer, however briefly, to the ideas that have controlled the course of human religious history.

His main interest is in the history of Christianity, to which nearly half of his volume is devoted. His desire—a most worthy one—is to give French youth a rational explanation of the part that organized religion has played in European life. It is all very well, he says, to exclude religious instruction from the primary schools; but, he adds, "the adolescent pupils of the colleges and higher schools know nothing of the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and the Gospels, the origin and evolution of dogmas, save the historical errors taught in the catechisms or the equally pernicious absurdities dear to the free-thinking orator of the wine-shop." This ignorance he thinks deplorable, and he has written this book to guard educated youth both against the unhistorical methods of mere apologists and against the vaporings of unscientific self-sufficient rationalists. This task he has performed with admirable skill; his work is probably the most piquant history of Christianity that has ever been written. It moves from the beginnings to Justinian, to Charles V, to the Encyclopædia, and to the present-day swiftly, clearly, and without hurry. The origin of the New Testament books; the work of Paul, Augustine, and the great Councils; the growth of the monastic orders, and the development of ritual, ceremonies, and dogma; the rise and decline of the temporal power of the Papacy; the Inquisition; the Protestant movement and the Jesuits; mediæval and modern sects; Mormonism; the Salvation Army; Christian Science; the rise of the spirit of free inquiry—all these topics are interwoven into the author's continuous narrative, which reads like a prose epic. M. Reinach has his own point of view—he is an adherent of no form of organized religion; but he respects his rôle of historian, and for the most part confines himself to setting down historical facts without obtruding his religious opinions. He is not indifferent, but he endeavors to be fair in his judgments. He is indignant over the abuses that crept into the Church, but he recognizes the services rendered by the Church to mediæval society. He is no friend of the Jesuits, but he thinks it to their credit that they "developed the useful science which takes note of the shades and degrees of acts no less than of thoughts, and judges them chiefly by their motives"; he denies that they taught the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and calls Sanchez and Suarez liberal and liberating moralists, who, however, unfortunately "lightened the chains of the human race in order to subdue it the better"; he admires Luther without concealing his faults; while he is in sympathy with the spirit of Arnauld and the other Port-Royalists, he quotes with approval Loisy's remark that the Church had outgrown Augustine; he holds that Voltaire's famous word, *écrasons l'infâme*, referred not merely to superstition, but also to Christianity—but on this point there are differences of opinion.

M. Reinach observes that he here gives for the first time a picture of religions in general considered as natural phenomena, and nothing more. He is not quite right in this supposition, but it is true that heretofore Christianity has not been included formally in manuals of the history of religions. From the point of view of the historian there is no reason why Christianity should be thus isolated—the facts of its development may be described without inquiring into the question of supernatural origin. M. Reinach has given these facts in outline with clearness, so that the reader has an instructive general view of the religious element in our society on its external side. It has not entered into his plan to set forth the historical relation between Christianity and other great religions, especially the Jewish and the Greek. Brief indications of this relation might easily have been inserted, and they would have added no little to the value of the book for the public for which it is intended. But the volume, in its present form, fills a gap in the current religious historical literature, and will be welcome to many to whom the larger histories of Christianity (which are often cumbrous and lacking in clearness) are not accessible.

CURRENT FICTION.

Enchanted Ground. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

We suspect that this story will prove, if not a "best" seller, a very good one. It has many of the qualities which make for popularity—a strong vein of sentiment, a flexible and kindly humor, a plot directly concerned with a pair of young lovers, and a vigorous style. It is far and away the best thing Mr. Smith has done—better than the amusing and sometimes moving short stories which he has contributed to the magazines, better than the delicately conceived but not too robustly executed Cape Breton idyl, "Amedée's Son," which represented this writer's first attempt at the novel form. The theme here is nothing more nor less than the theme which most American novelists have been for some years trying to handle—the struggle of aspiring youth toward its ideals, among the forces of good and evil which encompass him in the life of the modern metropolis.

The Philip Wetherell of this story is a young architectural draughtsman, still among the rank and file in a city office, but full of promise. He has been separated for a year from his betrothed, Georgia Rayburn, a fine, strong, but morally rigid New England girl. The story begins on the very eve of their reunion—a reunion which the man does not foresee. In his loneliness and longing he falls, at the eleventh hour, under the spell of a woman who is in every way the anti-type of his betrothed: the foreign wife of an absentee American husband, not a wicked woman, but irresponsible. The relation between Philip and this woman is not in all ways ugly. Each has a real, if not deep feeling for the other; and they are drawn together by the uncompromising attitude of the virtuous member of the trio. In the revulsion from his first lapse, Philip confesses freely to his betrothed, and is by her cast off as unclean. The experience of the succeeding months through which we follow him leads to a renunciation of his unworthy passion for the sake of two other persons who have come quite casually into his life. Poor Katrinka, the temptress, is removed from the scene, and, in due course, Indignant Virtue, convinced of its unco' guidness, softens toward the repentant one. The means whereby she is convinced might easily be called melodramatic; the whole novel, for that matter, might be dismissed as sentimental. But the fine youthful enthusiasm and the fine manly vigor of the narrative forbid its being disposed of in any such easy way. If a little suspicion of the extraneous and the artificial may attach to the "La Bergère" group and its whimsicality, if we incline to rate the humorous relief of their presence in the story as on the whole uncalled-for, the main story is treated with unusual dignity and charm of mood, and with what may fairly be called distinction of manner.

The Perjurer. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's.

There is an order of English fiction which deals with the social-matrimonial experience of the upper classes in a mood at once reverent and confidential. It admits us, for the nonce, to the company of our betters—fellow-mortals, and, therefore, subject to error, but still worthy, by virtue of their rank and breeding, of more than ordinary consideration. It is an order of very ancient ancestry, and it is destined to survive for untold years. If we have never quite succeeded in acclimating it in this land of the free, that is not because we have not tried our best; and it is to be supposed that there is still among us a

grateful clientèle for the imported article. Mr. Norris's work belongs to this order. He accepts the thing as it is, but keeps a weather eye upon its imperfections. The British social institution as a whole seems to him a good thing in the best of obtainable worlds, and property seems to him the keystone of that institution. The American commentator is constrained to harp continually upon this foible of the Britisher because it is so continually thrust before him by the over-seas chronicler. John Bull has been unmercifully belabored for his hypocrisies of late, but it is something to his credit that among them is not numbered the pretence that money is an inconsiderable thing. But the deliberate marriage for profit is still a comparatively rare thing over here: it is pretty much confined to the ornamental class which has somewhat painfully imported its notions of marriage, as well as its other notions, from abroad. The notions remain exotic.

The perjurer in question is a retired colonel of the Guard who finds himself upon the verge of old age, a bachelor without occupation, an old man of the world who is tired of the world's game. The certain degree of connoisseurship he can boast is not high enough to absorb him, and gambling is his only keen pleasure. So he meets in Venice a young Englishwoman for whom he conceives the first major emotion of his life. She is ripe for a younger mate, and it only remains for the Colonel to prove the dignity of his love by a supreme self-sacrifice which compromises his social position, and renders him a perjurer in his own eyes. The peculiarly un-American morality of the affair lies in the fact that his sacrifice is executed in order that the girl may marry the good-for-nothing heir to an earldom, whom she does not love, but whom she feels bound to marry so that he may recover and squander the property which the Earl (her uncle) has very sensibly left to her!

At the Sign of the Burning Bush. By M. Little. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Church in Scotland is in a bad way, if this book be a fair picture. But then, when one comes to think of it, according to the story, humanity is in a bad way. A faultier, more disheartingly cheap set of folk it would be hard to find than the clerics and their parishioners who figure in the Glasgow and environs of this book. The writer is evidently suspicious of all who have not lost faith in forms and creeds. "People laugh at everything that isn't heresy or Socialism nowadays," is a speech put into the mouth of one of the least commendable characters. Yet it is a fair résumé of the book's argument and the writer's attitude. The hero, Mackenzie, declares his affection for the church, but practises defiance of every code and convention, using kind-heartedness as a substitute for principle. To prove one amiable, bubble-bursting man an apostle of light—as it were to make a theological holiday—a score of others are butchered, convicted of lack of either sense, dignity, character, or of all three. "That is not always cant in another which would be in ourselves," said Lowell, long ago. In this portrayal of a certain class of Scotch society there are innumerable clever touches, but they are lost in tedious detail and treated in a gasping, hysterical manner. One good, square sense of sin would be a blessing.

A Village of Vagabonds. By F. Berkeley Smith. Color Illustrations by F. Hopkinson Smith, and Pen Drawings by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Smith has inherited much of the sprightly picturesqueness of style which has made his father's writing popular. The Gallic setting is a favorite with both, and the sketch-story, depending for its charm on its local color and rapidly outlined characterization, is the most effective medium of both. There is an odd air of belatedness about the present group of sketches. "Bohemian" is a favorite word with the writer, and the flavor of his book is that of the Latin Quarter literature which flourished twenty years ago; though we believe that delectable if slightly incredible haunt of genius and beauty is not once named in these pages. A painter, more or less disguisedly the author himself, buys a "house abandoned by the marsh" in a remote Norman village, and goes to live there. He is told that it is a "lost hole of a village of *sacré* [*sic*] vagabonds," and he is apparently ready to accept the description on acquaintance. But his notion of a vagabond is of a person who does not live the conventional life of the boulevards. In "Pont du Sable" he finds such intermittent dwellers as Tanrade, famous composer of Parisian ballets; Blondel, an equally Parisian journalist; Alice de Bréville, a lady of fashion destined for Tanrade, and the local *curé*, who is all that a *curé* should be—an assiduous sportsman and boon companion as well as a father to his people. A few peasants—servants, poachers, fisherwomen, and the like—are effectively disposed in the middle distance; but the exiled Parisians are the chief figures, and their love affairs, their benefactions, their days of sport—above all, their meals—are our chief concern. Every bottle is cobwebbed, every one cries "Voila!" and "Chic!" upon the smallest provocation. Every woman is classified as "blonde" or "brunette." ". . . Ah, you dear little women. You who know just when to give those who love you a friendly pressure of the hand, or the gift of your lips if needs be. . . ." It is the kind of thing one highly valued when one was a sophomore; and the sophomoric taste is, we suppose, a pretty stable thing from decade to decade.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

The Livingstons of Livingston Manor. By Edwin Brockholst Livingston. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. $10.

America has no great number of truly aristocratic families, and to very few could that enviable characterization be so rightfully granted as to the Livingstons. Theirs has been an aristocracy not only of wealth and station and social position, but of distinguished service to the country and of intellectual achievement. The members of the family have been eminent not only as lords of a manor, as efficient officers in the colonial wars, worthy representatives in the colonial legislature, and powerful leaders in political factions, but their members have attained a prominence in our national history—Robert R. Livingston as the diplomatic principal in the Louisiana Purchase and as patron of the inventive genius of Robert Fulton, and Edward Livingston as the jurist who constructed the famous Livingston Code. This history of the Livingstons of Livingston Manor is a more than ordinarily interesting book of its kind. It is on the whole well written, and the scholarship is above the average which is devoted to the history of an author's own family. The research is never exhaustive, but it is intelligent, and the author is fair-minded enough not to conceal unpleasant facts about his ancestral heroes. A case in point is the chapter on Robert Livingston and Capt. Kidd, which tells frankly the whole story of Livingston's unfortunate choice of Kidd to command the Adventure Galley, sent out by the government to suppress piracy in the Indian Seas, and his high-handed demand for the £10,000 bond by which he was held for the success of the ventures of the Galley. Of the same nature is the faithful relation of the harsh treatment of the Tories by Gov. William Livingston of New Jersey and Washington's rebuke of his measures.

The author's knowledge of the periods through which he carries the family history is not wide enough to prevent his falling into some errors. A good example is the passage (p. 220) wherein he undertakes to explain why only one of the three Livingstons who were members of the Continental Congress signed the Declaration of Independence. The reason given in the case of Robert R. Livingston is that he was absent from Congress on August 2, when the Declaration was signed, but since eight or ten other members, who were absent

at the same time, signed later when they were present, there was nothing to prevent Livingston from doing the same. Again, the author seems unaware that Gordon's history is not regarded as an authoritative work written by one who was present and who saw what he chronicled. The deadly parallel column has shown clearly Gordon's dependence upon the *Annual Register*. A too limited acquaintance is shown with the literature of the American Revolution: only the older histories by Bancroft, Frothingham, and Judge Jones are cited, whereas many books and studies which would have been of the greatest use to the writer are clearly unknown to him. In the chapter on the American Pocket Borough the studies of C. L. Becker in the history of political parties in New York (1760-1776) would have saved Mr. Livingston some serious misunderstandings, and would have furnished him with much valuable matter.

The achievements of the family are on the whole modestly related, and only occasionally is the tone boastful. One such instance is the epithet given Robert Livingston, as the man who "gave immortality to Fulton," and another is the assertion that at the surrender of Burgoyne eight Livingstons held commissions in the victorious army. "It is doubtful," the author remarks, "whether any other family can show as many members commissioned officers in the American army on this eventful occasion." Very properly, the book contains a number of refutations of popular slanders against the fair name of the Livingstons. One of the most interesting is the refutation of the slur by John Adams upon William Livingston for his absence from Congress on the occasion of signing of the Declaration of Independence (p. 223). It is clearly demonstrated that Livingston did not sneak away, as Adam imputes. The factional quarrels between the Livingstons and the Clintons are related in an even-handed way in the chapter on the political history after the Revolutionary War, and, in general, the enemies of the Livingstons are not delineated as villains. While the author's attention throughout the whole book is kept riveted on the Livingstons, there are so many letters, records, and other documents containing matters of interest to the general historian, that the work is well worth the attention of students of the colonial and revolutionary times and of the early days of the republic. There are some fifty excellent illustrations, an elaborate genealogical table, and a fair index.

The Ascending Effort. By George Bourne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

With a singular eloquence and conviction Mr. Bourne pleads the validity of what he calls "taste, conscience, or the racial force." This is a power that operates in that large reserve of personality which is not occupied in the mere struggle for existence. Taste presents to the aspiring, to the relatively free part of us, a finer range of choices based on human as opposed to natural selection. We survive by rather small adjustments that only enlist our versatility in part; we really live only on condition of wisely regulating what may be regarded as our surplus energies. To them taste constantly supplies matter worthy of their interest. Taste and conscience are one in dealing with what is supererogatory in the animal man, one also in their attachment to immemorial human tradition.

Art is merely our personal, in a higher sense temperamental, adjustment to selected experience. It never means, with Mr. Bourne, a product, but always a process. The tug of the oar in the water, the appropriation of a sunset, the doing of an act of heroism—all are for him art, all phases of the dynamic of individual expression. And here he brings a handy distinction: This glow from selected experience is the sole subject of art, its only thinkable reason. The subject matter is the particular medium through which the glow is communicated. Criticism of the subject of art is always necessary, criticism of the subject matter is usually superfluous or implied in that of the subject. The idea is very clearly illustrated from Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," the repellent subject matter of which unduly occupied the French courts.

Art and science differ more in material than in temper. Art dictates fine choices among our simple and primary ideas, science imposes fine choices among our secondary and complicated ideas. Science does not need art, but without it is powerless practically to benefit mankind. Art may make men expect and ardently desire the benefits of science:

> Science has no need that the arts should do its work for it. It is perfectly able to teach its own truths to those who are prepared; but it is unable to prepare us, unable to make us desire to hear. And this is the trouble throughout the civilized world. The nations consist of individuals ill-developed in their faculties of choice understanding; people who do not care, and, in fact, are unable, to take the steps recommended by science. Such is the singular pass to which our "practical" outlooks have brought us. . . . Choice recognition and exact theorizing are both to be exercised in the interests of the national conscience. To be constantly on the watch for beauty; to criticise the realities that come and pass, and to question the theories that affect to account for them, is the way of all progress, and art is serviceable because it aids us to be on the watch for beauty. Ugliness, whether in form or color, in conduct or policy, in fashions or feelings—ugliness and dulness and unhappiness and want of sympathy should always be suspect: whenever they occur their necessity should be questioned.

Such extracts represent imperfectly the temper of a delightful book. Its contribution of theory is very slight; essentially the doctrine is merely a restatement of the transcendental æsthetic and ethic of Kant. What is remarkable is the winning presentation of old truths. No one who follows Mr. Bourne to the end will rest comfortable in the conviction that the life of art is a sort of elegant trifling very suitable for the daughters of the rich, but unworthy the attention of grown men and women.

The First Great Canadian: The Story of Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur D'Iberville. By Charles B. Reed. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2 net.

In bringing together for the first time the scattered incidents in the life of Iberville, Dr. Reed has completed a task that was well worth the doing, and has performed it exceedingly well. He has succeeded in keeping to the happy mean between the dry-as-dust historian and the historical novelist, and has given us a narrative that is both accurate and readable. The life of Pierre Le Moyne, the "Cid of New France," was, indeed, one to fire the imagination, and it is singular enough that at a time when the book market is flooded annually with every kind of rehash of worn-out themes, a subject so fresh and inspiring should have remained virtually untouched. Dr. Reed first introduces us to the remarkable family to which Iberville belonged: to his father, the original colonist, Charles Le Moyne, who came out to Canada in 1640, and, among many other notable achievements, obtained an unrivalled influence over the crafty and ferocious Iroquois; and to his famous brothers, Jean Baptiste de Bienville, who, after an adventurous career in the North, became Governor of Louisiana; Charles Le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil, who became Governor of Canada, as did his son after him; Joseph de Sirigny, who attained high rank in the French navy, and died Governor of Rochefort; and Antoine de Chateauguay, who was associated with Iberville and Bienville, both in Canada and Louisiana, and was afterward made Governor of Cayenne. Nor does this quite complete the tale of the Le Moynes; three other brothers met early deaths fighting for Canada in the Indian wars.

Of Iberville himself we have a more detailed account. Dr. Reed traces his adventurous career from his schoolboy days in Canada, his training in the French navy, and his first expedition to Hudson Bay with De Troyes in 1686, to his death in 1706, at the moment when he had completed ambitious plans for raiding the British colonies from Virginia to Massachusetts. Into these twenty years were crowded such achieve-

ments as have rarely fallen to the lot of any single man. On four different occasions he made successful expeditions against the English on Hudson Bay; he defeated a much superior English fleet, off Port Nelson, in 1697; seven years before that he led the successful expedition against Schenectady; he captured St. Johns, and laid waste the coast settlements of Newfoundland in 1696, and the same year forced the surrender of Pemaquid. Two years later, "tired of conquering the Bay of Hudson," as he wrote the King, he obtained permission to establish a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, where he could find full scope for both military and diplomatic genius in withstanding the English on one side and the Spanish on the other. Contrary to the predictions of jealous friends at court, he succeeded in this constructive work as conspicuously as he had in his destructive exploits in the north, and laid firm and sure the foundations upon which his brother Bienville afterward built the colony of Louisiana.

Dr. Reed's book is altogether a notable contribution to the literature of early American history.

Notes.

A translation of "Don Quixote" by Robinson Smith, containing in the preface a comparative study of this work, is to be published in September by Routledge.

Some time in October Dr. Postgate is to retire from the editorship of the *Classical Quarterly*.

The drama to 1642 will be the offering of the fifth and sixth volumes of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," to be issued in this country by the Putnams. The early religious drama has been assigned to Professor Creizenach of Cracow; to Professor Cunliffe of Wisconsin early English tragedy; and to F. S. Boas early English comedy. Professor Baker of Harvard has taken the university wits; Prof. Gregory Smith, Marlowe; Shakespeare is treated chiefly by Professor Saintshury, but a chapter dealing with Shakespeare on the Continent is written by Professor Robertson. Thus far Volume V. The assignments in Volume VI are as follows: Ben Jonson to Professor Thorndike of Columhia; Middleton and Rowley to Arthur S. Symons; Beaumont and Fletcher to G. C. Macaulay; Dr. Koeppel writes on Massinger; Professor Vaughan on Tourneur and Webster; Professor Neilson of Harvard on Ford and Shirley; Harold Child on the Elizahethan Theatre; Professor Manly of Chicago has taken the children of the Chapel Royal; F. S. Boas, university plays; J. Dover Wilson the Puritan attack upon the stage. Dr. A. W. Ward's portion is Thomas Heywood, and certain social and political aspects of the Elizabethan and Stuart age.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot's new book, "Durable Satisfactions of Life," is announced by Thomas Y. Crowell; also the following: the Rev. George A. Andrews's "What Is Essential?"; a collection of addresses on "The Unity of Religion," delivered at Mount Morris church last winter by Friedrich Hirth, A. V. Williams Jackson, Justin Hartley Moore, Rabhi Joseph Silverman, Professor Fagnani, and others; "Rambles in Spain," by John D. Fitz-Gerald; "Rhymes of Home," hy Burgess Johnson.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a "Modern Criminal Science Series." The first of the series which will be published in the autumn, is "Criminal Psychology," by Prof. Hans Goss of Graz, Austria. It will he translated hy Dr. Horace M. Kallen of Harvard, will contain a special preface for American readers, and an introduction by Prof. Joseph Jastrow of Wisconsin.

The work will he followed later on in the season by "Modern Theories of Criminality," hy C. Bernaldo de Quiros, of Madrid. The translator is Dr. Alphonse de Salvio, of Northwestern University; an American preface to accompany the translation has been prepared hy the author, while W. W. Smithers of Philadelphia, chairman of the translation committee of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has supplied an introduction. Other volumes to follow, commencing in 1911, include "Crime, Its Causes and Remedies," by Cesare Lombroso; "Criminal Sociology," by Enrico Ferri, Professor of Criminal Law and Procedure in the University of Rome; "The Individualization of Punishment," by Raymond Saleilles, professor of Comparative Law in the University of Paris; "Penal Philosophy," by Gabriel Tarde, late Magistrate in Picardy, France; "Criminality and Economic Conditions," by W. A. Bonger, Doctor in Law of the University of Amsterdam; "Criminology," by Raffaelle Garofalo, late President of the Court of Appeals of Naples; and "Crime and Its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenburg of Cologne.

Mosher is preparing for the autumn the Venetian Series, which includes: "Siena," by A. C. Swinburne; "Italy, My Italy: 12 Lyrics," by Robert Browning, and "Dante at Verona," hy D. G. Rossetti. In the Vest Pocket Series: "Lyric Love," hy Robert Browning; "A Defence of Poetry," hy Percy Bysshe Shelley. In the Lyric Garland: "London Voluntaries," by William Ernest Henley; "The Riding to Lithend," by Gordon Bottomley; "Lyrical Poems," by Percy Bysshe Shelley. The Golden Text Series contains: "Love in the Valley," hy George Meredith; "Thyrsis and the Scholar Gipsy," by Matthew Arnold. Miscellaneous: "A Vision of Giorgione," by Gordon Bottomley; "Passages from the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," chosen by Clara Sherwood Stevens; "Under a Fool's Cap: Songs," by Daniel Henry Holmes; "Plato's Apology of Socrates," by Benjamin Jowett; "Salome: A Tragedy in One Act," by Oscar Wilde.

The two little volumes containing "Letters of Hawthorne to William D. Ticknor, 1851-1864," cannot be said to add much to our knowledge of the illustrious writer, or to be in themselves very interesting. They are welcome, nevertheless, as anything from or about Hawthorne must be. The relations of author and publisher were particularly close and personal in this case, and if these letters, which were written chiefly during Hawthorne's consulship at Liverpool, seem plain and matter-of-fact in comparison with the Notebooks for the corresponding years, it is probable that in some ways they give a truer picture of the real man than is to be obtained from his more deliberate self-portrayal. For one thing we get here the likeness of a man who was by no means devoid of political shrewdness and interests. The business of his office he seems to have conducted ably, though with an occasional lapse into injudicious charity to rogues. His heart was set on laying up a fortune sufficient to enable him to retire and write at leisure, and he has bitter comments on the action of Congress which would cut down his income. Nor does he show any of those signs of morbid unsociability which was so characteristic of his life at Concord. He can drink heartily with his friends and smoke their cigars, and he can also lecture a drunken D.D. with astonishing vigor. But if he shows himself practical, he shows himself equally moody. In one letter England is all to his heart and the very thought of returning to America fills him with dismay; in another he hates all Englishmen and all their ways, and longs for his dear New England. In one thing, however, he scarcely varies—his detestation of blue-stockings. Almost always, when he has to mention one of this tribe, his language becomes acrimonious. They are "scribbling women," " a d—d mob of scribbling women," etc. Other literary judgments worthy of note are his frank confession: "I dislike poetry," and his estimate of Whittier:

> Whittier's book is poor stuff. I like the man, but have no high opinion either of his poetry or prose.

The volumes are beautifully printed by the Marion Press for the Carteret Book Club of Newark, N. J., and the edition is limited to one hundred copies. The letters are the property of W. H. Arnold, and the brief introduction is furnished by J. C. D [ana]. This is the first publication of the club. If other unprinted material, as valuable as this, is in the possession of its members, and its printing is always as tasteful as these two volumes, all booklovers will pray for its long life.

"Resources, an Interpretation of the Well-Rounded Life," by Stanton Davis Kirkham (Putnam), goes over the classic territory of Intellect, Spirit, Love, Society, Solitude, Nature, Travel, Music—in short, compasses most of the Emersonian repertory. The author's contribution of thin ideality is probably sufficient to refresh these subjects for persons whose reading is limited. A eulogy of the sea, here reprinted, is a fair specimen of what to expect from these essays. Let it serve as incentive or deterrent:

> Consider the sea, how companionable it may he, for it is alive, and has moods of its own. But he who loves the sea will find it as changeahle as woman and as inexplicahle . . . The changeful sea! It is now opalescent and ethereal, a dream ocean; anon cold and hard in white-capped beauty; leaden and terrible it reveals how thin is the veil that covers here, as in us, the primeval savagery.

Those who open Charles Morley's "London at Prayer" (Dutton) in the hope of edification will not be wholly disappointed. But it is better to take it for what it is: namely, brilliant and sympathetic journalism upon the subject of religion. From the Abbey and the Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, to St. Paul's, through the services of the Salvation Army, Jesuit missions, syna-

gogues, hidden kirks, and Quaker meeting-houses, our guide conducts us, keeping ever a sensitive eye to the picturesque. Much of the effect of these sketches lies in the skilfully deployed contrast of these various humanitarian endeavors with the remorseless background of great London. Among the most engaging studies are those of song rehearsal at the Foundling Hospital and prayer at the Charterhouse. Mr. Morley's attitude apparently is that of sentimental adherence to all aspiration Godwards, but he does not deny himself the cunning arts of the literary embroiderer. His book touches readily the chords of humor and pathos, is very easy reading, and is reinforced by a number of good sketches by well-known English illustrators.

Autobiographies generally begin well and end tamely. "Marion Harland's," which is published by the Harpers, is no exception. Wholly charming are her recollections of child life spent in upland Virginia and in Richmond. It was a society in which the young people indulged chivalric intimacies, and engagements were never announced. Miss Hawes followed a usual custom in distributing P. P. C. cards from the family coach the day before she became Mrs. Edward Payson Terhune. An aunt who declined to promise to "obey" was satisfied by the qualification, improvised by the clergyman, "to obey in all things consistent." Religion was not the pall it was in New England, but to modern notions its front would seem forbidding enough. There was a school mistress who gave out the word Hell to be spelled and defined, then dwelt upon the theme. "Hell?" she iterated in accents that conveyed the idea of recoiling from an abyss. "Ah—h—h? I wonder which of my little scholars will lie down in everlasting burnings?" At fourteen Miss Hawes was an author. Her first story, "A Marriage from Prudential Motives," was published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, pirated in England, translated into French, then retranslated into English, in which form it was reprinted in America and became the occasion of a copyright suit. Her first novel, "Alone," was printed in her seventeenth year, succeeded well, and eventually brought her the acquaintance of writers whose pale and waning immortality rests on the "Literati" of that Poe whom they misliked.

But "Marion Harland" is really best known for her apostolate of good housekeeping, and in later years as the spiritual counsellor at large for a multitude of newspaper readers. Upon this later activity it would be amusing and perhaps profitable to dwell. There is a certain grotesqueness in a civilization that rests on the rejection of the confessional and all therein implied betaking itself to the neurologist and the salaried dispenser of advice. We note this paradox without wishing to misjudge a function that Mrs. Terhune has filled with patience, sympathy, common-sense, and an unusual measure of culture. The vicissitudes of health and illness, work and travel, of a clergyman's wife, are no doubt unconsciously recorded for this large audience of disciples.

Readers not under this fealty will hardly linger over the later pages. All that concerns the old South is delightful, though the shadows of the picture are omitted. A most eerie ghost story, associated with the Hawes house at Richmond, negro anecdotes of a relishable flavor, reminiscences of Everett, Bayard Taylor, and others, a vivid suggestion of the heartbreaks occasioned by the rebellion—these are some of the valuable features of this friendly record. A characteristic story of John Randolph is the following: Randolph once asked a neighboring planter who was dining at Roanoke if "he would not take a slice of cold meat upon a hot plate" As Juba, Mr. Randolph's body servant, was at the guest's elbow with the hot plate, the gentleman thought he was expected to say "Yes," and, fearing to anger the choleric host, took the plate, accepting the offered cold meat. Whereupon Randolph swore savagely at him for a "lickspittle" and "coward." "You dare not speak up to me like a man!" he snarled. "I asked the question to see what you would say." Again, a negro story is worthy of circulation. In the centre of a great outdoor meeting stood a pitifully small coffin, and the dominie expatiated on the general theme of mortality:

"What is any man, bo'n of woman, my brethren? Up ter-day wid de hoppergrass, and down ter-morrow wid de sparrergrass! Like de flower ob de cornfield, so he spreads hisself." Returning to particulars, the officiant touched the pathetically small box with his foot and said: "As fur dis t'ing:"—rising on his toes in the energy of his contempt—"as fur dis 'ere itum—put de t'ing in de groun'. It's too small fer to be argyin' over."

We liked too the deferred funeral service—a frequent practice up country—that was decorously attended not only by the afflicted widower but by the successor of the relict with an infant child. Admirers of "Marion Harland" will wish the book longer, admirers of Mrs. Terhune will regret that brevity is not among her literary virtues.

In "Early Rhode Island, a Social History of the People," by William Weeden (Grafton Press), one may find some 365 pages of facts, social, economic, political, and personal. Mr. Weeden has got "busy as a moth over some rotten archives," but we cannot forbear wishing that he had taken seriously his own invocation in the preface, "Let us try to comprehend the social life of our forefathers!" The utter lack of any organization of the facts, or effort to interpret their meaning, or to display the evolution of social or economic institutions makes the book of little use except to the specialist, who will find in it a store of raw material. Even a certain chronological advance from chapter to chapter is disturbed by some puzzling aberrations. It is the work of an antiquarian rather than of an historian. There is a great amount of interesting human material, but the subject changes with such amazing rapidity that the mind wearies in the chase. Selecting two pages (226-227) at random, we note that the paragraph subjects change from surveying to the public lottery, to the ferry, to the population, to privateering, to an expedition against Louisburgh, to the fire service, to commerce. The eleven chapters of the book have little more unity. They treat of the founding of Rhode Island and Providence, "The colony and Town of Providence, 1648-1710," "Kings County, the Patriarchal Condition, 1641-1757," "Period Under Charter of Charles II," "The Commercial Growth of Providence, 1711-1762," "Newport in the Eighteenth Century," "The South County," and the book closes with a chapter on the Revolutionary Period and one on the Union to 1790. To all this confusion is added the confusion of involved English. It is very unfortunate to have performed such a large task of research, and then to have left the results almost a mass of débris. The book has a fair index, which adds greatly to its usefulness.

In books on Italy one expects enthusiasm, rhetoric, badly printed Italian, defective scholarship, and again enthusiasm and rhetoric. The formula holds for Max Vernon's "In and out of Florence" (Holt) with the exception that after a brief preliminary flight the rhetoric drops into a sensible chattiness. The book tells the tale of villa hunting, sightseeing in Florence, and excursions as far as La Verna, Pisa, and Lucca. There are many illustrations after stock photographs, with a sprinkling of cuts redrawn from the author's snapshots. The book, saving its scrappiness, some wrong attributions of pictures, and rather stale bibliography, has no harm in it, and some amusement. Over those who think of sojourning in Florence it may exercise a mild evocative charm, but there seems to be really no good reason for adding it to half a dozen similar volumes in the field.

The date gardens in some small oases at the northern edge of the Sahara are described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for July, by Thomas H. Kearney, who visited them to procure palms for the orchards established by the Department of Agriculture in Arizona and California. His account of the methods of cultivation, harvesting, and shipping the more than one hundred distinct varieties of dates from nearly a million trees is instructive and entertaining. "The Story of the Los Angeles Aqueduct," told by Burt A. Heinly, is a description of a most interesting piece of hydraulic construction, which is now in progress in this country. The manner in which water is to be carried two hundred and fifty miles across a desert and beneath the Coast Range, in a tunnel nearly five miles long, is graphically described with the help of numerous illustrations. Not only will water be supplied to the city when the work is completed, probably at the end of 1912, but 200,000 acres of land will be irrigated and power for lighting and running mills will be provided. A trip in Guatemala, a country comparatively unknown to travelers, is pleasantly narrated by Miss Edine F. Tisdel. She found signs of a bright future in the growth of the cities, the rapid extension of railways, the wonderfully fertile soil, and, above all, in the interest the government is taking in education. "There is a school house in every village."

The July number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just issued, opens with the full text of the address of Senator Root as president of the American Society of International Law, delivered in Washington at the annual meeting of that society on April 28. It discusses the theme, the Basis of Protection of American Citizens Residing Abroad. Facilitated by modern means of travelling, multitudes emigrate to foreign countries, so that without any sinister intent they create complications; and the situation is rendered more perilous because, especially in the United States, natives of other lands obtain naturalization apparently for the purpose of

maintaining residence elsewhere and there enjoying the protection that attaches to American citizenship. The magnitude of this evil may be realized when it is considered that not long since it was estimated that there were in Turkey seven or eight thousand natives who in some way had acquired citizenship here, and had gone home, where they could call upon the American embassy for assistance whenever they thought they were not properly treated by the local government; and at the time of the Algeciras conference it appeared that a similar situation existed even in Morocco. Obviously, this condition was intolerable; and the United States government has determined—and embodied its decision in rules and an act of Congress, March 2, 1907—that when a naturalized citizen departs and remains in the country of his origin for two years or in some other country for five years, such withdrawal and absence shall create a presumption that he has renounced the citizenship he had acquired.

To this same issue Roland B. Faulkner contributes a carefully prepared paper on our relations with Liberia; outlining the chequered career of that republic, both before it declared its independence in 1847 and formed a Constitution, and since. The new commission to this country was appointed in 1908, from the feeling that France was absorbing her territory and Great Britain her government. Our government has also appointed a commission to Liberia, and Mr. Faulkner summarizes the results of that commission's study of the problem. George W. Davis's paper on the United States Sanitary Commission and the Red Cross organization is important, tracing the history of that movement and its practical results. With some suggestions from Crimean history, it practically began with the United States Sanitary Commission, of which Dr. Bellows was president, organized in 1861 and operating in field and hospitals during our entire civil war. Mr. Davis thinks the first Geneva convention would have failed of results had not the practicability of the plan been demonstrated on a colossal scale by facts from our experience there presented. The opening address of Professor Lammasch, president of the Arbitration Board sitting at The Hague, on the Fisheries case arranged for by treaty negotiated by Ambassador Bryce and Mr. Root, though short, indicates the appreciation, by that board, of the weighty matter to be decided. Herr Lammasch declares that all the members have read the vast array of proofs presented, including documents that antedated the American Revolution and including, of course, the Treaty of 1818, but have refrained from forming a conclusion until they shall have heard the arguments of counsel. The most elaborate article is a translation, from the French of Professor Schelle, of a paper on the slave-trade in the Spanish Colonies of America. Spain did not monopolize this trade; she left it largely to others; and this article explains how that happened. The *Assiento*, the Spanish public law term for every contract made for public utility between the government and private individuals, is explained and considered, and the history of the traffic traced. The editorial comment is unusually rich in its record of events making for world peace-meetings.

An important literary undertaking in Germany is the complete critical edition of Wieland, conforming to the Weimar Goethe edition. It appears under the auspices of the Prussian Academy of Sciences (Berlin: Weidmann). Prof. Franz Muncker of Munich, in a preliminary review of the first two volumes, in the *Zeitschrift für Deutsches Altertum und Deutsche Litteratur*, has called attention to the extraordinary labor which is being bestowed on this monumental edition. Thus, the "Prolegomena," by Bernhard Teuffert, contains a chronological index of no less than 1,258 of Wieland's writings. Volume I comprises the youthful productions of the poet up to and including 1752; Volume II his versions of five Shakespeare dramas. The latter volume and its successors will be particularly welcomed by literary historians; for the merits of the Schlegel-Tieck translation of Shakespeare, extraordinary as they are, have too long overshadowed, at least in popular estimation, the service which Wieland rendered. In Goethe's words ("Rede zum Andenken des edlen Dichters, Bruders und Freundes Wieland"):

> To undertake a translation of Shakespeare in those days was indeed a bold task, the feasibility of which was questioned even by literary men of wide culture. Wieland translated freely, caught the sense of his author, omitted what seemed to him untranslatable.

Benno Rauchenegger, Bavarian humorist and playwright, died last week in Munich. He wrote the farce "Jägerblut," for which he is best known, and a number of other pieces in the Bavarian dialect. He was born in Memmingen in 1843.

The death is announced, in his eighty-second year, of William May Thomas, English author and journalist. He was at various times on the staffs of the *Daily News* and the *Academy*, and wrote for the *Athenæum* and other periodicals. Among his books are "Poetical Works of Collins with Memoirs" (Aldine Poets), "When the Snow Falls," "Pictures in a Mirror," "Life and Works of Lady M. W. Montagu," "and "A Fight for Life."

Science.

BIRD BOOKS.

How to Study Birds: A Practical Guide for Amateur Bird-Lovers and Camera Hunters. By Herbert Keightley Job. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

Notes on New England Birds. By Henry D. Thoreau. Arranged and edited by Francis H. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Our Search for a Wilderness: An Account of Two Ornithological Expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

Mr. Job's previous books are devoted chiefly to descriptions and reproductions of his remarkable bird pictures. The present volume, though it contains similar features, embraces for the most part the wider field indicated by the title. A more sensible and informing discussion of the kind we have never seen. The three chapters, Identifying Birds, Where to Find Birds, and Learning Birds' Songs and Notes, show Mr. Job to be an exceedingly keen and experienced observer, with just as keen descriptive power. They furnish much information concerning the size of birds, their form, and manner of flight:

> The chimney swift moves its wings quite rapidly and continuously, with intervals of gliding, and they are shaped long and narrow throughout. . . . The swallow's wings are pointed and broader at the base than the swift's, nor do they move quite so fast or so irregularly. . . . The meadowlark, with short, rounded wings, flutters and sails alternately. . . . Most of the sparrows have a quick, continuous flight, with rapid wing-beats, and short pauses, but some, like the goldfinch, go by jerks, rising and falling in deep undulations, usually calling as they fly. . . . The woodpeckers also have a wavy flight, but they are larger, and can readily be distinguished. . . . The cuckoos have a rather steady, gliding progression, and a very noticeable length of tail. . . . The blackbird walks, as do the larks, starlings, pipits, ovenbirds, and water thrushes, while the robin, sparrows, and others, usually hop.

All of these generalizations are accurate—except that we should say that the robin *runs*, rather than hops—and each describes a pronounced and easily observed characteristic.

Equally sensible and helpful are Mr. Job's suggestions for identifying birds' songs. "Just as one can infallibly recognize Chopin's 'Polonaise Militaire' or the Wedding March from Lohengrin as soon as the first notes are sounded, so does one the 'conk-a-ree-e' of the red-winged blackbird or the rollicking melody of the bobolink." He wisely refrains from emphasizing the assistance of "word-mnemonics" in identifying calls or songs, nor does he insist too strongly upon the practical helpfulness of attempting to liken bird songs to familiar musical phrases, though it is his own pretty and not altogether fanciful conceit that the "wood thrush calling from out the gloaming" suggests "the opening appeal in Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance,' and again the sweetly solemn thought of Handel's 'Largo' from Xerxes." Incidentally, it may be remarked, some very ridiculous efforts have been made to reduce bird songs to words, notably Bryant's bobolink poem, with its absurd "spink, spank, spink" line; or, still worse, the choleric diatribe attributed by somebody else to the same bird: "Tom Noodle, Tom Noodle, you owe me, you owe me, ten shillings and sixpence"; "I paid you; I paid you"; "You didn't; you didn't; you lie; you thief!" Nobody ever heard a bobolink use such language as that even about his debtors.

Some of the other chapter titles which serve to show the scope of the book are: The Spring Migration, The Nesting Season, The Autumnal Flight, Knowing the Winter Birds, How to Find Birds of

Prey, Following the Water Birds, and a very sane discussion, Bird-Study for Schools, which all school teachers will do well to read, ponder, and digest. Of the illustrations, almost all are of actual value for purposes of identification, and many of them are really beautiful pictures; the most remarkable being the portrait of a pair of great blue herons on their nest. The two birds are shown standing, one a little behind the other, their heads pointed the same way and even their bills almost parallel. A more effective group could not have been obtained, if the birds had been carefully posed; the camera was so skilfully focussed that the detail of the plumage is clearly shown. Unless Mr. Job's temper is all that his name suggests, however, he must have "said things" when he saw his photograph of the flicker clinging *head downward* to a tree-trunk, which was the result of a blunder by the person who inverted the plate in the page form.

Readers of Thoreau, who happen also to have some acquaintance with New England birds, will be prepared to find Mr. Allen's compilation, "Notes on New England Birds," a contribution to literary history, rather than to ornithological literature. The text of the book has been drawn from the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's "Journal," and from six of his formally prepared works—"A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Walden," "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "Excursions," and "Miscellanies"—and reproduces presumably all of his recorded observations of birds. Mr. Allen warns the reader that Thoreau "never became an expert ornithologist," because "he was too intent upon becoming an expert analogist," and because "it better suited his genius to trace some analogy between the soaring hawk and his own thoughts than to make a scientific study of the bird"; also because "he lacked many of the helps that to-day smooth the way for the beginner in bird study," such as good books (for he had only Wilson's and Nuttall's ornithologies), and finally because, after abandoning his gun, he used only a small spy-glass which was ill-adapted for the observation of small and swiftly moving birds—like warblers and sparrows.

Yet, taking into account all these circumstances, one cannot help feeling a bit surprised by the very clear evidence which this book furnishes, not only of the incompleteness of Thoreau's knowledge of the birds which he had ample opportunity to observe, but the inaccuracy of some of his observations as he set them down. To begin with, the index of the present volume shows that about 140 different species of birds are treated specifically or incidentally in the text. But this is rather less than half the number of species to be found in New England, while probably not less than 250 species were Thoreau's neighbors or visitors during the two years he lived on the shore of Walden Pond. Strangely enough, he seems not to have known at all such characteristic birds as the yellow-breasted chat, the crested flycatcher, the house wren, the red-breasted nuthatch, the night heron, the orchard oriole, the yellow-billed cuckoo, the pine finch, the golden plover, the black-bellied plover, the piping plover (which breeds on the New England coast), the Virginia rail, the least, and semi-palmated sandpipers, the bald-pate and blue-bill, and various other birds which many amateurs, who get into the woods or alongshore only occasionally, identify readily.

Of the incompleteness or inaccuracy of his observation, there are many illustrations. He speaks of the "white spot"—it is really a distinct *bar*—on the wing of the nighthawk, and though he mentions frequently this bird's peculiar cry, he does not remark that it is usually accompanied, while the bird is flying, by a curious flutter of the wings and a little dash upward; nor does he seem to have noticed the bird's strange habit of perching *lengthwise* along a limb or fence rail. He describes the male scarlet tanager as having black *wings* only, whereas its tail is also black. Evidently he was very familiar with the chickadee, yet he records having heard "for the first time" on March 10, 1852 (that is, in his thirty-fifth year), the bird's "phœbe note," which it sounds constantly in the spring. Of course, he must have heard this note many times before. The most curious of all his actual blunders, however, was his failure to distinguish the hermit thrush from the wood thrush, for it is clear from entries in his "Journal" that he supposed the widely different songs of these birds to be the efforts of one singer. Not only are the songs very different—the hermit's being much the more elaborate, and, to the present writer's ear, the more beautiful performance—but the birds themselves are quite as different in both appearance and habits.

These evidences of very careless observation are the more remarkable in the light of other notes in his works which bespeak keen eyesight and a knowledge of birds that is considerable. For example, he gives quite an accurate and expressive account of the great blue heron's manner of feeding, and his observation of the seven hawks he mentions is in the main correct, though he seems not to have known that the Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk, because of their industrious destruction of game birds and song birds, are not entitled to the admiration which he expresses for hawks in general. In spite of these sins of omission and commission, however, Thoreau saw much and sympathetically, and it is very well worth while to have this intelligently edited compilation of his notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Beebe's handsomely made and richly illustrated volume, "Our Search for a Wilderness," is an entertaining and substantial contribution to the literature of South American exploration. Mr. Beebe, who is curator of ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, is the author of "The Bird, Its Form and Function," a work of first-rate importance, and of other good books about birds. Though some of the chapters in the present volume are written by one of the authors alone, the work was chiefly done in collaboration. It describes three private expeditions, the first (in 1908) to the caños north of the Oronoco Delta and the country about Pitch Lake (La Brea) in Venezuela; the second (in 1909) to the interior of British Guiana, including excursions to the gold mines at Hoorie in the northwest, and on the Little Aremu, in central Guiana; and a third trip to the savanna region further south. The exploration of the Venezuelan caños was made from a little sloop of twenty-one tons, manned by an old Spanish captain, a cook, and a crew of three. In this sloop Mr. and Mrs. Beebe sailed from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to the Gulf of Paria, and thence into the swampy jungles, "The Land of a Single Tree"—the mangrove. Of this remarkable region the authors give an excellent description, not only of the avifauna, but of many other forms of animal life, and also of the great diversity of vegetable life. "Throughout all this great region," they say, "there is not a foot of solid ground. In one place we pushed a tall shoot some eight feet in height straight down through the mud, and it went out of sight. A man falling on this mud, out of reach of aid, would vanish as in quicksand. So the wild creatures of the mangroves must either swim, fly, or climb. No terrestrial beings can exist here." In the Pitch Lake country they found many interesting birds (the cassiques, palm tanagers, sulphur-breasted fly-catchers, chachalacas, yellow woodpeckers, etc., of which they got good pictures), and also much remarkable insect life, including several species of ants, and especially the extraordinary hunting ant. The description given of a foray of these ants is as vivid and instructive as Thoreau's famous account of the ant battle he witnessed. An especially interesting chapter is Mrs. Beebe's contribution, A Woman's Experience in Venezuela, wherein are mingled, in a lively and readable style, not only careful observation and good description, but the products of a very alert sense of humor. The appendices supply a classified list of the birds mentioned, a list of the native Guianan birds, and an alphabetical list of the birds described; there is also a good index.

The *Journal of Geography*, which was for-

merly edited by Prof. R. E. Dodge, will in the future be under the supervision of Ray Hughes Whitbeck of the University of Wisconsin, and will be published in Madison, Wis.

A summary and companion volume of Dr. Theal's "History of South Africa," intended to serve chiefly as a text-book, will be issued soon by Swan Sonnenschein; it will be called "The Yellow and Dark-Skinned People of Africa," and will deal, in particular, with the ethnography of South Africa.

The American Association for Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality will meet in Baltimore, November 9-11.

The death of Dr. Charles Jewett, president of the Medical Society of the State of New York, and of the Medical Society of the County of Kings, and one of the oldest and best-known practitioners in the State, occurred last Friday at his home in Brooklyn. Dr. Jewett was born in Bath, Me., in 1839; was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1864, and received his master's degree three years later. After completing the course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1871, he began to practise medicine in Brooklyn. He lectured for years at the Long Island Collegiate Hospital, and is said to have been the first American surgeon to perform symphyseotomy. He was a member of several scientific societies, a contributor to the leading medical text-books and periodicals, and the author of "Essentials of Obstetrics" and "Manual of Child-Bed Nursing."

It is reported from Revelstoke, B. C., that Dr. Charles H. Shaw, professor of biology in the University of Pennsylvania, was drowned in Kinbasket Lake on Tuesday afternoon, while conducting one of his annual trips in the Northwest in the interest of botanical research. Professor Shaw, a man not forty, was for five years professor of biology at the Medico-Chirurgical College, from which he resigned to go to the University of Pennsylvania.

Drama.

Charles Frohman is extending his operations in England beyond London, and is preparing to send a company on a tour of the provinces in "The Arcadians," and another to Australia and New Zealand in the same musical comedy. He has also completed arrangements for the introduction into France of a number of American plays, which are to be adapted by MM. de Caillavet and de Flers for the Paris stage. Among the plays will be William Gillette's "Electricity" and Augustus Thomas's "The Other Girl."

"The Piper," by Mrs. Lionel Marks, which received the prize of £300 given by Otho Stuart, was produced on July 26 at the summer festival at Stratford-on-Avon, by Mr. Benson. There was no lack of warmth in the welcome extended to the play. The theatre was packed, and the applause vigorous and sincere. When the play was over Mrs. Marks was publicly presented with the prize in a silver box, among those present being Sir Charles Wyndham. Commenting upon the play, the London *Times* said:

It was impossible to see the play without enjoying its spirit, its frequent beauties, and the poetry which (fortunately, perhaps, for the effect of a first performance) does not lie wholly in the rhythm of the blank verse and the author's diction. From the point of view of construction, "The Piper" is by no means perfect. The play is episodical. There is continuity of idea, but it is not expressed in continuity of action. Even supposing that the "book" had been treated with the most scrupulous fairness by all the players, there was not that identification of speech with action which, with a practised dramatist, keeps the action developing with every speech; and Mrs. Marks is certainly daring in her treatment of the technique of act-endings. But there was enough movement, poetry, and beauty in the play to tide over the places where the demands of the stage were neglected. Mrs. Marks's attempt to rationalize the Piper's powers, to show that, after all, the only spell is love, were not entirely successful, but wise men will remember the idea and forget the weak spots in its statement.

This year's festival by the Berlin Deutsches Theater Company in the Künstler Theater in Munich, began August 1 and will last until the end of September. Among the plays given will be the first and second parts of Goethe's "Faust," "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," and "Orestes."

A new theatre, the Imperial, built upon Occidental lines, will be opened in Tokio, Japan, in January, and, according to those who have seen the nearly completed exterior, it is likely to be on a par with any in the world. European methods are to be carried still further by Mr. Kawakam and his wife, better known to audiences as Mme. Sada Yacco, who began producing plays with women in the place of men in the female rôles. At first the innovation was bitterly opposed, but it gained favor, became known as the "Shinengeki," and has come to stay. An evidence of the changed attitude is seen in the plans for this new play-house, which is to have a special actresses' school attached to it. What is more, the students of this school are far from being waifs and strays. They are, with scarcely an exception, the daughters of prominent families, and after graduation will be allowed to play only in the Imperial Theatre. Most of these young women began their training under the supervision of Mme. Sada Yacco, and are now being taught by the celebrated actor Baiko.

Art.

ART IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, July 12.

The smaller summer shows at Berlin are mostly of impressionistic flavor. One can hardly visit an exhibition of modern German art without finding evidence of the influence of Vincent Van Gogh. In the Berlin Secession, prominence is given to a typical landscape of the peculiar Hollander. At first sight it is a most uninviting subject, merely a railway embankment and over-head crossing, but it reveals the artist's persistent attempt to endow the inanimate with bodily functions. Van Gogh would have us believe that telegraph poles live, and that sand embankments breathe. In the Berlin Extra-Secession, it is also patent that he is one of the gods of the Neo-Impressionists. Of course, we should expect to find followers for him among his own countrymen. In a small exhibition at the galleries of Paul Cassirer are some half-dozen canvases, from the hand of Von Brockhusen, that might easily be ascribed to his predecessor. In the same collection it is interesting to note the work of C. E. Uphoff, which exhibits evidence of a similar influence. It is also noteworthy that the method of vibrant-points is no longer favored, except for certain effects. A technique of much longer strokes has almost universally replaced it. The Spanish artist, Sorolla, also comes in for his share of imitation. Max Liebermann exhibits a couple of scenes of naked boys sporting in the surf; but there is something more than rivalry with the clever Spaniard in these canvases; they are very spacious. Max Slevogt shows that he has attained a certain mastery over the modern method of handling landscape, but his canvases are almost all duplicates of one another. The exhibition is concluded with a small selection of the works of Renoir, Pissaro, and Sisley. Taking advantage of this opportunity for comparisons, one would say that the artist now sees more quickly than ever before. It is the preservation of the slightest fraction of a second that he gives us. It is as if art were keeping abreast of the development of the camera and the speed of its shutter being constantly increased. MR. M.

Dr. Robert Eisler of Munich has published an elaborate work which he entitles "Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt." It is in two large volumes and contains an almost bewildering mass of learning. The central idea of the work is to trace throughout antiquity and down to the Middle Ages the symbolism of the heavens in works of art, and in all manner of designs from seal cylinders to coronation cloaks. The value of the vast body of material thus brought together is unquestioned, and there is scarcely a page which does not contain an ingenious suggestion. In fact, a general criticism to be passed upon the work is that it contains too many suggestions which impress one as ingenious rather than sound. So, to give a single example, to connect the famous *Mithra* with a doubtful Babylonian word *Mudra*, and this with the Greek *Mitra*, is to build an uncertain hypothesis upon a still more uncertain foundation. On the other hand, his explanations of many curious and hitherto obscure designs on all kinds of objects represent a real addition to our knowledge of ancient and mediæval symbolism. In his footnotes he runs over the entire scale of Greek, Roman, and Oriental literatures, and frequently passes down through the Middle Ages to quotations from English, French, Italian, and German classics. Nothing seems to have escaped his sharp eye, not even an obscure note in an out-of-the-way article in some technical journal. The book is fully illustrated, and the

collection of pictures, many of them very rare and not accessible, adds to the value of the work. A tolerably complete index enables the reader to find without much difficulty any special point that he may be looking for. It might have been well if Dr. Eisler had, in an introduction, summarized his views and the results of his researches so as to present a general survey of the subject to those who have not the time or the ability to study the entire work. (Munich: Beck.)

That he has discovered the site of the ancient shrine of the Paphian Aphrodite at Rantidi, in Cyprus, is the astonishing announcement of Dr. Max Ohnefalsch Richter, the German archæologist, made in a three-column letter to the London *Times*. The discovery, which according to Dr. Richter occurred last May, was largely the result of chance. Shepherds, living at Rantidi unearthed a number of stones bearing such curious looking characters that they thought to traffic in them. One of the stones came thus, indirectly, to the hands of Dr. Richter, who not only recognized the syllabic inscriptions, as certain others had done, but inferred at once that stones of such antiquity must have come from the neighborhood of the lost shrine. A hasty journey was then made to Rantidi by Dr. Richter and a German friend, where additional proof of a similar kind was gathered. Their argument, given at great length, is not entirely convincing.

Edward Linley Sambourne, chief cartoonist for *Punch* since 1901, died Wednesday, August 3, at the age of sixty-five. He was educated at the City of London School and at Chester College. His first drawing appeared in *Punch* in April, 1867. The books which he illustrated include: "New Sandford and Merton," 1872; "Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers," 1874; and Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," 1885.

Finance.

READJUSTING A FINANCIAL POSITION.

Up to the closing week of July, the financial community's attention was directed exclusively to the Stock Exchange. It kept its hand on the pulse of the stock market, and the question which primarily interested it was, would the decline in stocks go on, or would something stop it? Something stopped it—so far as concerned the uninterrupted downward movement—on Wednesday, July 27. People variously ascribed the halt to news that an overloaded syndicate had been saved from complete disaster; that the drought in the corn belt had been broken; that the Steel Corporation's quarterly statement showed better earnings than had been expected; that large financial interests had concluded that prices were low enough to warrant buying. But along with the sigh of relief with which Wall Street greeted the check to the prolonged liquidation, attention was now diverted to the question, what "readjustment" lay ahead in other directions than the Stock Exchange.

The bad elements in this part of the general situation, which led experienced observers to predict trouble even when Stock Exchange prices were at the top, last December, have long since become familiar. They were the country's manifest overproduction in copper and iron, the enormous overhanging mass of new securities with no market on which to place them, the pretty plain evidence that bank loans had been expanded out of reasonable proportion to reserves, the distressing cotton trade situation, and the abnormal reversal of our balance of foreign trade in merchandise, creating the first series of "import balances" witnessed in thirteen years. Looking back, anybody can see to-day how such a combination of adverse influences was bound to bring a halt in the movement of expansion, in and out of Wall Street. Now, however, after the six months' Wall Street liquidation, the question is, how far have we straightened things out again?

Some of the past week's announcements, in the industrial field, have thrown a little light on the question. Overproduction in iron has been met by a drastic cut in output. February's output was high record; in March, it was reduced 1 per cent., in April 2 per cent., in May 7 per cent., in June 2 per cent., in July 8½ per cent., total curtailment between February and July being nearly 20 per cent. The price of iron, meantime, has fallen some 12 per cent.

This is something of a readjustment, but it is partly offset by the consideration that July's output was still beyond the highest monthly product of any year except 1907 and a few months of 1906; and the fact that the trade is all but at a standstill, and that prices continue to fall off, suggests that the readjustment process may not yet be complete. As for the copper trade, the country's monthly output, which had far exceeded consumption during every month since January, and which had also been steadily increasing, was reduced in July some 9 per cent. But consumption also decreased in July, and the unwieldy stock of unsold copper actually increased, though the rate of increase was smaller than of late. Here, too, the trade movement hardly indicates that readjustment is complete.

The question of the market for new securities is hard to read. Heavy reduction in the price of stocks releases capital, and thus should indirectly help the bond market. But the relief is slow, for the reason that the first effect of such a Stock Exchange movement is to unsettle confidence and thus discourage buying of bonds as well. Of its eventual good results, there can be no doubt.

Stock Exchange liquidation has released enormous sums in New York bank loans; combined with large remittances of reserve money from the West and moderate import of gold from Europe, it has increased the surplus bank reserve, at New York city, from less than $9,000,000 at the opening of July to $52,000,000 at the end of the first week in August. This is a very large surplus; it far exceeds the figure reported at this date in any of the sixteen past years save 1908 and 1904—two other years of Stock Exchange liquidation. But against this stand the compiled returns of all the country's 7,000 national banks under the Comptroller's call of June 30, published a few days ago, which not only showed the wholly abnormal increase in loans, within a year, of $394,000,000, but also disclosed the fact that $375,000,000 of this increase occurred in the West and South, where cash reserves, in the meantime, had practically not increased at all. Apparently, this means that readjustment on the interior markets was not yet complete.

The export and import trade in merchandise will go some distance towards settling the question of our command over foreign capital. The June trade statement showed an increase in exports over 1909 and a decrease in imports, turning last year's "import excess" for the month into an export excess. But the export balance was still very much the smallest for June since 1897, and it is perhaps the most interesting problem of the hour how far our grain and cotton exports can help to expand the autumn movement. A 12,000,000-bale cotton crop, as against a 13,800,000-bale crop in 1908, and a 657,000,000-bushel wheat crop, as against a 737,000,000-bushel crop last year, were two of this week's trade estimates. The wheat showing is disappointing, and although the cotton promise is better than the past year's 11,300,000-bale yield, it is still short of what the trade could use. One would have wished for a better forecast in both quarters, when larger crops would have been so serviceable, both to home industry, railway traffic, and the export trade.

But if this review of visible conditions is not over-cheerful, it remains to say that the country has found its way out on other similar occasions of the sort, and similarly without the help of "bumper crops." There was a season of readjustment of this sort in 1903, when the wheat crop turned out 100,000,000 bushels below 1901 and the cotton crop ended the season disastrously. Yet the "export balance," which stood in July at the unusually low figure of $9,300,000 and in August at $7,500,000, rose in October and November of that year to almost the largest figures ever recorded for those months. In 1896, when the country was recovering from a similarly unpleasant industrial position, the wheat and cotton crops ran short again;

yet in September, the $6,700,000 import balance of the year before was transformed into a $34,000,000 export excess. Financial history tells us that the secret on each of those occasions was such vigorous reduction of inflated prices for the commodities of trade in general, that imports at once returned to normal proportions, while exports, despite the unpropitious harvests, rose to almost forgotten heights. These are the problems which will confront the markets during the next two or three months.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Cabot, E. L. Ethics for Children: A Guide for Teachers and Parents. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Dillingham, R. B. The Quaker Boy. Cochrane Pub. Co.
Gowanus, A. L. Characteristic Passages from the Hundred Best English Prose Writers. Crowell.
Greenough, J. A. B. A Year of Beautiful Thoughts. Crowell. $1.
Grice, J. W. National and Local Finance. London: King & Son.
Haight, T. W. Three Wisconsin Cushings: A Sketch of the Lives of Howard B., Alonzo H., and William B. Cushing. Wisconsin History Commission.
Johnson, O. The Prodigious Hickey. First published as The Eternal Boy. Baker & Taylor. $1.50.
Jones, E. F. The Story of Jesus, Told for Children. Crowell. $1.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. XVI, 1780. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Lermontoff's The Demon. Trans. from the Russian by E. Richter. London: Nutt.
Madison, J. Writings. Vol IX, 1819-1836. Putnam.
Marriott, C. "Now!" Lane Co. $1.50.
Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences. Papers and proceedings third annual meeting, December 2 and 3, 1909, held at the University of Minnesota. $2.
Moody, C. S. Backwoods Surgery and Medicine. Outing Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
Morse, L. K. Melodies of English Verse, selected and arranged. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents net.
Parson, K. A Fast Game: a Novel. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.25.
Polk, J. K. Diary. Edited and annotated by M. M. Quaife. 4 vols. Chicago: McClurg.
Richardson, N. The Lead of Honour. Boston: L. C. Page.
Roberts, G. E. T. Comrades of the Trails. Boston: L. C. Page.
Trent, W. P. Longfellow and Other Essays. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Watson, W. Sable and Purple, with Other Poems. Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Womer, P. P. A Valid Religion for the Times. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Wyche, R. T. Some Great Stories and How to Tell Them. Newson & Co.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1910.

The Week.

Senator Aldrich gave what looked like an effective reply to the charges made by Senator Bristow a month ago. In it he deals first with the nature of his own rubber company and its relation to the price both of crude rubber and of manufactures of rubber. As to the latter point, his statement is of the most absolute and sweeping character. "Neither the Intercontinental Rubber Company," he says, "nor any of its subordinate companies has ever had the slightest interest, direct or indirect, in the manufacture of any article covered by the change in rates on rubber manufactures in the paragraph alluded to, or otherwise; and neither the Intercontinental Rubber Company nor any of its subordinate companies has ever had any part in any combination, agreement, arrangement, or understanding with any company or person with reference to any manufactured product of rubber or the price of any such product." Coming specifically to the tariff aspect of the question, we need not dwell on that part of Mr. Aldrich's reply which points to the absurdity of ascribing the enormous advance in the price of crude rubber, from 70 cents in 1902 to $3 in 1910, to an addition of five per cent. made to the United States duty on it in 1909. The real point in Mr. Aldrich's statement is his explanation of how the change from 30 to 35 per cent. came to be made. This was done, it should appear, in order to make the rate in the paragraph covering manufactures of India rubber conform to that in several other paragraphs, all of which called for 35 per cent.; it being stated by Appraiser Sharretts that this difference led to constant doubt and controversy, since the goods taxed at 35 per cent. were often partly of rubber, thus leading to "the almost hopeless task of determining which of the materials was the component of chief value."

Senator Bristow's prompt rejoinder to Senator Aldrich must make the latter regret that he yielded to party pressure and went into the controversy at all. It is not that the Kansas Senator is in his reply either convincing or wholly ingenuous. On the question of the advance in the price of rubber, as affected by our tariff, he has really no answer, and is vague or evasive in the whole matter of the relations of Aldrich's crude-rubber company to manufacturers of the finished article. But for popular Western consumption, there can be no doubt that Mr. Bristow's retort will break the force of Mr. Aldrich's statement. That is to say, the Kansas Senator rings the changes on the assertion that the Aldrich corporation is, in effect, a Trust paying huge dividends. According to the facts, and Mr. Aldrich's own admission, it is a "holding company." That is enough for Bristow. He will keep on throughout the campaign denouncing the Rhode Island Senator as the head of a concern which both oppresses the people and is obnoxious to the laws. He will point out that President Taft's Attorney-General has declared the need of proceeding against and destroying the device of holding companies such as the Intercontinental Rubber Company. He will declaim day after day about Senator Aldrich's suspicious business associations with Ryan and the Guggenheims. This is not a very fair or convincing form of argument, but it will go excellently on the Western stump; and in the prolonged rough-and-tumble debate to which Bristow now challenges Aldrich, the latter is not at all fitted to engage.

We presume that many cynical smiles will be caused by the petition of railway employees asking President Taft and the Interstate Commerce Commission to permit an increase in freight rates. It will be said that this is too transparently a suggestion by the railway managers themselves. Indeed, it is virtually admitted that they prompted the movement for such petitions, which are now being extensively signed in various parts of the country. But this should not prevent fair-minded men from considering the plea on its merits. The employees say with much force that the increased cost of living compels them to ask for higher wages, and plausibly add that the only way of permanently swelling the fund out of which they are paid is to advance the charges for transportation. But they seem dimly aware that they may be accused of reasoning in a circle, for they try to get on a straight line by roundly asserting: "We know that the transportation rates have *nothing* to do with the increased cost of living." If they know that, they know more than seven men that can render a reason. And their general argument that it is the established American system to have "fair profits and good wages" for all has obvious fallacies lurking in it. If prices and wages are raised uniformly, nobody is any better off than before; while if some are getting more for their goods than they ought to have, or are receiving artificially high wages, then somebody is imposing undue burdens upon somebody else. A particular demand, like that of the railway men, may seem amply justified; yet if the thing is made universal its defence is merely the old defence of governmental and other extravagance—namely, that it "puts money in circulation."

Partial responsibility for the failure of the Weeks Appalachian reservation bill to become law is laid by the editor of *American Forestry* at the door of President Taft. The bill was passed in the House, though by a vote which showed that only the force of public sentiment compelled action. It was in the Senate that the advocates of conservation expected the smoothest sailing; and it was as a result of overconfidence that the measure was allowed to drag on till the last days of the session when the Senate, under pressure from the White House, had all it could do to put into effect other important bills. The Weeks bill is to come up for consideration in the Senate next February; and for this occasion the friends of conservation urgently call upon the President to use his influence against the pernicious activity of Senators Burton and Newlands, in whom the supporters of the bill discern their most dangerous foes. Whatever may be the truth about the Senators from Ohio and Nevada, there can be little doubt that Mr. Taft, with the weighty measures of

his programme well disposed of, will give his attention to this long-delayed piece of legislation.

It seems at first sight odd that the Negro Independence League should not be more impressed by the Ohio Republican platform. The League stands up for the rights of colored men, under the Constitutional Amendments, and the platform speaks solemnly of the purpose of the Republican party to see to it that those rights are made secure. Unfortunately, negroes have memories. They are able to recall that the Ohio platform of two years ago made the same deliverance; that something to the same effect even got into the national platform; yet that nothing has been done. It is possible, too, that negro leaders remember the moving words about the wrongs of their race which Mark Hanna used to write in Ohio platforms, along with the announcement of a firm intention to guarantee our colored citizens in all their rights under the Constitution. But when Hanna was asked the reason for such a declaration, he calmly replied that the only reason was the existence of 25,000 negro voters in Ohio. The Negro Independence League can hardly be blamed, therefore, if it waits to see if Ohio Republicans are any more sincere this year.

As the Congressional committee looking into the Indian land scandals goes on taking conflicting testimony in Oklahoma, with no end of hearsay evidence admitted, one longs for a more vigorous cross-examination of the witnesses. A model might be found in the apparently immaterial question with which an Irish lawyer once began the cross-examination of a handwriting expert. "Where's the dog?" he asked. "What dog?" returned the witness. "Why, the dog which the judge at the last assizes said he would not hang upon your evidence." A similar incredulity might well be expressed in the case of Hamon, the former Republican committeeman, and others who have testified before the committee. But while there is all this confusion and inconclusiveness, as respects various men accused, one point remains absolutely clear. It is the outrageous nature of a system which induces and even compels the Indian wards of the government to pay huge sums to claim agents for what ought to be done for them officially without charge. This is the main question to which the public ought to stick, whatever happens to the charges of personal corruption.

Chicago was in festal array last week in honor of the conclave of the Knights Templar, who, to the number of forty thousand, filled the city streets with the blare of martial trumpets and forests of ostrich plumes and acres of gold braid. The American fraternal organization still constitutes, in the eyes of the visitor from abroad, one of the great national mysteries. Here is a democracy possessed with a passion for plumed hats unprecedented in history, and here is a people, supposed to be the most intensely laborious on earth, that can spare time for an entire week of delightful and more or less childish pageantry. Our enormous popular congresses and conventions, Knights Templar, Odd Fellows, Elks, Eagles, Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers, supply unmistakable evidence of the nation's prosperity. But they really do lend color to the charge that we are by no means so busy as we pretend to be. There are nearly twelve million members of fraternal organizations in this country. Allowing for duplications, the figures still confirm our title as a nation of "joiners." In that elemental sentiment of brotherhood there is something very admirable, indeed. But in the annexed fondness of grown-up men for tinsel and drill one might find new justification for the saying that all great men are children at heart.

The action of the Burlington Railway authorities in removing Dr. Eliot's famous five feet of classics from their library cars involves no reflection either on the classics or on the Burlington Railway. Serious reading at their best, Dr. Eliot's books should never have been subjected to the railway test. The mission of the literary classic is that of an ever-present companion to whom one may turn when the proper mood arises, and not till then. The classic is read and should be read only when the desire for it arises; it should be the object in itself. It is only degrading it to make it a mere instrument for whiling away the dreariness of a long journey on the cars. To each end its proper means. To put Marcus Aurelius in the same class with big, black cigars and auction pinochle as alleviators of railway tedium is to do honor neither to Marcus Aurelius, nor to literature, nor to common sense. If literature with "snap" and "go" in it is ever in place, it certainly is on a fast express between Chicago and the Pacific Coast.

A notable career in the field of philanthropy and social endeavor terminates with the death of Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society. There is poetic justice in the fact that the last moments of this veteran of international peace should have been cheered by at least three separate impressive testimonials to the growing vigor and potency of the great cause. At Stockholm the eighteenth International Peace Congress closed its sessions the other day. London has just witnessed the twenty-sixth Conference of the International Law Association. Most impressive of all, perhaps, at The Hague an entire phalanx of distinguished counsel have been arguing with extraordinary minuteness and earnestness the case between the United States and Great Britain over the Newfoundland fisheries, admittedly the most important question that has as yet been submitted for judicial arbitrament at The Hague.

It is easy enough to sneer at the sentimentalists who would bring peace into a world of struggle, and to point out that international peace congresses are usually the prelude or the postlude to sanguinary wars. But, at bottom, it is not the advocates of the abolition of war who are the doctrinaires and dreamers, but their purely practical opponents. If there is any one thing that stands out clearly in the history of the last ten years, it is the growth of the international peace habit, with deepening of the world's yearning for peace. Sanguinary wars and timid peace congresses have brought disappointment and temporary disillusion, but it is a testimonial to the vitality of the peace idea that it should appear with undiminished vigor after every disappointment and every setback. Where ten years ago a solitary—and strangely incongruous—voice for disarmament spoke up in the Czar's palace, to-day the limitation of armaments is a subject of thought and discussion in every chancellery of Europe. It is in the permanency and universality of the interest which now

attaches to the subject of international peace that we find the clearest indication of its strength.

With the death of Miss Nightingale, the world loses not only a great spirit, but one whose contributions to modern medical science many will be tempted to rank alongside those of Pasteur and Koch and Lister. Antiseptic surgery has revolutionized practice; but Florence Nightingale founded the nursing profession, and thereby made possible the great hospital of to-day and the present rational care of the sick. For if "pre-Nightingale" conditions—so the histories of nursing describe the time previous to her activities—had prevailed, antiseptic surgery would have been deprived of half its potency. Prior to her demonstration that women must be trained for nursing as for everything else, any woman, old or young, sensible or foolish, dissolute or decent, was thought able to nurse, even though she was wholly lacking in experience. It was the Crimean war, of course, that made Miss Nightingale's revolution possible, just as it gave her the opportunity not only to demonstrate her own heroic qualities, but also to show that executive ability and the power to manage others, to organize vast enterprises, to decide momentous questions with calm resolution, are not solely attributes of the sterner sex. Indeed, in a combat in which of all human events women are supposed to have the least interest or right to appear, the "Lady-in-Chief," as Miss Nightingale was called, speedily developed a wisdom in action and a power that made the public rank her with the field marshals.

If the general public thinks of Miss Nightingale only as a war heroine, all those who have studied nursing know that the lasting benefits of her life are to be found in nursing schools and in her writings. Her "Notes on Nursing; What It Is, and What It Is Not" is still declared by historians of the nursing profession to be an "unrivalled monograph"; an "immortal classic." Certainly no nurse to-day should undertake her profession without reading this remarkable work. Besides her strictly professional writings, her summary of her Crimean experiences and her lucid paper on the "Sanitary State of the Army in India" were state documents of the highest rank. At all times her pen and her voice have been at the service of every humane cause. The English attempts to "regulate vice" have met with the severest castigation at her hands, and through her efforts and those of Josephine Butler many odious laws were repealed. An ardent woman suffragist, she never failed to urge women to enter any profession or calling that attracted them, but not because men followed that livelihood. "You want to do the thing that is good, whether it is suitable for a woman or not." Suitable for a woman nobody in military circles deemed her venture to Scutari. Thanks to it and to her own beauty of spirit and courage we have a calling for women supremely their own—and, we are tempted to write, supremely beneficent and ennobling.

France has come to be so distinctly looked upon as the classic home of stationary population that the tendency has been to overlook the only European nation that has experienced actual depopulation during the course of the nineteenth century. That nation is, of course, Ireland. In 1841, the population of that island was 8,175,124. Within ten years it had dropped to a little over 6,552,000. The succeeding decades showed no such enormous decrease, but the ratio was high enough. For the ten-year periods up to 1901 the average annual loss of population was, successively, 75,000, 38,000, 23,000, 47,000, and 34,000. With the turn of the century, a notable change came about. Figures laid before the House of Commons by Mr. Birrell just before the adjournment of the present Parliament showed that in 1902-3 the loss was about 18,000. In 1903 came the enactment of the sweeping Wyndham land purchase bills, and from that year till 1908 the annual loss was, successively, 11,000, 11,000, 3,000, 11,000, and 6,000. The year 1908-9 was a red-letter year in Irish history. In that year, there was an actual increase of 115 souls in the population of Ireland. The draining process of sixty years had been checked. There has been some difference of opinion as to the degree of success that has attended the latest phase of British land policy in Ireland. That it has been beneficial, no one has seriously denied. Even allowing for possible annual fluctuation, there can be no doubt that the outflow of population from Ireland has been stopped. And more eloquent commentary than this need not be asked for.

From Norway comes the report that this summer American tourists have flocked to that country in unprecedented numbers. Probably the new railway from Christiania to Bergen, which skirts glaciers and traverses vast snowfields, has had much to do with this. The English already swarm in these newly opened lands, but, unlike the fugitive Americans and Germans, they choose some spot which specially appeals to them and settle there for the season, thus getting a chance to become acquainted with the people as well as with the scenery. Of these people, however, if we may believe Knut Hamsun, those only are worth becoming acquainted with who have not been affected by the tourist traffic. The Norwegian peasantry used to include some of the best blood in the country, and even the ordinary peasant was more like an American farmer than like the peasant of other European countries. All this, writes Hamsun, in *Verdens Gang*, is changing. "The country," he says, "has been transformed into a ridiculous duplicate of Switzerland; we have made of it one vast hotel for foreigners; we can now pay for coffee, but we have lost our contentment, our peace of mind; we have become a nation of waiters, with hat in hand." Hamsun is also wroth because the Norwegians, unlike the Swedes and Danes, are always asking themselves: "What will these foreigners think of us?" "Let them think what they please!" he cries defiantly.

Before their war with Japan, the Russians had built several imposing structures in Port Arthur and laid the foundations for many more, including those for a stately cathedral. Those foundations have remained as they were, and the city has been left half-deserted. A great change is, however, impending. The Japanese have found a rich treasure in the Fushun mines, near Mukden, which yield over 5,000 tons of coal daily. The port of Dairen (formerly called Dalny) is too small to handle all this freight; on stormy days it is almost impossible to load or unload cargoes. It therefore occurred to the authorities that Port Arthur might be converted into a commercial harbor, and as such it was opened not long ago.

SWAPPING HORSES IN MID-STREAM

What Lincoln said it was highly unsafe to do, the Republican managers are visibly attempting. In an Associated Press dispatch from Beverly bearing all the marks of being officially inspired, we read of "the elimination of Mr. Aldrich" as now one of the settled purposes of the Administration. The "readjustment plans" are so framed, we are informed, as to "treat whatever influence Mr. Aldrich may have had with the President as a thing of the past." In the same dispatch the positive announcement is made that Secretary Ballinger is to resign about September 15. The date seems to be chosen in order that he may first receive a "vindication" from the majority of the joint committee of Congress, which is expected to make its report shortly after September 5. Mr. Ballinger will then, it is said, find it necessary to withdraw from the Cabinet to attend to his law practice. The Administration, in the further process of eliminating the already eliminated, will see to it that Mr. Cannon be definitely notified that he cannot have another term as Speaker. The first step is taken in a remark of the President's: "I have not heard that Mr. Cannon would be a candidate." Thus is the bowl of hemlock offered to "Uncle Joe"!

The really surprising thing is that this apparent purpose of the Administration to meet the insurgent Republicans rather more than half way should have been declared at this time. One would say that it should have come either much earlier or considerably later. Just now it looks very like changing generals and re-assigning troops while under a heavy fire. It necessarily makes the impression of vacillation and uncertainty, which is as bad for the morale of a party as of an army. Bismarck said that a responsible statesman had often to make a difficult choice among rival policies, and could not always be sure that he was right, but could at least be sure of this, that it was better for him to stick to his course than to hesitate and wabble.

It is upon this appearance of unsteadiness in the President's political attitude that people are fastening attention. Mr. Taft went through the session of Congress with no love for the insurgents. If he bestowed no great amount of affection upon Cannon and Aldrich and the regular organization, he at least gave them his confidence. It was by their help that he hoped to "get things done"—and, of course, he did get a great many of them done. But after the large success which he won for his legislative programme by means of the regulars, his now offering the chief of them revolvers and daggers with which to commit suicide cannot fail to seem astonishing.

In any such sudden move as the Republican leaders are now contemplating, there is always danger of being misled by mixing up political analogies with military ones. From an army point of view, it may be advisable to remove two or three division commanders even when a battle is under way. If the plans have been demonstrably wrong and the generals incompetent, a change in both cannot be too speedily made. In any event, the troops are there under orders, and can be made to fight whether facing east or west. But how completely all this breaks down in politics! A political general summarily relieved of his command may take half his men with him from the field; those who stay may begin firing at each other, instead of at the enemy, and shoot their new officers in the back—that is "knife" them at the polls. And while soldiers will loyally obey, even when ordered to charge at Cold Harbor, there is no way of making voters cast their ballots at the word of command, or being sure that they will not cast them for the other side. In a word, the military theory of a compact and well-disciplined force led by officers all of one mind, has no application to politics, where the question is of majorities, often conglomerate, and how to get them.

All this is so elementary that it is hard to believe that the friends and advisers of the Administration can be under any illusion about the immediate effect of the party "readjustments." These are, in part, a tacit confession that the party is in a mess. But if that is true with the election only ten weeks away, there is no probability that any reorganization, however drastic, undertaken at this day will help matters. More heartburnings will be created than allayed, while existing jealousies and antagonisms will be intensified. This is so patent that we are bound to infer that the hopes of the Administration are fixed upon next year and the year after, rather than the coming elections. The conception seems to be of a political realignment which, whether it will be of any avail or not in saving New York and Ohio and a Republican House, will put the party in better shape for the future—above all will bring about the support of the Administration by that gentleman at Oyster Bay, whom Wordsworth seems to have had in mind when he wrote of one

> Endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence.

CONSERVATION UNDER FIRE.

Since the Ballinger hearings there has been manifest a strong effort to discredit the policy of conservation. It has taken many forms. In some of the New York papers it shows itself in the shape chiefly of sarcastic flings and loose general assertions of the failure or the futility or the injuriousness of what has been done by the conservationists. More generally, however, there is *pro forma* admission of the principle of conservation together with complaint that it has been carried too far. The call for a conference of Western Governors, for example, which is taking place this week, is of this nature. "We of the State of Washington," says Gov. Hay, "have no quarrel with the principle of conservation, but we feel that it is high time to get down to a practical business basis in carrying out the principle." Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, who has just returned from Alaska, declares that "the demand for conservation is good enough, but it must not go so far as it does at present." Secretary Ballinger, speaking at Portland, Oregon, last Friday, tells us that "the demagogue, the fanatic, the sentimentalist, the faddist, are crusading under the banner of conservation." Senator Guggenheim, in an article in last week's *Independent*, ascribes to the conservationists the obstruction of Alaskan development through an utter failure to understand the conditions which must be met. All these attacks attribute to the conservationists a spirit of indiscriminate obstruction, an utter disregard of the needs of the present in favor of the visionary claims of a remote future.

There may be a grain of truth in these criticisms. Yet they are an extravagant exaggeration. This is emi-

nently the case in the matter of the Alaska coal lands. The critics of the conservation policy speak of the necessity of exploitation by strong corporations if the coal fields are to be developed; and they either leave the matter there, or at most go on to say that under existing law this is impossible. In either case, they place the responsibility upon conservationists. But the law which limits the taking up of coal lands in Alaska to small holdings dates from the time when the conservation policy was still to be heard of. One of the first indications of that policy was given in President Roosevelt's forcible presentation of the necessity of a change in the law so as to permit exploitation on a large scale. It was precisely for this purpose that an act was passed by Congress reserving the coal lands not already taken from the workings of the senseless and illogical 160-acre plan, the idea being to permit corporations, by laws later to be enacted, to enter these lands in an open, above-board manner; only, the people were to receive a proper share of the returns. Has any conservationist opposed such legislation? Has any anti-conservationist exerted himself to bring it about? No one would welcome it more than Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Pinchot, or any of the leaders of the conservation movement. What the other side have been interesting themselves in is not remedial legislation, but the expediting of claims more or less tainted with fraud. Development along proper lines the conservationists are eager to have; what they do not want is the old bad way of exploitation without system, without regard to the nation's permanent interests, and very often in flagrant disregard of actual law.

One thing, however, should be clearly and courageously admitted by the advocates of the conservation policy. The demands of immediate business advantage may conflict with the requirements of a firm and far-sighted national policy. Conservationists are not, of course, blind to this, and are not trying to keep national resources from being used. But the whole conservation movement rests —and we must never forget it—upon the fact that the pursuit of immediate profit has resulted in such frightful destruction, such wiping out of unique advantages and opportunities, that thinking men for decades have been agreed in regarding it as a reproach to the national intelligence and the national character. Mr. Roosevelt's merit lay not in discovering this state of things, but in powerfully urging it upon the attention of the country.

It must be constantly borne in mind that in this, as in all matters where individual or local interests are arrayed against public or national interests, the natural gravitation is toward the side on which the interest is most acute and most selfish. In favor of conservation, there can be marshalled only the forces of public opinion and unselfish public service; and these can never be expected to work with the same persistence and continuity as the rival forces. Let there be the tiniest breach in the defences, ever so slight a lapse of vigilance or determination, and the enemy will be sure immediately to make the most of it. In this matter of conservation, the first steps inevitably consisted in guarding against attack the things to be conserved; the measures necessary to be taken for the further management of them required a certain amount of time to mature. Out of this situation, the representatives of individual and local interests eagerly construct an impeachment of the whole policy as one devoid of practical sense. They must not be allowed to make this caricature of the truth pass current. It is only in the vulgar and sordid sense of immediate enrichment that the claim of practicality can be made for the old way of dealing with our mineral and forest resources; the really practical plan is that which the conservation movement aims at, and which, if courageously upheld, it will attain.

PERILS AND DUTIES OF EXECUTIVES.

The attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor has inevitably revived queries which were in everybody's mouth at the time of the murder of President McKinley. Cannot our high officials be securely guarded from such perils? Is there no way of making the penalty for crimes of this sort so fearful as to prevent them? Should not even criticism of those in responsible position be forbidden as leading to crime? To these questions the answer has to be in the negative. Despite all the precautions that can be taken—and every precaution ought to be taken continuously—it remains true that exposure to the stroke of an assassin has to be set down among the permanent risks of men prominent in public life. As King Humbert coolly said, after his first escape from attempted murder, such things are among the hazards of the trade. The Mayor himself not long ago remarked to a friend who remonstrated with him for going about unguarded, that no one but a lunatic could desire to harm him, and against lunatics it was impossible to be always protected.

The truth that there is in this should not lead us to overlook the other truth, that our chief executives ought to keep near them men skilled in the detection of criminal impulses. The fact that protection cannot be made absolute is no reason for not making it as full as possible. Secret service men are not able to make the life of a President perfectly secure, but they can greatly diminish the hazards; can, as they repeatedly do, turn away cranks and megalomaniacs and half-cracked haunters of men in high office. Moreover, the practised eye of a detective may often perceive a danger invisible to others. More than one person appears to have seen for an instant the revolver in the hand of Gallagher, but had not the instinct of a detective to leap to prevent its use. The argument is conclusive for guarding our Mayors and Governors and Presidents as closely as possible. It is, no doubt, disagreeable for them to feel that they are always under surveillance, but it is their duty to put up with it. They must not shut their eyes to the fact that, in the modern world, dim obsessions leading to crime are at work in many brains. They owe it both to themselves and the public to be on their guard, even though they are fully aware that the peril cannot be wholly removed.

In the case of Mayor Gaynor, the vengeful spirit which led to the murderous attack upon him puts sharply before us the peculiar risks of an official who seeks to render government honest and efficient. Here was an employee discharged for ample cause, brooding over his fancied wrongs, nourishing his resentments and desire for revenge until it took this horrible form. But any executive who determinedly sets about cleaning up the public service, enforcing economies, resolutely cutting out the deadwood, dismissing the incompetent and the crooked, is certain to provoke a great amount of this lurking ill-will. In pri-

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vate business we have long had instances of assault and even murder by men who have lost their jobs and thrown themselves with insensate fury upon foreman or manager. Such a thing, it is now clear, must be reckoned with in the public business also. It serves to show anew what qualities of resolution and of devotion to duty and even of heroism a conscientious executive must bring to the doing of his work. There is nothing theatrical about it; no waving of banners or marching to the imminent deadly breach; but just a stern and persistent application of sound principles to the service of the people, day by day, even though, as we now see, the rage and malice which such a course arouses in evil natures may lead to criminal acts of personal vengeance. All this gives one a more vivid idea of the possibility of heroes of peace. An executive engaged in the seemingly humdrum work of reform may really be taking his life in his hands every day, and offering it freely to his country. He does not think of this himself; it is well for him that he should not think of it; yet no one with the stuff of a man in him would hesitate to do his full official duty even if he knew that, as a result, assassins would be dogging his footsteps.

We speak of the assassinations of public officials in the United States as "political," yet strictly they are not. Even the murder of Lincoln was so only in an indirect way. The doing to death of Garfield and McKinley was not a political crime in the sense that the assassination of the Czar or of Russian chiefs of police, for example, is such. That is to say, the murderous attempts upon the lives of American executives do not argue a passionate and desperate sense of outrage, a wild fury of hatred of the political system as such. No open-minded foreign historian would ever think of pointing to the assassination of three American Presidents within fifty years as an indication of political upheaval or even of social unrest. There is implied no mad resistance to despotism, no frenzied hope of striking terror into those in power and leading them to change the whole plan of government. American crimes of this kind are correctly to be set down in the chapter of accidents. We deplore them, but we do not need to be plunged into patriotic shame by them. They are among the perils which our executives have to confront, but they do not by themselves argue something rotten in the state, and they certainly have no power to sway an honest official from his duty.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF PUBLIC MEN.

The position of private secretary to a man in public life has been longer established in England, and has meant more, than in this country. There it has been a recognized stepping-stone to political or governmental promotion. Lord Rowton would never have been the figure he was but for having served so long as Disraeli's private secretary. To mention the names of two living men, of greater eminence, who began as private secretaries to statesmen, we may remind our readers that both Lord Milner and Lord Cromer served in that capacity. It would be hard to match those three names from the list of American private secretaries. Colonel Hay could, of course, hold his own with the Englishmen, though his work for Lincoln at the White House was not the direct means by which he rose to become Ambassador and Secretary of State. From him we have to drop to Mr. Cortelyou, who has now gone into business, and to Mr. Loeb, whose future is as yet on the lap of the gods—though his friends are saying to him, as to another Macbeth, Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be——?

It is easy to see why private secretaries have not with us risen so often or so high as with the English. In the first place, political success has not here depended so much as it does in England upon training. Any man might at any moment get any office. Nominations have been made in such mysterious ways as to give point to Webster's sneer at Taylor, that if he could be named for the Presidency, no man was safe. But a stronger reason lies in the fact that private secretaryships have in the United States been so often disposed of as "plums." This method has been employed especially by Congressmen. When you penetrate into Senator Sorghum's office you will probably find that his private secretary is a son named Dolce Farniente Sorghum, while Miss Sacharissa Sorghum is assistant. Somebody else, of course, does the work, but they draw the pay. So long as nepotism or political influence governs such appointments, we cannot expect to find the average private secretary displaying the knowledge and special aptitudes which promise that he will go far.

At the same time, a growing importance is undeniably attached in this country to the work of private secretaries of men in high office. It springs inevitably out of the increasing amount of public business pressing upon their chiefs, and out of the heightened need for some one to control the way in which it shall be presented, to apportion the great man's time, and to decide who shall see him and what his engagements shall be. One night last week there was a dinner in London of the Parliamentary private secretaries. They had some good stories to tell of their profession and of their varied adventures, and one letter, said to be authentic, was read which illustrates our present point. A constituent who had written to his M. P. earnestly desiring an interview received the following from the member's private secretary:

> Dear Sir: I am desired by Mr. —— —— to say that if the matter is important he will see you at the House on Thursday next at three, but if it is *really* important, I think you had better come to me direct.
>
> Yours faithfully, —— ——, private secretary.

A private secretary whom his political superior implicitly trusts has a chance to possess great power. Not only has he to keep the latter's calendar, supervise his coming and going, sift out those who are to be admitted to his presence, while turning away the others, but he has very much to do with the form in which a great deal of routine business is laid before his chief. In other words, he comes with the details of it all arranged to his own mind, and with a decision practically made up in advance. "Here is another letter," he will say, "from Jobson about that supply-contract; I suppose I am to write him as before that you are not yet ready to award it?" It is this power of gentle insinuation that is lodged with the private secretary, this real control under the guise of deferential suggestion, which causes so many eager or despairing men to crowd into the room of the private secretary and beg him to "lay it before the old man." They go upon the unacknowledged but really weighty motto: "Let who will have the favors to dispense provided that I may be on good terms with his private secretary."

If the functions of the private secre-

tary have become more important, certainly the appreciation of him has become more warm. How deep is the indebtedness which many an executive feels for the man who has stood at his elbow, not only to give advice and carry out orders, but to save from worries! The relation is often one of great intimacy. When the fullest confidence is justified and given on either side, the result is a sort of mixed pride and dependence which brings two men as closely together as any experience in life. No wonder that private secretaries of Mayors and Governors and Presidents are sometimes thought of as a privileged class, who have to be "taken care of" when the term of public office ceases. Their employers, on such occasions, may well contend that they are but giving back something of the care that has so long been taken of them.

ON READING BOOKS THROUGH.

In the face of the unending stream of new books which pours from the press, and of the marvellously cheap editions of "standard writers" which crowd the shelves of department stores, it is difficult to believe that Americans are not a reading people. Books, like other commodities, are produced because there are customers to buy them; and while some, doubtless, are bought merely for display, on the theory that it is a good thing to have books in the house, the larger number are bought to be read.

In one respect, however, the reading habit is developing in a way which does not bode well for either culture or popular education. We refer to the apparently growing disinclination to read a book through. From the summer girl who skims the pages of the latest novel "just to get the story," to the lawyer searching for authorities, or the university student gathering material for a thesis, there seems to be a widespread impression that books, especially those of the larger or more serious sort, need not be read from cover to cover, but are quite sufficiently known when one has dipped into them for this or that bit of information, or glanced at their contents for a general notion of what the author has to say. Historians, of course, must have their introductions, novelists their descriptions of scenery, philosophers their summaries of previous systems; but it is rather old-fashioned to think of reading carefully all this stuff; and, besides, it takes time, and there are a great many other books to be examined.

There are, of course, vast numbers of books which are worthy of no more attention than this, as there are others whose main value lies simply in the facts which they chronicle. Readers, too, differ so widely in their powers and needs that no uniform rule can be applied to all. But the practice of skimming, or of using nearly all books as though they were encyclopædias or dictionaries, entails a peril both intellectual and artistic. It is almost certain to do the author an injustice; and even an author may fairly ask to be treated with respect. A really good history or biography, for example, is something much more than a collection of materials. It represents the writer's conception of a great period or a notable career, and his effort to treat it as a whole; and we may no more neglect a part of it than we may wash out certain details of a picture and still have a work of art. Similarly with books of speculation, theory, or exposition; if they are anything more than a mere recital of facts or conclusions already familiar, their statements on particular points are likely to be of limited value unless we observe how they fit into the larger treatment of the subject as a whole.

Illustrations of the neglect of which we have been speaking are readily to be found. A copy of Morley's three-volume "Life of Gladstone," picked from among the discarded duplicates of a circulating library, shows the first volume thumbed and loose-leaved, the second only moderately worn, and the third virtually as good as new. Three recent doctors of philosophy of one of our oldest universities, specialists in English history, economics, and philosophy, respectively, confessed without apparent chagrin that they had never read the whole of Green's "Short History" or Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," or Mill's "Logic"; and this notwithstanding that their theses showed bristling bibliographies in which these several works were cited. In the field of history, particularly, the use of the so-called "library method" of instruction, emphasizing the use of many books rather than the thorough study of a few, seems positively to have discouraged the reading of anything save "extracts" and "selections"; while more than one contemporary reference manual for history classes shows little beyond such scrappy and unsatisfying indications as "On this topic read Macaulay, Vol. III, pp. 195-207."

One cannot help suspecting, also, that in this perversion of the reading habit we have a partial explanation of the mediocre literary quality of much contemporary scholarly writing, and of the overwhelming preponderance of monographs and special studies. To write a learned work which shall also be readable would be, in the eyes of more than one American scholar, little short of a crime, a sort of overt act of treason to science; while to attempt a definitive treatment of a large subject is to disregard the demands of "accuracy," and bow before the altar of literary effectiveness. Moreover, to read a book through requires a distinct measure of mental concentration and intellectual repose, joined to artistic interest; qualities in contrast to the feverish concern for details and for rapid publications which has come to beset the path of learning. Yet we are confident that he who always has at hand some large and worthy book, and who sets himself patiently and cheerfully to the task of reading the whole of it, is laying a sounder foundation of culture than he who ransacks his hundred authorities for bits and scraps. For the books which, surviving the competition of time, still stand as landmarks of intellectual progress, are those which unite learning with artistic completeness and literary attractiveness; and such books are not to be mastered, or their nutriment assimilated, save by reading them as a whole.

FRENCH HISTORY.

PARIS, August 5.

"La Révolution et l'église" (Armand Colin: 320 pages—3.50 francs) and "Le Club des Cordeliers" (H. Champion: 400 pages, 8vo.—7.50 francs), both by Albert Mathiez, are important researches at first hand in the history of the French Revolution. It is not without passing significance that their author is president of the Society of "Etudes Robespierristes." An attempt has been made to set down all writers on such subjects either with Aulard, who accepts the Revolution as far as Danton, or with Taine, who rejects it altogether. M. Mathiez promises to rank with both,

but he stands with neither; he is sometimes between the two, he advances sometimes as far as Robespierre himself. Like the others, he has prejudices and that misunderstanding which is due to ignorance, not of documents, but of the ideas of other people; nevertheless he struggles for independence in his judgments. He recognizes that "the historian ought not to question the past in formulas of the present." Even in contemporary history, terms common to all have not the same meaning in different religions and parties. In this vital respect, the documentary methods of M. Mathiez are less dangerous than those of Professor Aulard. His citations are regularly full enough to enable the reader to judge for himself whether they have been rightly interpreted.

The general interest of the questions is plain, if only for the light they shed on France of our own day. No historian has been more assiduous than our author in lining up the past with the present. He treats in successive chapters the *philosophes* and the separation of Church and State; the publishing of early Revolutionary decrees by the clergy in Church; Robespierre and the de-Christianizing process; the legal status of religions and the civic cult under the first Separation; Theo-philanthropists and the Directory; private, public (and clandestine) worship; and the eve and morrow of Bonaparte's Concordat of 1802. Robespierre's fear that the anti-religious policy of the Revolution might alienate the United States, and the danger of the Genêt affair, which Paul Mantoux has just treated completely, come up by the way (pages 92, 93, 117).

M. Mathiez acknowledges that the ten years he has given to his subject "have not been sufficient for him to take complete possession of it." He is very certain that churchmen are not better qualified for the study of such religious history than those whom he calls "laïques" (he seems to mean, not "laymen" in the English sense, but un-religious and non-Catholic "neutrals," such as French free-thinkers demand for school teachers). He emphasizes the difficulty for "priests" or "ecclesiastics" to "enter into the minds of the Church's enemies or of simple *laïques*"; and he adds that "even in the Church priests are only a minority." To prove this incompetence, he begins from the fact that the priest will be "a convinced believer." This at once rules out from the writing of history concerning the Church and religion not only priests, but all sincere Catholics.

In defence of his own position, M. Mathiez adds with a show of temper: "The point of view of the faith is at bottom irreconcilable with the point of view of science. . . . Unbelievers, it appears, are incapable of comprehending ecclesiastical things and of speaking about them without hatred. The reader will say whether I merit the reproach, which makes one smile when uttered by ecclesiastics." To this use of words with a tendency like "ecclesiastic" may be added "mystic cults," "mysticism," to express "religions" and "religion"—an instance, constantly recurring among certain recent French writers, of what Professor Abbot of the City of London School classified for his students of rhetoric as "technical slang." If history is ever to approximate to truth, if the reader is ever to be free from the danger of being caught unawares by controversy where he thought to find history, it will be necessary to start from a less one-sided principle. Unbelievers and believers are regularly in equal ignorance of what others than themselves, living or dead, think and feel in actions that concern religion; and history concerns itself with actions.

In common with most French writers M. Mathiez supposes that the sovereignty of the state is absolute, that all human activity falls under political control, and that all this is compatible with "entire liberty in entire equality." Americans have constantly to examine, in reading such works, how far this can be made to square with our own fundamental principle of government limited by written constitutions, and, in particular, with our "religious liberty," for this is the traditional formula which for us takes the place of the French separation of Church and State. Roman Catholics, naturally, will deny our author's constant supposition of the state's right to impose on them a civil constitution of their clergy, as was the case during the Revolution, and a civil organization of their religion itself, as in the present Separation law. And they may rightfully reproach him with ignoring consistently that essential of living Roman Catholic faith—the unity or communion of faithful with priests, priests with bishops, bishops with Pope—which everywhere, and not in France only, hinders every political attempt to set up a nominally Roman Catholic religion separate from the Roman Catholic church. This fundamental error, with the echo of present passions too fresh to enter into impartial history, has to be corrected by the reader, who wishes to profit by the very valuable and new historical material presented in the various chapters of the book.

The considerable volume on the Club of the Cordeliers is not open to the same criticism and is of yet greater value to the general student of the time. It is composed of the writings and acts of the Cordeliers and the documents of the Champ de Mars trial, exactly reprinted, with concise explanations and notes by M. Mathiez:

> The Cordeliers played the chief part in the events which occurred from Louis the Sixteenth's flight to Varennes until the massacre of the Champ de Mars. They really took the direction of the democratic movement; and it was no fault of theirs that the monarchy was not overthrown in the month of June, 1791, at a time when France was still at peace at home and abroad. To study the democratic and republican agitation after the flight to Varennes, the best outlook would seem to be from the Club of Cordeliers. From this central point, the deeds of the personages and the motives of their actions must appear more distinctly than from any other.

Among the personages, Lafayette intervenes significantly; if not the "icy pedant" of Carlyle, he had certainly meddlesome, schoolmasterly ways, which showed no understanding of what was happening around him. The book has a good index.

"Le Comte d'Artois et l'expédition de l'Ile d'Yeu" (H. Champion: 165 pages—2 francs) is a little book of "errors in history" about the future Charles the Tenth. It is the rehabilitation, perhaps exact, of one who neither then nor later when king showed himself able to recover a cause lost beforehand. This episode is at most another indictment of the "politique égoïste" charged against England by atavistic Royalists. "La Conversion et la mort de M. de Talleyrand" is an account of this once disputed event by one of the five witnesses, the historian Baron de Barante. It is now brought out by his grandson on the occasion of the recent decisive publication of a contemporary letter of Talleyrand's niece, the Duchess de Dino, to the Abbé Dupanloup, who received the death-bed retraction. The enigma was not really so great as it seemed, for others swept away by the Revolution retained their early faith in the bottom of their hearts. Its importance in history comes only from the light shed on a generation hard to understand amid Revolution and counter-Revolution.

"Nos Libertés politiques" (A. Colin: 470 pages—5 francs), by Maurice Caudel, professor at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, is not a history; but it treats historically questions which are fundamental in French history and which English readers have to know, if they are to understand the revolutionary changes going on among Latin countries. M. Caudel begins with the fact that the problem of political liberties, which, in England and America, has been met, has not yet been solved in France; and he explains why, in France, the difficulty is so great. The idea of the state under the Old Régime, its strength and weakness; the first effort to change with the Rights of Man in 1789; confidence in legislative bodies; the results in the succeeding Revolutionary crisis; the second effort, and weakness of liberties from 1815 to 1870; the reconstruction, in the constitution of the republic in 1875, and the persistence of arbitrary government by the legislative

body, with the citizen's weakness, are all duly studied.

"Révolutions de la Perse" (A. Colin; 368 pages—4 francs), by Victor Bérard, is perhaps the completest exposition yet made of new Persia in geographic space and in succession of time. It begins, summarily, with the witnesses and facts of the late revolutions. Next, it situates at length this new Persia which is "neither a state nor a nation" nor even a "monarchical federation," but rather "a royal herd of wandering peoples with a few isles of sedentary population." To the empire of the Turk Kadjar dynasty, whose power revolution is so violently limiting, 325 pages are given. The story of the revolution reaches to May of this year. There is a good map from Vidal-Lablache, but the table of contents is not full enough for a work of so much value for reference. M. Bérard has long been an authority on the political bearing of Mohammedan states. For him Persia has become a centre of the world's politics. Unless Russia and England keep on uniting their interests in Central Asia by respecting the territorial integrity of Persia and the Shah's authority, the balance of power in Europe itself will be overthrown. He believes that England is heedful; he is not so sure of Russia; and he finds for Persia, as was certainly the case with Turkey, a safeguard against the German advance.

"La Crise anglaise" (A. Colin; 287 pages—3.50 francs), by Philippe Millet, has more importance than the intelligent and entertaining account of an English electoral campaign, which the author followed day by day, in London and in country constituencies, as correspondent of the Paris *Temps*. He is competently equipped for the practical studies he presents of the Constitutional reform which is now uppermost; of the financial problem which is too often neglected; of the land question; and of free trade and tariff reform—"religions," as he terms them—with their bearing on France and incidentally on the United States.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* Col. W. F. Prideaux tells of his discovery of an undescribed small octavo edition of "The Deserted Village" of Oliver Goldsmith, having the imprint "London: Printed for J. Barker, Russell Court, Drury Lane."

There seems to be no limit to the number of contemporary editions of this famous poem. On the 26th of May, 1770, the first edition was published, a quarto printed in large type, with imprint "London: Printed for W. Griffin, at Garrick's Head, in Catherine-street, Strand, M DCC LXX.," and with an engraving by Isaac Taylor, showing the watercress woman telling her sorrowful story to the pilgrim leaning on his staff. Of this first edition copies also were printed on thick paper, of which there was one in the Rowfant collection. Before the end of the year 1770, five other quarto editions, called on the half-title, "Second Edition," "Third Edition," etc., to "Sixth Edition," were published.

There also appeared three small octavo editions, all having the identical imprint and date of the first quarto, but differing in minor typographical particulars. These three editions are without the vignette on the title-page, having only a small built-up printers' ornament.

Considerable stress has been laid upon the fact that in one of these three little octavo editions the word "hand" is misprinted "head" in line 37:

"Amidst thy bowers the tyrants head is seen,"

and it has been claimed that these octavos antedated the editions in quarto. In a rather exhaustive comparison of nine 1770 editions printed in *The Bookman* for February, 1901, the present writer took that position. He wishes now, publicly, to express his present belief that the first quarto was the actual first edition, and that, while the small octavo editions are extremely interesting bibliographically, they have, none of them, any actual first edition value.

Now comes Col. Prideaux with another small octavo edition, undated, with an entirely different imprint, and with a badly executed vignette "Mutlow & Woodman, sculpt." on title, which, as it is reversed, is undoubtedly a copy. Further, his specimen has also the misprint "head" for "hand" in line 37. Goldsmith himself altered several words in the second quarto edition, and these changes were followed in all later editions. As the small octavos with Griffin's imprint, as well as the new one bearing Barker's name, all followed the text of the first quarto, we may be certain that they (or the first of them, at least) were printed from a copy of that edition. Professor Masson says that during that latter half of 1770 "the lovely village of Auburn was in all men's fancies" and that "passages of the poem were in every mouth." It seems most probable, therefore, that the many editions illustrate the demand for the book, and their scarcity is due to the slight character of the little pamphlets and to the fact that they were so much read.

That we have not yet reached the end of our reckoning of editions is shown by the fact that in a catalogue of James Tregaskis, a London bookseller, just issued, there is offered another undated edition described as a small octavo and with the imprint "London: Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country." The catalogue does not give definite particulars but has this note: "The excessively rare pirated edition made instantly on the success of the first issue of the poem, and following all the points of the first issue, which were altered in the later issues."

The poem was at once reprinted in Dublin by J. Exshaw, and Anderson in his bibliography of Goldsmith gives a "second edition" Dublin, 1770. This is the only small octavo edition given by him, for 1770, though we now know that not less than seven such editions were printed.

A facsimile reprint, from types, not photographic, of John Gutenberg's forty-two line Bible, printed in Mainz between 1450 and 1453 is in preparation by the Insel Verlag. Leipzig. It is to be a copy with reproductions of the miniatures and illuminations of the example, printed on vellum, in the Berlin Royal Library. A supplementary volume, by Dr. P. Schwenke, director in chief of the Berlin Library, will accompany the facsimile. It will contain reproductions of existing fragments of earlier printing by Gutenberg, which show, as far as can be done, the earlier stages of the art. It will also contain a detailed description of existing copies and a facsimile of the original binding. Three hundred copies are to be printed on paper, price £35 sewed, or £42 10s. bound, and a few copies, not more than twenty, on vellum, price, unbound £150.

"A Bibliography of American Books relating to Prints and the Art and History of Engraving," prepared by Howard C. Levis, has just been printed at the Chiswick Press in an edition limited to 150 copies. Mr. Levis says that the list was originally prepared at the request of M. Gustave Bourcard of Paris, for inclusion in his great work "Graveurs et Gravures, France et Etranger" (Paris, 1910). As here printed it is likely to prove useful. Collations are given for many important titles, and cross-references are frequent. The frontispiece is a portrait of Washington printed from an original block engraved by Alexander Anderson.

Correspondence.

THE NEED OF A NEW HUMANISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The July number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains three essays on education which might well be read and pondered by every teacher in the country. I refer to Mr. Brooks Adams's "A Problem in Civilization," Prof. E. A. Sisson's "An Educational Emergency," and Mr. John Jay Chapman's "Learning." Though evidently written in entire independence of each other, these essays fit together almost as if their authors had collaborated. Mr. Adams is concerned with the lack of training in the power to discriminate and correlate which he finds in our schools. This power, he points out, is becoming absolutely essential, not only to the development, but to the very life of our civilization. Professor Sisson's criticism is based on the lack of training for character. He remarks that we are the only civilized nation in the world which provides no definite moral education for its school-children, and compares with our negligence in this respect the elaborate system of moral instruction provided by France, a country where, as here, religious instruction in the public schools is out of the question. It is evident that these essays deal with different phases of the same problem. The lack of training for power to discriminate and correlate involves and includes the lack of training for character. Training for character necessarily means training in discrimination and correlation. It is thus on the human, rather than on the purely intellectual, side that both these writers attack our educational system.

The third essay, Mr. Chapman's "Learning," cuts deeper than either of the others, inasmuch as it indicates more clearly the real cause of these weaknesses. Mr. Chapman is concerned particularly with another weak point in our schools and colleges—the lack of idealistic and imaginative train-

ing. This also is a fault on the human side; and in pointing out the cause of it, Mr. Chapman puts his finger on at least one cause of the other weaknesses, as well. In a word, the cause is the neglect of the human element in our training. The people are demanding from the schools and universities, and the schools and universities are encouraging them to demand, what has been called "training for efficiency"—a term which, in practice, means training for money-making and worldly success. It means, at least, the subordination of everything else to this one thing. It has meant the crowding out of the old humanistic study of the classics, which resulted in no immediate cash values, and the substitution for it of various courses of study which do result in such values. But for the discipline of imagination and character, which the old study of the classics gave, the new education offers no substitute. I say advisedly the *old* study of the classics; for the new "scientific" study of the classics is as far from humanistic as the study of the parasites of insects is.

I do not mean to assert that the neglect of Latin and Greek is in itself the cause of those grave failures in our system which the *Atlantic* essayists point out; I do believe that our overemphasis on the scientific and practical side of education, and the resulting neglect of the human side, is directly and primarily responsible for these failures. Of this neglect, the passing of Greek and Latin and the "scientific" method of studying literature are only striking symptoms.

A true humanism has for its aims the study and the development of character; the cultivation of the powers of discrimination and correlation; the training of the imagination, and the strengthening of the spiritual vision. One method of approaching these ends must necessarily be the study of history and literature from the human, not from the scientific, point of view. Perhaps another will be the inauguration of some such scheme of moral instruction as Professor Sisson desiderates. The present state of affairs is well summarized by him in a single sentence:

> It almost seems that we live to-day on a sort of second level of barbarism; for just as the barbarian lives in bondage to the material world of nature, so we tend to fall into the bondage of the material things of our own creation.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

La Jolla, Cal., July 29.

DRAVIDIANS AND CAUCASIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The fact that I have maintained that the Dravidians are Caucasians, in my "History of Caste in India," has been noticed and criticised in the *Nation* for July 28. Reference to this statement unaccompanied by the general criticism of the science of ethnology in my book is likely to cause some misunderstanding. By that statement I did not mean that the Dravidians are descended from the supposed Caucasian stock. I consider that the present physical similiarity and dissimilarity are a distinct question from the question of descent. I have held that the Dravidians are Caucasians only in the sense of similarity, not of descent. I may also add that the appearance of the anthropologic data published by the government of Madras (in Thurston's "Castes and Tribes of Southern India," Madras, 1909), which reached America after my book was published, would compel me to reconsider my statement. SHRIDHAR V. KETKAR.

Cornell University, August 6.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent discussion in the *Nation* on the pronunciation of Latin might well have brought up a wider review of a serious situation. As for the primary question, any of several reasons make a return to "the English method" unthinkable.

There *is* no "method" in our chaotic English spelling. Practically all other languages give to the vowels, a, e, i, the sounds heard in la, re, mi, while in English the commonest sounds, and even the very names, of these letters are utterly eccentric. The first step, in beginning any foreign language, with English-speaking pupils, is to get the names and sounds of the vowels right. I am inclined to advocate, first of all, several weeks' study of the Italian element in English, largely musical terms rightly pronounced. But Latin, above all, the accepted gateway to Greek and Oriental languages on the one hand, to Romance on the other, must be rationally treated from the first day. American pupils, generally, never grasp the fundamental idea of an alphabet; a sign for each sound, a sound for each sign; and they are wretched linguists.

Within three or four decades a radical reform has been measurably accomplished. A generation has arisen accustomed, if not reconciled, to rightly spoken Latin. Another somersault, a backward one at that, might be suicidal.

The word is deliberately chosen. There is real hostility, a serious attack is in prospect, against the position of Latin in the secondary schools. The Hellenist, whose cause is lost there, begs his Roman brethren to take warning betimes. Greek, in the popular regard, is sinking toward the position of Hebrew; it has already met Spanish on the rise. An examiner remarked the other day that not one youth out of ten who are looking to Yale now includes Greek among his preparatory studies. And yet, until this year, it has enjoyed a substantial handicap there. Such exceptional advantages it will not long retain anywhere. In the women's colleges few have ever entered on Greek, and a waning minority even elect it. Most liberal colleges already offer beginners' courses, which are by no means popular. Soon in very few schools will there be even such a survival, for the sake of the future theological student or others. Certainly the "dead" languages can not recover the seven out of sixteen unit-courses which they used to hold in the ordinary four-year preparation for college. Hellenism may yet regain its full honor as the true source of liberal culture, of literary form, and of the plastic arts. The fight for the intellectual life itself is not to be given up. But in the schools Greek foresees no revival.

Latinists should already be alert on the defensive. On the extreme hostile left, President Schurman is reported as denying the need or especial value of *any* language save the vernacular! There are said to be instructors in English, teaching undergraduates of at least one great Eastern university, who themselves never studied either Greek or Latin. I believe an American innocent of classicism cannot know aright his own vocabulary, nor the nature of language itself, nor fairly realize that intimate dependence of the present on the remote past which is, perhaps, the chief lesson of philosophy. Whatever comfort be distilled from statistics by such incurable optimists as Dean West, it is to be hoped Latinists will awake to the peril, will unite—the last thing scholars learn to do—and make practical effort to keep alive this great taproot of all serious historical, legal, and of course linguistic study. To this end the good will of the general public, and even of the schoolboy, must be fairly won and held.

Poor as is the wage, slight the social or political influence, humiliating even the tenure, of the average college professor, yet it would be easy to name a dozen well-known Latin specialists who are securely settled in honorable chairs, with decent salaries, and some leisure for service to the general cause. What is their output?

First, probably, a new or revised elementary grammar, very likely an accompanying primer, striving to blaze an ever more direct path to the delights of Cæsar. This to dominate, and exploit, the fitting schools, of whose denizens the learned professor may know more or less.

Meantime, the gateway into college—that is, theirs, the classical gate—has long been defended, not to say, barred, by three mighty *aggeres* that must first be wearily climbed; three large masses of Latin, originally intended for adults, two of which, even in the clearest English versions, are all but wholly uninteresting, the third largely incomprehensible, to average schoolchildren of this century. There is moderate cause for gratitude in the "options" just devised; save one. Some schoolmasters remembered that there was one Latin author who would make even Orgetorix and Ariovistus seem human by comparison; now Sallust is restored to them. If any piece of prose be more dismally unfit to rouse an echo of interest, in an unspoiled youthful reader, than is his "Catiline," it has not swum into our ken.

But in Aulus Gellius, Seneca, Pliny, Apuleius, yes, in Livy and Cicero alone, are materials which, simplified, or even wholly recast, might be moulded into reading-books truly progressive, interesting, and valuable. The creation of such a book or books should unite the best energies of all the best Latinists; it should not be controlled by any mercenary or commercial consideration. Schoolmen cannot take the initiative, because, even in the intercollegiate examinations, the colleges have a preponderant power.

Again, the classical scholar often insists that his specialty is most helpful, all but essential, to the best English style. What books, what essays, do our most fortunate brethren put forth, to illustrate by example the results of this beneficent influence? As an assistant on the big Warner "Library," the present writer had often to turn as he might the genially satirical edge of Charles Dudley Warner's favorite remark, to the effect that the typical professor has so "buried himself in books that he can bring

forth nothing interesting or intelligible to the reading public." But is not Mr. Warner (and Cicero) at least half-right? Must not the tree be judged largely by its ripe and edible figs or the lack of them? One Latin masterpieee has been served up, in recent years, as a special tribute to Amerlean taste: Petronius's "Trimalchio"! Oecasionally a graceful essayist revisits the Sabine farm. It suffieeth not.

There is, however, still a third possible audience. I do not reeall meeting a single busy professional or commercial American, not a teacher, who really "kept up" his Greek. With Latin it certainly need not be so. Nearly every college man has a pleasant reeollection of Horace if not of Virgil. The voeabulary is so upheld by English derivatives that it is mostly retained in the memory. Every large-minded pleader or orator can draw real benefit from Cicero's "Pro Murena," the "Pro Cluentio," and particularly the "Philippics," against Antony. Every clerie may seek inspiration from Augustine if not from Seneca; Tacitus, again, as a master of style can teach eaustic force, pictorial vividness, and brevity, to the cleverest modern essayist. All these can be made sufficiently easy, or can at any rate be made to yield large instruction, for men of middle or riper age, once fairly imbued with Latin; but only in one way. They all require translations, at once truthful and readable, preferably on parallel pages of large-print library editions.

But if the competent comfortably-settled specialist be seornfully indifferent to all save elementary text-books on the one hand, and pursuit of reeondite special problems of dialectology, syntax, etc., on the other—verily he shall dree his ain weird. But those that come after may suffer.

Wm. C. Lawton.

Scranton, Pa., August 1.

Literature.

OUTLOOK OF THE YOUNG TURK.

The Fall of Abdul-Hamid. By Francis McCullagh. With a preface by His Excellency Mahmud Shefket Pasha. With 10 Illustrations and a map. London: Methuen & Co.

Nothing probably, among all the new experiences with which the student of the East must deal when he actually comes face to face with his subject, is so perturbing as the close semblance of an organized conspiracy of misinformation of which he, sooner or later, becomes conscious. For a time—it may be long or short—he asks, is told, and is satisfied; but there is a day when he realizes that ninety per cent. of that copious and confident information cannot possibly be what it pretends. In very many cases he can reach no conception why his informants are so full of misinformation: they can have no interest in so misleading him. But gradually he learns that Orientals, with a large proportion of Europeans and Americans who have lived long in the East, have, on one side, no feeling for agreement with fact, and, on another, have as great an abhorrence as nature of a vacuum. Before emptiness of knowledge they are like children and grasp at anything with which to fill out the void. Of course, if they really know and have no interest in substituting something else for what they know, they will give facts. But when they have no facts, they will certainly give something else. And in so doing, be it remembered, they have first deceived themselves. This may seem like a railing accusation, and there are certainly exceptions, but those who know the East know this, too, to their sorrow.

In consequence of this it is of primary importance in the East to reach the men who know and to pay no attention to any one else. And no one really knows who is not actually on the spot, in contact with the occurrence. Another link in the chain brings such uncertainty that the prudent observer will avoid all such evidence. Now, Mr. McCullagh's book, compared with others dealing with the second Turkish revolution, has this peculiar value, that its writer fell most luckily into the very centre of events and into contact with the people who were making that decisive bit of history. From the middle of the picture he tells of occurrences at which even so privileged an onlooker as Sir William Ramsay—see his "Revolution in Constantinople and Turkey"—could only guess. With this of necessity went a certain disadvantage. During the days of panic and apparent chaos from the mutiny of April 13 on, only two parties in Constantinople can have seen clearly the trend of events. The promoters of the mutiny are dead, exiled, vanished, and from them no sound has come or will come, while those leaders of the Young Turks who saw their way through and finally brought their country out, can hardly be expected to give a perfectly unbiassed report. Yet we must follow them or nothing, and there can hardly be any doubt that their statement of the case will be very close to the final finding of history. And there can be still less doubt that Shefket Pasha's word on his own actions—and he is one of Mr. McCullagh's chief authorities, quoted immediately some ten times—can be accepted implicitly.

So taking the book as a frank statement from the Young Turk point of view, it is one of quite extraordinary interest and value. Beginning with the opening of Parliament in December, 1908, it traces the resultant situation and its elements—the Committee, Abd al-Hamid himself, the *Ahrar* or "Liberals," the Mohammedan League, the personality of Kiamil Pasha, the returned exiles from Europe and how they behaved, the private soldier and how he took it all—through the general disillusionment to the mutiny. Then the rising of Macedonia, the gathering of troops and the march on the city, its capture and the fall of Abd al-Hamid. In one thing only was Mr. McCullagh unhappy. He does not seem to have been in Turkey at the first revolution, and did not know the great outburst of relief, joy, and brotherhood—that first fine careless rapture—which was so soon obscured. The present reviewer was in Damascus when the revolution broke out, and it was his great good fortune to travel from Beirut to Constantinople with a shipload of returning exiles. The scenes on that boat and thereafter in Constantinople itself were not of a kind ever to be forgotten. To see aged Turkish generals kiss each other with tears on their wrinkled faces, or a Greek priest in full canonicals being led round S. Sophia by a turbaned Muslim verger, and to hear that verger with joyful countenance proclaim, "We are all brothers now; there is no difference"; to march through the streets of Constantinople in a mixed procession of Muslims and Armenians, after a memorial service in the Armenian cathedral for all the Muslims dead under the tyranny; to hear that Greek and Bulgarian bishops in storm-rent Macedonia had embraced with an emotion which, for the time, was evidently real and that the Macedonian question was solved; to know all these things—even though Yildiz lay glittering and silent on the slope above the city, and all were well assured that behind those walls was hidden guile enough to disrupt the fairest fellowship and that the city itself and the country were full of material on which the great Sultan could work—was enough to give the lie for a time to our growing doubts of democracy and to turn us again to the old ringing line, "Freedom makes men to have liking."

But it is with the period of growing discouragement, uncertainty, and fears that this book begins. The brilliant opening of the Parliament is described, but the atmosphere then had promise of storm. The sordid intrigues of the different communities had begun, and the unity of the Ottoman Empire no longer seemed so easy. And the opposition which had developed was not healthy. The non-Muslim elements of the population were not honestly taking up their part of the burden and learning to live and let live, sunk in the people as a whole. But, clinging tenaciously to that community-existence in which the Turks so long had separated them and ruled them, they were even, with now almost incredible blindness, looking back to the rule of the Sultan as better than that of the committee which would make them Ottoman citizens—Turks as they would say—and while it gave them rights would also impose duties. The debates over the school-law, over language and over army-service all brought out this irresponsibility; and a mush-

room press, especially in its Greek forms, added conscienceless venom to the strife. On the Muslim side, too, doubt had entered. It was one thing to be relieved of the terror of the Sultan—and that had weighed with more persistent pressure on Muslims than on Christians—but it was another thing for the foundations of Islam to be shaken. And there is no question that for a time things moved too fast for prudence. Women threw back their veils and even had a club-house; a school was started for the education of girls; the Young Turk officers and leaders were notoriously irreligious—on the voyage to Constantinople, the present reviewer saw only one man saying his prayers. In the army, there were special difficulties. Officers raised from the ranks by Abd al-Hamid, and always his especial tools, were steadily retired. The army had to drill as it had never drilled before. When prayer-time came in the midst of duty, prayers had to be neglected. To become immersed in prayer has always been a way in Islam of avoiding unpleasing tasks. The attempt was even made to keep the hodjas out of the barracks, and the soldiers were warned that they should pay attention to none save their officers and Allah. Exactly what and how great a part—it may here be thrown in—the clergy of Islam, to use a convenient term, played in the great reaction, is very obscure. Multitudes of the inferior ranks were undoubtedly used by the fomenters of the mutiny, but many of the higher clergy worked with the committee. In S. Sophia itself, a series of sermons was preached to prove that parliamentary government was not inconsistent with Islam, and the Shaikh al-Islam made no difficulty about issuing the *fetva* of deposition. But that the Ulama took no steps against the mutineers, even seemed to join them and certainly advised yielding to their demands, was only to be expected. Islam has always admitted the sacred right of insurrection and even lays it as a duty on the individual to deal personally and immediately with any infraction of the divine law. In Turkey this has often taken the form of *émeutes* by the army, and the official Ulama, in Turkey and elsewhere, have always shown themselves ready to accept the *de facto* governments which have thence resulted. A final source of instability lay in the thousands of spies and unnecessary government employees who were thrown out of occupation by the revolution.

Out of all these and from the necessity of some form of parliamentary opposition sprang the so-called *Ahrar*, or Liberals, and the Mohammedan Association. The first was a miscellaneous crowd of critics of the methods of the committee, fairly honest but without essential coherence or definite ideas except an inclination towards decentralized government. The second was simply a palace conspiracy. Both, first or last, were the well-used tools of Abd al-Hamid. And so, probably, not even the *Times* ever made such a mistake as when it backed the Liberals with all its influence, while the English support of Kiamil Pasha was a good example of English obtuseness in foreign policy.

Of all this perplexed situation Mr. McCullagh gives an excellent and clear account. His sources were authoritative and he used them discreetly. Again and again he cites information given directly not only by Shefket Pasha and other Young Turk leaders, but also by Kiamil, Mukhtar, and Hilmi Pashas. In this way, from the very words of the latter, their demoralization and collapse when the conspiracy broke out are vividly contrasted with the swift decision of the march of the avenging army. Plainly, a dictatorship was needed and an amply adequate dictator was there. Perhaps the most striking of these bits of decisive information is Shefket Pasha's contradiction of the tale that his entry into the city was hastened by any information as to an impending general massacre (p. 50). He did learn on the morning of April 23—and only so far is that tale true—that the First and Second Army Divisions would not take the oath of allegiance, and he therefore hastened to anticipate their further action (p. 212). With this should be contrasted, and the contrast will be found luminous for "facts" in the East, the apparently perfectly authenticated story told by Sir William Ramsay, on pp. 83, 162, and 183 of his book cited above. Of course, not everything that the Young Turk leaders say is to be accepted implicitly, but it is significant that virtually all their positions and statements have been gradually confirmed by the development of events. It has become plain that the choice from the first lay between the Committee and the old Absolutism. And now again, as at first, they are face to face with the same problem. Can they keep the Parliament going through the motions of a constitutional government and also preserve public order for twenty years while an educated generation is growing up? That means a system of schools and a system of gendarmerie like the Canadian Mounted Police, and both are being worked out. But, further, can they hold the army for twenty years? For that is the kernel of their problem, as it was the kernel of Cromwell's. In fact—but *absit omen!*—the analogy between the position of the Committee and that of Cromwell when he was trying to rule through a Parliament is of the closest.

On the closing scenes down to the final passing of Abd al-Hamid to Salonica and his imprisonment there, Mr. McCullagh is vivid, and apparently, to judge by his sources, trustworthy. The account of the military operations is derived from *Streffleurs Militärische Zeitschrift*, picked out with color from his own experiences. He is no Orientalist of the schools, but a journalist of experience, common-sense, and conspicuous good luck. In gratitude for a valuable and entertaining book, we need not lay against him that he regards Beirut, the Lebanons, and Damascus as belonging to Arabia. The illustrations are negligible, but the map of the investment of Constantinople is clear and useful.

CURRENT FICTION.

Whirlpools. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The popularity of "Quo Vadis" with the English-reading public was due largely to the fact that it interpreted with a certain Slavonic intensity, but without strangeness, a theme of common interest to all Christendom. The subject was worthy of the great canvas employed. There was a vigor about the whole performance which distinguished it absolutely from the machine-made historical romances upon which we had even then been over-fed. One of the most shadowy periods of human history was made to live; if the light thrown upon it was somewhat garish in places, that was a fault of which we did not incline to make too much.

"Whirlpools" has little of that largeness of effect, unless to the novelist's compatriots. As an interpretation of the modern Polish life and character, both individual and national, it lacks to the alien eye both force and definition. The dominant mood is elegiac, plaintive even. One finds the whole matter in a nutshell in the final chapter, a sort of epilogue in the form of a soliloquy by one of the characters:

> Whirlpools? Whirlpools!—and of sand! Sand is burning the whole of Poland and transforming her into a wilderness, on which jackals live. If this is so, it would be better to put a bullet in the head. We are lost past all help? That is untrue. . . . If it is so that we prefer to suffer than renounce Her, then where are the jackals and where is Her destruction? So She lives in every one of us, and in all of us together, and will survive all the whirlpools in the world. And we will set our teeth and will continue to suffer for Thee, Mother, and we—and if God so wills it and our children and grandchildren—will not renounce neither Thee nor hope.

This extract displays the clumsiness and even illiteracy to which the translation frequently declines—a quite unnecessary obstacle between author and reader. It is a pity that the publishers, who have issued translations of Sienkiewicz's former novels, should not have taken more pains with their choice of translator in this instance.

Apart from its national character, as a study of Polish society and politics,

the story has the familiar Slavic characteristics. Sienkiewicz, like the Russian novelists, has to deal with human types very unlike our own. To the Anglo-American mind there is a touch of the uncomfortable, the mawkish, the nightmarish, in the mental and emotional processes of the Slav. His talk and action seem to us tinged with a meaningless excitement which barely falls short of hysteria. We are tempted to turn our eyes away from the extravagance of his gestures, to stop our ears against the shrillness of his voice. He is so odd, so childish, so different from ourselves in the thing we value most, manner, that we easily overlook the fact of the deeper bond between us. "Whirlpools" has to do, after all, with the same problems of human nature that our own novelists are perennially busy with. The plot has a certain novelty. A young Polish gentleman has in his student days seduced a peasant girl. She disappears from the neighborhood, and he forgets her. She is a good girl, is adopted and educated by an English family, and returns to Poland a beautiful and accomplished lady. She has always really loved her seducer. He now falls in love with her as an English maiden, and when he offers himself she tells him frankly who she is. You perceive the plight of the easy sentimentalist, his revulsion, his condescension, his eventual intolerability. He kills her pure love for him, and she wisely casts him off before marriage has set a seal upon their common misery. In her character, in that of the little violinist Marynia, and in that of Dr. Szremski, lie sufficient excuse, from the Western point of view, for an otherwise not agreeable or easily intelligible story.

Ailsa Paige. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

> The butler made an instinctive movement to detain him, but he flung him aside and entered the drawing-room. . . . Light from great crystal chandeliers dazzled him for a moment; the butler. . . .

In this familiar strain begins the latest romance of a writer whom we have been wont to hail as the most popular among that always popular class, the chroniclers of the pseudo-fashionable. One phrase of his, read long ago, the present commentator has never forgotten; it has stuck in his memory as a sort of haunting refrain, expressive of a whole department of current fiction:

> The luncheon was very informal: there were only three footmen.

In short, the novels of Mr. Chambers have seemed qualified to afford to a certain constituency precisely the same thrill, the same glow of momentary contact, if but in fancy, with exclusiveness and luxury, with butlers and diamonds and motor-cars and costly wear—which is less adequately supplied by the Society Column. Consequently it is a surprise, and, to the reader who disdains vicarious Sybaritism, an exhilaration, to find the butler and his analogues quickly and permanently abandoning the foreground in the present story. He is, after all, an ante-bellum butler, who never dreamed of luxury as we understand it now.

Mr. Chambers must have credit, in this instance, for a serious piece of work. Only the passing generation which in one sense or another assisted at the great conflict of the sixties can judge how far he has caught the spirit of the time. One common and perilous element of the civil war romance he has deliberately, and, we think, wisely omitted. No great historical personage stalks or pratties through his pages, no Gettysburg or Chancellorsville is detailed as minute fact. On the other hand, there is much description of fighting, and some portions of the narrative seem more liberally blood-smeared than necessary. But it is right that the brutal and tawdry aspects of war should be presented as well as the heroic and romantic aspects, and the lay reader gets an impression of fairness of balance in these strange elements. The "love interest" in the story concerns chiefly a Northern pair, a sweet young widow and a reckless man about New York town. He has a tragic and mysterious, and, to tell the truth, foolish reason for fancying he cannot marry her. He is, in fact, the true ladies' hero, dark and domineering and armed with a secret sorrow. The pair have their troubles, but there is nothing in them for the experienced novel-reader to distress herself about.

"Skid Puffer." Stories collected by Francis F. French. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The first part of this book is a collection of dialect sketches drawn from scenes in the region of the great Kankakee Swamp. The stories, which have been selected and edited by an earwitness to many hundreds told by young Skid Puffer about old Abe Puffer and all the Puffers of Pufferland, date from the time when bear tails, the long, hanging bear tails of the Puffer bears, blazed a path into the swamp for the ancestral settlement down to the day of Skid himself. Abe, though gone to the "gret silens," lives boisterously in Skid's stories. "Two things Pop was mighty good in, elocutin' at the literary an' flingin' out foreign words, some as he knowed by sight and others by soun'." The Pufferland dialect is contrived to try the stoutest heart, yet it sits well on Puffer stories of refractory hens and unbroken colts; of pumpkins that yearling shoats can hide in, of winter weather when a teacup of water thrown in the air would rattle down in a million icicles, and snow—if you was mighty quick about it. If you wasn't it would freeze solid and bust the cup right in your hand.

After many pages like this, Skid moves on from the swamp, and a story sets in, of lost parents and a found son, of friends acquired, of civilization achieved, and of old injuries avenged in thrilling adventure in Mexican deserts. The verbosity of the tale is excessive, even when Col. French speaks in his own person; and at no time may the story boast of any recognized style or form. Yet it is pervaded—after the introductory horse-play stories—by a single-minded naïveté which half disarms criticism—a naïveté wholly in keeping with the development of the hero, who is a faun-like son of nature, without wile or guile, till chivalry makes of him an avenger. We leave him with his education and his first adventure accomplished, and we are promised a sequel.

The Twisted Foot. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In spite of its wild improbability, this story of life and love and adventure in unfamiliar islands of the South Sea succeeds in holding the attention of the reader from the beginning. The author is not a delineator of character except in the most elemental way, and he has only just succeeded in making his hero, David Bowman, sympathetic by endowing him with superlative manliness and straightforwardness. The other characters: Mary Arnot, the winsome heroine; Mary Naves, the travelling singer of big heart and small mind, and the Sultan Sri Rama Vicrama, at once annoying boy and attractive man, are conventional, almost commonplace.

Mr. Rideout has, however, a peculiar descriptive power. This finds free play in a rich setting of lonely sea, volcanic island, and tropic forest. The same quality makes out of an ordinary story of action and excitement something of a work of art. The descriptions are strongly reminiscent in style of Lafcadio Hearn; intimate, vivid, they are often marked by the application to nature of human terms, as if one art were expressed through the medium of another.

INTELLECTUAL PIONEERING.

A Writer of Books in His Genesis. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis, Mo.: Sigma Publishing Co. $1.50.

This autobiography is the early record of an eagerly intellectual life. Mr. Snider has written commentaries on Shakespeare, "Faust," the "Divine Comedy," and the "Iliad." His poems include an epic, "Homer in Chios," and metrical essays in every genre. A novel, a history, books on psychology, ethics, sociology, and metaphysics are com-

prised in his bibliography of thirty-five numbers. His total gains from literature are twenty-five dollars, the proceeds of a newspaper assignment once given by Eugene Field. In order to maintain this disinterested pursuit of letters, Mr. Snider has followed the calling of schoolmaster, lecturer, and teacher of private classes. To his many pupils whose lessons were the basis of these many books this autobiography is dedicated.

It is one of those books that baffle a reviewer. Familiar with Hegel, not to mention the world poets, the author writes in an ungainly fashion, which still is not without color and energy. Throughout there is a kind of paradoxical blend of superiority and commonness. How can the man who in his early 'teens discovered the *Spectator* and became an Addisonian, in his late seventies "recollect of" youthful experiences? In fact, aside from the historical import of these reminiscences, to which we must return, their chief suggestion is of the enormous disproportion between education and culture in the career presented and in the Middle West, whose greatness is the secondary theme. The insatiable intellectual curiosity of such a man, his sheer expenditure of mind, his broad attainments, ought, it seems, to have produced more memorable results, and the examination of such a career must teach us something about the conditions of intellectual pioneering in the Middle West. Such chronicles, in comparison with those of the material pioneer, are scanty. Mr. Snider's recollections will furnish vivid material for an as yet unwritten chapter of the history of the mind.

From youth the author felt the passion of the intellect. He left Mount Gilead, O., more than commonly well trained in the classics, made a stage at Iberia College, where his vocation as a writer declared itself, and by sixteen was a student at Oberlin. That college was a religious foundation. What scanty culture it could afford it produced not to the use of man, but to the glory of God. Established as a reaction against that Unitarian movement which had gathered up so much of the intellectual energy of the land, Oberlin held aloof from the main movements of the fifties. Out of the thousand students, says Mr. Snider, there were two or three who read Emerson andCarlyle, and adds: "Of Emerson I doubt if a single professor had any sympathetic knowledge, or if he had, he kept it silent." Over the college presided the minatory figure of President Finney, an evangelist of such power that, fearing his own effect upon his audiences, he sometimes dismissed them. "You, dear pupil," he would preach, "have done nothing but sin in getting your lessons this week without God's grace—nothing but sin in your study of Greek and Latin." Such appeals made young Snider unhappy, but the lad remained unrepentant and sinned with a vigor that the modern college president would welcome. Beside the little stint of the "Odyssey" required, he read the remaining books. Herodotus he read entire in the Greek, Thucydides likewise, following the Peloponnesian war with the poignant living commentary of a Union that seemed to be crumbling. In short, young Snider passed from Oberlin to camp and field, with an education in classical and modern literature such as not one American college student in a thousand ever acquires.

The war left him in permanently impaired vigor, but after various experiments he took up life anew in St. Louis, serving long as a teacher of literature and moral philosophy, and finally emerging into the relative independence of lecturing and writing unremunerative books. At St. Louis he found the company his soul craved. There was the Philosophical Society clustered about the versatile incomer, W. T. Harris, soon to be the founder of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and about the Titanic Brockmeyer. Who was Brockmeyer? He was one more of those abortive Titans who will emerge only when the true *Kulturgeschichte* of the Middle West is written. Disgusted with the world, he had been for a time a sort of carnivorous Thoreau, a Thoreau handier with the rifle than with the pen. As a lawyer and politician in St. Louis he shocked and dazzled his neighbors by talk that ran from the Rabelaisian to the Hegelian. In his study of Hegel's Logic he enlisted a number of friends. About this philosopher and about Goethe he knew and could tell fundamentally inspiring things, which somehow evaporated when he tried to write them down. For the sheer stimulus of his company Mr. Snider read law in Brockmeyer's office, and heard him dispatch with equal gusto an Hegelian paradox and a disgruntled ward-heeler. Brockmeyer, in the cosmic sense, Mr. Snider celebrates: "The German Renaissance of the last century, the greatest spiritual movement of recent Europe, was tapped at its fountain-head just by our Brockmeyer, and was made to flow in a lively stream at our St. Louis as centre, where it impregnated strongly an American element." Alas, like many another rill from notable source, this water, too, has slipped away under the bridge. Except for searchers in the old files of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* and readers of this autobiography the vivid Brockmeyer has vanished in the backward and vast abysm, whereas the unexuberant Thoreau easily imposes upon posterity those voluminous journals the gist of which posterity already had in his books. The case is a parable. In a fluid civilization not even genius manages to crystallize itself in viable form. Of the Philosophical Society the most substantial heritage is perhaps the rather cloudy metaphysics and criticism of W. T. Harris, who to do as much had to return to his native East, and Mr. Snider's interpretations of the "World Bibles" and of the universe itself.

It seems as if in new communities nothing first-rate in the arts can be produced. The artist needs a society that understands him, and on occasion can ridicule him, needs the association of his peers. It is significant that the few provincial painters of Italy who achieved greatness had to betake themselves to such centres as Florence and Venice. No expenditure of ingenuity and intellectual effort, apparently, will replace that subtle and evanescent influence which transpires from a settled civilization. In pioneer regions the mantle of prophecy is conferred too generously, the mutual appreciation of a small coterie brings a premature complacency, the incense of the lecture-room prevents the harsh but formative workings of criticism.

Such prophets as Mr. Snider, then, are in a sense sacrificed to the honor they receive so unhesitatingly in their own country. Frequently they display an ability that in better surroundings would carry them far. As pioneers of a culture that is to be they deserve all credit. If they are, for their own advantage, unduly perturbed by the heady life about them, at least they keep it working if crudely in ideal directions. There is, in short, an apostolic dignity about men of Mr. Snider's sort that comports oddly and pathetically with their ineffectualness as artists and the somewhat Bœotian cut of their priestly robes.

We have space only to mention the quite extraordinary interest of Mr. Snider's war experiences. He started in a camp of drafted men. In that and another camp he was clerk to the commandant, and thus knew the entire business of the command. Of the sordid details of desertion, mutiny, and bounty-jumping he gives a vivid account. He helps one realize the infinite shifts and patience that went to the making of the conquering army, also the profound demoralization that the war worked upon the baser part of the community. Naturally, history has set forth chiefly the heroic aspect of the war. It is well, however, that the darker truth should also be told, and the reader will find it in Mr. Snider's pages in its ugly palpitating reality. For months on the Tennessee skirmish line under Rosecrans Second Lieutenant Snider comported himself well. In fact, he has always risen with alacrity to the emergencies of the material and intellectual life. One sets down this varied chronicle of his early days with a curious feeling of

sympathy in which admiration is tempered by just a suspicion of pity.

Gli Americani nella Vita Moderna osservati da un Italiano. By Alberto Pecorini. Milan: Fratelli Treves; New York: Francesco Tocci. $1.25.

Signor Pecorini has made an exhaustive study of modern American life based largely on government and State reports and abounding in statistics which are cleverly interwoven with the text. His residence is Springfield, Mass., a city which, if not quite typical, at least represents us far better than the turbid cosmopolitanism of New York. Signor Pecorini's admiration goes out especially to our women, to our religious tolerance, and public schools. Beyond all previous foreign observers, he emphasizes the importance of religion as a social bond; believes, in fact, that it is an indispensable cohesive principle. The institutional church meets his fullest approval. He congratulates us also upon maintaining a single standard of sexual morality for men and women, without perceiving that the penalties for departure therefrom are very unequally applied. Labor, army and navy, imperialism, agriculture, immigration, the race problem, education, the Indian, sport, the press, literature, and art are all intelligently treated. On the whole, the book is more interesting as a readable compendium of information than as a criticism after the model of Tocqueville and Bryce.

Signor Pecorini seems rather the economist than the social philosopher, and he envisages the more grandiose features of our civilization rather as a literary chronicler than as an analyst. Very amusing and, in the main, just, is his horror of New York. To him it is a gigantic impersonal Moloch systematically immolating its victims. Of course, familiarity would blunt an impression that is, after all, only slightly exaggerated. As for art and literature among us, they are negligible. Such an opinion from an intelligent and cultivated foreigner is significant, even though only a half truth. In his chapter on the press Signor Pecorini regrets the impossibility of a high-class literary review like the *Nuova Antologia*, but seems to be ignorant of such approximations to that ideal as the *Atlantic*, *North American*, and *Forum*.

On the race problem our author takes the Southern view, and is inclined to regard all negrophiles, from the Abolitionists down, as doctrinaire meddlers. His own prophecy of ultimate amalgamation with white immigrants from the Mediterranean countries shows at least that his Southern sympathies do not include invincible race prejudice. Somewhat pathetic are the chapters on Italian immigration. The crowding of this sociable race into city slums is regarded as for the present inevitable. The Italian cannot stand the isolation of pioneer agricultural conditions in a foreign land. Of the various bureaucratic and philanthropic endeavors to aid Italian immigrants no very high opinion is held. A suggestion that free scholarships in the Italian universities for Italo-American boys might produce a link between the two cultures is worthy of consideration. Certainly, intermediaries are necessary, since the Italian who is quite readily absorbed into the rough and tumble of our political and industrial life is almost excluded from the moral tradition both of the land he has left and of that which he has adopted. The schools, of course, do much, but rather tardily and with insufficient emphasis on the moral side.

Here and there Signor Pecorini's usually accurate and well-considered pages suffer from information misunderstood or drawn from ephemeral or untrustworthy sources. For a second edition we offer the following suggestions: Vineland and the Norsemen, so far as our territory is concerned, are mythical; Lincoln was not "stabbed," but shot; college athletic teams do not receive food and a stipend; Zangwill is not an American writer; the English race was not amalgamated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (some loose philological statement seems at the base of this error). Nor is it true that only preferred stock is sold on the New York Stock Exchange, while common stock is relegated to the curb. Members of the Knickerbocker Club have been not invariably or even usually millionaires. Milking machines are still exceptional. The vast growth of museums was worth a paragraph. Our wealthy art collectors are treated with a sentimental scorn that acquaintance with the better of them would correct. Such blemishes are of small importance, and are noted only as evidence of the closeness with which we have followed Signor Pecorini's interesting discussions.

Bygone Days in Chicago: Recollections of the "Garden City" of the Sixties. By Frederick Francis Cook. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.75 net.

There was no need for the introductory note in which George P. Upton stands sponsor for these war-time recollections. From the very beginning, Mr. Cook's narrative stands out as an entertaining account of a most interesting period and setting. As an old newspaper reporter, the author has kept the ornate fluency which is one of the signs of the trade. But he shows also a zeal for searching beneath the surface of things which is not one of the traditional gifts of the reporter. He philosophizes, in the acceptable meaning of the term. His tone now and then verges close on cynicism. At times he aims to be judicially aloof. At all times there is a really astonishing passion for getting at the inner working of events and of motives.

What is perhaps the most significant portion of the book concerns the attitude of our foreign-born population towards the civil war. The immigrant element at that time was about equally divided between Germans and Irish. The former had been driven from Europe by reasons political; the latter by reasons economic. The former represented a "superior class," the latter "an inferior one." The Germans entered farming or the advanced industries. The Irish, North and South, formed "the lowest white strata in the active labor market." Our author here expounds his rather grim view of the laws that mark race and class feeling. "Whatever the aversions," he says, "of the highest towards the lowest in the social scale, they are seldom comparable to the unreasoning prejudice, often rising to blinding hate, that manifests itself in the lower ranges towards those regarded as a grade below them." Between two classes in immediate juxtaposition, no benevolent haze intervenes, no perspective operates to lend enchantment to the view. Among the "comfortably circumstanced" people of the North, native-born or German, there grew up before the war a strong sympathy for the slave which invested him with a "halo more or less of a misfit." If the Irish working class showed a tendency in the opposite direction, the thing was due "to a variety of causes, but also in no small degree to that primitive instinct which demands for its satisfaction that somebody be kept in his place to be looked down upon."

Abolitionist and Copperhead, also, receive due attention in Mr. Cook's narrative; but nearly always he is at pains to show that men's motives and conduct in those critical days were seldom as sharply differentiated as party names would imply. And here the writer speaks from interesting experience, having been associated with all four of Chicago's leading daily newspapers during the war period. In the composing-room of the anti-slavery *Tribune*, he found little enthusiasm for the negro. "On every hand, there was explicit denial that the war was waged with any special intention to free the slaves—that concomitant of the struggle being almost invariably alluded to apologetically as an incident entirely beside the real issue." On the semi-secession *Times*, the majority of compositors "would have been denounced as rebel sympathizers." But many shades of difference were apparent:

> When with Republicans these pseudo-sympathizers might be fierce denouncers of the war and all that it stood for, but in presence of extremists of their own kind they would so double on their tracks as to land almost squarely in the Union camp;

and often such a query as "What has become of Jack, or Billy?" would be answered in the song-slang of the day, "Gone for to be a sojer." . . . It is almost a pity that this Copperhead pudding was never subjected to the test of eating, by a Southern invasion of the North. In such an event, I make no doubt, not one in a score would have felt other than dismay and sprung to the defence with the readiest "Black Republican."

Finally, in explaining the extraordinary part which was played by song during these dark days, in the North, Mr. Cook indulges in a bit of folk psychology that is not without appeal. The North, he points out, far more than the South was in need of an external stimulus to keep its resolution to the appointed task. The South fought for such concrete objects as the defence of its homes and for very self-preservation. The North was guided by sentiment, and sentiment fed on song. Frank and Jules Lumbard, brothers, were noted public singers before the war. After hostilities began, they organized their famous war quartet, without whom no Union rally within the State of Illinois was complete. It was the Lumbard brothers who first sang George F. Root's "Battle Cry of Freedom" before a great crowd in Court House Square, Chicago. They regarded their work as a mission, rather than as a livelihood.

Anthology Society. Journal of the Proceedings of the Society which conducts the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, October 3, 1805, to July 2, 1811. With an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. The Boston Athenæum.

The first impression made by this book is one of surprise that it should have been considered worthy of publication. For it is the apparently trivial record of the meetings of a club of young Boston men in which such entries as the following are not infrequent: "After supper, wit and burgundy came in abundance, but our duties were not forgotten." Upon closer examination, however, and especially after reading the genial preface by Mr. Howe, an interest is aroused which grows until one feels grateful to the trustees of the Boston Athenæum for affording us a more than passing glimpse of what Josiah Quincy characterized as "a true revival of polite learning in this country after that decay and neglect which resulted from the distractions of the Revolutionary War."

This revival may be said to owe its origin to the Rev. William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo, who sought the aid of some friends as contributors to an anthology which he had undertaken to edit. In October, 1805, fourteen in number and including five ministers, they constituted themselves into a society which should be responsible for the magazine, the title-page of the last volumes of which bore the words, "Edited by a society of gentlemen." The present publication is the secretary's journal of the proceedings, the original manuscript having been presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society by the last secretary, the historian George Ticknor. At the weekly meetings, ending with a supper, the contributions to the *Anthology* were read and discussed, then accepted or rejected by a yea and nay vote, and works for review and articles for the various departments were assigned to the different members. One of these departments, to which constant reference is made, is the "Remarker," written by the members in turn and given chiefly to moral reflections and literary criticism with the intention "either to instruct or entertain." Another is the "Silva," described as "a repository for curious remarks on men and manners, and literary fragments and novelties."

The secretary's journal is not a mere formal record of the business transacted, but a pleasant, humorous account of each meeting such as one would write to a friend. The object of one meeting, for instance, was "to take into consideration the state of our world and to devise ways and means to continue it in motion." At another a piece of poetry was read. "One line was bad. The President tried to 'tinker it,' but could not succeed. It was, however, accepted." That scientific subjects were treated is shown by the following entry: "Mr. Tudor read a philosophical disquisition on the purring of cats, which was accepted." But regarding it seriously, the reader of the journal will find references to nearly every English work of importance of that day, often with most illuminating comments. Well-known names in our history appear and at times in strange relations. "An excellent poetical communication from J. Q. Adams at Washington was approved." This was "on the discoveries of Captain Lewis" in humorous vein. And "the Secretary read a communication from Mr. [Daniel] Webster on the French language, which was accepted." Webster afterwards became a corresponding member.

Though the Anthology Society had a comparatively short life, its influence is felt to-day. At the third meeting it was voted "that a LIBRARY of periodical publications be instituted for the use of the society." To this action Boston owes the Athenæum, whose usefulness not simply to the city but to the country at large cannot be overestimated. Then four years after the dissolution of the Society, one of its most steadfast and active members, William Tudor, jr., aided by some of his associates, launched the *North American Review*. Taking all things into consideration, there can be no hesitation in affirming that the gathering of those young men on October 3, 1805, was "an epoch in the intellectual history of the United States."

The work of the editors has been most carefully and painstakingly done. In addition to the Journal there are lists of members, of contributors to the magazine, of works mentioned, and a most exhaustive index. The attractiveness of the volume is increased by several portraits, including one of the first president, the Rev. J. S. J. Gardiner, D.D., rector of Trinity, and his successor, the Rev. John T. Kirkland, president of Harvard, and some interesting pictures of the quaint old places in which many of the meetings were held.

Notes.

"Letters to Several Persons of Honour by John Donne"; "Famous Importers," by Bram Stoker, and "Cowboy Songs," edited by John A. Lomax, are some of the announcements of Sturgis & Walton Co.

Henry Holt & Co. announce "Darwinism and Human Life," by J. Arthur Thomson, and Logan G. McPherson's reports on "Transportation in Europe."

Among the forthcoming publications of L. C. Page & Co. are: "The Whistler Book," by Sadakichi Hartmann; "The Lands of the Tamed Turk," by Frederick B. Jaekel, and "Hellfire Harrison," by Wallace D. Wattles.

A new issue of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," edited by F. W. C. Hersey, is in the hands of Ginn & Co.

"The Effect of Protection on the Standard of Life in Germany," a pamphlet, is to be issued for the Cobden Club by Cassell & Co. The same firm plans to publish "Breeding and the Mendelian Discovery," by A. D. Darbishire.

Additions to "Everyman's Library" which will be made in September include: Huxley's "Lay Sermons" and "Select Lectures," in one volume, and Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Altitudes."

Frédéric Lollée's life of the Duke of Morny is to be brought out in an English translation by Bryan O'Donnell.

Richard Savage is to be succeeded in October as secretary and librarian to the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace by Frederick Christian Wellstood.

"King Edward VII as a Sportsman" is the title of a book which Longman & Co. are preparing.

Early in September the John Lane Co. will bring out "The Cradle of a Poet," by Elizabeth Godfrey, and "Atonement," by F. E. Mills Young.

Herbert & Daniel of London announce a forthcoming collection of "Essays" by J. A. Hobson.

"The Life and Times of Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla," by Dr. Arthur Howard Noll and A. Philip McMahon, will be brought out in September by McClurg & Co.

The Abbey Co. of Chicago, which has acquired all rights in "the Abbey Classics," will add to the series in October Whittier's "Snow-Bound." By this company will

also be published "A German Christmas Eve," an episode in Heinrich Seidel's "Leberecht Hühnchen." The translation has been made by Jane Hutchins White.

James Pott & Co. make the following announcement of autumn books: "A Chateau in Brittany," by Mary J. Atkinson; "The Dauphines of France," by Frank Hamel; "Nooks and Corners of Old London," by Charles and Marie Hemstreet; "Privateers and Privateering," by Commander Edward P. Statham, R. N.; "A Corner of Spain," by Walter Wood; "Louis XVIII," by Mary F. Sandars; "In the Days of the Georges," by William B. Boulton; "English Palaces—Canterbury," edited by R. S. Rait; "English Palaces—York," edited by R. S. Rait; "The Marriage Ventures of Marie Louise," by Max Billard: English version by Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington; "Old Continental Towns," by Wallis M. Gallichan; "The Origins of Popular Superstitions and Customs," by T. Sharper Knowlson; "The Walls of Constantinople," by Capt. B. Granville Baker; "The Cathedrals and Churches of Belgium," by T. Francis Bumpus; "The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern France," by T. Francis Bumpus; "By the Waters of Italy," by Norma Lorimer.

"Sir Walter Scott, Studied in Eight Novels," by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning (New York: Wessels & Bissell), is about the sort of analysis and slight comment that a university extension lecturer would employ. "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "The Heart of Midlothian," and others, including the almost unread novel, "The Surgeon's Daughter," are the topics. It is hard to see why "St. Ronan's Well," which is one of Scott's serious attempts at the true novel of manners, should not have been included. The book is easy reading, but it is strange that any one who has read the eight novels should want them dished up in this summary fashion. Ours, however, is a tabloid age, and Mr. Canning's capsules are as palatable as any.

Frederic Rowland Marvin, the author of "The Excursions of a Book-lover" (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.), evidently reads widely and keeps a well-stocked commonplace book. His method may be illustrated from the essay called Ethan Brand. Ethan Brand naturally recalls Empedocles, whose fate is matched by half a dozen modern instances of men who have cast themselves into furnaces. Hereupon follows a disquisition on suicide. Interesting collections of material are the papers on Book Dedications and on the Physician and his Work. Shakespeare's Bones again is one of the better essays. It is suggested that the famous doggerel epitaph was intended to keep the body from the common destination, the charnel pit, and that the authorities of Holy Trinity could if they would tell us of the condition of Shakespeare's sepulture. There is a hint that the story would diminish the myth, and, naturally, revenue, and a challenge in the name of science to make a thorough investigation of the tomb. Other subjects are Books, The Men of Genius, Holographs—for which the author's collection is drawn on, and At Last the Silent Majority. The best that can be said for these rambling essays as a whole is that the material is often interesting and the treatment good in spots. Mr. Marvin lacks the lighter qualities of the born essayist, and shows no especial tact in compilation. As exercises in the intimacy of a literary club these papers would be most acceptable; they seem to us devoid of wider appeal.

The gratitude every scholar feels at the appearance of any new series of reprints is tempered, upon examination of the first two issues of "The John Rylands Facsimiles" (published at eight shillings, sixpence, for the two, by the library of that name in Manchester, England), by a hope that future additions to the series may show somewhat less of provincialism in the editing. The first of these facsimiles is from the Rylands copy of the "Propositio Johannis Russell," printed by Caxton about 1476. Henry Guppy, Esq., the Rylands librarian, provides an introduction dealing comprehensively with Caxton's career, as well as Lord Russell's, in a style suited to the meanest capacity. His principal contribution is the information that Caxton was a man of simple piety, under whose government the English merchants in Bruges, then one of the most dissolute cities in Europe, resided in the strictest celibacy. This phase of Caxton's personality has not, it is believed, before been noted by those who have studied the documents having to do with his career. It is appropriate that this characteristic should be announced by the custodian of the still unrivalled collection of Caxton's work, brought together at Althorp by Lord Spencer, and now in the Rylands Library, which continues to be largely under the control of the late Mrs. Rylands's spiritual advisers. It is particularly noteworthy that Mr. Guppy should have arrived at his deductions without consulting, according to his own statement, any of the publications of Gordon Duff, his predecessor as librarian of the Rylands collection, and the author of the Caxton Club's "Caxton," as well as of the Catalogue of Mr. Morgan's Caxtons.

Readers of American civil war history who have found it difficult either to understand the relation of one campaign to another, or to get a clear view of the war as a whole, will welcome "The American Civil War," by John Formby (Scribner), an English writer and military critic. For purposes of study and exposition, Mr. Formby divides the theatre of war on land into five districts, and treats the campaigns or other operations in each district year by year, including at the end of each year a survey of naval operations also. Numerous cross-references, looking backward as well as forward, show where each portion of the narrative connects with what has gone before, and where it is resumed; footnotes call attention to contemporary happenings in other districts; and chronological tables in parallel columns sum up the yearly progress. Appended to the longer chapters are biographical sketches and critical estimates, the latter general and sympathetic rather than technical, of notable commanders on the Union and Confederate sides, with a note of such as retire from the stage at the period in question. The defect of the plan, of course, is that a particular story is not always carried to completion in one place; the account of Cushing's sinking the Albemarle, for example, is begun on page 301 and resumed and finished at page 353. In no other work of equally moderate extent with which we are acquainted, however, can one so readily ascertain what was going on in the field at any given time, or observe the contrasted course of the war in, say, the East and the Mississippi valley at the same period. Mr. Formby has apparently not aimed at literary distinction, and his accounts of battles and sieges will be read for the information they contain, and not because they stir the blood. The maps, which fill a separate volume, have the rare advantage of being, with three exceptions, drawn on uniform standard scales, one for campaigns and the other for battles; an arrangement which shows far better than words the comparative magnitude of different operations. The maps are specially indexed, and there is also a good index to the text.

With a picture fronting every fifth page of text, Charles E. Roche's dainty little book, "Things Seen in Holland" (Dutton), makes an attractive pocket companion for either the fireside reader or the actual traveller. The author knows some Dutch and is able to tell us what the personal and place names, rhymes, mottoes, and street cries mean. His impressions are fresh, for his visits have been made within the days of the Princess Juliana. He has read well "The American in Holland," and appreciates the cis-Atlantic point of view at many points. He explains why the Dutch Santa Claus has a black boy, the saint's man Friday, to distribute his presents to the children; not at Christmas time, but on the ancient date, December 6. The negro is an importation from New Netherland. It is hardly correct to say that during the late war with Spain the sympathies of the Dutch people were pro-Spanish and against the Americans. This was true only for a brief period before the outbreak, chiefly among the manipulators of the money market, and was soon over, turning into warm appreciation of the American policy. Mr. Roche knows the various microscopic social differences between Vollendam and Marken and never once writes "Van" Tromp. He surpasses most Englishmen in accuracy of observation and quotation, and this almost without a trace of "a certain condescension of foreigners."

The inception is announced of two Western periodicals which are to devote themselves to the problems of the Mohammedan world. One is *Der Islam*, edited by Dr. C. H. Becker of Hamburg, and published in Strassburg by Karl J. Trübner. The other bears the name of *Orientalisches Archiv, Zeitschrift für Kunst, Kulturgeschichte und Völkerkunde der Länder des Ostens*, edited by Dr. Hugo Grothe of Munich, and published by Karl W. Hiersemann of Leipzig. One of the most informing works on the struggle of Islam and Christianity in the East is that of Pastor G. Simon, himself a missionary for eleven years in Mohammedan Sumatra, entitled "Islam und Christentum im Kampfe um die Eroberung der animischischen Heidenwelt," and published by Martin Warneck of Berlin.

To the attractive Court Series of French Memoirs (Sturgis & Walton), M. Méras has added two more volumes—a good abridged translation of the "Recollections of Léonard, Hairdresser to Marie Antoinette," and a reprint of Grace Dalrymple Elliott's "Journal of My Life During the French Revolution." Both are in a way

amusing, but are pornographic rather than seriously historic. Léonard, by well recognized tonsorial skill and Gascon assurance, won, according to his own accounts, a more than confidential position with ladies of Marie Antoinette's court. The Queen herself seems to have had perfect confidence in his discretion; he shared the secret of the flight to Varennes, and preceded the royal family by a few hours, carrying instructions and a marshal's bâton for Bouillé. An account of the court of Versailles from a hairdresser's anglo of vision is not without amusement and value, if due allowance be made for the author's boastful and fertile ingenuity. To be sure, his alleged recollections, not published until after his death in 1819, were promptly disavowed by his family as "rien qu'un tissu de mensonges" concocted by others for commercial gain; but such a disavowal, made after the Bourbon restoration, may be due to political motives. Grace Dalrymple, after an education in a French convent, made a great impression when she returned at the age of fifteen to her father's home in Edinburgh. Sir John Elliott, a wealthy physician, older than her own father, was so struck with her beauty that he made her an offer of marriage, which was accepted by her with the same inconsiderate haste with which it was proffered. Being speedily freed from this unsuitable match by a divorce, she became successively the mistress of such famous men as Lord Cholmondeley, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Orleans (Philip Égalité). She went to Paris about 1786 and lived through the scenes of the French Revolution. Her "Journal," which deals only with the period of the French Revolution, and not with her earlier life, was composed, it is said, in England in 1801, at the express request of George III, and was carried, as it was written, sheet by sheet, to Windsor by the physician who attended both Mrs. Elliott and the King. Being written confessedly seven or eight years after the events it relates, it is in no proper sense a "journal," and it is often exaggerated, misleading, and even self-contradictory. It throws some light upon conditions in Paris, and upon the private life of the ill-fated Duke of Orleans, but is of slight historical value for the general events of the French Revolution.

Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimean war, and the founder of the modern system of army field hospitals, died last Sunday in London, at the age of ninety. Her mind seems early to have turned in the direction of hospital work. Influenced somewhat by the medical books in her father's library, but more especially by her conversations with Elizabeth Fry, the reformer of conditions in English prisons, Miss Nightingale began to make a systematic inquiry into the regulation of hospitals. She carried on her studies in Germany and France, taking active part in nursing. It was not, however, until after the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1854, that her genius was really exercised. When all England was aroused by the reports of the unsanitary conditions in the hospitals at Scutari, Florence Nightingale, with the consent of Sidney Herbert, then at the head of the War Department, went with her little band of nurses to the front, and assumed her noble mission. After her return, the British people, out of gratitude, presented her with $250,000, and Queen Victoria herself gave her a magnificent jewel. More recently, she was decorated with the English Order of Merit. The Honorary Freedom of the City of London was granted to her on March 16, 1908. Not only her active service but her publications have brought her distinction. They include: "Notes on Hospitals," "Notes on Nursing," "Notes on the Sanitary State of the Army in India," "Introductory Notes on Lying-in Institutions," and "Life or Death in India."

The Rev. William Benham, D.D., since 1885 honorary Canon of Canterbury, died recently in London at the age of seventy-nine. The list of his works contains: "English Ballads"; "The Church of the Patriarchs"; an edition of Cowper's poems; a new translation of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitatio Christi"; "Cowper's Letters"; "How to Teach the Old Testament"; "A Short History of the Episcopal Church in America"; "The Dictionary of Religion"; "Rochester Cathedral"; "Mediæval London"; "Old St. Paul's"; and, as joint author, "Life of Archbishop Tait."

Drama.

The Acharnians of Aristophanes: The Greek text revised with a translation into corresponding metres. Introduction and commentary. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, barrister-at-law, Sometime Fellow and now Honorary Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

The Knights of Aristophanes. (Same as above.) $3.50 net.

The publication of this translation of "The Acharnians" is a noteworthy event. Mr. Rogers (introduction, p. li) says:

> Although there are still four plays—the Clouds, the Wasps, the Peace, and the Lysistrata—to be brought into this edition, yet the translations of all four have been published, so that this volume will complete the translation of all the extant Comedies of Aristophanes.

It need cause no surprise that an English barrister-at-law should choose this labor of love as his avocation, but it is remarkable that his successive translations have challenged the attention of scholars by the accuracy of the renderings, and have won the admiration of all readers for the felicity of the spirited verse. Even the famous translations by Frere must yield the first place. In the "Thesmophoriazusæ," published in 1904, Mr. Rogers, it is true, departed from his plan of printing translation and text on opposite pages, and, instead, printed a free translation at the end. He explained this by a note: "The greater part of this translation was composed from memory, when the translator had no copy of Aristophanes at hand." That such a *tour de force* should have resulted, as the author himself insists, in a translation in which "hardly a line represents the exact meaning of the original," is not so amazing as that he should have been able at all to reproduce from memory the substance and spirit of the comedy. We might wish that he would yet re-translate the "Thesmophoriazusæ" with the same care that he has bestowed upon the other plays, but we have in such a paraphrase from memory convincing proof of his peculiar fitness to deal with his favorite author.

The matter in the introduction, commentary, and appendix to the present play cannot here be discussed in detail. But Mr. Rogers everywhere shows wide reading, and, far from accepting without challenge the opinions of other editors, is ready to give fresh views of his own. The following reference to Thucydides, for example (see introduction, p. xxxi, reinforced in the commentary) indicates his breadth of interpretation:

> The great historian recognized the historical Comedies of Aristophanes, of which the Acharnians, the Knights, the Peace, and the Lysistrata are the only surviors, as being like his own History, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a possession for all time, and in composing his own work kept steadily in view the deep impression which those comedies had made upon the Athenian people.

It seems a little surprising that Mr. Rogers, even though brought up in the older traditions—it was more than forty years ago that he translated "The Peace"— should refer so nonchalantly to the "stage" and the "the boards of the Athenian theatre" without a word of comment upon the discussion about the very existence of a stage in the days of Aristophanes. In lines 408-409, where Euripides is wheeled out by means of the *eccyclema*, Mr. Rogers has the courage to insert his interpretation in the translation by use of the legitimate, but somewhat blind, word, "pivot":

> (Dionys.) But pivot. (Eur.) But it can't be done. (Dionys.) But still. . . .!
> (Eur.) Well then, I'll pivot, but I can't come down.

The metres of the original are fairly described on the title page as "corresponding" to the Greek. Some of them, indeed, are an exact rendering, in so far as we may speak of an exact transfer into English. Even where there is a change of metre for merely a single line, Mr. Rogers is careful to follow the original. In the choric parts he, of course, betakes himself to freer lyric verse, but often manages a close approximation. The Cretic verses are indicated by an ingenious use of capitals and of interior spacing as well as by sporadic interior rhymes, sufficient to guide the ear without running too much risk of breaking up the long lines into a series of one-stress verses. Thus in vv. 299-301:

> No delay! Thee to slay We'll immediately begin.
> No debate! Thee we hate Worse than Cleon's self, whose skin

I'll erelong Cut to shoes For the worthy Knights to use.

The regular dialogue metre, the iambic trimeter, is rendered by the conventional English five-stress iambic. Probably few English readers would desire or, at first, be content with a reproduction of the six-stress iambic. But it would have been interesting to see how so skilful a translator would have managed the real equivalent of the Greek. Browning in his "Fifine at the Fair," has naturalized this unpopular measure by the help of rhyme. Rhyme could hardly be tolerated in translating Greek dialogue, as it would, *inter alia*, often unequally yoke together lines disjoined by the sense. But Mr. Rogers, if any one, might have managed, by overlapping caesura, or otherwise, to prevent the lines from breaking each into two three-stress lines. To the common objection, that English ears revolt against the two extra syllables, the reply might be urged that, to ears accustomed to the Greek trimeters, the line is deficient without this extra "foot." And, if the closest approximation to the original is the real desideratum, mere procrustean habit need not stand in the way of any experiment not actually inconsistent with the genius of English verse.

Of the translation itself little, except in praise, need be said. The renderings of the difficult original are entertaining and often even sparkling. Above all, they are close to the Greek. So uniformly faithful, indeed, is Mr. Rogers to the original that it is hard to see why he occasionally leaves out some essential phrase, like (v. 282) πᾶς τὸν μιαρόν or (v. 1228) ὦ πρέσβυ. That the transfer of puns is labored and often requires a footnote is not really a serious defect. We are not as much concerned about the puns as the parodies, and, above all, the lyric element in Aristophanes; and in both of these Mr. Rogers is admirable, although in "The Acharnians," his lyric verse is not laid under contribution as it is, for example, in "The Frogs." Some of the made-to-order compounds are blind or forced, like "syco-Phasian" (v. 726), where "sycophant" has not been introduced into the previous line; "verdict-bite" (376) hardly takes hold of the imagination; and a coined word like "seekrian," used three times in 595 and 596, fails to be intelligible and serves only to annoy the reader. On the other hand, "bemiry-slushified" (382) is intelligible, and is in line with the Aristophanic *pro tempore* compounds. The Shakespearian "enshield," to translate ἐνασπιδώσομαι (368), indicates careful selection. His use, following Tyrrell's and Billson's versions, of Scotch and Irish in the Megarian and Bœotian dialect scenes, is an obvious device to an inhabitant of the British Isles and successfully reflects the dialectic differences in the original.

The translation of the "Knights," although published subsequently to that of the "Acharnians," takes its place as earliest of the plays. The two are now also published as Vol. I of the six-volume series, each containing two of the eleven comedies of Aristophanes, with the "Menæchmei" of Plautus, and an index, added to Vol. VI. What we have said of the translation of the "Acharnians" applies in general to that of the "Knights," but the puns and plays upon words, it may be noted, are better managed in this play, *e. g.* (ll. 278-9):

. . . contraband of war he takes
For the Peloponnesian galleys, frapping
them with—girdle-cakes.

At ll. 454-6, indeed, not content with the original, Mr. Rogers gives us a three-story pun:

And with those entrails beat him,
And strings of sausage-meat, and try
Meet punishment to mete him.

In the "Knights" he also accepts the occasional chances for his more serious lyric effort, *e. g.*, ll. 581-589:

Holy Pallas, our guardian Queen,
Ruling over the holiest land,
Land poetic, renowned, and strong,
First in battle and first in song,
Land whose equal never was seen,
Come to prosper our Choral band!
Bring thou with thee the Maiden bright,
Her who greets us in every fight,
VICTORY!

The virtues, in short, of these translations are many and great, and all minor criticisms seem like hypercriticism in welcoming a version so spirited, readable, and accurate of an author whose text bristles with difficulties for the translator.

Art.

TURNER'S GALLERY.

LONDON, August 2.

More than half a century has passed since Turner bequeathed his pictures and drawings to the nation, but it is only now, with the opening of the new Turner wing at the Tate Gallery, that they have been brought together into one almost complete collection and arranged with some show of appreciation for the value of the bequest. "The nation buried Turner with threefold honor," Ruskin said years ago; "Turner's body in St. Paul, his pictures at Charing-Cross, and his purposes in Chancery"; and the saying is not merely witty, but true. Buried, his pictures and drawings were at the National Gallery in more senses than one. The walls of the Turner Room upstairs were disastrously overcrowded; to the Turner Room in the basement few save the enthusiast ever penetrated. It was left to a private individual to make possible the exhibition of Turner's works as Turner wished them to be exhibited. To the late Sir Joseph Duveen the nation owes "Turner's Gallery"—the gallery for which Turner stipulated in his will, though the question has been raised as to whether the site chosen for it comes equally within the requirements he exacted. However, the Tate, or the National Gallery of British Art, to give it its official name, is a branch of the National Gallery to which the pictures were to go, and at this late day there is no use pointing out the mistake of having placed it so far from Trafalgar Square and in such an out-of-the-way corner of London; the interest for us is less in the legal interpretation of the will than in the manner in which advantage has been taken of the finest opportunity ever yet given for the exhibition of any one master's work. Not Velasquez in Madrid, not Rembrandt in Amsterdam, not Hals in Haarlem, is so fully represented as Turner is now in London, after his long years of waiting.

The Turner wing is built at the back of the Tate Gallery, of which it has become a part. One large and one smaller room for paintings, and three still smaller rooms for water-colors and drawings, are on the main floor, while below, in the basement, are four more rooms of a fair size for paintings and water-colors both, and a hall where a few designs and plans are hung. The largest room of all is pleasantly spacious but high out of all proportion, with a heavy barrel-shaped roof. The light is consequently poor. Worse still is the scheme of decoration, astounding nowadays when the value of restraint in these matters is almost everywhere appreciated. Nothing could be more gaudy; even the National Gallery at Vienna, as I remember it in its first fresh gorgeousness, was quiet in comparison. For the background to the paintings is a Venetian brocade of a sharp, vivid red, so dazzling that I can see no excuse in the suggested explanation that it was the background used by Turner in his own gallery in Queen Anne Street. This may be, but Turner's ceiling must have been comparatively low; the ceiling here is immensely high, which makes all the difference. Time in London works wonders, and fog and smoke and grime quickly tone down the crudest and most glaring colors; but so great a stretch of even dingy red brocade will be, if less glaring, scarcely more beautiful. Those walls which have been treated with greater reserve and less deference to Turner, and covered with a coarse-grained Japanese gold paper, are at least neutral in character, and therefore inoffensive.

With so many rooms at his disposal, the keeper, D. S. MacColl, has found the hanging a simple matter. He has been able to place almost all the paintings on the line with a margin of wall be-

tween, instead of piling one above the other and fitting them into a sort of mosaic puzzle, as in the old Turner Room at the National Gallery, and the result is that never have they been seen so well before. By showing only a certain number of water-colors and drawings at a time, changing the collection at intervals, no overcrowding is necessary in this section either.

What Turner might think of the choice of pictures and drawings shown is a question. It cannot be denied that in this particular, the conditions of his bequest have not, even now, been over strictly adhered to. For two of his pictures, the Sun Rising through Vapor and Dido Building Carthage—the painting which he said he intended for his winding sheet—he demanded a place between two Claudes at the National Gallery, where they were to prove to his disappointment, could he have foreseen it, the superiority of the Claudes. This wish has been respected, though, just at this moment, the Turners do not hang between the Claudes, but on either side, and, in one case, with another picture separating them; an arrangement which may be temporary, however, as, what with the building of new rooms and the rearrangement of others, the present state of the National Gallery is somewhat chaotic. To those who have long been familiar with the Gallery, it will come also as a surprise to find the four pictures transferred to the British Section, where they are hanging in the Turner Room. For there is still a Turner Room, though not now the old well-known one, but the room adjoining, where the Landseers and Wards once were. In saying this, I am explaining just how Turner's wishes have been disregarded. His intention was that all the pictures of his gift should be included in Turner's Gallery, but, no doubt that he may retain a place among the masters of the world, fifteen or sixteen pictures, some of which are landscapes belonging to his early period and some brilliant Venices belonging to the later, have been kept in Trafalgar Square. A number besides are still scattered about in provincial galleries. Again, the inference is that Turner was disposing of finished work alone when he made his bequest. But many unfinished paintings are hung, one series having a good-sized room devoted to them especially, and the unfinished drawings and water-colors are more numerous. Whether he would have countenanced the public and permanent exhibition of all of them, it would be difficult for the present generation to decide, but at least their value to artists and students is assured. For people who understand, nothing could be more suggestive than to pass from the rooms of masterpieces upstairs to one of the basement rooms filled with a series of fairly large landscapes that date back to a time when he had not outgrown the influence of Gainsborough and the Dutch landscape men, and that were sketched in boldly and vigorously and then abandoned. It is suggestive, too, to compare with the elaborately completed work, those little sketches in water-color or pencil or chalk that were the preliminary notes for them.

The work has been hung with due regard to historical and biographical sequence as well as decorative effect. The large gallery contains the large masterpieces that belong, mainly, to the early and middle periods, while he still accepted the then recognized conventions of landscape, and before he had developed from them a formula of his own. Here are the Calais Pier and the Shipwreck, with their dramatic conception and composition, their splendid energy, so well subordinated to the traditions he had inherited; here are the melodramatic Hannibal Crossing the Alps through the storm that Turner had watched and noted at Farnley, and the ingenious Apollo Slaying the Python, both characteristic of the reverence for historical and classical motives, for the "grand manner," still cultivated in landscape as in subject pictures when Turner set out upon his career; here are one or two of the anecdotes in the manner of Teniers and the little Dutch masters, or inspired, some contend, by the success of Wilkie; and here, in the centre of honor, is the great masterpiece of all, Crossing the Brook, which, for dignity of design, harmony of color, serenity of atmosphere and feeling, has in its own way never been surpassed by Turner or any other painter. In the adjoining, smaller gallery are the canvases which were discovered but a few years ago, rolled up out of sight in the cellars of the National Gallery, and of which I wrote so fully at the time they were first exhibited at the Tate. Once more, as in the room first allotted to them, one marvels at the indifference or indolence of the authorities, who for years kept buried in the cellars such little masterpieces of atmosphere and movement and light as the two or three versions of Yacht Races in the Solent, such a revelation of the tenderness and mystery of night at sea as The Evening Star, such a riot of color and sunshine and gorgeousness as the Interior at Petworth, in which Turner seems to have anticipated the modern Impressionists and delighted in demonstrating to them how easily and supremely he could forestall them and beat them in their own game. It is an astonishing performance, the more so because in most of the interiors which Turner now and then painted he preferred to adhere to Dutch models, even to Rembrandt, as was seen in a very curious picture by him contributed to this year's exhibition of Fair Women arranged by the International Society at the Grafton Gallery. In the same room with this newly-discovered series several examples of his late manner long familiar to visitors to the National Gallery have their place, dominating them all The Fighting Téméraire and Rain, Steam, and Speed—the Great Western Railway, in which Turner showed that he, the artist, had eyes for the grandeur and romance and picturesqueness of those then modern inventions and innovations which Ruskin, his prophet, never ceased to denounce. The regret is that Turner did not occupy himself more with subjects of this kind than with the canals and lagoons of Venice, which, to be honest, he did not see as truly and sympathetically; that is, if we can trust to the evidence of the paintings as they exist to-day. There are artists of younger generations who have understood still better the beauty of rain, steam, and speed, but it was Turner's triumph that he could understand it at all when railways were as yet a novelty and landscape was hidebound by tradition. The paintings downstairs are of lesser interest and importance. The more complete are not to be counted among his unqualified successes. Some of the later examples seem to have suffered from the effect of time and his own failure to safeguard himself against it; most of the earlier would not be of very special interest if Turner had not painted them, though in one or two there is a suggestion, a premonition, of the beauty that Corot was ultimately to make his own. The unfinished series to which I have referred belongs mainly to about 1807-1808, the period of several of the very fine canvases in the rooms above and of the Winds and the Sun Rising through Vapor at the National Gallery, but I cannot say that any of these landscapes reveal more unmistakable marks of genius than the unfinished oils of many of his contemporaries might; to a far greater extent than in his finished pictures of the same date he appears to have been restricted by his deference to prevailing standards and conventions, and it is not unlikely that he realized it, and for this reason never carried them further. They should teach a much-needed lesson to the young student of to-day by reminding him that deference to tradition is the most solid foundation to independence and originality in an artist. Had it not been Turner's habit to hoard his notes and sketches, sometimes the slightest, it would be puzzling to say why this series was preserved by him.

On the whole, a better selection of water-colors might have been made. Some fifty or sixty of the finest done in Italy and Switzerland, along the French rivers and in England, are still in the National Gallery as I write, though, in face of the chaos through which it is passing, I should not venture to say that this means they will be there to-

morrow. Others that the enterprising intruder into the basement at Trafalgar Square may remember there of old are already at the Tate, and have been added to from the nineteen thousand and so which came into the possession of the Government after Turner's death. The drawings in various mediums and including the studies for the Liber are a record of a busy life which has never been told as it should, perhaps, because there was so little in it, except work, of which to tell. The very excess of material in this section necessarily proves a drawback. It can be no light matter to select from almost twenty thousand examples, even though Ruskin and his successors have sorted and catalogued them.

A new edition of the catalogue of the Tate Gallery has been published just in time for the opening of the Turner Wing. It contains, in addition to a sketch of Turner's life, an account of his bequest and its administration from the moment of his death until now. It also gives a complete list of the works he bequeathed, explaining, by appropriate references, which of these are at the National Gallery, which at the various provincial galleries. The pictures are described, the measurements given, important facts in connection with them stated, and important references to them quoted. N. N.

Finance.

A FINANCIAL SYMPTOM.

The curious chapter in our international trade, which began with the $7,200,000 "import excess" of June, 1909—the first disappearance of the monthly export surplus in a dozen years—seemed to have culminated in the $19,200,000 import excess of last March. That was the largest excess of the period, running considerably beyond the inward balances of June, July, and August, 1909, or of February, 1910. It was felt, when the March trade statement was given out, that the abnormal phenomenon would not be seen again. Prices were slowly relaxing on the great commodity markets, which was the way to correct a situation mainly created by the fact that our prices were out of joint with the rest of the world. Credit markets were simultaneously contracting, thus apparently removing the machinery through which forestallers, speculators, and even plain producers were holding back goods from market so as to sustain the artificial prices. As a matter of fact, the foreign trade situation did begin to improve at just that time. There was, to be sure, another "import excess" last April, where there had been none a year before; but the April excess, $853,000, was a trifle compared with the $19,200,000 of March. Moreover, in May came an export excess of $11,200,000, against a similar excess of only $7,200,000 in May, 1909, and finally, June showed $8,100,000 export surplus, where the same month in 1909 gave an excess of more than $7,000,000 to the imports. In other words, the merchandise balance seemed definitely to have turned.

This present week, however, the Government has published a report on the country's foreign commerce in July—which calls for some reflection. The month has brought us back again to an "import excess," which is $2,800,000, or only a few hundred dollars short of that of a year ago. It will possibly be suggested that the dwindling agricultural exports of the month were responsible for this. In point of fact, however, the July exports as a whole actually increased $5,000,000 over 1909; it was imports again which did it. They rose nearly $5,000,000 over a year ago, and except for the very abnormal year 1907, they exceeded the July imports of any previous year in the history of the country. When, moreover, one figures out results for the seven completed months of the year to date, he finds that, as against the $372,000,000 excess of exports for the period in 1908, and the $67,000,000 of 1909, the present year has an export excess of only a beggarly $1,600,000.

This is a very remarkable exhibit, and it is quite impossible to ignore its importance as a symptom of the day. It is not necessary to revive the obsolete "mercantile theory" to assert that, when our annual excess of exports over imports has for decades been utilized in offsetting heavy annual dues of our own to Europe, it cannot be cut off for half a year without in some way affecting the country's position on the international money market.

No one has ever been able to determine with any approach to exactness the various items in this "economic balance" between ourselves and the outside world. Fifteen years ago, a very thorough investigation by the head of a well-known New York international banking house calculated that the annual payments due from the United States to Europe, wholly outside of merchandise account, were no less than $350,000,000, of which nearly one-third was for money spent abroad by American tourists, while something less than one-half was for remittances against European holdings of American securities or European investments in other American fields. Since 1895, American securities held abroad have in the aggregate been reduced and with them the annual "coupon payment." But foreign expenditure by American tourists and by American residents in Europe has been enormously increased; not only do two or three times as many Americans go abroad now as then, but each of them, on the average, spends two or three times as much. Even assuming the $350,000,000 "invisible balance" then reckoned to be still in force, the "visible balance" of $251,000,000 on merchandise export account for the calendar year 1909 would fail to meet the bill, and a further decrease of $65,000,000 for the first seven months of 1910 would hardly help the matter.

Our import trade is undoubtedly bound to grow, with the rapid expansion in the country's population, but our export trade grows with it. The salient fact at present is an increase in imports, wholly out of proportion to the export increase, and the explanation of this fact, after allowing for some $13,000,000 decrease in the seven months' cotton exports—due to last year's deficient crop—is that prices have been held so high in the United States as to arrest our export trade, where we had enough to spare for the outside world, and simultaneously to expand abnormally our import trade, because we were the most profitable market in the world on which to sell. If the resultant situation is unnatural—as it seems to be—then it should certainly appear that the only immediate remedy is reduction in such prices.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, L. Seeking After God. Crowell. $1 net.
Allen, J. From Passion to Peace. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Andrews, G. A. What Is Essential? Crowell. $1 net.
Balmer, E. The Science of Advertising. Duffield.
Baumbach, R. Stories and Poems, edited, with introduction, by E. Manley. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Benedict, F. G., and Carpenter, T. M. The Metabolism and Energy Transformations of Healthy Man During Rest. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.
Besier, R. Don. Duffield. $1 net.
Bond, W. S. His Struggle Magnificent. Cochrane Pub. Co.
Bradley, A. G. The Avon and Shakespeare's Country. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Breckenridge, W. E., Mersereau, S. F., and Moore, C. F. Shop Problems in Mathematics. Boston: Ginn. $1.
Cannan, G. Devious Ways. Duffield.
Child, C. G. Translation, with notes, of The Second Shepherds' Play, Everyman, and Other Early Plays. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 40 cents.

Financial.

Letters of Credit

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Crane, W. H. A Scientific Currency. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Davis, R. H. Once Upon a Time. Scribner. $1.50.
De Windt, H. Finland as It Is. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Eighteenth-Century Correspondence: Being the Letters of Dean Swift, Pitt, etc., to Sanderson Miller. Duffield.
Fagan, J. B. The Earth. Duffield. $1 net.
Fess, S. D. History of Political Theory and Party Organization in the United States. Boston: Ginn. $1.50.
"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp). The Divine Adventure; Iona; Spiritual History (1 vol.); The Winged Destiny. Duffield. $1.50 net each.
Garretson, B. C. Breen Villagers. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.
Garstang, J. The Land of the Hittites. Dutton. $4 net.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Goodsell, W. The Conflict of Naturalism and Humanism. Teachers College, Col. Univ. $1.50.
Harris, C. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Philadelphia: Henry Artemus Co. $1.50.
Hastings, S. Summer Flowers of the High Alps. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Holland, T. E. A Valedictory Retrospect 1874-1910), Being a Lecture del. June 17, 1910. Frowde.
Hopkins, W. J. The Meddlings of Eve. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.
Just, A. The Jungborn Dietary: a New Vegetarian Cookery Book. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Kennedy, J. M. The Quintessence of Nietzsche. Duffield.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft's letter to Mr. Griscom is calm in tone, but is a terrible exposure of trickery and bad faith on the part of the men who have set themselves up as managers of the Republican party in the State of New York. Chief among them is Vice-President Sherman. He is entitled to the first prize for demerit. From the detailed statement of the President, it is clear that Mr. Sherman attempted to deceive, first Mr. Taft and then the public; that he suppressed a telegram from the President which would have put a wholly different light upon the matter coming before the State Committee; that he intrigued with Barnes and Ward and Woodruff behind the President's back; and that his subsequent effort to make it appear that he was spokesman for the Administration was an impudent and false pretence. Whatever may be hereafter thought of him as a man, his reputation as a politician is ruined. He is about to start on a campaigning tour in the West, where it was announced that he would interpret the President's views. But the country now knows what is the President's view of him.

There can be no doubt that Chairman Griscom is right in saying that the action of the State Committee can now easily be reversed. It is not yet settled whether Mr. Roosevelt's "engagements" will admit of his acting as chairman at the State Convention; and we may feel pretty sure that, if the signs are plain that the New York Republican campaign is to be a losing one, the "fortune's champion" of Sagamore Hill, "ever strong upon the stronger side," will not put himself at the head of it. Yet in any event there is certain to be a great change of front at the State Convention. The progressive element of the party, with both Roosevelt and the Administration on its side, will be able to decide what the platform shall be and what sort of candidate shall be chosen. President Taft's explicit endorsement of some form of direct primary will make it inevitable that the party—unless it wishes to be buried a thousand fathoms deep—will come out for it unmistakably. In general, the President's letter is a great source of strength to the decent Republicans of New York. The Ward-Barnes-Wadsworth-Woodruff plans have been smashed. The way is now open for a vigorous rally by honest Republicans, and for a campaign which is not foredoomed at once to defeat and disgrace, as any campaign directed by the disreputable machine crowd would surely have been.

Gov. Hughes's investigators into the charges of the fraud in the Adirondack land purchases are plainly "getting warm." At the first session, George N. Ostrander described the methods by which the Raquette Falls Land Company, in which he was associated with ex-Congressman Louis W. Emerson, paid $217,000 in dividends on $200,000 of capital in four and one-quarter years. In 1906, the company sold to the State for $152,314, land which it had purchased five years earlier for $84,814, a profit of more than $63,000, not to speak of the sum of $26,000 received from the "Paper Bag Trust" for timber sold from the tract. The Pickhardt tract on Schroon Lake, which was bought for $3.65 an acre, was sold eleven months later to the State for $7.25 an acre. This land, it appeared, had been offered to the State by its former owners at about half what Ostrander got for it. But the forest purchasing board, of which Commissioner Whipple of the State Forest, Fish, and Game Department and Speaker Wadsworth were members, refused the offer, although they later accepted one from Ostrander at the enormously increased figure. This bit of Republican prosperity Ostrander gratefully acknowledged by regular campaign contributions to the Republican party. At a later session, it developed that Ostrander had put his name to Whipple's notes for $20,000. Of course, this had nothing to do with the fact that Commissioner Whipple was a highly influential factor in recommending what lands should be bought by the State.

In practice, it is never easy to separate the sheep from the goats, and this holds good for the segregation process now under way within the ranks of the Republican party. There are regulars and there are insurgents, but there are also more or less timorous wanderers between the camps. On the progressive side it has been necessary to coin the term "near-insurgents." On the standpat side one daily paper finds it possible to speak of Representative Mann of Illinois as "an unusually independent regular." The phrase suggests infinite gradations. From regularity to independent regularity, from independent regularity to unusually independent regularity, from unusually independent regularity to almost chronically independent regularity, from almost chronically independent regularity to near-insurgency, from near-insurgency to insurgency—here is an entire spectrum of party color, where but a short year ago was only the single unbroken ray of Republican white light. At present, indeed, it is scarcely right to speak of factional lines within the Republican party; but here and there and everywhere fissures and gaps and leads are opening up, as in the ice-field in spring, to the sound of much grinding and groaning.

Senator Lodge has again satisfactorily explained away all the tariff misunderstandings. We expect, therefore, to hear no more insurgent mutterings in Massachusetts, particularly as the Senator has used a new argument that will close every mouth that might have opened to give voice to tariff discontent. He denounced, it is reported, "any effort to strike at the tariff now when any revision will necessarily be done according to the old, unscientific method." The inadequate report before us stupidly fails to tell us how Mr. Lodge rehearsed his long years of protest against the old, unscientific methods of tariff-making and regularly denounced to Massachusetts audiences the result thereof. Surely all our readers will remember his heated outbursts against the Dingley and McKinley tariffs because of the manner of their construction, even though they have slipped our minds. But Mr. Lodge did not confine himself to straightening out the tariff. He quelled rebellion in his own camp by squelching Joseph Walker, the Speaker

of the Massachusetts House, who has just declared himself a "Progressive." Mr. Lodge announced that he disliked any classification of Republicans. He said he objected to the term "insurgent" or "progressive" or any other adjective that might be chosen to split the Republican party into factions. "This is no time for division," he went on; "it is time for union. I want to see the Republican party large and united, not small and divided." Then, like the defeated candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination in California, and Timothy L. Woodruff, he declared that he could see no evidence in his State of any insurgency whatever. Of course, with Lodge, what he cannot see does not exist.

President Schurman's address at the Silver Lake Assembly last week on representative government is taken, not unnaturally, as an attack upon direct nominations. What he actually opposed was direct legislation by the people—that is, the initiative and referendum—but he incidentally grouped the direct primary with it. His speech should really have been delivered in Oregon. It was not strictly applicable to anything that has been seriously proposed in New York. If an educated man is to discuss politics at all he ought to show that his education has given him the power to discriminate between things that differ, but that is precisely what President Schurman did not seem to do. There is no inherent antagonism between direct nominations and the system of government by representation; indeed, the latter may be made to work better by means of the former. In none of the bills for the direct primary urged at Albany is there a clause or syllable looking to the abandonment of representative government. Their entire aim was simply to make it more truly representative.

One characteristic of the progressive movements in most of the Western and Middle Western States is well illustrated in the heated primary contest in Wisconsin. It is the tendency of many Democrats to be more interested in progressive success in the Republican party than in their own. Natural sympathy is responsible for part of this drift. Where Republicans are in the majority, there also exists the desire to have a hand in the selection of the men who have the best chance of being elected. In Wisconsin, it has led to a classification described by Senator La Follette as "fair-minded Democrats," who for years have been in the habit of supporting him in both primaries and elections. Democratic leaders, hampered by this constant defection, are this year earnestly striving to keep their followers in line. One of their moves has been to name two opposing candidates for United States Senator in the hope that a warm party contest may prevent Democrats from supporting La Follette against Cook, his standpat opponent. They have shown their resentment in their bitter attacks on Judge "Ben" Lindsey of Colorado, who, in a tour of the State, has been urging Democrats to stand by La Follette. They are fearful, too, of the operation of the "20 per cent. law" which will prevent their having a party column on the ballot in November, if they do not in the primary poll 20 per cent. of the vote cast by them at the last Presidential election. Meanwhile there are no indications that Wisconsin is weakening in its allegiance to progressive principles, or its loyalty to La Follette. Bristow of Kansas has been speaking to audiences that for size and enthusiasm compare well with those in his home State. And Cummins, Clapp, and other progressives are coming to the support of the man who was once "the only insurgent in the Senate."

California insurgency won a sweeping victory in last week's primary. The nomination of Hiram Johnson, the insurgent Republican candidate for Governor, by a large plurality and of three insurgent Congressmen shows how deep was the feeling against the regular party organization. No seat has been won from an insurgent, and everywhere some seats have been taken from the standpatters. National issues were involved in the contest, Johnson having openly avowed his sympathy with the Republicanism of Dolliver and Cummins and La Follette, but the main fight, after all, was against boss domination and corporation politics in California. "Smash the bosses!" was Johnson's constant appeal to the voters, varied by denunciations of the long-standing and pernicious activity of the Southern Pacific in State affairs. The result not only is a great triumph for independence in California, but is symptomatic of the way in which the fountains of the great deep are being broken up in the Republican party all over the country. Insurgency has now fully reached the status of successful revolution. It can no longer be sneered at; it must seriously be reckoned with. Even at Beverly this is now distinctly perceived. And the smashing of the California bosses by means of the direct primary helps to explain why the New York bosses dread it as the devil does holy water.

On the Republican side in the Nebraska primary, the result was practically a drawn battle between insurgents and regulars. The renomination of Senator Burkett is described as the victory of a standpatter, but he is not that in the true sense; while his opponent, Mr. Whedon, who called himself an insurgent, had a record which made that term misleading if not ridiculous. But the chief political significance of the primary in Nebraska lies in the complete defeat which the Democrats administered to Mr. Bryan. All the candidates whom he favored were beaten, and all the policies which he advocated were rejected. The whole is a terrible blow to Mr. Bryan's prestige in his own State. We do not say that he cannot recover from it, or that he will, as some hastily conclude, give up his political activity and go to live on his Texas ranch. It still remains true that, as he defiantly says, his "health is very good," and as long as people will listen to him he will supply the energy and the voice. Yet it cannot be doubted that this Nebraska defeat, coming on top of other proofs of his waning influence, must make him less of a power in his party. In Ohio, for example, his attack on Judson Harmon, of whom he has displayed obvious signs of jealousy, is not cutting any figure in the campaign. "Bryan is fading," said a Republican politician regretfully, thinking of all the benefits which the Republicans owe to the Democratic leader.

The official publication a week ago of the new football rules contains no changes which had not already been foreshadowed. Restated as they are, they prove anew the sincerity of the efforts made to reform the game. Primarily, the dangerous flying tackle is

done away with; a player must hereafter have one foot on the ground when he tries to stop the runner carrying the ball. Another source of danger, the pushing and pulling of the runner by his team-mates after he has been stopped by an adversary, is strictly forbidden. By this it is hoped to avoid the piling up in a heap of twelve or fourteen or more men. It was in such a clash that Byrne, the West Point player, was killed. The new regulations as to the forward pass should also make for greater safety, while the shortening of the game by ten minutes and its division into four periods of fifteen minutes each should prevent the exhaustion of the players—at least, in any such degree as in the past. The intervals between the first and second periods and third and fourth periods are to be three minutes, while the fifteen-minute rest in the middle of the game remains. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When the rules have been well tried out we shall know whether the improvement is sufficient to have really "saved" the game. The chief evils of intercollegiate football—its commercialization, its breaking up of college work, and its destruction of academic ideals—remain, of course, unaltered by the refinement of the play.

British free-traders are deriving great and just comfort from the recent anti-tariff demonstration by the farmers of western Canada. It is on broad imperial grounds that the British protectionists have based their main argument. To hold the empire together, it was necessary to give the colonies what they want, and the thing the colonies chiefly wanted was a British tax on food, with preference for the colonial product as against the foreigner's. And now comes the greatest of the British colonies, and, through the mouth of a very influential section of its people, announces that it will have nothing of the blessings of protectionism. To a delegation of Saskatchewan farmers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke his mind the other day: "Protection is a great wrong and makes millions dishonest with one another." And elsewhere: "If I had my own way, I would have a free British tariff. Britain is my model, not only for history, not only for government, not only for public life, but for political economy." To us here it would be interesting to know to what extent this movement among the farmers of western Canada is part of the great upheaval that is now traversing our own West.

French Congo has never shared in the sinister reputation of King Leopold's Congo. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, a spirit of enlightenment and a humaneness possibly above the average have characterized French administrative policy. The latest step forward in the Congo is in the direction of ultimately doing away with the concessionary companies in possession of monopoly rights over large areas. The system has not proved a success. Out of forty companies organized, eight have gone out of existence and a majority of the others are in feeble financial condition. Eleven of these have lately amalgamated into one, under government authorization. In return, the duration of their franchise has been cut down from twenty years to ten, so that in another decade the French Congo will be virtually on a basis of equal commercial privileges for all. The government's action has met with general approval. The French press cites the example of Senegal, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and Nigeria, all of which are thriving under a non-monopolistic system.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* who has returned to England, after a careful study of German economic conditions, sets forth at length the "Revolt against Protection in Germany." In many of its aspects, this article reads as if it might have been written originally about our own situation, and adapted merely by the changing of names and places. Thus the outcry there is not only due to the discovery that the tariff is the mother of Trusts, which now number no less than 385, but also to the rise in the cost of living. It is a battle, declares the writer, Mr. Æneas O'Neill, not merely between the classes and the masses, and between the consumers and producers, but also between the industrials and agrarians. More than that, there is strife even in the protection camp between the small fry and the large producers. Not only is the whole electorate discussing the present unhappy situation in connection with Germany's grave financial difficulties, but the Reichstag has been heavily bombarded by those business men who are anxious to have duties lowered or abolished.

Those who believe in the "economic interpretation" of history—and of current events that are history in the making—will find water for their mill in the financial aspects of the struggle between the Vatican and the Spanish Government. According to the explanations of a "Spanish Liberal" printed in the London *Times*, it is the economic side of the case that is the strongest argument in behalf of the policy of Prime Minister Canalejas. It is not merely that the cost of the religious establishment is heavy, being nearly one-twentieth of the entire national budget, but that the exemption of the religious orders from taxation enables them not only to acquire valuable lands and houses, but to enter, with great advantages on their side, into competition with various industries. It is said to be a growing jealousy of such privileges, on the part of Spanish peasants and artisans, which makes them ready to support the Government in a way in which they would not on a purely religious question. But the Catholic bishops, too, are quite aware of the force of economic appeals, and in their joint protest to Premier Canalejas, which was, of course, published for the people to read, they declared that "the real public opinion of the country is asking . . . first of all the cheapening of the necessities of life, so that the condition of the workingman may be less precarious, bitter, and intolerable."

The Emperor Francis Joseph celebrated his eightieth birthday under auspices more cheerful than those that have favored the Hapsburg house for many a year. To-day there is little of anxiety for the preservation of the Austrian realm which, twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, it was customary to regard as dependent upon the life of Francis Joseph alone. Nor is there much more alarm over the danger of dismemberment at the hands of the Hohenzollern. The Austrian Pan-Germanists have been in chastened mood in recent years. Their influence has not been what it used to be, since the time that Austrian subjects were given universal suffrage; by this gift Francis Joseph has probably done most to insure the future of his realm.

FUMBLING WITH A MORAL ISSUE.

The "party of moral ideas" is in sore trouble; and of this the root lies in the fact that it is confronted by a moral issue and does not know what to do with it. All the uncertainties and divided counsels and angry recriminations and fears of party disaster which are to-day afflicting the Republican leaders and filling Republican voters with dismay, arise from the expulsive force of a moral idea now mightily stirring the hearts of the people. The issue was slow in shaping. Its beginnings might be mistaken for that rashness or ambition on the part of the authors of "new agitations," of which the philosophic Italian historian speaks. But all doubt about the solidity and permanence of the movement has long since passed away. We have now seen the new moral idea sweep State after State, breaking up the old party organization, retiring one chief after another whose position seemed impregnable, bringing new men to the front, and demonstrating its power in a thousand ways. Yet the party leaders continue to speak of it with amazement and pain or indignation. They call it hysteria or lunacy. The professed guardians and champions of moral ideas do not recognize the biggest moral idea in the politics of their day when they meet it.

In concrete form, this fresh moral impulse first showed itself in Congress nearly two years ago. In its earliest manifestations, it took the shape of a protest against the domination of the House of Representatives by a tyrannous and selfish and politically corrupt machine. It struck boldly at the Cannon-Tammany alliance. If that was not an immoral thing to be hit hard by every honest man, then there never was one. Later came the tariff framing and the tariff debates, in the course of which principles got utterance and positions were taken which clearly portended the coming revolution, and left no doubt that its energy was essentially a moral one. When ten Republican Senators openly broke with their party organization and their Administration and voted against a bill which had been made a party measure, solely on the ground that it contained provisions abhorrent to their moral sense, it was plain to the most unobservant that a new force had been let loose in our politics. And it was a force, too, which struck deeper than party or expediency and went down to fundamental questions of right and wrong. Nothing but the strongest kind of moral compulsion could have led the insurgent Republicans to come out and renounce the unclean thing. Politically, their course seemed hazardous in the extreme, but they were as willing as our ancestors to pledge their fortunes and their sacred honor to what they believed to be truth and duty.

In those days of the origin of the quickening movement, President Taft and his advisers might be excused for having remained puzzled and hesitant. They could not then tell whereto this thing would grow. Prudence would counsel caution and delay in taking sides. Even at the time, however, there was no justification for not having a fairer view of the motive of the dissident Republicans. To lump them all together and insinuate that they were actuated simply by personal hostility or ambition, was a huge political blunder. Whether that is acknowledged or not, the day has passed for continuing in the mistaken policy. The Western primaries have shown that a moral ferment is at work in the Republican party which has got to be reckoned with. The moral issue has now demonstrated that it is backed by votes. The abstract principle has become intensely practical. What is the President, the "titular leader of the party," as he describes himself, going to do about it? A moral issue antagonized is certain to be fatal to the man who opposes it. If the political history of our country proves anything, it proves that. But it may be almost as disastrous for a statesman to fumble with a moral issue.

The opportunity for the President is great, but he cannot wait too long before seizing it. Recent developments have shown that he regards the insurgent movement to-day with far greater seriousness than last winter, and that he perceives its significance more correctly. But so far little has been done except in the way of "placating" the Western Republicans; removing obstacles to their return to party allegiance; getting rid of those who have been stones of stumbling and rocks of offence. This is well enough, so far as it goes; any other course would be political folly. But mere palliatives and half-way measures will not do. The whole spirit and purpose of the new moral agitation must be both understood and heartily entered into. Men have been saying, despondingly, as Benjamin Jowett did fifty years ago, that they feared they should not live to see another "great national enthusiasm." But this fresh breath of life, coming into the air of politics long gone sordid, promises just that thing. Republican leaders, however, must wake to it. They must not go on speaking of this new moral determination as a "Kansas craze." The really insane people will be themselves if they do not read aright the signs of the times.

Never was there a more unmistakable call for true leadership. Lecky said of Chatham that, with all his faults, he at least succeeded in idealizing the national politics. That is the high work awaiting the man who can now put himself at the head of this new inrush of moral questions in our commercialized politics. As yet the movement is unorganized. It stands for a great aspiration rather than a definite programme. But it awaits a virile leader who has the imagination to perceive its vast possibilities for good and the courage and zeal to give it free course in our national life, so that moral ideals may again stir the enthusiasm and call out the devotion of citizens who have only disgust for politics without principles and politicians without a soul.

OUR NAVAL WASTE.

The recent sale of the gunboat Hornet for the ridiculous sum of $5,100 is a clear illustration of the wasteful methods of the government. Just twelve years ago, the Hornet, then the yacht Josephine, belonging to Mr. P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, was purchased for $117,500. After some active service in Cuba during the war, she was for several years used for cruising duty and was then transferred to a naval militia organization. Only twelve years of service sufficed to decrease her value from $117,500 to $7,000 in the opinion of the Navy Department, which finally accepted $5,100. That the Hornet is, however, still serviceable appears from her recent voyage to New Orleans and thence to Nicaragua with a cargo of arms for one of the battling parties in that republic. Evidently, her present

owners obtained a great bargain. They ought to be able more than to recover their outlay by breaking the Hornet up. She is 160 feet long and displaces 425 tons.

Now, when the Hornet was purchased by the Government, she was in the first-class order in which our wealthy men invariably keep their yachts. Her speed may not have been quite as high as represented, but her condition must otherwise have been of the best. Yet twelve years later she is a ruined boat. Nor is this in any way an exceptional case. It is related of the Mayflower, the President's yacht, that as soon as she was taken over white paint was applied to all her costly bird's-eye maple fittings, which was later on in some places removed at heavy cost. For some time past, it has been rumored in naval circles that the Mayflower, too, would soon have to disappear from the navy list, because of her rapid deterioration and the need for such costly repairs as would exceed the limit of 20 per cent. of her value beyond which Congress has forbidden the Department to go in the repairing of any ship. Several other boats of this type have already been disposed of.

Lest it be argued that these were old vessels when bought, it is worth while to examine the longevity of ships expressly built for the Government. Here the most striking fact is that, in 1909, two torpedo boats, the Nicholson and O'Brien, were discarded as worthless, after only seven years of service in time of peace. The Winslow, new in 1897, which fought at Cardenas the next year, is under survey now and will, it is expected, be relegated to the scrap-heap. The cruiser Philadelphia, built in 1890, is on the navy list only because she is used as a receiving-ship, and the same is true of the battleship Texas, completed in 1895, and at the Port Royal yard for two or three years. The Atlanta of the original "white squadron" of 1887 is to be used as a barracks at the Charlestown navy yard, although enormous sums have been spent upon her at various times for reconstruction and repair. The Columbia and Minneapolis, built in 1893, and equipped with triple-screws, will either be sold or made over into transports. The unfortunate steel gunboat Bennington is certain to be condemned this year.

Beyond doubt the Navy Department views with equanimity the disappearance of these costly vessels, because of the progress made by naval science since they were launched. For this reason, a number of battleships like the Indiana, Alabama, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Missouri, Wisconsin, Ohio, and Oregon are now in reserve, several of them without any likelihood of ever seeing active service again. The Dreadnought has made them antiquated and obsolete, although the Wisconsin was completed only in 1901 and the Missouri in 1903. But with all allowance for the necessity of keeping pace with naval progress, no one conversant with the facts will believe for an instant that the government begins to get out of its ships what a private owner would. This is in part due to careless handling, in part to bad repair work at the navy yards. It was to improve the latter, as well as to save money, that the Newberry navy-yard reforms were instituted in 1908, with an improvement in speed and intelligence of effort as a result. But on the Pacific Coast, complaints of inefficient work in the engineering department of the Mare Island yard have led to bitter recriminations and the court-martial of one officer. The shocking number of serious engine-room accidents in the Pacific fleet within a year would have ruined any commercial line operating a similar number of steamers.

The merchant steamer is not, of course, an exact parallel. Yet the spectacle of the Etruria and Umbria crossing and recrossing the Atlantic for over twenty-five years with unfailing regularity, and only one month's overhaul annually, is a sample of efficient operation not to be matched by any naval vessel of which we know. Not only do most of our warships deteriorate as to speed, but the enormous sums spent on them for repairs are out of all proportion to the cost of ships like the Etruria and Umbria, which were finally laid off only because their engines, designed nearly thirty years ago, consumed too much coal from the modern engineering point of view. With Uncle Sam, "everything goes." It is a matter of course that, besides the annual overhaul, there shall be a "renovation" after a three years' leisurely cruise and a "reconstruction" in due course, just as the Department now plans to spend half a million in bringing Schley's flagship of 1898, the Brooklyn, up to date—she is thirteen years old. Finally, those who would reckon accurately the cost of our huge naval establishment must not fail to count in the annual appropriation (about $140,000,000 this year) the tremendous depreciation in the amounts already invested in war-vessels.

THE END OF KOREA.

The formal annexation of the Korean Empire by Japan is announced from Tokio as being imminent. Towards this historic act the policy of Japan has been inflexibly advancing from the moment it first became apparent that victory was with her in the war with Russia. A succession of conventions and treaties, both with Korea and with the European Powers, has marked the transformation within six years of Japanese influence in Korea into virtual Japanese sovereignty; and only one more public act will probably be necessary to make this sovereignty in fact a sovereignty in name as well. Throughout the entire process the Korean government has of course been a pawn in the game. Korea's "treaties" with Japan have been dictated from Tokio, and have been shaped by events taking place outside of Korea. The first of the latter-day agreements between Japan and Korea was signed on February 23, 1904, two weeks after the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. In this agreement the Korean government proclaimed its "full confidence" in the government of Japan, whose advice it promised to adopt in the improvement of administrative methods. Japan in turn promised to insure the safety and repose of the Imperial Household of Korea and definitely guaranteed the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire.

Diplomacy henceforth kept pace with the fortunes of war. Japan's grip on Korea was tightened in August, 1904, when the Korean government undertook to place its financial and foreign relations in the hands of advisers recommended by the government of Japan. Then came the decisive battles of the war and the general recognition that Japan's position in Korea was henceforth predominant. The treaty of Portsmouth by anticipation, though in negative fashion, sanctioned what is only now taking place, when Russia acknowledged Japan paramount in Korean

affairs, political, military, and economic. The Russian government engaged itself "neither to obstruct nor to interfere with the measures of guidance, protection, and control which the government of Japan may find it necessary to take in Korea." Less than a month before the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth, in renewing her alliance with Japan, Great Britain gave practically the same recognition to Japanese claims in Korea. By treaty of November 17, 1905, between Japan and Korea, the latter surrendered the conduct of her foreign relations and agreed to receive a Japanese Resident-General at Seul. Marquis Ito took up his post in the Korean capital in March, 1906, but for all his conciliatory methods could win neither the confidence of the people nor of the court. The intrigues of the latter led to the forced abdication of the Korean Emperor in July, 1907, followed within a few days by a treaty which practically placed Korea under the suzerainty of Japan, to whom the higher administration of the country was assigned. But Korean insurgency continued, and in the summer of 1909 the Japanese government assumed charge of the police and prison administration. On October 26, Marquis Ito was assassinated by a Korean patriot. From that day the speedy termination of what Japan has regarded as an impossible situation, and the outside world has regarded as a disingenuous situation, became a certainty.

There is nothing in Japan's treaty obligations towards any other power that stands in the way of Korean annexation. On the contrary, it has been seen that Russia and Great Britain both gave their consent five years ago, and that the other governments, our own among them, have subscribed to the *status quo* in the Far East, at a time when the *status quo* meant Korea for Japan. The last step in preparation was probably the recent convention between Japan and Russia, which was generally regarded as foreshadowing the annexation of Korea, and with apparent good reason. It is Japan's own pledge to Korea that may be cited against her; the pledge she gave at the outbreak of the war with Russia, to preserve the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire. But it would be overlooking the facts of human nature and of history to imagine that a promise extended at the beginning of a conflict as doubtful of issue as the Russo-Japanese war seemed at first, would be rigidly kept after a triumph so signal and far-reaching as Japan's. It may be that a Western Power in Japan's place would have played the protectorate game more deliberately. Japanese methods in Korea have been severe frequently to the point of cruelty. But allowance must be made for the after-effect of victory and perhaps to a greater extent still for the consciousness of how heavily the victory had been purchased after all, and how necessary it was to strengthen the Japanese position in Korea against the time when Japanese good fortune and Russian incapacity might not fall together.

On the whole, it is best for Korea, for Japan, and for the peace of the world, that what had to happen should happen at the earliest moment. It would be idle to deny that the Koreans under their own Emperor's rule were not a well-governed or happy people. If the Japanese rule has been harsh, it has been largely because Japan has ruled in Korea as a conqueror and by military methods. Annexation may give the Korean the privileges and immunities of Japanese citizenship without burdening him more heavily than he is burdened at present. The peaceful assimilation of a people whose numbers are estimated at anywhere from eight to seventeen millions is a task that is sure to keep Japanese statesmanship busy for many years to come. To that extent it will save us from the world-wide schemes of Japanese aggrandizement which the strained jingo eye discerns in the most insignificant daily event of Tokio politics.

MAGAZINE PRINTING.

Among the many minor arts of the present upon which increasing attention is bestowed is the art of magazine "make-up." The function of the modern "make-up" man differs from that of the older "art editor" in that while the latter was primarily and almost exclusively concerned with the selection of pictures and their reproduction, the former gives a new importance to the work of adjusting the picture to the letter-press, and of establishing a characteristic typographical style—matters that were once regarded as more or less mechanical and left largely to the discretion of the printing office.

This development is to be noted chiefly in the less expensive magazines which, unable or unwilling to provide elaborate and costly color features, are forced to seek freshness and attractiveness of presentation in other and more economical ways. The colored insert does a certain violence to the taste of all who feel that a magazine, like a book, implies a certain principle of unity in its structure. This unity the new movement recognizes, after a fashion, and seeks to turn to proper advantage. To blend pictures with text, to introduce into the latter such decorative elements as may be appropriate, and to break down the hard and fast "office style" so as to draw from the resources of typography itself effects pleasing to the eye—this surely is a worthier effort than the mere multiplication of color sections.

But while the intention is excellent, the working out of the plan is not always satisfactory. With few exceptions, too little advantage has so far been taken of the remarkable opportunity to make the modern magazine a worthy companion to the modern book at its best. The problem presented would be a fascinating one to an artist with a firm grasp on the principles and best traditions of the printing art. For the magazine, with its large double-columned page, is the sole representative today of the earliest printed books. Thus the cultivated art editor has open to him a whole field which is ordinarily closed to the maker of books. The trouble usually is that this grasp upon the principles and traditions of typography is precisely what is lacking. The editor is out of sympathy with his medium. Though this is one of the most rigid and least compromising—for types can be set in only one way—he persists in treating it as if it were one of the most plastic. And when he discovers this lack of plasticity, instead of making a merit of it, as a sensitive artist will always find a way of doing, he seeks to escape from it by unhappy expedients. A striking example of this is the prevalent use of hand-lettering in the headings of articles and stories. Types, even in all the multiplicity of execrable job fonts, do not present a sufficient variety for the taste of the art editor, who, therefore, calls to his as-

sistance the florid fancy of the decorative designer.

Whatever the intrinsic merit of much of this lettering, its use within the magazine violates what is almost the first principle of good "make-up"—which is that type should always be used with type. Even the decoration employed should be as typographical as possible, excellent models being ready to hand in the type-set ornaments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Much of the decorative material which is now commonly used, and upon which the mechanical methods of reproduction place no restraints of handling, is unsuited to its purpose. This material is usually without "style," and is deficient in that there is small attempt to follow the older designers who sought to echo in their line the harmonies involved in the design of the type itself. For the modern art editor decoration is decoration, and he selects his headpieces, frames, and initials with reference to his own personal taste, rather than to the demands of the particular problem which confronts him. Thus, by way of example, most type faces used in magazines to-day are light in color, with a certain amount of shading; nothing, however, is more common than to see such a page spotted and over-weighted with heavy woodcut ornaments whose popularity persists in spite of the fact that they reflect the spirit of quite another style of typography.

But we would not press our fault-finding. The vocation of art editor is still young, and will doubtless attract in time both editors and designers with a keener perception of the problems involved, and a surer æsthetic taste in the solution of practical difficulties. What, above everything else, is needed to-day is a fuller and more scholarly knowledge of the past. The illustrator should know more of the Dutch painters, and eighteenth century Frenchmen like Chardin, who, although they did not work for reproduction or from a literary text, were none the less illustrators of the life about them, appealing to the same popular taste that is exploited by the modern magazine. And in the same way the decorative designer needs to know more of the historic styles of design and their evolution in correspondence with the changes of typographic style. Even the illustrated book is no new thing, and though it seems useless at present to protest against the triumphant half-tone and wash-drawing, artist and editor alike will find in the French and Italian books of the Renaissance suggestions for the designing of illustrations and the assimilation of these with the text that will go far towards making the magazine of the future a thing of accomplished dignity and beauty, instead of an incomplete realization of a valiant but indistinct intention.

THOMAS CAMPION.

I.

It argues something immortal in Campion that he has survived his revival. We have not now to record the beginning, but the establishment, of his second reputation, which bids fair to prove more durable than the first. In his own time he delighted tuneful lords and ladies with songs for the lute and viol, and they called him "sweet Master Campion," and compared his Latin poetry with that of the Italian neoterics, the then renowned Mantuan and honey-tongued Politian, and among English poets they put him in the constellation with Shakespeare and the chief lights of the day. But when he died in 1620, he passed swiftly into oblivion. His blithe airs were drowned in the ground-swell of Puritan hymns and the roar of Puritan musketry. His art was part of the evanescent grace of a great age in decline—a grace long neglected in the annals of sunken Armadas, beheaded earls, and deposed kings, and irrecoverable by the documentary historian. He was not recalled at the dawn of the last century with Marlowe, Middleton, and Webster—the "giant race before the flood." In spite of Arber's reprints, until A. H. Bullen collected and privately published his works in 1889 he was known vaguely, if known at all, as a misguided opponent of rhyme and an occasional contributor to poetical miscellanies—so, for example, he appears in Ward's "English Poets." Mr. Bullen, who is deeply in love with the lyrical life of those times, recognized in him not an historical curiosity, but a living poet; as such, accordingly, he sent him forth, unencumbered with notes, freed of misleading orthographical quaintness, to make his fortune by his merits, or not at all. As of old, he straightway won the approval of men of taste; he has sung his way into all recent anthologies; and several admirers have published selections from his lyrics.

The edition of Mr. Vivian* now issued represents the serious consideration which Campion has secured, and contemplates a prepared public. The fullest since Bullen's, it is addressed primarily to scholars, and, with the reverence for Elizabethan type-setters characteristic of our times, it reproduces the old spelling. Its special feature, however, is the biographical introduction. By heroic ferreting in parish registers and legal archives the editor has been able to supply the poet with a well-documented father, a more tenuous grandfather, a respectably lengthy maternal ancestry, and, what is more to the point, to supplement at several points the fragmentary outlines of his career. In the zest of discovery, Mr. Vivian displays rather more joy in the law-suits of John, the father, than in the songs of the son, Thomas; but on the whole he has enabled us to add measurably to the weight and humanity of what was before an almost disembodied voice. Unless all signs fail, Campion is not in danger of becoming a shadow again—to quote the haunting last lines of his "Umbra"—

per omne
Tempus perpetuo damnatus luminis exul.

II.

Independent of time as pure lyric poetry may seem to be, the work of Campion gains immensely when it is viewed in connection with his age. Conversely, we cannot wholly revive that age without some consideration of such poets as Campion. That he was a minor and late-remembered singer—a lyrist and not a dramatist—now constitutes not the least of his claims upon our attention; for he compels us to revise our generalizations about the world in which he lived, and to call into our consciousness some of its less familiar aspects. In the popular mind, the "old dramatists" have created the Elizabethan era just as the novels of Scott have created the Middle Ages. Indeed, they have been almost universally received as the legitimate representatives of its spirit. But as with the lapse of time and the accumulation of obscure material we draw nearer to the Elizabethan society, we begin to suspect that the heaven-storming shoemaker's son who trained the cannon of Tamburlaine against the gods, the jail-weary debtor who filled the pouch of Fortunatus with inexhaustible gold, the well-beloved poacher who steered the purple barge of Cleopatra and slew the world's conqueror with a kiss—we begin to suspect that these men and their fellows have somehow tyrannized over the imagination of posterity. By dreaming in great verse of what life denied them, they have got it written down that their sixteenth century was an epoch of wild magnificence, splendid, half-barbarous, incomparably spontaneous, the field of exuberant and leonine passions. They imposed this impression upon a critic so near them as

*"Campion's Works." Edited by Percival Vivian. Oxford and New York: The Clarendon Press. In quoting the English poems I have used Mr. Vivian's edition of 1907 in Dutton's Muses' Library, which modernizes the spelling.

Dryden; they imposed it, naturally enough, upon Voltaire and Taine; and the multitude of "native wood notes wild" which our literary historians discover in that period indicates that they are still imposing it upon us.

The only objection to this simple, popular, and striking view of the Elizabethan age is that it is false. It has all the plausible falseness of a half-truth. It neglects the equally defensible view that the Elizabethan age, particularly during the great dramatic period of the last fifteen years of the reign, was a time of weariness and exhaustion, of far-sought refinements in literature and life, of self-consciousness and skepticism and ennui. If we would see Campion in relation to the literary movement of his day, we should dissociate him from the new popular drama, and think of him as one of the last representatives of the old aristocratic lyrical tradition of Wyatt and Surrey, who, in turn, continue the tradition of Petrarch. We should remember that the poetry written by this line of courtly "makers" was the fruit of a cultivated and artistic social life, that it was not intended for publication, but for private circulation, and that it was regarded as a social accomplishment. In those days the inexorable discipline of the graces was not reserved for women. From Sir Thomas Hoby's "Courtyer," 1561, to Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman," 1634, every youth of breeding was instructed not merely in athletic and soldierly feats and in the solider parts of learning, but also in the "feate of drawing and peincting," "to daunce well," "to singe well upon the booke," "to play upon the Lute, and singe to it with the ditty," "to play upon the Vyole, and all other instruments with freates." Before we lightly speak of the artlessness of their songs we should recall that they were drilled in art from the cradle. We should remember also that they travelled much abroad, and studied in the universities of Bologna and Padua and Paris, and brought home new books, new culture, new fashions, and new vices. So that Roger Ascham, as early as 1570, had to turn aside in his treatise on "The Brynging up of Youth" and castigate the younger generation of Italianate Englishmen: "They mocke the Pope: They raile on Luther: They allow neyther side. . . . The marke they shote at, the ende they looke for, the heaven they desire, is onelie, their owne present pleasure—whereby they plainlie declare, of whose schole, of what Religion they be: that is, Epicures in living, and ἄθεοι in doctrine." And Thomas Nash, at about the time when all Shakespeare's biographers declare that England was feeling the glow of national enthusiasm, cries out that England needs a Peter Aretine to expose her hypocrisy and reveal her deep-seated corruption. On his heels a pack of little English Juvenals begins to snarl out the prelude to formal satire, till one almost feels himself in decadent Rome, and forgets the spacious days of great Elizabeth.

Into this marvellously sophisticated world Thomas Campion was born in London on February 12, 1567, son to Lucy and John Campion, Cursitor of the Chancery Court, member of the Middle Temple, good churchman, and gentleman. After a sound classical training at Peterhouse, Cambridge, he was entered, in April, 1586, at Gray's Inn. For the social activities of his legal fraternity his tastes and talents were eminently qualified; but for the serious study of his profession he had no inclination whatever. In 1591, Mr. Vivian has pretty clearly demonstrated, he joined a small military expedition sent by Elizabeth to the aid of Henry IV. Returning to England in the latter part of the year, he apparently took up his former connections with the Inn, and dallied with his destiny for at least four years longer, rounding off this period with the publication of his first volume of verse, the rare "Poemata" of 1595.

Then, perhaps sobered by diminishing revenues, he bade farewell to folly, turned his back on detested pettifogging, and studied medicine, presumably at one of the continental universities. At some time between 1602 and 1606 he received his medical degree and began to be, as the French say, *un homme rangé*, with manifest pride affixing to his signature, "Doctor in Physicke." He had now put poetry—upon which it was not respectable to live—where it belonged, among the recreations of a gentleman. In 1601 he had allowed his musical friend, Philip Rosseter, to publish a handful of his English songs—words and airs—prefaced, however, by the statement that the author "neglects these light prints as superfluous blossomes of his deeper studies." About 1613 he himself put forth a second collection entitled "Two Bookes of Ayres." His masque for the wedding of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard brought him into superficial connection with their devilish and Judas-like murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. As physician he attended Sir Thomas Monson, who was imprisoned in the Tower for alleged complicity in the murder, and, upon the release of that knight, dedicated to him and his son "The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres." It remains only to mention his technical treatise on music, "A New Way of Making Foure Parts in Counter-point"—which, we are told, long served as a text-book—and the revision of his Latin poems in 1619. On March 1, 1620, this faithful servant of Apollo in the three arts of music, poetry, and medicine died at the age of fifty-three, and, having neither wife nor child, left all his estate, valued at £22, to Philip Rosseter.

III.

The relation of Campion's surroundings, his considerable culture, and his variegated experience to his poetical development are much obscured by the fact that no one but his editors reads his Latin work. This neglect is to be deplored—I suppose its causes will not bear investigation—because it diminishes a slender poet by a third of his substance, and that not the least valuable. *Qui novit iuvenem, noscet itemque senem*, wrote Campion, anticipating the modern critical method; and in his "Poemata" of 1595, the most personal of all his publications, he left us the record of his first contact with the world, the adventure of a stripling from the university with fashionable, wicked, witty London.

The Campion of the Inns of Court period—*dum regnat Cytherœa*—is one of the æsthetic young men who in every age emancipate themselves by culture from the morals, religion, and patriotism of their conservative countrymen. He never strikes the ringing English note of old Wyatt's song of retreat from the iniquities of the courtier's life:

But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme.

He looks out upon London with the slightly cynical Roman realism of an amorous young Epicurean of the latter days of Augustus. He has simplified phenomena by dividing them into things pleasant and things unpleasant. To the latter belong lawyers, medical quacks, braggarts, ugly women, and all manner of bores; these he transfixes on the points of his epigrams. To the former belong good music and poetry, faithful friends, and fair women; these he praises as the solace of a life that comes like water and goes like wind. In pursuit of his loves, he shows a taint of Propertian morbidity; he likes a mistress snatched from many rivals—he envies Paris the jealousy he excited:

O felix cui per tantos nupsisse tumultus
Contigit, et dignum bello habuisse torum.

His attitude toward the supernatural is suggested by four lines, of which this is the gist: "You saw a demon, Berinus; of what sort? It looked like a black dog, you say. Ah, I should say you saw a dog that looked like a demon, Berinus." This, at a time when the devil-dogs of the dramatists were raising goose-flesh among the groundlings, gives us the hint of a rationalizing turn in his nature which his medical preoccupation was calculated to strengthen. The author of the "Poemata" has never, with Faustus, seen Christ's blood stream in the firmament. Much more real to him than the New Jerusalem is that dim, pagan paradise where the shades of all that was fair and valorous in the antique world listen through eternity to the great songs of Homer. As the Virgilian music of his "Umbra" declares,

he is haunted by the memory of lovely ladies, Antiopa, Helena, Hermione, Argia, and Hippodamia, dwelling in the land washed by the waters of Acheron; and he can think of no higher honor for the English beauties, Surrey's Geraldine and Sidney's Penelope, Alice Spencer, Frances Howard, and Queen Catharine, than to send them to wander with their classic sisters in the gardens of Persephone—

Ad tristes devolvitur umbras
Quicquid formosum est, et non inamabile natum.

What echoes these lines awake! Villon's "Ou sont-ilz, Vierge souveraine?" Young Aucassin's defiance: "En paradis qu'ai jë a faire. . . Mais en infer, voil jou aler; car en infer vont il bel clerc, et li bel cavalier . . . et s'i vont les beles dames cortoises." Dante, faint with pity, crying, "Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio menò costoro al doloroso passo?" Propertius, feverishly eager, pleading with Persephone to spare one fair form for the regions above—"sunt apud infernos tot milia formosarum." Catullus completing the chime with "Curse upon you, cursed shades of Orcus, *quæ omnia bella devoratis*."

IV.

In Campion's English poems, the personal note is generally less pungent. Though the twenty-one songs which are certainly his in Rosseter's collection of 1601, are mostly amorous, it seems as if the hot life-lust of the young Epicurean had given way somewhat to the purely artistic impulse. Their peculiar virtues—simplicity of diction, varied tunefulness, brevity, and complex suggestiveness—arise from the meeting in their author of musical skill with a Latin culture slightly etherealized by contact with English romance. In the liquid lines below, with their shifting movement and their dying fall, the melodist predominates, anticipating the "fleet singing" of Swinburne:

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then hurst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

As composer of airs with which he clothed his words as the body is clothed in the spirit—never intending to send them naked down the wind—Campion gave "the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet, but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasie, where in multitude of points the Harmonie is quite drowned." And because the voices of the Augustan poets were living voices to him, he shunned the analogous vices of contemporary verse—its facile and far-fetched Platonism, its Petrarchan excesses of amatory servility and conceit, its seedy Euphuism. In a quite literal sense his light lyrics blossomed from his deeper studies. Thus the first stanza of his song, beginning "My sweetest Lesbie, let us live and love," is an almost literal translation from Catullus; but instead of the immortal whirlwind of kisses in which the original expires, he substitutes two stanzas of his own, equal, if not superior in quality to the first. Still more characteristic is a song which sets out on the note of two Horatian odes (*Iustum et tenacem* and *Integer vitæ*) and ends with finding the earth a "sober inn and quiet pilgrimage"—a note that vaguely evokes the Crusades and the perfume of religious romanticism. His power of dissolving the ages in music and linking the present to remote antiquity lends to the best of his love songs a penumbral richness and shadowy depth seldom found in the work of the guild of minor lovers who, armed with a century of sonnets, dash in vain against the marble or the porphyry or the adamant of their ladies' hearts. It is, for example, the subtle mingling of faint Propertian music among the enchantments of chivalry which constitutes, as Pater taught us to say, *la fleur particulière* of this perfect lyric:

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the story of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

The height of Campion's achievement in this kind is his justly admired "Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!" In this song, music and sweet poetry agree to subtilize the Panic animalism of the "Pervigilium Veneris," under the witching moonlight of Celtic fairyland. I quote but in part:

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep.
. . . . . .
But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.
. . . . . .
All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue
Shall on your cheeks alight:
Love will adorn you.

In this mysterious May-night transformation of Proserpina into a sister of her who led the revels in the enchanted "wood near Athens," one feels the special quality of Campion. The verse has not the movement as of mad feet on the village green which one feels in that right English piece of George Peele's "Fair and fair, and twice so fair." It has a certain airy stateliness, as if the fairy queen afar-off remembered Sicily.

V.

Campion would not have been the typical Elizabethan that he was, if, resting in the careless Epicureanism of his spring, he had sung in the wide span of his fifty years nothing but canticles of love. In those days, youths came to their maturity early, and felt often in the prime of manhood the languors of satiety and that "stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief" which has preyed on the liver of many a modern romanticist. Long before Coleridge, Campion had discovered that vague dejection which we used to call the *mal du siècle*.

Nor did he escape that deeper melancholy which sought out the best spirits among his contemporaries—the man of action as well as the scholarly recluse—even as the plague sought out their bodies, sparing neither threadbare poet nor prince armored with "intertissued robe of gold and pearl." At no other period in English literature, it seems to me, have men betrayed such a bitter apprehension of the transitoriness of earthly pleasures, such a poignant sense of mortality. It is the reality of this melancholy which edges the sweetness of Shakespeare's sonnets with the sharpness of a sword—"Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws." This melancholy it is, superbly measured and restrained, which informs with high seriousness some of the noblest passages in Bacon:

For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and thereupon said, "Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori."

Though Campion fell short of three score years and ten, in half a century—to borrow the grave words of Sir Thomas Browne—"a man may have a deep gust of the world, know what it is, what it can afford, and what 'tis to have been a man." In that time, he had seen Sir Philip Sidney fall abruptly in his golden prime, and had brought roses and violets to his grave, and had wept for him, with every man in England. He

had lived to see things which made the death of that bright favorite upon the field of battle seem happy and enviable. He had seen a maligner fate overtake the former darlings of Elizabeth—the sad eclipse of stars whose ascension he had watched—Southampton imprisoned, Devonshire disgraced, adventurous Raleigh and fiery-spirited Essex meditating on the fair sunlight in deep dungeons, and, under the shadow of the scaffold, preparing to bid farewell "to the wide world and all her fading sweets." And I should like to think that these lines—essentially just and manly, yet tinged with a certain bitterness—came to Campion as he looked for the last time upon the ruins of the great hard-hearted Queen.

Where are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining?
Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning?
All fled! and thou alone still here remaining?

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turnèd!
Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so much burnèd!
Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mournèd.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimèd.
That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blamèd;
When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famèd.

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perusèd.
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excusèd.
None ever lived more just, none more abusèd.

Elizabethan melancholy has three gates: one leads to dreamland, one to church, and one to the noose. Spenser took the first, Campion the second, and Robert Burton, if the rumor be true, took the third. Campion's religion, like his licentiousness, was that of a gentleman. I can find little evidence that he ever felt within himself that fierce civil strife of the earthly and the celestial loves, in which, as his contemporary Southwell says, "peace with sense is war with God." He never repudiated his past with the savage loathing of the converted Puritan, nor underwent any such transformation as changed the garb of George Herbert from the courtier's mantle to the linen ephod. He looked upon youth as the appointed time for gathering rosebuds, and age as the appointed time for gathering rue—each in season. He wrote some fine religious lyrics; as he observes, "Grave age did justly challenge those of me." But he did not scruple to bind them up in his latest books with an equal number of very "light conceits of lovers," and to commend the whole to the reading of a young man. Doubtless he had experienced moods of genuine religious emotion; certainly, at any rate, he understood them imaginatively, and knew how to express them. In the undulous lassitude of the following stanza, I would almost swear, one can recognize the immediate spontaneous movement of the author's mind; here, I am tempted to say, the weary lover of women becomes the weary lover of God:

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast,
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

And yet I hesitate, recalling certain exquisite lines in Jonson's "Sad Shepherd"—for example, "The world may find the spring by following her"—and considering the insurmountable difficulty of relating them, except through the mediation of the artist, to the stormy, loud-mouthed egotist with mountain belly and rocky face, who wrote them. Only so far as religious devotion meant disenchantment with sensual realities and a general sense of the duality of experience—only so far do I feel perfectly confident that Campion looked in his heart and wrote. When he cries out on the world as a "mass of mere confusion," "a false light with many shadows dimmed," a "witch," and a "charmed illusion," he is voicing the sincerest conviction of his age, held by saint and skeptic alike:

All our pride is but a jest;
None are worst, and none are best;
Grief and joy and hope and fear
Play their pageants everywhere:
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

This note he strikes with emphasis now and then; but it is not the burden of his song. It is the duty of the courtier, says the old book, "never to be sad, melancholie, or solemn before hys Prince." Campion was chiefly concerned with illuminating the pleasant fiction of life. His place was with the flute-players and the weavers of garlands who move with dancing feet before the embroidered arras, and I do not think he was sure what darkness or what strange dawn lay behind the curtain till the lyre fell from his hands—*deciderat manibus lyra*—in the year when the Mayflower touched at Plymouth Rock.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The sixth volume of Charles Evans's "American Bibliography" has just been received by subscribers. This volume covers the period of 1779 to 1785 and records 3,272 books, pamphlets, broadsides, magazines, and newspapers printed within the limits of the present United States, generally with full transcripts of title and with short collations. Newspapers and magazines are treated as serials and entered once only under each year of their publication, the first and last dates for the year being given. The first entry only of such newspapers as continued for more than one year seems to be recorded in the index.

The present volume is of less interest to the book-collector than were the earlier volumes, and in the same way future volumes (Mr. Evans intends to bring his work down to 1820) will contain fewer and fewer books for collectors. It is very important, however, to have this chronological record of imprints, a large part of which is made up of State and government publications. The location of copies of many of the books in one or more public libraries is indicated and in many cases bibliographical notes are appended. Some of these notes show original research and examination of the books described, but others seem to have been copied or rewritten from Sabin's great "Bibliotheca Americana" or other similar sources, which are unfortunately not always trustworthy. For example, Ethan Allen's famous atheistical book "Reason the Only Oracle of Man" (Bennington, 1784) is described as "the rarest of Ethan Allen's publications, as the entire edition, except about thirty copies, was destroyed by fire." A story of this kind once in circulation is likely to be reprinted every time a copy of the book is offered for sale. While some copies of the book may have been destroyed by fire, the volume is no rarer than many books of the period and comes frequently into the market, not less than four copies having been sold at auction during the season of 1909. In a letter dated November 16, 1785, Ethan Allan writes to Benjamin Stiles: "As to my philosophy that you mention, forty of the books are bound, and will be sent to New York to-morrow, 1,500 are printed, and contain 487 [actually 478] pages." Several of Ethan Allen's Vermont pamphlets are, as a matter of fact, much rarer, not to mention the first edition of his "Captivity" (Philadelphia: Bell, 1779), a copy of which sold in the Holden sale last spring for $350. This sale record is perhaps too recent to have been included by Mr. Evans, who gives the "auction value" of the book as $62, the price paid for the Menzies copy thirty-four years ago. In our notices of the previous volumes we have pointed out the almost utter uselessness of the column headed "Auction Values," and there seems no improvement in this respect in the present volume; indeed, this column is, in the great majority of cases, blank.

The fifth and concluding volume of Dr. Thomas Lindsley Bradford's "Bibliographer's Manual of American History," which is in fact the index volume only, is before us, and is a disappointment. The titles of the preceding volumes have promised us "an Exhaustive Index by Titles, and an Index by States." What we get in this volume is a duplicate index, the first by towns or counties, the second by States, and under each State by towns and counties. This duplication was unnecessary, as the second index would have answered every purpose. No one looks for local history of any American town, unless he knows the State in which it is located. The indexes have been prepared solely from the titles of the books, and the compiler has made some curious entries. For example, under Michigan we find one book entered under "Fort Mackinac," four under "Mack-

inac," and one under "Mackinaw." If any author had used the older name of "Michilimackinac" or any of the other fifteen variations in spelling of the name which are recorded, entries would have appeared accordingly.

Typographically, also, the book is open to serious criticism. Headings of towns are not carried over, the headline being simply "Index" on every page, and the name of the State occurs only at the beginning of the list relating to that State.

Part iii of Volume VII of Frank Karslake's "Book-Auction Records," covers the period April to June, 1910, and contains 5516 records of sale. The preliminary matter of this part contains an article on Lincolnshire Libraries, by A. R. Corns, with a frontispiece view of the "chained library" in Grantham Church.

Correspondence.

WORDSWORTH'S "MAIDEN CITY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the last number of *Modern Language Notes*, Mr. W. E. Mead prints an article on Wordsworth's description of Venice:

> She was a maiden city, bright and free.

He goes to some pains to point out in Coryat's "Crudities" an occurrence of the same epithet (*anno* 1611). From Coryat's explanation, "I call it maiden because it was never conquered," he deduces that Coryat "is taking credit for a peculiarly happy phrase that he thought he had been the first—in English, at least—to apply to Venice. Of course, what is possible to one like Coryat, we cannot deny to one like Wordsworth," etc.

Mr. Mead apparently does not realize that he is dealing with, if anything, the most common of commonplace epithets of Venice. Wordsworth certainly never dreamed of being original in "this peculiarly happy phrase," in this "exquisite term." We are quite ready to admit that its inclusion in the poem "was a poetic feat not beyond the reach of Wordsworth's imagination"; and that "he was reproducing—*certainly not* unconsciously—a phrase suggested by an older writer." Hundreds of examples would be available without great effort. Earlier than Coryat's book, I may cite from Celio Magno (1600) an invocation to Venice:

> Tu vergine e reina invitta et alma.

From the still earlier Franco Veronica:

> Questa dominatrice alta del mare,
> Regal vergine pura inviolata.

Andrea Calmo predicts any number of impossible things, eternal darkness, a new flood, before

> . . . mai Venesia si vaga a mario.

And in another warm invocation to the *Donzella* of the salt waters sleeping on the bosom of her old nurse Adria, he prays to God to keep her forever

> Pura casta e santa
> Libera bella zentil e piatosa.

These illustrations were taken from Segarizzi's recent and beautiful publication, "La poesia di Venezia" (pp. 60, 56, 31, 64.). For the artistic and literary history of the phrase, Mr. Mead may consult Medin: "Storia della Repubblica di Venezia nella Poesia" (Milano, 1904, pp. 19-22).

Arthur Livingston.

New York, August 15.

A PLEA FOR BORES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Why has no one ever given the physiology of bores? Lamb wrote the natural history of poor relations, of swine, and so on, but failed to communicate one fruitful thought regarding that ubiquitous monster whose one-sided view of the world, whose ignorance of the proportion and perspective of things brands him at once as a bore. Perhaps Lamb refused to hear even the mention of the word, and stopped his ears at the very sound thereof. Yet if, as the philosophers assure us, divination of character is the very lamp of life, surely a man's definition of a bore should be his seal of confession, it should throw the surest light upon his soul, and therefore, I assert, bores have their uses.

I take it, Socrates (though there is no Greek word for bore) must have seemed an insufferable bore in the eyes of many whom he cross-questioned in the marketplace, who doubtless deemed his questions both impertinent and importunate. And when Sydney Smith met Daniel Webster dining at Lord Ashburton's his only comment was an indifferent: "Too slow for our market." This, however, may be partly explained to our American sense by a famous Englishman's remark that: "Americans don't understand what a bore is—a sign, by-the-way, that it belongs to civilization—and their speeches are endless and pedantic, their conversation pompous and extravagant." On the other hand, even if one feels a boundless hatred for the French, they are seldom bores, and can always "make play with a neighbor and make food out of nettles with a little salt and pepper." In Germany the word and even its equivalent is unknown; is that, I wonder, a sign the thing itself is very common?

It should seem that boredom belongs to a certain stage of culture and civilization; perhaps it is a product of luxury, like the gout. It is said people with few ideas do not find that time passes slowly (certainly cows look the embodiment of content), and talkative old women listen to other talkative old women, whom some of us would die of ennui at hearing. Then there is the young man who turns up his trousers, wears high collars, looks at himself seriously in the glass, sings coon songs like the museum barker, dances hideously to the banjo, and most of all, has lacked the sharp edge of parental discipline, but who, withal, is dangerously interesting to girls! —this has been proved in a court of law, however much we may laugh in our sleeves and give voice to amused amazement. Then there are those whose literary food is confined to George Barr McCutcheon and who find George Meredith "slow." To this particular type of bore, one is inclined to mention the three wise men who followed the star expecting to find a king, but—who recognized at once what they *did really* find.

So this subject of bores requires ventilation; it should have discussion and publicity, both for the enlightenment of those whose business it is to decide finally in regard to bores (parenthetically, are bores bored by other bores?—a nice point), and also for the satisfaction of those who want to know whether a neighbor is a clever enemy or only a stupid friend. Ask a man what and who bores him, and *voilà*—you should have the open sesame!

Mary Parkinson.

Albany, N. Y., August 18.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is not the quality of the teaching of English history in this country in danger of suffering from too close an adherence to the English point of view?

Although the importance of this field is due to its excellence as a background for American history, its popularity as a study as compared with the history of other countries is in great measure due, I venture to believe, to the easy accessibility of its native historical literature. So far as language goes, virtually every London publication bearing upon English history is available the moment it appears. But this pedagogical material from oversea, for which we are so greatly indebted, is subject to various kinds of bias that should be taken into account by American teachers.

First, there is the Londoner's bias. The historical writers live chiefly in southeastern England, including Oxford, Cambridge, and London; and their point of view is unconsciously that of the Londoner by whom all other portions of the British Isles are grouped under the suggestive appellation of "the provinces." We need not ask to what degree he actively dislikes the Welsh, the Irish, the Scotch, or others; it is sufficient to note that he seldom or never visits their countries, and except when their interests conflict with his he is absolutely incurious as to their affairs. English historical writings reflect this characteristic; and, just as until recently there was complaint that American history was written too much from the point of view of Washington to the neglect of the essentials of American development, so is English history to-day written from London with corresponding results.

Closely allied to this geographical bias is a chronological one based on the natural assumption of the present-day Englishman that he, together with his institutions, is a survival of the fittest. Of course, the Englishman has a right to think so; but we of another nation should feel free to believe it possible that in England's past as in that of other countries, perhaps our own, right and might have not always coincided, that the best in the broadest sense has not always survived the strongest. Applying this test, we find that English historical writers, like all others when engaged in writing patriotic history, are prone to neglect the merits of the losing side while enhancing those of the one that survived.

The third bias I would mention is the general overestimate of political history. Freeman's dictum that "history is past politics," has been overworked. Combined with the Londoner's bias, this preference for political history produces a record of court and parliament which, whatever its merits, cannot properly claim to be an adequate record of a people's life-experience. There are other kinds of bias that might well be discussed in a more elaborate consideration of this topic, but these perhaps are the most important, and therefore the most worthy of the teacher's attention.

Henry L. Cannon.

Stanford University, August 5.

THE 1622 FIRST FOLIO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his notes on the Shakespeare Folios, your "Bibliophile" has the following (*Nation*, August 4):

The First Folio with the date 1622 instead of 1623, described by Lowndes and other early writers, is now universally admitted to be merely a case of pen-and-ink alteration. It is in the Lenox Library.

Some sixteen years ago, when the late Dr. Rolfe was conducting a Shakespeare column in the *Critic*, I contributed a note showing that the apparent date of 1622 is in reality 1623, as may readily be seen by holding the title-page to the light and observing it from the back. The page has been skilfully repaired, and in such a way as to cut off just the lower part of the three, but the entire figure may be seen on holding the page to the light. This note appears to have been widely copied, as clippings from a Chicago and a Minneapolis paper were sent me. Further, so far as I know, my statement has never been challenged. The statement that the Church collection of Shakespeare Folios is the most nearly complete anywhere must naturally be a matter of opinion. The Lenox has four First Folios, differing from one another and all of great interest, and no less than seven Second Folios with varying title-pages, and an eighth title-page, detached, still different from all the others.

It is well to remember, also, that Mr. Lenox had a habit of experimenting with his Folio title-pages so that to-day we cannot be at all certain that they are inserted as he received them.

Chas. A. Herpich.

New York, August 20.

TOTSCHWEIGEN TOO DEAD STILL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Lietzmann's Commentary on Romans ("Handbuch zum Neuen Testament"), advance sheets of which have been sent out by the publisher, J. C. B. Mohr, it would seem that the customary and perfectly just ignoring of the foreigner is pushed close to the limits of propriety and prudence. Adverting to the text-critical question presented by Rom. 1:7, the author refers to Harnack's article of three pages in *Preuschens Zeitschrift* (1902, pp. 83-6), and to Schmiedel's observation in the *Hibbert Journal* (1903, p. 532), making no mention whatever of the writer of this letter. On turning to Harnack and Schmiedel, if by any strange and unexpected chance Lietzmann's reader should at this point consult them, he will be surprised to find that both are merely generously recognizing and the former summarizing my article on the "Address and Destination of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans" (*Journal of Biblical Literature*, 1901, part i, pp. 1-21). Harnack, in fact, says (p. 84), "Gewöhnlich beruhigt man sich bei dem Receptus, allein Smith hat Recht, ihn als interpoliert zu erklären"; and again, after stating some of Smith's reasons: "'Εν 'Ρώμῃ ist also für eine sehr alte Interpolation zu halten." Had Lietzmann consulted the original memoir, he would hardly have fallen into the common error of saying: "'Εν 'Ρώμῃ fehlt in einigen Zeugen." It is only 'Ρώμῃ that is wanting, the ἐν is always present. Recognition of the exact state of the case is necessary to a correct understanding of the Epistle itself; *Totschweigen* is indeed clearly indicated for most of the ills that of late so sharply assail the Liberal Theology, but even such a specific may, it seems, be sometimes overworked.

W. B. Smith.

Tulane University, New Orleans, August 2.

Literature.

A PERSONAL STUDY OF CECIL RHODES.

The Rt. Hon. Cecil John Rhodes: A Monograph and a Reminiscence. By Sir Thomas E. Fuller, K.C.M.G., formerly member of the Cape Legislative Assembly. With portraits and other illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.60 net.

Those who remember the heated controversies that have raged round the character and career of Cecil Rhodes ever since the so-called Jameson Raid of 1895 will open with some apprehension any book dealing with his life. They will expect to find in it either the unqualified admiration of a friend or the harsh condemnation of an enemy. When, however, they have read through this book, they will be agreeably disappointed. It is fair and temperate. It does not attempt to conceal or to palliate either the defects that belonged to Rhodes as a man, or the grave errors he committed. But it presents his better qualities with discriminating appreciation, and it does justice to the best side of the ideas that animated him, showing that he was sincere and earnest in his devotion to those ideas.

The author is well entitled to describe Cecil Rhodes as he lived. Sir Thomas Fuller was a leading politician in Cape Colony, and already influential in the Cape Parliament, when Rhodes entered that assembly, in 1881. From that year onward, they were in constant and usually in close personal relations; nor did these cease when Sir T. Fuller became agent-general in England for the Cape, for Rhodes's position as head of the Chartered Company of South Africa brought him frequently to London. South African statesmen have been mostly not only party men, but strong partisans, and, of course, such events as the Raid and the Transvaal War that followed some years later evoked vehement partisanship. But our author writes calmly and reasonably about these events. His moderation, based on a minute knowledge of the difficulties of the situation, might be commended for imitation to some recent English writers of the so-called "Imperialist" school, who have perverted or travestied history in their efforts to glorify the leaders of their party. There is scarcely a word in this volume to give ground of offence to any one who either advocated or condemned the war of England against the Boer republics which began in 1899 and lasted till 1901, and which roused not only such bitter feelings in England, but so much controversy in other countries.

The book can hardly be described as a biography of Cecil Rhodes. It is rather a sketch of the more prominent phases of his public life, its aim being not to recount events, but to explain the part which Rhodes took in them, the motives that animated him, and the spirit in which he went about his work. If there is not very much that is absolutely new to those who have become familiar with the subject, there is a good deal which throws light upon some of the more obscure parts of the story and which serves to make Rhodes's own views and purposes, and the motives behind the purposes, more plain and unmistakable. Doubtless Sir Thomas knows more than he tells. He passes lightly over the relations which existed between Rhodes and the British governments that were successively in power, as well as over the more intimate personal relations in which he stood to his leading South African contemporaries. This is, perhaps, right, because the events are still too recent to let the whole of the facts be disclosed. But we cannot help wishing that one who possesses so much knowledge as Sir T. Fuller does of the underlying circumstances would write a record of what he knew about them which might be published ten, fifteen, or perhaps twenty years hence, when questions that touch persons can be more calmly considered. This is the more to be desired because Rhodes was remarkable for his aversion to letter writing, a trait of character which he shared with his friend C. S. Parnell. So few and so brief were his written communications that when the time arrives for a full and dispassionate biography to be written, the person who writes it will have to rely almost entirely upon the secondary evidence of people connected with Rhodes, rather than on any supplied by his own pen.

Cecil John Rhodes was the son of a clergyman of the English Established Church, living at Bishop's Stortford, a small country town, half-way between London and Cambridge. The delicacy of his lungs led to his going as a youth to South Africa, the dry, bracing air of which freed him from pulmonary troubles, though his constitution never became a strong one. Desiring a university education, he entered Oriel College, Oxford, as an undergraduate. But as his health then still required him to spend the winters of every year in South Africa, the period of residence necessary for the university course stretched out in his case to an unusual length, covering five or six instead of the usual three years. He became in-

tensely attached to Oxford and to Oriel College, and ultimately bequeathed to the latter a large sum of money. While in South Africa, he was drawn by the discovery of diamonds on the northern edge of Cape Colony to the town of Kimberley, and having no regular profession, he threw himself into the acquisition and working of "claims" there. This became the foundation of his fortune, for he succeeded, after long efforts, in consolidating the interests of numerous persons and firms in the diamond diggings into one great incorporated company, of which he became the head, and which, since it was able to control the output of diamonds, was also able to keep up their price and to pay large and steady dividends. Here on the edge of civilization, for the hotter regions to the north were then occupied only by Kaffir tribes, he conceived the idea of pushing British authority forward into the back country, getting ahead of the Transvaal Boers, who were sending out raiding parties with a view to the acquisition of the ranching lands that stretched up to and across the Tropic. He entered the Cape Parliament, and soon became a prominent figure there, not so much by oratory, for he was never an eloquent speaker, as by the reputation he had won as a successful business man and by the impression of an ambitious and forceful personality which he made on every one with whom he had to deal. After a few years the position of Prime Minister came naturally to him, because he was felt to be the strongest man in the colony; and he held that post till the Transvaal troubles of December, 1895. Meantime he had succeeded almost beyond his hopes in getting hold of the whole vast region that lies to the north of the eastern part of Cape Colony and of the two Dutch Republics, the British government having granted a charter to the company which he had formed for the exploitation and control of that territory. Rhodes had by this time become a potent figure in England, where the company was supposed to have a brilliant future before it, and all sorts of people rushed in to take shares. Inasmuch as he enjoyed the support of the Dutch party in Cape Colony as well as of the bulk of the English there, his power seemed to be firmly based. No colonial statesman had perhaps ever before established such a position, or won such fame, not only in the British dominions, but in the world at large.

Then, in the end of 1895, came the abortive revolution in the Transvaal and the entrance into that country of Rhodes's friend, Dr. L. S. Jameson, with a military force of mounted police from the territories of the chartered company, in order to support the revolution which the English residents and some of the Americans were organizing. Rhodes had been a party to both branches of the movement, though he did not intend Jameson to make his invasion at the time or in the way in which that enterprise was carried out. With the Raid, his power fell in a moment. He resigned office, and the Cape Colony Dutch, startled and incensed, turned against him. Four years of tension and suspense followed, and in 1899 war broke out between the British Government and the Transvaal, the latter being backed up by its sister republic, the Orange Free State. Parts of the story of these eventful years have remained dark, notwithstanding all that has been spoken and written about them, and Sir T. Fuller does not attempt to turn on the searchlight. Two things, however, are brought out in his book which ought to be known to the credit of the man who had to bear at least as much of the blame as he deserved and perhaps more. Rhodes, he tells us, frankly acknowledged his own grave error in having a hand in the events of 1895. He did this in a public speech, repeating at Sir T. Fuller's instance a statement made privately two days before to a party of friends. The public speech does not seem to have been properly reported at the time. However, Sir T. Fuller heard the words, and gives them, and they are worth quoting as a candid acknowledgment which ought to stand to Rhodes's credit.

> I do not so much regret joining in an attempt to force President Kruger into a juster and more reasonable policy, when he had resolutely refused all redress of grievances; but what has been a burden to me is that I was Prime Minister at the time, and that I had given a promise that I would not do anything incompatible with the joint position I held as Premier of Cape Colony and director of the Chartered (*i. e.*, British South Africa) Company. On every ground I was bound to resign if I took such a course as assisting a revolution against an officially friendly state; and I did not. I can only say that I will do my best to make atonement for my error by untiring devotion to the best interests of South Africa (p. 209).

And Sir T. Fuller also says (p. 219):

> Mr. Rhodes had nothing whatever to do with the inception of the war of 1899 between the Transvaal and Great Britain. He took no part, directly or indirectly, in the correspondence which preceded the war, between Mr. Chamberlain and the Transvaal government. On his arrival at Cape Town, at a time when the position was very critical, he said emphatically, "I made a mistake with regard to the Transvaal once, and that is quite enough for me—a burnt child dreads the fire. I keep aloof from the whole Transvaal crisis, so that no one will be able to say, 'Rhodes is in it again'" (pp. 219, 220).

Soon after, when the war broke out in 1899, Rhodes went to Kimberley and shared the hardships of the siege with the people of his diamond fields, as he had before gone to Matabele Land when the Kaffirs had risen there, and had helped to bring the insurrection to a close. By this time his health was breaking, and he died in 1902, just after the end of the Transvaal war.

The points which Sir T. Fuller brings out as the most peculiar and most interesting—perhaps also the least generally understood—in the character of Rhodes are his idealism and his width of view. He devoted his life to one great aim, the civilization of South Africa and the uniting of its parts under one government. This, by the necessities of the case, was a British government; but what was first in his mind was civilization and union rather than the mere extension of British dominion. The largeness of the enterprise had fascinated his imagination before he could well have begun to fancy that he, as an individual, would have a chance of carrying it out. How far when he had the chance and was carrying out the project, he continued to be governed by the splendid vision, how far ambition and the desire of fame joined to spur him on in the enterprise, it would be hard to determine, nor does it much matter. In men of such energy and such imagination as he possessed, personal motives and disinterested motives are apt to be mixed and blent. Rhodes saw what was needed. He believed he was the man to do it. He enjoyed the doing of it. He loved the power he had acquired, he loved the fame that gathered to him and the idea that his fame would endure. He is almost the first instance of a great adventurer who attained his aims by money instead of, like Cortes and Pizarro and Champlain and Clive, by force of arms. But he had no desire for money except as a means to his ends. He cared neither for luxury nor for ostentation. He was generous in helping those who sought or needed help; how generous may be learned from Sir T. Fuller's pages; and he spent his own wealth freely upon public objects. He was not very scrupulous in his choice of means, and used methods for maintaining his authority in Cape Colony which scrupulous people condemned, though Sir T. Fuller gives no countenance to the charge that pecuniary corruption was among those methods. His connection with the Raid was not his only dereliction from the highest standard of public duty. But he was loyal to his friends and his causes, and incapable also of the smaller trickeries of politics. Some of the people who surrounded him and whom in his large, easy way he tolerated, brought on his reputation undeserved slurs, which the testimony of well-informed friends like Sir T. Fuller serves to clear away.

Weaknesses he had, personal weaknesses of temper and manner, which are not concealed in these pages. But he had also not only a vigorous intellect, but a large and fine imagination sus-

ceptible to high impulses. He loved nature, he loved knowledge, and was never happier than when reading history or the lives of great men. He was entirely free from snobbishness or the pettier forms of vanity. He was captivated by the idea of the coöperation of the three great peoples of Teutonic origin in the work of civilizing and pacifying the world, and when he devoted a very large sum to the foundation of those scholarships at Oxford University which bear his name, he allotted some to Germany and many to the United States, as well as some to each of the British self-governing colonies. The fact that German sentiment had favored his persistent opponent, President Kruger, in the Transvaal made no difference to his feeling that Germany and England ought to stand together, along with the United States, for the same ideals. Few people, even of those who had contracted a certain prejudice against him from his public acts, came into personal contact with him without finding themselves attracted to a personality so robust and so self-confident, impressive by its dash, its courage, its singular mixture of practical talent with the gift of a larger vision.

CURRENT FICTION.

Celt and Saxon. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"A young Irish gentleman of the numerous clan O'Donnells, and a Patrick, hardly a distinction of him till we know him, had bound himself, by purchase of a railway ticket, to travel direct to the borders of North Wales, on a visit to a notable landowner of those marches, the Squire Adister, whose family-seat was where the hills begin to lift and spy into the heart of black mountains."

So, as with a series of quiet wavelets, each mounting a little nearer the predestined level, until, with the final phrase, it is fairly attained—so characteristically begins the story Meredith did not live to finish. Characteristic the book is throughout in substance and flavor; but on the basis of what we have of it, there is little cause for supposing that it would have ranked among Meredithian masterpieces if it had been completed. It lacks the spontaneity, the buoyancy, the natural effervescence of the earlier work; there is, here and there, a hint of senile sprightliness difficult for the most willing piety to ignore. One is not sure the fragment should have been printed, with all the obvious imperfections which belong to it as an unrevised and unfinished work; perhaps the truest piety would have put it quietly out of the way. And yet, one's first disappointment weathered, too much of the greater Meredith is discoverable to have been foregone. The human figures in the book are, on the whole, of inferior proportions. Young Patrick O'Donnell hardly emerges from his type, his brother Philip is a romantic sketch, and the fair Adiante, as far as we are here taken, a somewhat elusive rumor. Captain Con, his wife, and his brother-in-law, the Squire Adister, are perilously close to the grotesque. Rich and plebeian Jane Mattock is the one person to warm the heart. But Patrick and Philip and the journalist Rockney are taking shape before, far too soon, they are left wandering in the limbo of half-created things.

Incident and characterization are matters the true Meredithian can very well get on without. If you doubt or tire of the novelist, the essayist remains, unapproachable in our time. "Celt and Saxon" is rich in commentary. The long chapter on "The Great Mr. Bull" is a veritable *tour de force*. "Fancy yourself," is the modest suggestion, "delayed by stress of weather at an inn or an excursion, and snapped up by some gossip drone of the district, who, hearing whither you are bound, recounts the history and nature of the place, to your ultimate advantage, though you groan for the outer downpour to abate. Of Bull, then: our image, before the world, our lord and tyrant, ourself, in short—the lower part of us." Follows a full and unsparing analysis of John Bull's character. He is "a positive shape, a practical corporation." He has no ideals of his country—scorns them:

"Ridiculous Germans, capricious Frenchmen! We want nothing new in musical composition and abstract speculation of an indecent mythology, or political schemes and contrivances and schemes of Government, and we do not want war. Peace is the Goddess we court for the hand of her daughter Plenty, and we have won that jolly girl, and you are welcome to the marriage-feast; but avaunt new-fangled theories and howlings: old tunes, tried systems, for us, my worthy friends."

In this fact our "gossip drone" finds much to account for the barrier between Celt and Saxon: "You may be so self-satisfied as to dispense with an ideal: your yokefellow is not; it is his peculiar form of strength to require one for his proper blooming, and he does bloom beautifully in the rays he courts." And it seems to him that the solution of the problem, the removal of the barrier, must be achieved upon an ideal, rather than a practical plane: "An ideal of country, of Great Britain, is conceivable that will be to the taste of Celt and Saxon in common, to wave as a standard over their fraternal marching." How far the tale, if it had been finished, would have gone toward enforcing this theory, is matter for surmise. The fragment must suffice as a fragment: Heaven defend it from the fate of "Edwin Drood" and "Weir of Hermiston"!

Caprice, Her Book. By Dorothy Senior. New York: Macmillan Co.

This is another example of a mongrel type of book which seems to be making itself particularly acceptable (among the publishers, at least) this season. It might be labelled as the "novelized" familiar essay—that old-fashioned mode of expression having no longer the courage, apparently, to stand on its own feet. The authorship of these pages is, to be sure, a patent invention. Caprice is supposed to be an English girl, who is inspired to keep a random record of her thoughts and experiences at a critical moment of her life. She is capricious, vivacious, facetious, after the somewhat lumbering manner of the female Briton who unbends. She has her solemn moments, her thoughts upon infinity, eternity, and the like. At such times her knack at quoting asserts itself with especial effect. She has Fitz-Gerald's quatrains, "The Princess," and Longfellow's complete works at her tongue-tip, and her paragraphs are plentifully sprinkled with quotation marks. She lives in the house of her married sister; a small nephew and a smaller niece supply the bright sayings and odd doings which appear to be indispensable accessories to this kind of book. The scene is an English village, and there are rural worthies and unworthies upon the casual boards. There are also various couples, wed and unwed, of Caprice's own class, in whose relations she has a minute interest. Above all, of course, there is the young man for whom she herself is destined: he is kept at his distance quite long enough. If it were not for its artificial buoyancy, its too plain effort for brilliancy, the book would do well enough for a summer afternoon.

The Bourgeois. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Brentano's.

Bohemian Paris is, it seems, an inexhaustible treasury for the Anglo-American romancer. An established cant of the Latin quarter has come into being, and certain properties, human and other, are recognized as eligible for the kind of fiction in question. Fortunately the present story-teller does not conduct us through the worn paths of student-grisette-artist literature. The hero is an American medical student; but he is original in being a minor character of the tale; the stars are Frenchmen, an amusing group, of whom the central figure is one Frisson. This Frisson is an ex-medical student who aspires to be a playwright, and makes a living for himself and a strange parasite by miscellaneous hack-work. The hanger-on, Carabin, is a man of fifty or sixty, for many years an unsuccessful candidate for a medical degree, and a gross rascal by actual profession. His only usefulness lies in his ability to find work for Frisson to do. To this pair comes

the young American, Peter Alabaster; not the omnipotent gamin of the familiar type, but an unsophisticated youth with no vices, who finds himself much at sea in his strange surroundings. Under the tutelage of the Frisson-Carahin group, and of a certain young woman, his education rapidly advances. He has a narrow escape from becoming a party in such a matrimonial fiasco as his father has warned him against. The real interest and merit of the book lie in the picture of the group of down-at-heels Parisians, and particularly of Frisson, an engaging and even heroic figure in his way.

SAINT TERESA THE REFORMER.

Saint Teresa of Spain. By Helen Hester Colvill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

No saint in the calendar, with the possible exception of Saint Francis of Assisi, has interested non-Catholics so much as has Santa Teresa de Jesus. While most are virtuous abstractions, the saint of Avila is very human. She had an attractive personality and enjoyed society. The gift of humor was not denied her. She had a never-failing fund of common sense, and not a few of the foibles of her sex. She is the greatest of the group of Spanish mystics, yet combined with her spiritual life a business and organizing ability of the first order. As a writer, she is one of the great names in Spanish literature, her autobiography and her "Road to Perfection" being classics. As a reformer within the church, her name is mentioned together with that of Ignatius Loyola. Her genius manifested itself in many ways, but that about her which most impresses is the perfect harmony between her spiritual and her more practical every-day life. According to Miss Colvill, Teresa's latest biographer, it was her great achievement to learn that neither the active nor the contemplative life is complete by itself; both must exist together. That is Teresa's message to a material age.

In her preface, Miss Colvill modestly disclaims all pretence to having discovered new facts or documents relating to Saint Teresa; she has merely a new point of view. The book is addressed to "the sympathetic of every creed," and is "aimed chiefly perhaps at the women who, daily reaching forth unto new spiritual domains, are glad to claim solidarity with the great women who have gone before, and have gained them the land they already possess." And again, she remarks, somewhat naïvely:

> Teresa does not come before us as the ideal mother, still less as the typical ensnarer of men, neither of which ideals is precisely what is in the mind of the advancing women of to-day. She is one of the world's great single women; that one of the virgin saints who seems nearest to us in method and in practice.

In a word, Miss Colvill's point of view is that of the suffrage reformer. We are not asked to admire Teresa the mystic, but rather Teresa the great woman, who in the sixteenth century united to the mediæval raptures of a Jeanne d'Arc the modern practical achievement of a Jane Addams. It is only fair to add that the fears aroused by this preface are unjustified. The book does not degenerate into a tract.

This point of view is after all not so very different from that of Mrs. Cunninghame Graham, who also admired the woman rather than the saint. Mrs. Graham's biography continues to be the best study of Saint Teresa in English, and Miss Colvill's work, though welcome, will not supersede it. Catholics, too, will continue to prefer their own official biographies. Miss Colvill quotes Charcot and dismisses Teresa's visions and miracles as manifestations of hysteria. This alone, in spite of the sympathetic way in which she has treated the subject, will prevent the book from winning acceptance among the faithful of Saint Teresa's church.

The work has been done with admirable thoroughness. Miss Colvill has made good use of the investigations of her predecessors, to whom she generously accords full credit. The elaborate bibliography of the subject which she has compiled attests much painstaking care. If new facts of importance have not been unearthed, it is not from want of effort on her part. She has personally visited every convent founded by Teresa in an effort to glean new material. Her work gains by the local color thus obtained.

The events of Teresa's life are set forth with much minuteness of detail. A less exhaustive treatment would have made the biography more readable, for it is Teresa's personality that interests us, rather than the detailed account of her cloistered existence. Chapter after chapter is devoted to the story of the founding of successive Carmelite convents. This matter might well have been condensed. On the other hand, too little space is given to Teresa, the woman of letters. Miss Colvill here does the subject of her study scant justice. We are told: "Her style is amateurish; ignorant of rules, by no means free from defects, not only of composition, but of grammar and spelling." But could not the same be said of Cervantes, or of almost any other European writer of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; the art of writing finished prose is a thing of yesterday in all the modern European literatures, and a uniform standard of spelling was not to come until two centuries later. Miss Colvill seems to be following Ticknor, who also thought Teresa's style slovenly. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has gone to the other extreme. To him Teresa is "the greatest woman who ever handled pen, the single one of all her sex who stands beside the world's most perfect masters." The truth probably lies between these two extremes. Certain it is that Teresa wrote with admirable simplicity, clearness, and concision. To appreciate what she has done for Castilian prose, it is only necessary to compare her style with that of any of her Spanish contemporaries. She avoided that grandiloquence which has always been the besetting sin of her nation. The characteristic *emphase espagnole* is wanting in her writings. To the nun, adornments of style were as sinful as the vanities of dress. That is probably the secret of her admirable simplicity.

The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu: Louis François Armand du Plessis (1696-1788). By H. Noel Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Mr. Williams, who is the author of several interesting biographies of celebrated French women, now undertakes to make us acquainted with a nobleman whose courage, self-command, and general abilities were defiled by the debauchery, craftiness, and absurd extravagance common to his age.

The military life of Richelieu is certainly one of the best parts of the book. The campaigns of the eighteenth century have been so completely investigated by French historians that very little new can be expected from any one writing now. Mr. Williams, indeed, does not pretend to great originality; a conscientious writer, he has studied most of the French works on the reign of Louis XV, and his evident desire is to deal impartially with persons and events. He has a just and sober appreciation of the rôle played by Richelieu at the battle of Fontenoy; and deals properly with the bad faith of the English government after the convention of Kloster-Zeven, since convention it must be called, unfortunately for the fame of Richelieu, who should have made of it a capitulation. He remarks judiciously on the advantages that France might have derived from the brilliant advance of Richelieu on Halberstadt. "This rapid march," he says, "with an ill provisioned and shoeless army was a movement which is generally acknowledged to reflect great credit on the Marshal." The mistake made by the French ministry was to regard Richelieu, the victor of Fort Mahon, as a general capable of leading an army of 100,000 men, under extremely difficult circumstances.

Without duly exalting the character of Richelieu, Mr. Williams shows conclusively that he was not, as Carlyle exclaimed in his picturesque style, merely "a companion of flying table orgies, and a perforator of bedroom walls." It is difficult to judge of past times by our own standards of morality. Possibly, as his subject makes necessary the mention of so many scandals at the court of Louis XV, Mr. Williams might have been a

little more explicit on the fact that if morality was much to seek in the French court, it was so everywhere. And if the high clergy and the court aristocracy were corrupt, the low clergy, the provincial nobility, and most of the people were not. Even at the French court, dialogues as coarse as those found in English dramatic works of the period would not have been tolerated. Neither has our author fallen into the general misconception that the death of Louis XIV was followed by an era of depravity totally unknown before. He calls the movement "a reaction against the religious and political principles of the late king," and this it was. We wish he had a little more plainly exposed the mistake commonly made on this point. Perhaps also the relations of Richelieu with the Philosophical party and particularly with Voltaire might have been a little more fully reported upon, though the duke in his opposition to Madame de Pompadour and Choiseul stood singularly aloof from the Encyclopædists.

Ammiani Marcellini Rerum Gestarum Libri Qui Supersunt. Recensuit rhythmiceque distinxit Carolus U. Clark. Vol. I Libri xiv-xxv. Berolini, Apud Weidmannos.

Americans have published many excellent school-editions of the classics, and some that are more than school-editions, and have made valuable contributions to the interpretation of the ancients; the day of editions "based upon the German" has surely passed. But we have here for the first time the entire remains of an ancient author, edited on the basis of a first-hand scrutiny of all the manuscript material available, a searching and, 't seems to us, conclusive estimate of the values of the different manuscripts and editions, and a judicial consideration of the emendations proposed by scholars from the Renaissance to the present day. Professor Clark undertook the task under the direction of the Berlin Academy; he has been assisted by eminent scholars abroad, mostly by Heraeus, and those lamented masters, Traube and Mommsen, but the inception of the plan and its execution are his own. Opinions are bound to differ as to the readings adopted in this passage or that, but none will fail to admire the combination of independence and conservatism that Professor Clark has shown in dealing with very difficult problems. Whatever further investigation may decide as to details, this edition in its accurate presentation of all the pertinent evidence for the establishment of the text, is final. A novelty in punctuation, which is bound to be followed in future scientific editions of certain ancient authors, is the indication of the rhythmical *cola* which the paragraphs and sentences of Ammianus's rhetorical prose contain. The editor uses a simple comma for the purpose, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the reader who cares for the movement of the clause, as well as for its sense. The second volume, which is promised shortly, will contain elaborate indices and a complete discussion of the manuscripts and their palæographical peculiarities.

Ammianus deserves this care. Despite his artificial tricks of style, his somewhat Græcized idiom, his pretentious excursuses on subjects with which he was ill-acquainted, he has, like his master Tacitus, a keen eye for character, and, in an age of hot contests, a remarkable tolerance of attitude. He was a Greek, but like another eminent Greek of his day, Claudian, a tremendous admirer of Rome; he was a Pagan, but he could praise the virtues of Christianity and censure Julian. Gibbon had the highest regard for this "philosophic soldier," whose testimony he called "unexceptionable," and on finishing the period covered by Ammianus, he declared:

> It is not without the most sincere regret that I must now take leave of an accurate and faithful guide who has composed the history of his own times without indulging the prejudices and passions which usually affect the mind of a contemporary.

Gibbon appreciated the impartiality of Ammianus, but he would have rubbed his eyes had he seen in a famous passage, as it appears in the text of Professor Clark's predecessor, Gardthausen, the name of Jesus associated with Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and Solon. Gutschmid, tempted by pseudo-palæographical evidence, had read it into the text, and had thus converted the passage to sheer nonsense. His suggestion is not followed by Professor Clark.

Commodore John Rodgers. By Charles Oscar Paullin. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.

The career of this distinguished sailor, which is now made conveniently accessible, is full of incidents, some thrilling and all honorable. After a brief training in the merchant service, Rodgers accepted a lieutenant's commission in 1798, and took part in the brilliant engagement between the Constellation and the French frigate Insurgente, returning home, after his first naval cruise, in command of this valuable prize. No less than four times he was in the Mediterranean operating against the Barbary powers, on three occasions as commander-in-chief, and nearly always successfully. "Within less than a month, by a proper show of force, Preble and Rodgers had obtained an honorable treaty with Morocco without the payment of a cent for tribute or presents."

Later, as senior officer of the American navy, he was engaged in still more significant affairs. His general order, in 1805, forbidding his commanding officers to permit themselves to be detained or their men to be taken out of their vessels, unless compelled to do so by superior force, was a spirited reply to Lord Collingwood's refusal to give up three seamen taken out of Gunboat No. 6 off Cadiz—a circumstance which presaged the War of 1812. It was Rodgers, too, who commanded the President in the Little Belt affair, an unequal and regrettable incident in itself, but one which somewhat retrieved the national honor so disgracefully impaired when the British fifty-gun ship Leopard attacked the Chesapeake and forcibly removed three American seamen who were alleged to have been deserters from the royal navy; at any rate, the incident made him, for the time, a popular hero. Rodgers was unfortunate enough to win no glorious victories in the War of 1812, although afloat in the President and at times commanding small squadrons. In at least two instances he lost great opportunities through a prudence which subsequent developments proved to have been unnecessary. From a strategic point of view, however, Rodgers's work was important in the extreme—his cruises in the vicinity of the British Islands and elsewhere carried dismay to the enemy's commerce and forced a concentration of its naval strength which cleared the way for our own returning ships. Mahan, in his "War of 1812," recognizes the soundness of Rodgers's professional opinion on this score, and points out the immense value of Rodgers's movements to the general cause. It will be remembered, also, that Rodgers formed and led a contingent of sailors who shared in the successful defence of the city of Baltimore in 1814 against the joint attack of Admiral Cochrane and Gen. Ross, displaying on that occasion the same sagacity and energy which marked his career afloat or ashore.

No officer ever took so large a part as Rodgers in the organization and administration of the Navy Department. He was interested from the first in the creation of a board of commissioners, the establishment of naval hospitals, a dockyard system, the equipment of ships, etc. President Madison offered him the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy, which he declined. The Board of Navy Commissioners was formed by law in 1815 to furnish the Secretary of the Navy with technical counsellors and administrators, a sort of general staff. When he was at their head from 1815 to 1824, and again from 1827 to 1837, Rodgers, as might be expected, left a lasting impress of his character on our store stations.

In appearance he was a muscular, vigorous man, buoyantly alive, brave and modest, capable of deep feelings and strenuous energy; a little above the

average height, with black hair, dark eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, a handsome face, and a look of firmness and resolution. In some respects he reminds one of Lord St. Vincent, being, like this English admiral, forceful and dignified, a very strict disciplinarian, and a capable administrator. At all times and in all places he upheld the honor of the service, and was looked up to as an example of what a naval officer should be. His private life was a model of the domestic virtues and tender in all its relations. He was a truly admirable man. It was but natural that such a forceful example as his should have induced many of his connections to enter the army and the navy, which have never been without honorable representatives of his distinguished name.

The author has spared no pains to insure fulness and accuracy. We must regret a certain diffusiveness of manner and the insertion of matter, here and there, which is not immediately pertinent, however instructive. Some of this, like orders for his ships' internal economy, might better have figured in appendices, and thus have permitted a more compact and incisive treatment of the main theme—Rodgers as a man and a naval officer. It is the duty, also, of a biographer, while not minimizing the deeds of his subject, to bring out the personality of the man that the reader may know him as he was and as he appeared to his contemporaries. Although all this may be gathered from Mr. Paullin's pages, we are but slowly moved to that sympathy and understanding which Rodgers's character was so well fitted to command. Nevertheless, this biography, in itself a credit to the publishers, is a welcome contribution to our naval history, emphasizing as it does the encouraging tendency of the modern school of historians to seek below the surface for those qualities in our forefathers which made them useful servants in laying the foundations of the republic or in protecting it against assault by the foe.

Notes.

"Heroes of the Elizabethan Age," by E. Gilliat, is one of the forthcoming books of the English firm of Seeley.

Two supplementary volumes are announced by the editors of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," one to appear after the publication of Volume VII, the other after the publication of Volume XIV of the "History." Both will contain extracts in prose and verse, illustrative of the text, reproductions of title-pages, portraits, facsimiles, etc.

"The Literature of the South," by Montrose J. Moses; a romance of the South, entitled, "Deep in Piney Woods," by Col. J. W. Church, and "State Socialism in New Zealand," by Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol, are in preparation by Thomas Y Crowell & Co.

Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "The Miller of Old Church," will be published in a few months by Doubleday, Page & Co. The same company will issue "The Osbornes," by E. F. Benson; "Queen Sheba's Ring," by H. Rider Haggard, and Stewart Edward White's "The Rules of the Game."

From the press of Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, will shortly appear, "The Spiritual Sense in Sacred Legends," by Edward J. Brailsford; "The Aims and Methods of Great Teachers of Judaism and Christianity," by Charles Foster Kent, and the "Methodist Year Book, 1911," edited by Oliver S. Baketel.

A. C. McClurg & Co. make the following announcements: "Princess Sayrane," by Mrs. Carter Harrison; Randall Parrish's "Keith of the Border: A Tale of the Plains"; a new and enlarged edition of Edgar Beecher Bronson's "Reminiscences of a Ranchman"; "The Red-Blooded," by the same author; "Standard Musical Biographies," by George P. Upton; "My Voice and I," by Clara Kathleen Rogers; "Sketches of English Life and Character," by Miss Mitford; "Tales of Irish Life and Character," by Mrs. S. C. Hall; Dr. Sadler's "The Cause and Cure of Colds"; the addition of four new volumes, by Edward B. Warman, to his "Psychic Science Series," dealing respectively with spiritism, suggestion, clairvoyance, and Hindu philosophy; "Christian Symbolism" and "Our Lady in Art," by Mrs. Henry Jenner; Prof. Flinders Petrie's "The Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt"; "The Riders of the Plains: A Record of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada," by A. L. Haydon; "English Costume," by George Clinch; "Home Life in Ireland," by Robert Lynd; "Story Telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It," by Edna Lyman, and "Building Your Boy," by Kenneth H. Wayne.

To us the most interesting parts of the "Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary E. Coleridge" (Dutton) are the introductory Memoir by Edith Sichel, and the concluding pages which contain "Notes of the Table Talk of William Cory at some Greek classes which he gave for Mary Coleridge and Others." In the Memoir Miss Sichel, who knew Mary Coleridge intimately, has told the story of a simple, imaginative life with a charm that seems to spring from the subject itself. Mary Coleridge had the intellect that is an inheritance of the family, with something of the aerial fancy that belonged to her great-uncle, the poet. Somebody said of her that she was "like the tail of the comet S. T. C."; and she herself once wrote: "I have no fairy god-mother, but lay claim to a fairy great-great-uncle, which is perhaps the reason that I am condemned to wander restlessly around the Gates of Fairyland, although I have never yet passed them." She wrote novels, which were interesting, but not well constructed; short stories and essays, some of which are reprinted in the present volume, including an excellent study of the character of the Duchess of Malfi; private diaries, extracts from which, together with passages from her letters, are also contained in this collection; and poems, not unlike those of Louisa Shore in quality, by which she is likely to be longest remembered among those who have time for this minor, if exquisite, literature. The selections from her works here printed are all worth reading, but to us the Table Talk of William Cory has a peculiar fascination. Cory, the author of "Ionica," more famous as one of the great masters of Eton, in his later years of retirement taught Greek to a small class of girls, including Mary Coleridge, who took notes of the lessons. Much of the record is, of course, the commonplace of instruction; but much of it is very far from commonplace, showing how Greek to this eccentric scholar was a living subject, connected vitally in his mind with all the other living topics of history. In conclusion we would quote the four lines from the memorial poem of Bernard Holland which are printed as a motto to the book, and which admirably describe Mary Coleridge:

Light was your touch upon the shadowy earth;
And yet, and yet—you loved diviner things.
Each mood you loved that changing nature brings,
You loved it well, yet knew it little worth.

Mr. Elphinstone Dayrell, district commissioner, has made an interesting collection under the title "Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria, West Africa" (Longmans). The stories are full of strange adventures, and the value of the little volume is increased by Andrew Lang's Introduction, in which he explains the various motifs, and gives savage, Greek, and modern European parallels.

The second of the Rylands facsimiles is from the single surviving copy of "A booke in Englysh metre of the great Marchaunt man called Dives Pragmaticus," written about 1563 by Thomas Newbery. The introduction, by Percy E. Newbery, is excellent and sufficient, and in its way quite as scholarly, as well as more intelligent, than the "Remarks on the Vocabulary and Dialect," by Henry Cecil Wyld. Professor Wyld's remarks evidence much learning, and he has compiled an elaborate Glossary of what he assures his readers is a scrappy and incomplete piece of chapmen's literature, quite without value to those who know anything about works of this sort. The glossary is got up according to the most approved style, and in a few cases supplies the meaning of the word, as well as references to the recognized authorities. The facsimile of the original work, like that of the Caxton, leaves absolutely nothing to be desired.

Edwin Sidney Hartland's "Primitive Paternity" (London: David Nutt) is to some extent a continuation of his "Perseus" (now out of print), some of the material of which work he here uses, but with revision and large additions. In successive chapters he discusses stories of supernatural birth; magical practices to obtain children; transformation and metempsychosis; mother-right; rise of father-right; marital jealousy; physiological ignorance on the subject of conception. All these ideas and usages he shows to have been widespread and persistent. He adduces many facts to prove that the origin of mother-right is not (as has often been held) uncertainty of paternity, but the idea that kinship was based on community of blood, the father, in savage communities, being of another kin, and the child naturally belonging by blood to the mother; and he is certainly right in holding that the movement from matrilineal to patrilineal de-

scent was a consequence of the better organization of the family proper (father, mother, and children). The general belief in supernatural birth he here traces to ignorance of the physical relation between father and child; this point he illustrates with much new material, and he brings out with new clearness and force the importance of this latter fact in the history of man's marital and family relations. The two volumes of the work contain rich material for the study of early social life, and the material is handled by the author with skill and judiciousness. An excellent bibliography is appended.

With the seventh volume of his "History of the United States and its People" (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.), Dr. Elroy M. Avery enters upon the constitutional period, carrying onward the narrative from 1789 to the beginning of 1806. Much as this period has been written about, it has still needed an historian, especially on its social and industrial sides; for the rapid expansion of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the latter setting in even before the Constitution was adopted, exercised upon the career of the new government an influence quite as strong as the rise of parties or the embarrassments of foreign relations. Dr. Avery avoids both the constitutional and political elaboration of Von Holst and the diffuse detail of McMaster; but it cannot be said that his narrative, in the main a summary account of events, offers novelty in its treatment. As compared with the preceding volume, one does not get so connected an impression of the period as a whole, some of the chapters reading too much like short monographs. In the exposition of really complicated situations, on the other hand, Dr. Avery is at his best, as witness the chapters on British diplomacy in the Northwest, Spanish diplomacy in the South, and the French imbroglio, where the main threads are skilfully disentangled. We note with approval the importance given to the opinions of Hamilton and Jefferson on the constitutionality of the bank, laying the foundations of the two great schools of constitutional interpretation; and the incidental recognition, doubtless to be further developed in the next volume, of Marshall's indebtedness to Hamilton. The financial situation, however, is by no means thoroughly gone into, although its outlines are clearly traced; nor do the enlivening sketches of social life make up for the scanty treatment of economic subjects which has characterized this work from the beginning. Slips in the text are rare. It is of course misleading to speak (p. 15) of each elector "casting one of his votes" for Washington in 1789, since there was no separate balloting for President at that time. Neither is it correct to say (p. 28) that the attorney-general did not become a member of the Cabinet until the creation of the Department of Justice, in 1870; for while the act of 1870 established a new executive department, with the attorney-general at the head of it, that officer was in practice a member of the Cabinet from the beginning. The influence of cotton in inducing the rejection of the twelfth article of Jay's treaty is also overrated (p. 130). The illustrations and presswork of the volume are as incomparable as ever. An appendix reproduces the text of Washington's "Farewell Address," from the manuscript in the Emmet collection, with its numerous and suggestive interlineations.

E. H. Downey's "History of Labor Legislation in Iowa" (Iowa Historical Society), which was written under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, is especially valuable because it is the first competent study of the progress of labor legislation in an agricultural State. Although Iowa has not yet developed as complicated a code of labor laws as is found, for example, in New York, her legislation, so far as it has gone, runs parallel with that of the manufacturing States. The time and mode of wage payments, convict labor, labor in mines, on railways, and in factories, and child labor have been regulated by law; the common law of employers' liability has been modified by statute; and, since 1884, a Bureau of Labor Statistics has been in existence, which, since 1904, has boasted a factory inspector. Mr. Downey describes fully the circumstances which gave rise to legislation in these different fields, as well as the laws actually passed and their operation, and indicates, in connection with each subject, the further development of the regulative policy which he deems desirable. Equally with the author, the editor of the Iowa Historical Society, Professor Shambaugh, deserves praise for the admirable form in which the book is published.

Prof. Costanzo Rinaudo of Turin has printed "Il Risorgimento Italiano," a robust work of over 800 pages, being the substance of lectures delivered by him before the War College at Turin. As might be expected, he sets forth the orthodox, official story of Italian Independence, rather than striking out into new interpretations. The main currents are clearly traced; the secret springs are sometimes overlooked. There is a tendency also to smooth over the personal reactions on which the course of events often hinged. But the book will serve better than most Italian works for readers who seek an introduction to the history of the most astonishing national redemption of modern times. Prof. Rinaudo adds a bibliography of 1,000 titles, from which it appears that he is ignorant of the material in English and in German! The book is published by the author, 3 Via Brofferio, Turin.

Dr. Alessandro Luzio, since the death of Ernesto Masi, is the keenest Italian analyst of Risorgimento material. He has the unique advantage of being conversant with the Austrian not less than with the Italian and French sources. As Keeper of the Royal Archives at Mantua, he has further enjoyed special privileges. Welcome, therefore, are the two volumes of "Studi e Bozzetti di Storia Letteraria e Politica" (Milan: Cogliati), in which he has collected nearly two score of his recent papers. They cover a wide field of subjects, and range in time from the end of the eighteenth century down to our own day. Students will be particularly grateful for the reprint here of the monograph on Radetzky, and for several studies of Austrian policy from 1848 to 1860, including the "auto-apologies" of the Austrian commanders for their blunders in the war of 1859. A review of Queen Victoria's Letters shows up her inability to understand the Italian situation, and her lack of sympathy for the Italians struggling for liberty and independence. The account of the "moral torture" inflicted on Monsig. Luigi Martini for his book describing the persecution suffered by the martyrs of Belfiore, may seem grim to readers unfamiliar with the ways of the Congregation of the *Index*. But Dr. Luzio's facts are incontestable, and the directness with which he cross-examines witnesses is as praiseworthy as the clearness with which he presents his conclusions. These volumes ought to find a place in every library which has in stock the material essential to a knowledge of modern European history.

George E. Woodbine has edited in scholarly fashion, as his Ph.D. thesis, "Four Thirteenth Century Law Tracts" (Yale University Press). These tracts came into existence under Edward I, a time when law as a profession was beginning to attract others besides ecclesiastics. They were handy little abridgments of Bracton and Glanville, composed for the convenience of inexperienced professional pleaders. For an accurate text, Mr. Woodbine has collated many manuscripts in the British Museum and elsewhere. In a sane and restrained introduction he gives his reasons for wishing to attribute the authorship of the first tract, "Fet Asaver," to Ralph of Hengham. Such facts as we have point to Hengham's authorship, but the facts are too meagre for absolute certainty. Mr. Woodbine also makes a neat point in connecting the third and fourth tracts. Since the third, 'Modus Componendi Brevia," was in Latin, and the fourth, "Exceptions which may be Pleaded against Writs," was in the atrocious Anglo-French, used in the courts, no one ever suspected any connection between them. Mr. Woodbine shows by internal evidence that they are really but parts of a single tract, perhaps written by the same Ralph of Hengham, and that the difference in language is perfectly explained by the last sentence in the "Modus" itself: "It is the custom in England for men to plead in French and not in Latin, therefore exceptions are written in French."

The dedication of the new home of Boone Library at Wuchang, on May 16, was another striking evidence of the awakening of China. Though connected with Boone College it is virtually a public institution, for it is open to all who desire to use it and books are sent to far inland cities and towns, while a branch has been established at Hankow. The building, which Bishop Roots, in his dedicatory address, described as the handsomest in the Hankow district, contains a large assembly hall, a reading-room, and shelving capacity for 30,000 English volumes and 200,000 Chinese. The aim is to cover all branches of good Chinese literature as well as the masterpieces of the Western, religious and secular. The college students (420 in number, including the preparatory department) at an enthusiastic meeting decided to try during the summer vacation to secure by gifts or to buy as many such works as possible. On the platform at the dedication exercises were several prominent Chinese officials, two of whom, the president of the Provincial Legislature and the director of education for the province of which Wuchang is the capital, made addresses. With them was the commander-in-chief of the Viceroy's forces, who seemed most interested in

the hymn which closed the exercises, "God save the Emperor."

The tenth "part" of the Goldene Klassiker edition of Goethe (see *Nation*, April 21, p. 409), edited by Karl Alt, contains "Faust, Erster Teil, Zweiter Teil," and all the important paralipomena, with an introduction of sixty-four pages. The fourteenth "part" is to contain the "Urfaust," the "Fragment" of 1790, and the "Helena" of 1800, while the commentary will presumably appear in volume eighteen. The introduction covers the necessary ground with clearness and a reasonable degree of thoroughness, and without dragging in irrelevant matter or urging doctrinaire theses. The notes are brief and to the point, and avoid in a commendable fashion the controversial tendencies encountered in so many editions of "Faust." The inevitable array of parallel passages is reduced to the minimum; in fact, some scholars might consider it below the minimum. To be sure, not everything brought forward as a parallel is one, and often such a citation serves only to obscure the real or fancied difficulty, whereas the mere placing side by side of two true parallels is frequently enough to make both of them perfectly clear, though one or both, alone, would have been obscure. Alt may have preferred, as a matter of principle, to keep well within the bounds of necessity rather than to run the risk of seeming to value his commentary above the drama itself. The same may be true with respect to another marked general tendency on the part of "Faust" commentators, viz., to show just how much of Goethe's own self is embodied in each of the characters. Here again Alt resists temptation. As a result, his commentary serves the main purpose of elucidating most, though hardly all, of the difficult passages, whereas it might have undertaken to make us still more thoroughly acquainted than it does with Goethe's characteristic thought and feeling as revealed in "Faust." Judged, however, as a part of an annotated edition of Goethe's works, this volume will not suffer by comparison with any now on the market. In fact, his is the only one that prints all the versions in full. To some this may seem extravagant, but to others it will appear well worth while, since it brings before the reader the material necessary for a genetic study of "Faust," the superiority of which method was referred to in the review of Gräf's new edition (*Nation*, January 20, p. 68). It would not be surprising if we should some day have an edition modelled after Baechtold's "Goetz" and "Iphigenie," with the various versions printed in parallel columns, the variant readings of important texts and manuscript fragments at the bottom of the page, and the paralipomena inserted so far as possible in their proper connection.

The leading critical theological journal of Germany, the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* of Leipzig, edited since its establishment in 1875 by Professors Harnack and Schürer, will now for the first time experience a change in its editorship. The place of the recently deceased Schürer will be taken by Prof. Arthur Titius of Göttingen and by Dr. Hermann Schuster of Hanover, Professor Harnack remaining on the staff until the beginning of the new year, when on account of other work he retires. The *Zeitung* is a bi-weekly and is published by Hinrichs of Leipzig.

The death is reported, in his fifty-second year, of Dr. David Lee Maulsby, who, since 1891, was professor of English literature and oratory at Tufts College.

Science.

A curious problem in tobacco culture has been worked out experimentally in France, and is reported to the Académie des Sciences. The production of nicotine has become insufficient to supply the demand for the treatment of plants and animals. To ascertain if the cultivation of tobacco plants for the special production of this alkaloid would pay, experiments were begun in Brittany and in the centre of France. It was found that the quantity of nicotine produced by the tobacco plants per acre depended chiefly on the head-cutting or pulling of the plants. By leaving only six leaves to a plant the weight of nicotine produced became four or five times as much as that where all the leaves were left, that is precisely in inverse ratio with the tobacco crop. In the central department of the lot, the maximum weight of nicotine for 20,000 six-leaved plants was nearly 350 pounds. With the price at which tobacco leaves are sold, even this maximum production, under the most favorable conditions, would cost far more than it would bring. Tobacco will not therefore be cultivated in France for the nicotine which it produces; and, if the supply of the alkaloid is insufficient, it must be increased from other tobacco-producing countries.

"Who's Who Among the Ferns," compiled and illustrated by W. I. Beecroft (New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.), is, in spite of the sensational title, a most valuable book. The author has adopted a practical method of identification, which renders the determination of the names easy and even pleasant. The illustrations are wholesomely plain, but serve their purpose fully. There are two admirable features presented by this convenient handbook which are worthy of special mention—the precedence given to the common names of ferns, and the blank spaces left for field notes. A handier guide to these attractive plants has not yet come to our notice.

"The Catalogue of the Fowering Plants and Ferns of Conuecticut, Bulletin No. 14 of the State Geological and Natural History Survey of the State of Connecticut," serves the excellent purpose of stimulating further research along the given lines. For without a list of this sort an amateur, at least, never knows when he is making a real discovery, and when simply duplicating work already done. He therefore lacks incentive. The authors of this treatise have worked successfully in their respective fields, and the composite is worthy of commendation. The work will give a great impetus to the investigation of the Eastern flora and will do much to settle many disputed questions in regard to the distribution of our plants.

William H. Wright's "The Black Bear" and "The Grizzly Bear" (Scribner) contain good accounts of those two interesting American mammals. About half of the former volume is devoted to a biography of the author's pet black bear, "Ben," which he captured as a cub and kept for several years. Mr. Wright knew a good deal about bears before he got "Ben," but he learned a good deal more afterward; and the development of his acquaintance with "Ben," as he describes it, is most interesting. The remainder of the book is devoted to a careful and informing account of the habits of this species in its native state, and includes much instructive comparison of *Ursus Americanus* with his more formidable relative, the grizzly. The account of the grizzly, though it also contains much natural history of the animal, is more from the point of view of the hunter.

Edward Breck's "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw" (Houghton Mifflin) presents in simple descriptive form much correct natural history concerning various animals captured by a backwoodsman naturalist and his guests, a party of boys and girls, and more or less tamed and domesticated at his camp. In this way are set forth many of the simpler and more significant facts in the life histories of the bear, the flying-squirrel, the crow and the raven, the moose, the porcupine, the loon, and other animals, and, incidentally, it is shown in a very convincing manner how much real pleasure and profit comes of making friends of one's wilderness neighbors. For these reasons, it is a capital book put into the hands of young people who are intending to camp out.

Music.

Judaism in Music. By Richard Wagner. Translated by Edwin Evans. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Franz Liszt. By Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. New Edition, $1.25.

Richard Wagner was one of the worst as well as one of the best of German prose writers. There are in his numerous volumes many pages as direct and concise, as clear, brilliant, and witty as the best pages of Heine or Schopenhauer; but there are also not a few in which he is as involved, turgid, and inelegant as Kant or Hegel. His essay on the Jews in Music contains specimens of both styles—epigrammatic sentences that stick in the memory being followed by paragraphs vague in the original and still more so in translation. In making an English version of this essay, Edwin Evans, for the sake of greater clearness, divided the unbroken German text into half a dozen sections, under the heads: Introductory, Characteristics, Art-Relations, Musical Creation, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, besides introducing numerous marginal sub-heads, as well as footnotes.

In these footnotes—which are the chief *raison d'être* of this edition, for the essay has been translated repeatedly—Mr. Evans dwells not so much on the

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principal thesis as on such themes as are incidental to the main argument, although he does not neglect the opportunity to applaud or censure details of that argument; calling attention, for instance, to the fact that "all vehemence becomes suddenly absent upon the mention of Mendelssohn's name, and Wagner's sincerity may easily be traced in the fact of the kindly tone being so well sustained."

Sixty years have passed since Wagner committed the indiscretion of attacking the Jews in music at a time when Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were the chief idols, and their followers the arbiters of taste, and when the German press was practically in Hebrew hands. He can hardly be blamed, however, for writing this essay; for, as one biographer has remarked, "it made his heart bleed to see how two exotic Jewish composers, not of the first rank, were almost monopolizing concert halls and opera houses, to the exclusion of the German classical masters; and it caused his soul the deepest anguish to see how his own works, more inspired, written on a higher level, and purely German, were neglected by his countrymen."

While the situation has entirely changed, the effects of that pamphlet have not quite disappeared, even now. Eighteen years after the first printing of "Das Judenthum in der Musik," in a musical periodical, Wagner brought it out in pamphlet form with some "Elucidations" addressed to the Countess Nesselrode, who had asked him for an explanation of the extraordinarily hostile attitude of the press in all countries (except Russia) toward his works and artistic enterprises. These Elucidations which are as long as the original essay, are included in Mr. Evans's volume. In them Wagner attempts to prove that this hostility had its chief source in that essay of 1850. The insult to their race contained in it rankled in the breasts of Jewish journalists, and their revenge took the form of persistent attacks on his works and projects. He ignores other factors that came into play, but undoubtedly there was some truth in his contention.

The most extraordinary detail in this warfare is that Wagner's field marshal, Franz Liszt, suffered more damage from it than he himself. Liszt had come to the rescue in the hour of deepest distress, and for this the enemies of Wagner fell upon him with unbridled fury. And while the opposition to Wagner himself has practically ceased, Liszt is still the target of arrows poisoned in those days. There can be no doubt of this whatever. Probably the censures of Liszt's works by some prominent critics of the day, in this country as well as in Europe, are sincere; but why are they so venomous? Liszt was the noblest, the most altruistic musician that ever lived; for everybody he had a helping pen or purse; no one ever did so much for living composers as well as for the old masters. Why, therefore, do these critics always write so bitterly, so sneeringly about him? The only plausible explanation is that they are still influenced by the traditional manner of treating Liszt which had its source in his missionary work for Wagner. The situation is quite as amusing as it is deplorable; for most of these writers who thus sneer at Liszt are ardent admirers of Wagner!

The public has long ceased, fortunately, to be affected by the paradoxically scornful attacks on Liszt; his works are steadily growing in popularity, and the number of publications on him also is increasing from year to year. No one is surprised, therefore, at the appearance of a new edition of De Beaufort's story of his life, which was originally published in 1886, shortly after his death, following the exhausting visit to England. Even this volume is affected by the traditional attitude toward Liszt, of whom the author says: "It is highly probable that he will only live in men's memory as an executant"; but that is the only *bêtise* we have noticed. The present edition is enlarged by twenty pages containing the articles on Liszt in Rome, contributed to the New York *Sun* last year by the Russian Princess Schahawskoi (Nadine Helbig). There are also lists of Liszt's works and his pupils.

Richard Strauss's new opera, in three acts, "Der Rosenkavalier," will be brought out in December at the Hoftheater in Dresden.

The Norwegian composer, Jean Selmer, died about a fortnight ago at Venice. He was born in 1844; was successful as a musical conductor, and composed orchestral pieces, songs, and cantatas.

The death is announced from Milan, in his seventieth year, of the Italian composer, Emilio Usiglio. At the age of nineteen, after having studied harmony under Giovanni Rossi, he composed an opera based upon Goldoni's comedy "La Locandiera"; this was followed by a long series of operas by which the author achieved national, though scarcely international, fame.

Charles Lenepveu, a French composer, died last week in Paris. He was born on October 4, 1840, at Rouen, received his education at the Lycée in Rouen, and studied music at the Conservatory in Paris. In 1865 he won the *grand prix de Rome*, with a cantata, "Renaud dans les jardins d'Armide." Among his other works are "Le Florentin," a comic opera completed in 1874; "Velléda," a grand opera bearing the date of 1882; "Jeanne d'Arc," a lyric drama published four years later; a requiem mass, published in 1893; a funeral and triumphal hymn, and a "Ode triomphale à Jeanne d'Arc" (1892), and "Méditation," a composition for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, based on verses by Corneille, which was completed in 1885. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor and of public instruction, a commander of St. Gregory the Great, and of the Crown of Italy, a member of the Institute, a professor of composition in the Conservatory of Music, an inspector of musical education, and a member of the Superior Council of Musical Education.

Art.

Histoire de l'imagerie populaire flamande et de ses rapports avec les imageries étrangères. Par Emile H. van Heurck, membre de la commission administrative du Musée de Folklore d'Anvers, et G. J. Boekenoogen, docteur ès lettres à Leyde. Pp. ix, 728. Illustrated. Bruxelles: Librairie Nationale d'Art and d'Histoire, G. van Oest & Cie.

The French term "imagerie populaire" covers a rather wide field, corresponding to our chap-books, fly-leaves, and similar "literature," often almost entirely pictorial in character, published for the edification of the masses, or the folk, as it is customary in several quarters to designate them. This monograph, profusely illustrated with facsimile reproductions of engravings (single and in series), fly-leaves, etc., treats in detail of the history of this sort of folk-literature (the term is somewhat inaccurate) in Belgium, in which country the town of Turnhout, especially, has been renowned as a centre of its production. The volume, sumptuous typographically and otherwise, is issued in an edition of but 520 copies (of these twenty on Japan paper), and is quite appropriately dedicated to Max Elskamp, poet and engraver, and also founder of the Folk-Lore Museum in Antwerp. It will probably remain the authoritative work for this part of the Continent. Its preparation was made possible by the fact that both authors had been for years collecting these old engravings and crude picture-books, particularly the actual blocks and cuts.

The art of folk-pictures has now succumbed to the monotony of execution characteristic of modern machinery and to the banality of subjects dealt with to-day, when the workman no longer thinks or invents. Concerning the earlier art, the authors remark (p. 17):

In spite of all imperfections of execution, the old art was characteristic and beautiful. The old pictures were not always mere rude sketches made by hands unskilful and ignorant of drawing. There is very often perceptible in these ephemeral leaves a tone of greatness and authority. The humble artist, sprung from the people and dwelling in their midst, knows the soul of the folk and is able to move it. He has his own way of interpreting with the pencil men, animals, plants, houses, and everything about him. He knows how to give the necessary relief to certain details by enlarging or deforming them at will. The seeming unskilfulness which is one of the charms of the

older art is often intentional; it is accounted for by a careful examination and a certain knowledge of folk-psychology. The folk has its traditional and secular fashion of conceiving beings and things; delicate literature and refined art do not captivate it. Masters of the pencil, great and noble artists, have sought to renovate folk-pictures, but their efforts have been barren; their pictures, skilfully made, but executed according to classical canons, do not sell. They lacked the gift of stirring the folk-soul. . . . To-day the picture is the negation of art. The folk loves what is harmonious in color, and what affects by expression of the line and originality of the word. The modern picture, with its academic drawing, its discordant chemical colors, its banal and pedantic prose, its colorless verses, possesses none of the appreciable qualities of the old picture.

The earliest folk-pictures seem to have been of a religious nature. Subsequently they became legendary, military, realistic, anecdotal, satirical, philosophical, political, documentary, and vulgarizing. It is rather surprising to find so small an element in these folk-pictures that can be regarded as directly literary. Not standard printed books are the chief sources of the tales treated in these pictures; the subjects are drawn from songs and facetiæ widespread among the common people, or have been invented out of hand. It has often happened, of course, that the publishers have made use of plates from such books as the "Fables of Æsop," but this has been because they were able to obtain such cuts cheaply. It is not until towards the beginning of the nineteenth century, when publishers began to copy the competing pictures of the neighboring countries, that the tales of "Mother Goose," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," and the like, figure in the folk-pictures of the Low Countries.

The makers of folk-pictures were great plagiarists and shameless copiers of one another's art, and in the transferences which they made, not a few blunders occurred both in the arrangement of the cuts and in the wording of the legends accompanying them. In some cases little attention was paid to historical accuracy, the same picture, *e. g.*, serving for several entirely different things. Thus the picture of Mary, wife of William of Orange (afterwards King of England), is found doing duty for all the princesses of the House of Orange down to the Revolution; and about 1820, although his features must have been almost universally well-known, a fairly good picture of Napoleon was put out as representing the hereditary prince of the Low Countries.

The authors announce their intention of publishing in the near future a less extensive Dutch edition of this book, which has been given a French dress in order to obtain a wider circulation for the data it contains. Certainly no collection aiming to illustrate the history of folk-art can afford to be without this monograph.

Finance.

STRENGTHENING A BANK POSITION

When the surplus reserve of the New York Associated Banks reached $55,743,000 in the middle of the present month, it established the highest record in almost exactly two years. Not since September, 1908, had it reached so large a figure. Furthermore, it may be said that in only three of the past twenty-five years have the banks reported a larger surplus than last Saturday's—in 1908, 1904, and 1894. Those were three periods of industrial reaction, and they followed in each case a season of prolonged Stock Exchange liquidation. The aspect in which the present abnormally large bank surplus differs from those of the other years referred to is the rapidity with which it has been created. The $65,170,000 maximum of two years ago was touched on August 22, 1908; the chapter of liquidation of which it was the sequel had begun in March, 1907. The $58,613,000 high level of six years ago was reported on August 20, 1904; but the liquidation movement had continued since March, 1903. The $111,623,000 of sixteen years ago appeared on February 3, 1894; but the markets had begun their reactionary movement in March of the preceding year. In the present instance, it is less than eight months since even the Stock Exchange liquidation began.

The reason for such abnormal increase in surplus bank reserves at the larger money markets, after a season of financial and industrial reaction, is simple. The surplus reserve represents the excess in a bank's cash holdings over the sum which would make up the 25 per cent. of net deposits required by law. Such an excess might be created by unusually large addition to cash holdings, or by unusually large reduction in the deposit fund. Reduction of loans cancels an equivalent amount of deposits. Therefore, when surplus reserves mount up to unusually high figures, it is to be presumed that banks have either been taking large amounts of currency into their vaults or else have been heavily curtailing loans. As a matter of fact, it is the cash account which has usually been responsible. When the New York surplus reserve touched the high-water mark in 1904, cash holdings were $111,000,000 above the same date the year before, but loans were also $181,000,000 larger. So, too, of the highest surplus of 1908, when cash holdings, as compared with the year preceding, were up $141,000,000 and loans $212,000,000.

The common explanation for such a loan expansion, at an hour of financial and industrial reaction, is that a banker naturally seeks to employ his increased resources, and that he is enabled to do so, on a considerable scale, by redeeming loans which had previously been placed in foreign markets, or by taking over, from our own interior markets, loans which had previously been carried by institutions there. It is undoubtedly in this way that the New York Associated Banks have found opportunity to increase their loans $63,000,000 in the past four weeks—a period when Eastern trade was exceptionally dull and the Stock Exchange demand for credit exceptionally light.

Last Saturday, the weekly bank statement, for the first time since the close of June, reported a decrease in the surplus reserve, and this week the movement of currency, which for weeks has been away from interior markets and in the direction of New York, seems to have reversed itself. From now on, the West and South will be drawing currency from the East for harvest purposes. In the five months after the high August surplus reserve of 1904, this outflow drew $73,000,000 in cash from the New York banks; in the similar period after the maximum surplus of 1908, it drew away $67,000,000. It is hardly to be doubted that a similar process will be at work this coming autumn. Nevertheless, the salient fact remains that the New York banks, which six weeks ago were in no position to encounter satisfactorily the autumn money-market requirements, are now in an exceptionally strong position. As against the present surplus reserve of $50,000,000, the banks reported only $19,500,000 a year ago this week, and less than $10,000,000 at the corresponding date in each of the three years 1905, 1906, and 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Booth, E. C. The Doctor's Lass. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Coker, F. W. Organismic Theories of the State. Columbia University.
Corbin, T. W. Modern Engines. Fenno. 75 cents.
Crocker, F. B., and Arendt, M. Electric Motors. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Everett, L. L. The Closed Book, and Other Poems. Wessels & Bissell Co. $1.25 net.
Graves, H. S. Protection of Forests from Fire. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Godfrey, E. The Cradle of a Poet. Lane Co. $1.50.
Howland, G. C. Elementary Lessons in English. 2 vols. Chicago: McClurg.
Hazard, R. H. The House on Stilts. Dillingham. $1.50.
Hilkey, C. J. Legal Development in Colonial Massachusetts. 1630-1686. Columbia University.
Hill, R. T. The Public Domain and Democracy. Columbia University.
Howard, C. The Passover (an Interpretation). Fenno. $1 net.
Hume, F. The Peacock of Jewels. Dillingham. $1.25.
Kelly, M. New Faces. Dillingham. $1.50.
Klein, C., and Hornblow, A. John Marsh's Millions. Dillingham.
MacCunn, F. Sir Walter Scott's Friends. Lane Co. $3.50 net.
McConnell, F. J. Religious Certainty. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Mayer, A. G. Medusæ of the World. Vols. I and II. Carnegie Inst. of Wash.
Müller, W. M. Egyptological Researches. Vol. II, Results of a Journey in 1906. Carnegie Inst. of Wash.
Murray, W. S. The Making of the Balkan States. Columbia University.
Papers of the San Francisco Com. of Vigilance of 1851. I, edited by P. Garnett. Berkeley: Univ. of Cal.
Raine, W. M. Bucky O'Connor. Dillingham. $1.50.
Rostand's Chantecler. Translated by G. Hall. Duffie d.
Underhill, C. R. Solenoids. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.
Walcott, C. D. Cambrian Geology and Paleontology. Nos. 6 and 7. Smithsonian Institution.
Watson, G. Forbidden Ground. Lane Co. $1.35 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft's announced determination to follow hereafter a policy of "hands off," as respects New York politics, is perhaps only another way of saying that he means to leave the Republicans of this State to stew in their own juice. Presidential non-intervention in such matters ought, of course, to be the rule, though Roosevelt in the White House did not exactly go on that principle. It is probable that Mr. Taft would have made no public utterance had not his position been so grossly misrepresented. Beverly felt that it simply had to do something to put an end to the rumors at Oyster Bay. But as the case stands to-day, there will be hands enough on if the President keeps his off. The Republican party in New York has the desired multitude of counsellors, even if there be no wisdom in them, and though they are fighting each other rather than the Democrats. Every Republican leader has his pet scheme, but it is a scheme to put another leader in a hole or to knife the ticket. All the signs at present point to a reproduction in 1910 of the New York Republican tragedy of 1882—and that, it will be remembered, was largely due to Presidential interference.

It is partly a tribute to the growth of the direct-primary movement, partly a fear of popular wrath and a desire to have something like a real endorsement, which leads New Jersey candidates for the United States Senatorship to file petitions in order to get their names on the ballot in the primary of September 13. The law under which this may be done is an old one that has been practically a dead letter, but it has been revived for this political crisis. Three Republicans and two Democrats have thus formally recorded their Senatorial ambitions. Among the former the name of Senator Kean does not appear. The others say that they wish to leave the Senatorship to the people; Kean says that he prefers to leave it to the Legislature. His plan, in other words, is the convenient old one of first binding to himself the candidates for the Legislature by helping them to meet their election expenses and then duly exacting payment after they are in office.

Mayor Gaynor's article in the *Century* on city government contains many of his well-known views—especially his belief in the absolute necessity of non-partisanship in municipal elections—and has some shrewd things to say about a "business" administration of city affairs. There is undeniable force in his contention that the ordinary merchant may be a failure as a Mayor if he thinks that all that is necessary is to take with him into office the ideas and methods which he has acquired and practised in commerce. As Mr. Gaynor points out, the city's "business" is a business regulated by law, and a municipal administration is a "complex legal and political machine." To make it operate well, mere yardstick and counting-house notions will not suffice. But while this is true, and while we ought to be glad whenever a Mayor has a good knowledge of the law as well as executive ability, the thing ought not to be pressed so far as to make eligible only men with such a combination of qualities. But Mr. Gaynor is irrefragable in what he says about making the only standard of appointment to municipal offices honesty and efficiency, and getting rid of that prolific source of corrupt city politics, "the control of the government or the conduct of officials by outside bosses or organizations."

The Adirondack land inquiry at Albany continues to reveal the unexpected in New York's Republican rulers. Just now it is their love of nature. To commune up there with nature—that is the way they draw their inspiration for wise leadership. They flock to those rare "camps," carefully surrounded by State lands to remind their owners, even in the solitudes, of the call to public service. Timothy Woodruff, Frank H. Platt, son of the Senator, ex-Congressman Louis W. Emerson, Frank D. Bell, Special Counsel to the Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner, ex-Senator Allds, Congressmen Malby and Millington, Daniel F. Strobel of the Republican State Committee—these and apparently many others heard the call of the wild in one form or another, as attorneys in land sales, or members of speculating firms and syndicates, or as owners of summer homes. Generous Mr. Woodruff paid $12,000 for 1,000 valuable acres; the State paid $167,000 for 25,000 acres first offered to it at $127,000. The Land Purchasing Board, of which Mr. Woodruff was a member, simply had to make the owners a present of $40,000 of State money. Mr. Strobel appears as an habitual trespasser on State lands, and Mr. Bell became special counsel immediately after a sale to the State of lands worth $35,000.

Precisely because conservation has been accepted as a vital problem that will suffer neither slighting nor delay, there is need of not falling into the national habit of going at a new problem with a rush and a hurrah. Every costly mistake that may be made is sure to be seized upon by enemies of the new order. What, for instance, will be the natural effect of the figures published by the Chicago *Evening Post*, concerning thriftlessness and incapacity in the reclamation service? A board of army engineers, now engaged in a study of various reclamation projects in the West and Northwest, has brought to light facts tending to show that more than six million dollars of government money have been sunk in useless or unproductive schemes. The Truckee-Carson project in Nevada is responsible for nearly four millions of the total. Here, as elsewhere, there appears to have been extraordinary lack of foresight or preparation. One plan, on the Canadian border, has been abandoned because it was found that the Canadian farmers were profiting by the new water supply, instead of the American farmers. Elsewhere the construction cost has been so high as to make water prices prohibitive. The conservation of the people's money is one of the elements in the problem that must never be lost sight of.

Senator Dick of Ohio is sadly crying out: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!" The latest charge against

him, which he hotly denies, is that he has played in Ohio the rôle of Vice-President Sherman in New York—that is, that he misinterpreted or misrepresented the views of President Taft concerning the conduct of the State campaign. The facts will doubtless come out, for as the controversy rages there will be a demand for the publication of the letter which the President actually wrote. But without this new embarrassment, Senator Dick was having troubles enough. His unpopularity seems to be steadily growing, and his candidacy for reëlection is felt to be a drag on the ticket. Although he got a perfunctory endorsement in the primary—merely of the nature of a recommendation, and "snap" at that—the State Convention did not dare commit itself to him, and even if the Republicans were to carry the Legislature, his return to the Senate would be highly improbable. Fresh accusations of financial irregularities, when he was a State officer, have just been publicly made against him by Mr. Barber, a sheriff is looking for property of his on which to levy for a debt, and altogether Dick is justified in feeling that his lot is not a happy one.

In the death of William James the country has lost one of its most stimulating minds. A man of wide attainments and no mean thinker himself, his most fruitful work has lain in provoking others to think. Not simply those students of his whom he stirred by immediate personal contact, but thousands of readers of his books and discussions did he arouse and quicken and shake out of routine acceptance of routine ideas. This he was able to do partly through his rare gifts of exposition and his vivid style. He actually made philosophy racy and piquant. Nor was this merely a flare of academic sensationalism and flippancy. It was rather the method of sparks struck off an original mind to kindle others; the truth seen picturesquely and presented with varied freshness. And always behind the attractive style, pricking on the interest and challenging thought, there stood the sincere spirit of the man, devoted to inquiry, resolutely applying the scientific method. Professor James wonderfully preserved, even in advancing years, the open mind. There was never audible in him that sort of click which Emerson observed in English bishops, a sign that the mind was shut and would allow no more questions to be asked. Sometimes we see men whose minds are open in the sense that everything flows through them and leaves nothing behind. That could not be said of William James. He had his body of ascertained truth and his deep convictions; but that did not prevent him from admitting that we must continually search and test the foundations of all knowledge and all belief. His death will bring a sense of personal loss to many who never looked upon his face. To few men has it ever been given to radiate so much intellectual force in a whole generation.

From the figures for urban population that have already been published, it seems certain that Detroit will have supplied the sensation of the 1910 census. With an increase of 63 per cent. within the decade, that city has moved forward from thirteenth place in the list of cities to eighth place, or possibly seventh. In 1900, Detroit was only by a few hundreds ahead of Milwaukee. In 1910, it had not only left Milwaukee far behind, but had passed New Orleans, Pittsburgh—that synonym of hustle and modernism—Cincinnati, San Francisco, and Buffalo. The city of Cleveland will have to show an increase of 22 per cent. over 1900 to keep its hold on seventh place. St. Louis is known to have made no such rapid increase as Detroit. And in the nature of things it is impossible that either New York, Chicago, or Philadelphia can even approximate this remarkable 63 per cent.

The plan which Senator Cummins has put forward for a nation-wide primary to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President is spoken of by the Iowa Senator as a "natural development" in the tendency to give the people a more direct voice in the selection of candidates, but it is evident that even he does not believe the time is yet ripe for it. A part of the evil which he strikes at could be overcome by party rules. Senator Cummins speaks with emphasis of the "humiliating" and "revolting" disclosures made in Republican national conventions in connection with the contests of seats for delegates from the Southern States, and dwells upon the anomaly of giving representation on the basis of population, not of party votes actually cast. But this has long been recognized as a grievance, and could be met by such a change in the party regulations as has often been urged. Mr. Cummins talks of a law to supervise national conventions, if, as he surmises, his project for a national primary does not find favor. Yet when a remedy lies so clearly within the control of the members and managers of a party, there seems little reason for invoking the power of the law. But Senator Cummins is not afraid of over-legislation.

Mr. William A. Larned's winning of the tennis championship for the fourth time successively is really a remarkable performance from many points of view. A man of active business, Mr. Larned is now over forty years of age, and thus demonstrates, as have many English players, that hard tennis may be played in middle life and indeed much beyond that. Mr. Larned's secret is keeping himself in perfect physical condition. Indubitably, as champion, he enjoys an advantage in that he does not have to play through a hard ten days' tournament like the challenger. He has the opportunity, moreover, to watch the play of the men whom he is likely to meet, while they are fighting their way through round after round. But after his service with the Rough Riders, Mr. Larned, who had twice been champion before 1898, fought his way through with ease. He has now been six times champion, and as an exponent not merely of a wonderful sport, but of the best kind of sportsmanship, no one will grudge him his remarkable success.

The announcement that two spectators who were injured by an aeroplane falling upon them during the Asbury Park aviation meet have begun suits for heavy damages shows that the courts will soon have new and perplexing legal questions to decide. Must the plaintiffs prove criminal negligence? Is the burden of proof upon them? And can they cite Curtiss and the Wrights as expert witnesses, although they were not spectators of the accident? Can the aviator charge the sudden dropping of the wind to an act of Providence and thus avoid responsibility?

Did the injured men assume a well-known risk on entering the aviation field which would deprive them of any real basis for suit? Is the owner of the ground over which the flight occurred *particeps criminis?* Can the aviator be punished for a defect of his engine? These and other questions will give learned judges much concern before long.

There is no possibility in 70 per cent. of the counties of the State [Virginia] for a negro to procure in the public schools sufficient training in subject-matter to enable her to pass a creditable examination for a first-grade certificate. Several of the State school examiners have estimated for me that in seven-tenths of the negro elementary schools there is really *no* sound teaching, owing to the incompetency of the teachers.

Thus writes Prof. Bruce Payne of the University of Virginia in the *Southern Workman.* Professor Payne says further that before there can be real instruction in the colored schools of Virginia, "a majority of the present teachers" must be dispensed with. This applies even more truly in the more Southern States. But where does it leave those Southerners, like Thomas Nelson Page, who declare that the negro has been educated and has demonstrated his total unfitness to benefit by school training? Fortunately, things are bound to improve. These schools will be made more than mere apologies for institutions of learning. As Professor Payne puts it:

There are enough intelligent, brave, and self-sacrificing men and women among the colored people in this State to accomplish the task. There are enough Christian men and women among the white people who are willing to assist in the doing. When these two groups of consecrated people are once touched by the mute appeal of the more needy we shall see the beginning.

The Admiralty's refusal to deny or affirm the recurring report that a gas-engine battleship is near at hand, is probably another sign that the experiments it has long been making are meeting with success. Fully a year ago it became known that an old gunboat had been fitted up with a gas engine. Since that time such strides have been made in Germany that the Hamburg-American Line has ordered a 9,000-ton vessel fitted up with the Diesel gas engine. If this is worth trying in the merchant marine, we may be certain that the Admiralty, leading as it does the entire naval world, will not be far behind. It is, of course, not a question of adopting the gasolene engine of the familiar power-boat type. That has so demonstrated its usefulness and economy for all craft up to 120 feet that a steam vessel under that length is becoming a rarity. Beyond that size, however, constructors have not yet gone, because the cost of the fuel rapidly approaches that of coal and for round-the-world cruising coal is in one sense the more desirable, because oftener available. The engine upon which the British engineers are at work is one propelled by gas generated on board ship by a small consumption of coal. There is no question whatever that the day this engine is perfected, the Dreadnoughts and Super-Dreadnoughts will be nearly as out-of-date as were the wooden ships the day the Merrimac entered Hampton Roads.

The Kaiser's pronouncements on literature and art are not so frequent as they used to be. When an outraged nation imposed silence on William II after that famous "calculated indiscretion," it seems to have induced a state of imperial reticence which extended to matters other than political. The habits of a lifetime, however, are hard to break; the Kaiser is by nature hospitable, and so a recent conversation between William II and a Scandinavian woman writer whom he received on board his yacht has been rather widely commented upon in the German press. To his guest the Emperor expressed his satisfaction at what he believed to be a decline in the tide of arch-realism in literature and art. He welcomed Sudermann's return from the depressing sordidness of "Das Hohe Lied" to the idyllicism of the "Strandkinder," his latest work. He found that of the plays given in Berlin before working-class audiences the most popular was Kleist's romantic "Prinz Friedrich von Homburg." And the Emperor ventured the opinion that a play like Gorky's "Abyss" would have left the same audiences puzzled and bored. This view has just enough of the Imperial and mediæval tone to make it characteristic of the Kaiser, though not necessarily to make it false. As between the Kaiser and the advocates of the ultra-modern naturalism for which Young Germany has gone in with a vengeance, there is no doubt that the Kaiser is in the right.

Another Socialist victory is reported from Germany, where bye-elections to the Reichstag within the last two years have been practically synonymous with Socialists elected. This time, in a district that has always been represented by a Conservative, the Socialist candidate polled nearly twice as many votes as all the other candidates combined. Thus the Socialists' majorities not only continue, but continue growing in size. The general election of 1906 left them with 43 seats in the Reichstag; they have now climbed to 51. This is still far from the 81 seats which they held in the preceding Reichstag, but there are few people who doubt that if a general election were held to-day, the Socialist strength would soar to a new record. An absolute Socialist majority in the next Reichstag is not within the realm of probability, but a combined Socialist, Liberal, and Radical majority is more than probable. Will such a coalition be brought about? The Liberals have for some time been out of the Government fold, slighted and disillusioned; they regard the peril of Socialism as less than that of reaction.

How peace in Latin America may become more secure with the growth of foreign commercial interests in those countries, has been succinctly stated by Charles M. Pepper, Commercial Adviser to the Department of State, in the latest pamphlet of the American Association for International Conciliation. Europe's investments in South America approximate $3,500,000,000, and constitute a vast peace fund. Our share of the South American trade, about $300,000,000 annually, is not large, as compared with the total, but it is growing and with it a better understanding between the parties concerned. "Our commercial policy," declares Mr. Pepper, "is conciliatory, and whatever tends to increase commerce is an additional means of conciliation." No one will take issue with the intent of this sentence, but it is not happily phrased. "Whatever tends to increase commerce," will certainly not bring conciliation if the "whatever" comes in the shape of shotgun diplomacy and dollar diplomacy. If it is true that international amity follows in the path of international trade, it is also true that friendly relations between two countries are an excellent promoter of trade.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S LETTER.

President Taft's letter to the Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee is not, it must be confessed, of a sort to raise the hopes of a despondent and apprehensive party. There is nothing "ringing" about it. It has not a single touch of the 'Ercles vein—no shouts, no loud summons to battle, no shrill defiance of the enemy. The document is long and not the easiest of summer reading. It is also frankly partisan, being nothing less than the President's argument for an endorsement of his Administration, and for the election of a Republican House of Representatives next November. Nevertheless, the letter deserves serious attention, not simply because it comes from the President, but because it is a serious discussion and contains a serious programme.

Foremost in the letter stands Mr. Taft's proposal for a speedy re-opening of the tariff question. This must have required courage and firmness on his part, for it is inconceivable that the high-and-dry protectionists of his party could have consented to what they would doubtless call this playing with dynamite. And it must be set down as a notable event that a Republican President goes so far as Mr. Taft now does in admitting that the spreading discontent with the tariff is justified—justified as respects the way in which the tariff bill was log-rolled into shape, and as respects many of the excessive and burdensome duties which it contains. There is no more of the former talk about the Aldrich-Payne law being the best ever enacted by the Republican party, or of appeals to rest and be thankful. The impatient voice of the West has made itself heard at Beverly, and a Republican President has been forced anxiously to consider how to remove Republican tariff grievances.

His plan is explicit and logical and could be made feasible, so far as it goes, if the Republicans in Congress really desired to make it so. Mr. Taft would attack the schedules in detail. He would get from the experts of his tariff board a complete and scientific investigation into the need and the incidence of any given set of tariff taxes, and then, declares Mr. Taft, "I expect to bring the matter to the attention of Congress with a view to its amendment of the tariff in that particular." In order to facilitate such piecemeal revision, he hopes that Congress will adopt a rule shutting out all amendments to a proposed change in one schedule, designed to add changes in others. It must be admitted that if a Republican Congress truly wished to move forward in a swift and business-like way to correct one tariff injustice after another, President Taft has shown how the thing could be done. But it would mean a political revolution.

In this connection, one part of President Taft's argument against the election of a Democratic House shows, rather amusingly, how little attention he has given to the political history of the tariff. He declares that a Republican majority is essential to the success of the method of revision schedule by schedule, since the Democrats would be opposed to any step of that kind. We fear that the President must have forgotten what happened in 1892. In that year a Democratic House did precisely what Mr. Taft now asserts that only a Republican House can be depended upon to do—namely, it passed several bills repealing or amending separate clauses of the tariff. By a large majority it voted to put binder twine on the free list; to remove all duties from cotton bagging; to abolish the protective rates on wool and woollen goods. This last ought especially to interest Mr. Taft, as he has declared that the woollen schedules of the Aldrich-Payne bill are "indefensible."

But what became of those bills to revise piecemeal? They were contumeliously rejected by the Republican Senate. Furthermore, they were covered with ridicule by protectionist orators and the protectionist press. The whole thing was just a piece of Democratic ignorance and folly. It was the policy of pin-pricks. The tariff was a beautiful artistic creation, from which you could not remove one part without destroying the whole. Speaking more frankly and brutally, the spokesmen of protected interests said that they had secured their favors as a matter of bargaining with others, and would not yield a stiver of what they had got without upsetting the entire division of the spoils. A favorite simile was that of conceiving a protective tariff as an "arch," from which you could not take out one stone without pulling all down in ruin. These notions will inevitably return to plague Mr. Taft if he sets about doing what all his party laughed at the Democrats for their trying to do, and he will be accused of taking up with a discredited Democratic plan. That ought not to deter him, and we do not imagine that it will; but it does put in a queer light his present contention that no help in tariff revision could be expected from a Democratic House.

For the rest, the President's letter is a sober account of what his party and his Administration have been able to accomplish in keeping the pledges made two years ago. His review of the legislation enacted cannot be challenged as unfair; and he adds to it a list of the promises which are yet to be fulfilled, and which he says a Republican Congress will be able and willing to fulfil. How great the immediate political effect of this will be, it is impossible to say with confidence. Except for his plan for further tariff revision, for which the President should have praise, he simply tells people "that which you all do know." That its inclusion in the Republican "campaign-book" will win thousands of votes, we greatly doubt. The old query, "Who reads an American book?" has been answered; but to the question, "Who reads a campaign-book?" we have never seen a satisfactory reply.

THE NEW TEST OF ROOSEVELT.

The speaking tour on which Mr. Roosevelt has now set out will furnish a test of his quality more searching, in some respects, than any to which he has ever submitted. We do not refer to the question of his personal bearing. His standards of good taste have become fixed; the country knows what they are, and does not expect him to alter them. He will doubtless go on doing things which in another man we should call shockingly indelicate or vainglorious. If he assumes that he is the most important figure in our public life, and that the nation and the whole world are waiting to be instructed by him, that is only what he has long done, and the people show no signs of being disposed to quarrel with him on that account. Anyhow, he will not change in that particular. Nor can we look for the revelation by him of any new gifts of oratory. His speeches will read very much as before in point of style. There will be the old verbose energy of dictation. But what we are curious to know

is if he will have anything new to say, whether his addresses will come to a public that is confused, politically, and in a time of hesitation, with a sense of their having struck out guiding principles and provided a lead.

It is frankly admitted that the ordeal is severe. For any other man than Mr. Roosevelt we should say that it would be impossible to pass through it successfully. Consider for how many years he has been incessantly speaking in public. Every thought that he ever had he has dragged from the recesses of his mind and uttered again and again. In an ordinary mortal this would mean that he had hopelessly talked himself out; and that, in any new exertions he might make, he could hope for no more than to display the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration. But Mr. Roosevelt is the eighth wonder of the world for activity and fertility and supple turning, and it is possible that he may succeed in catching the ear of his countrymen, if not by novel phrases or epigrammatic expression, by marking out a line of policy and effort which would turn confusion into clear purpose, and give men something not only to think about but to translate into political action.

For such a task, we must remember, Mr. Roosevelt has certain advantages. He has been for a year and a half out of the hurly-burly. He has had time, if not for intense reflection—we can scarcely associate that with his character—at least for observation, for detachment, for seeing American politics in just perspective. Since his return, morever, he has had wide and varied sources of information put freely at his disposal. The symptoms of our political disease have been placed fully before him; the question is whether he is able to diagnose them. As he made deep studies of Africa before setting out to shoot there, so he has been carefully scanning our political map before starting on his present journey. Unless his former acute instinct for what is popular, for what is the rising political star to which to hitch his wagon, has grown dull with disuse, he must be in a position to know with much accuracy what are the thoughts and discontents that are to-day stirring in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. What we must now await is the discovery whether Mr. Roosevelt is able to answer back to the deeps that are calling.

It will not be enough to succeed merely in evoking great popular enthusiasm for Roosevelt himself. That will be easy. He knows how to strike the old chords. We have already heard them humming again: "I am against the crooked man whether he is rich or poor." "I will bring the corporations to time.' There will be no difficulty in setting the crowd to shouting for "Teddy" and crying out that it must have him again in 1912. But all this is on the surface and ephemeral. It does not mark off the claptrap demagogue from the weighty statesman. Is Roosevelt capable of showing himself the latter? Can he go before audiences that are vaguely dissatisfied and querulous, and with sure vigor strike his hand upon the spot and say: "Thou ailest here, and here"? To be specific, take the matter of the tariff. Mr. Roosevelt is to speak in a part of the country where protective duties have awakened an entirely new spirit of resentment and revolt. Is he going to show himself capable of dealing with that great moral question as a real moralist? Will he, bravely recanting his former words and admitting that his previous lethargy in the face of a great national evil was blameworthy, put himself at the head of a movement to strike down this form of embodied injustice? Such are the questions which thoughtful friends of Col. Roosevelt are necessarily asking themselves as he travels West. His opportunity is great. The test to which he voluntarily subjects himself is severe. How will he emerge from it?

That Mr. Roosevelt is himself fully aware of the significance of his coming series of speeches, there is good evidence. He has not left his intimates in ignorance of his intention to strike out for himself, and to blaze new paths. What is to be thought of them, we must wait till we see before judging. It is one thing to furnish catch-words and party cries; it is another to send men to their homes with new and thrilling aspirations kindling in their breasts; so that they will ask only how to work and how to vote in order to compass the national good upon which their eyes have been fixed for the first time. A political orator who can point to the latter result, and can truly say that the impulses he has quickened are in the line of the great democratic movement which now enfolds the world, may justly claim to be a leader, as well as a speaker. The next two weeks will tell us which Roosevelt aspires to be.

ARMY DESERTIONS.

That army circles are deeply stirred by the appearance of a muck-raking article on desertions, in the current *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, entitled, "The Shame of the Army," appears from the prompt and bitter criticisms of it which have appeared in one of the military weeklies. From the pen of Bailey Millard, the *Cosmopolitan* article is of the superficial hap-hazard order, touching in a sensational way the gravest problem the military service has to confront, and offering no really constructive suggestions of any kind, save that the severity of the present sentences for desertion should be decreased. The facts he brings out are not new, and have already appeared in official reports. Yet they are obviously serious enough, for there have been over 50,000 desertions in the decade from 1900 to 1910. Last year there was an increase of 498 over the deserters in the fiscal year 1907-08, the total number of deserters being 5,030, or 4.97 per cent. All of these deserters are branded as criminals, $50 reward is offered for the apprehension of each one, and 4,000 printed descriptions and pictures of the absconders are sent broadcast to the police of the various cities. With probably 40,000 of these unapprehended, it is plain that there are far more criminals of this kind at large than of any other.

But the country, as a whole, does not consider them criminals—there is the rub from the army point of view. The old prejudice against military mercenaries persists; the average American laborer, too, considers it no serious wrong to violate a contract; and there is in many communities, notably in the West, a marked prejudice because of the frequent misbehavior of enlisted men. The standard of the latter has indubitably been raised, but the old frontier soldiers were a rough lot. In 1876, for instance, after the Custer massacre, a batch of 600 "soldiers" was hastily enlisted in the Bowery and sent West, fully half of whom are said to have deserted without loss of time, while few

of the others were really desirable soldiers or citizens. While during and after the Spanish war a very worthy class of men entered the service, there is no denying that to-day, if what officers tell us is correct, the recruits are of a much lower order. But whether the deserter is worthless, or a man who violates his oath because of unbearable dissatisfaction, it has never been possible to make the public run him down like a burglar or a bank thief. Adjt.-Gen. Ainsworth is particularly wroth at this, but it avails him nothing. Two years ago he increased the reward, and he bends every effort to catch those who escape, yet the desertions steadily increase.

All this is the more baffling because, as the War Department boasts, the American soldiers are the best paid, best fed, and best housed in the world. They live often in beautiful parks, such as Governors' Island, Fort Sheridan, Fort Snelling, etc. Their work is light. True they have to do what Mr. Millard calls menial work—cook and clean for themselves, keep the grounds in order, dig intrenchments, and do all the necessary work about a barracks. If men enlist thinking that there are army service corps or unseen fairies to do the dish-washing and make the beds, they are bound to be disappointed. If there were such helpers, the soldier would have little to do, indeed. And the present comparative idleness save at manœuvre seasons is one great cause for dissatisfaction. No American soldier works one-third as hard as the French or German soldier, who marches every day, not once a week or once a month. From the foreign point of view, our soldiers are pampered.

What else can be done to make them happy? The lack of trained officers on duty with companies, and the absence of a beer canteen, are given as two reasons for desertion; and the former unquestionably presents a grave evil. As for the latter, there were plenty of desertions in the old days of the canteen, and the average soldier does not suffer from too little drink. If anything, it is more occupation he needs, particularly in the Coast Artillery, whose stations are often inaccessible and whose activities are limited to a couple of hours' drill a day. Hence many have suggested that these idle men be taught some trade. Be that as it may, before the task of keeping men with the colors is abandoned on the ground that the average white American simply will not stand being bossed by a man in uniform, one other measure ought to be tried. This is the holding of officers responsible for the desertions, or in other words for the happiness or unhappiness of their commands.

Thus when one-third of a company deserts from one of the best posts in the service, as happened in Company K, Twenty-eighth Infantry, at Fort Snelling, there is something so obviously wrong as to call for prompt official investigation and the punishment of those responsible. If it be answered that there is no real way to-day to punish an officer for negligence or inefficiency, it is surely the duty of the War Department to lay its plight before Congress, and with the President to insist on remedial legislation. Some such holding of company commanders and regimental commanding officers to account is absolutely essential. Ours is the only important army in the world in which colonels are not held rigidly accountable, and the responsibility for this state of affairs rests at the War Department's doors, through which politics enters just as freely as ever, despite Theodore Roosevelt's beating the air with his threats against officers who sought political aid for advancement or favors. Something like this must surely be done. Besides the 5,000 deserters, the army loses thousands who purchase discharges, are discharged for crime, or quit on the expiration of their enlistments, or retire, or die in service. The authorized strength of the army is 76,901, exclusive of the Philippine Scouts. It is safe to say that between one-third and one-half of the cavalry, artillery, and infantry regiments are renewed each year—with great loss in efficiency and money. Curiously, the colored soldiers, of a race that is always accused of having in domestic service at least no sense of honor or contractual obligation, hardly ever desert, their percentage being scarcely over one-half of one per cent., to 5.17 per cent. for white troops. That means simply that colored men are happy in the army and white men are not.

BRITISH "SELF-DEPRECIATION."

Among those American readers who may have formed a conception of the English character as marked by self-assurance, not to say arrogance, an article in the London *Spectator* will cause some lifting of the eye-brows. The *Spectator* had received a letter from a Canadian correspondent, apropos of "the injury that is done to the Empire by our national habit of self-depreciation." Englishmen, the *Spectator* admits, "lightheartedly abuse themselves for their shortcomings," and as a nation, England "ought to be ashamed of having so greatly overdone the pride that apes humility, and thereby acquired the habit of self-depreciation."

It can hardly be doubted that this picture will appeal to the American sense of humor. If anything had impressed itself on the imagination of our people, during the past century or so, it was the calm sense of superiority displayed, individually and collectively, by Englishmen. Lowell's remarks on "a certain condescension in foreigners" were applied to the English people. The English novelists themselves have delighted in portraying this national attitude, and if an occasional cynical apologist appeared, like Sydney Smith, to explain that the British tourist's haughty silence in the presence of fellow-travellers was due to the fact that he could not think of anything to say, the atmosphere, nevertheless, remained.

There are two sorts of self-depreciation. There is the one which voices real despondency, but there is also the other which embodies the extreme form of self-laudation. Dickens's immensely wealthy bank director, who at Mr. Dombey's dinner table "mentioned his little place at Kingston-upon-Thames and its just being barely equal to giving Dombey a bed and a chop," and the "little bit of shrubbery the ladies would find there, and a poor little flower-bed or so, and a humble apology for a pinery," was sufficiently true to life. But it will hardly be contended that the traditional Englishman has been in the habit of applying this form of self-depreciation very often to his national affairs. Therefore, in the way of both social and political inquiry, it should be interesting to ascertain just what trait of character the *Spectator* has discovered. It gives some intimation in a citation from its Canadian

correspondent regarding the "shrieks that English trade has been captured by Germany; howls that a German war-balloon is flying over London by night; facts one day showing that at least 40 per cent. of the English nation is getting ready to go to the workhouse; facts the next day showing that the other 60 per cent. should already be in an asylum for the insane." The prevalence of these notions it ascribes primarily, and perhaps rightly, to the sensational portion of the English press.

But the sensational press, one must remember, is the last of all publications to adopt a programme of national self-depreciation unless it either expresses an overwhelming popular sentiment to the same effect or has some political end to serve. The two most most conspicuous phenomena of present-day British politics—the campaign for a protective tariff and the campaign for unprecedented increase in naval armament—are novelties of the past ten or fifteen years. Neither policy appealed to the British popular mind a generation ago, and the only means possessed by the politician of exciting widespread interest in either programme was through frightening the British people about themselves. Mr. Chamberlain well understood that his "tariff-reform" propaganda had not a shadow of chance for success among the voters, unless he persuaded them that England's trade was decadent, her manufacturing prestige threatened by Germany and America, and her control even of her own home markets gravely imperilled.

But to create such a belief, a systematic campaign of national self-depreciation was indispensable. Similarly, when the people or Parliament balked at the prodigious increase in naval appropriations and at the oppressive taxation requisite to meet them, there was no obvious course of action but to impress on the public mind that supremacy of the seas was slipping from England's grasp, that the British coast itself was in hourly peril of invasion by the hated German, and that Blériot's crossing of the Channel in an airship meant the end of all the old-time safeguards. A public once convinced of the truth of these assertions might be induced to open its pocketbook, but it could hardly fail to be started on the road to self-depreciation.

It will be said, perhaps, that there is more truth than poetry behind the alarmist allegations on which these political campaigns are based. In the present case there is this much of basis for the "scare"—that competition by non-English manufacturing states in neutral export territory is sharper than it used to be, and that, with the growth of navies in the younger states, England's numerical naval predominance is possibly not so great as it was a generation ago. But it requires the arts of a pessimist for political purposes to carry the inference to the extreme of national decadence, and the serious efforts to build up such a theory have been exploded with little difficulty. One is reminded of our own national state of mind a couple of decades ago, when arrogant Great Britain was pilloried on the stump as blocking this country's endeavors to make headway, as sending "British gold" to debauch our voters in elections where the protective tariff was at stake, and even (Mr. Bryan and his friends can tell us when) as placing around our national ankles the fetters of the gold standard of currency, to keep our unhappy people in financial servitude to London. Contrasting that campaign of political self-depreciation on our own account with the present similar campaign in England, the American sense of humor is excited. No doubt the time will come when the British sense of humor will be stirred at recalling the incidents of the present day.

GREECE REVISITED.

ATHENS, August 5.

It has been one of the surprises of my return to Greece, after fifteen years of absence, to see how many more foreigners now come here in summer, and to discover that there is no real answer to the question, why not? Why should a few professional Hellenists have all to themselves this glory of scenery and of "arts and memories of an ancient land"? To enjoy these one needs only an eye for nature and an elementary knowledge of history and art. A friend of the artist G. F. Watts quoted him to me as saying that summer is the only time to see Greece properly. Anyhow people are coming, and will come more. Even in out-of-the-way Delphi, we met in three days representatives of France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, and America; in Athens and easily accessible places one sees considerable parties, "personally conducted" under various agencies, especially American and German, and in the aggregate, no small number of independent travellers.

I.

It was June 23 when I landed at Patras, fifteen days direct from New York. Along with the delightful sense of familiarity, changes were at once apparent. Patras is larger; there is a breakwater, and a second mole, and more shipping; but the old castle and the mountains behind the town are the same. Then came the railway journey to Athens. There can scarcely be a more beautiful railway journey in the world. The narrow-gauge track follows the windings of the southern shore of the Corinthian Gulf, among the vineyards that produce a large share of the world's supply of the little dried grapes we call currants. To the left is the sea, beyond the sea the mountains, a continuous panorama, constantly varied, culminating in Parnassus, with Helikon to close the line in the east. No historical or poetic associations are needed, nature suffices. A part of my pleasure lay in watching the growing enthusiasm of a party of ten Americans who were seeing for the first time that glory of color, endlessly playing over mountains and sea, delicate beyond any human art to suggest, heightening as the gulf widened and the "haughty day filled his blue urn with fire"—violet, purple, and blue, with just enough rose to set these off, and all etherealized by the flood of pure white light. But words mean nothing when you are thinking of color. It is only after seeing such visions that one understands why the Greek poets made so little use of words of color. Some assert it was because the ancient sense of color was little developed. Absurd! More probably it was because their sense of color was more highly developed than ours, so that the crude inadequacy of words was more universally felt, and poets never attempted the impossible. The best one could do was what Pindar and Aristophanes did, employ with moderation all the words for light, gleam, gold, and brilliance. The light they knew was prismatic with the hues we still see in Greece in summer, and at their best in summer alone. No doubt this was what the great English painter referred to. Another note in the foreground, along with the green vineyards and gray olive trees, was the masses of oleanders (ancient daphne) in full bloom—and its period of bloom extends over many weeks. The shrub takes prompt possession of the broad spaces covered with sand and gravel by winter floods. If let alone, the shrub which we know as a tub-plant becomes here a bushy tree. Then after crossing the Isthmus it was the Saronic Gulf and a different light—first Aigina in the south, with the mountains of Peloponnese to the right; then Salamis, glimpse of Hymettos, al-

ways the luminous blues of the sea and sky. Then the extent and fertility of the Thriasian plain were a surprise, though I knew them of old. As the climax of the day, after slowly climbing the pass behind Aigaleos, we came in sight of Pentelikon, then of Hymettos, and of Athens nestling about her Acropolis, just as the rose of sunset was tinging the mountains, while the Parthenon stood out in dull gold against the blue.

All along the route one significant change was noticeable. Nowhere was there evidence of any recent forest fire. It was clear that the trees had been protected both from fire and from the equally destructive goats, and that in many places new plantations had been made of pines, cypresses, and other trees. Inquiries confirmed my impression. For ten or twelve years the government has occupied itself seriously with the question. The example of King George on his estate at Tatoi has had an influence, a committee under the presidency of the Crown Princess has aided; Greece is sharing in a world-wide movement. The army and the country constabulary are becoming effective instruments of control over the ignorant and careless. The restoration of forests is slow business in so dry a country; but if distinct results are already visible, a generation more will alter the aspect of things materially. Merely stopping the destruction will do much, and the destruction, if not stopped, is being lessened. For example, fifteen years ago, as at my first visit in 1887, a familiar sight in Athens was the huge donkey-loads of fine, tough shrubbery brought to the city for heating the great stone ovens, which the bakers use precisely as in antiquity. Not a single such load have I seen this time. The sale is forbidden. Left on the mountain-side, the roots penetrate far into the crevices, find the veins of soil, prevent denudation, perform part of the conserving function of a forest, and may in many places be followed by trees. Parts of Hymettos and Pentelikon have materially changed their aspect, showing now large patches of green where before all was gray. One mountain-side in another province I traversed lately, which was pretty well occupied by holm-oak, constantly eaten down by the goats to a mere scrub.

Of course, one of the standing problems here is how to make thirteen inches of rain do the work of thirty. The mountains of central and southern Greece are virtually bare of snow by July 1; only a few little patches of white are to be seen on the highest mountains, like Erymanthos and Parnassos. The strictest conservation of water and the fullest utilization of it are imperatively needed. Lately an American air-motor has been found to work economically, turning the daily winds to account in drawing water from deep artesian wells. More may be done in this direction. If some of the mountain torrents that go to waste in winter could only be saved for summer! So large a part of the entire land is mountain, useless except for pasturage of sheep and goats, and for timber, and the conservation of moisture by vegetation, it would seem that scientific forestry and engineering might, by water conservation, do a great deal for agriculture in the small sections adapted to tillage.

II.

I have been led to the border of politics; but I shall not cross it, or shall do so only in general terms. I have often been exasperated by Greek faults; their inefficiency in many things where efficiency is easily within their reach is most annoying, and amounts to a great national waste very damaging to themselves. It is strange, when much of the handiwork of women is so fine, that a good carpenter, mason, or plumber should be so rare. Why should their post office lose or fail to deliver letters so often, and with such imperturbable tranquillity? Their democratic ways and lack of subordination are an abomination to Germans and to the bureaucratic spirit, though Americans can have a little more sympathy there. But this letter has been called forth by my fresh observation of the changes of twenty-three years, which seem, to one who is a phil-hellene, but no blind one, encouraging. Much depends on the background against which the facts are seen. Greece is small and poor. Her peasants are backward in agriculture, and some Oriental habits are not yet thrown off. But under all difficulties, Greece advances. One item alone I find to set down on the other side, and that is a superficial one. I mean the marked increase of beggary in the capital. This began with the refugees from Crete in 1896, who were certainly miserable enough; refugees from Macedonia have been coming since, and the authorities have not handled the matter well. A professional class has thus found encouragement. But there is no reason to believe that this means an increase of poverty here. The evil will disappear when it is properly treated.

On domestic politics I shall venture to say only two things. The movement that centred in the late "Military League" was a tumultuous, extra-constitutional, most unsoldierlike, and in some aspects comical, endeavor to bring about needed reforms which many good people despaired of effecting by regular methods. It had at first the sympathy of all classes, except the petty politician against whom it was directed. But the leaders were incapable of directing it skilfully to any large issue. Being neither politicians nor statesmen, they soon got bewildered; one asks whether any good was accomplished. One tangible and much-needed reform is pointed to as due directly to the uprising—that of the civil service. Entrance to the service is now only through examinations, and dismissal must be preceded by charges proved before a special tribunal. We in America can appreciate the significance of this change, if it is made permanent.

III.

In looking at the relations between Greece and foreign Powers, particularly in regard to Crete and Macedonia, certain historical facts, easily accessible but too often ignored by most people, should be kept constantly in mind. The question how far the present Greeks are descended from the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., is academic and irrelevant. I do not care. The important facts are these: First, in much of the region occupied by the Hellenes of the classical age, in the lands bordering on the Ægean and the southern shore of the Black Sea and the waters connecting these, there now lives a people speaking a language that is related to that of Plato much as Italian is to that of Cicero. Secondly, the ancestors of these people lived for at least a thousand years under one government, that of the Eastern Roman Empire, with its capital at Canstantinople; under one religion, the Christianity based on the New Testament and the decrees of the first seven Œcumenical councils; with one language, Greek, and the traditions of one literature, those of the same Byzantine Empire. How long does it take to unify a race? Can the English—I do not say the British—yet be called a race? Are the Japanese a race? Thirdly, since the Byzantine Empire was conquered and occupied by the Turks, many of the Byzantine Greeks have found it to their worldly advantage to amalgamate with the conquerors, and have given the Turks a very large part of their strongest men, especially in administration and in war. For example, the victorious general in the Greco-Turkish war of 1897 was of Greek blood. But none found it to their advantage to amalgamate with the despised Christians; for some four centuries the Christian Greeks have remained substantially unmixed. Add this long period of subjection to the previous forces for unification. I think one must admit that these Greeks are entit'ed to be regarded as a race, whatever elements went into the melting-pot from 2,000 to 1,500 years ago, and whatever small fractions have been added since. And wherever situated, they feel themselves to be one people. What we are seeing, then, is not a weak little kingdom trying to extend its borders by absorbing its big neighbor, but a divided people trying to unite. The only claim Turkey ever had on Crete or Macedonia or Constantinople is that of the robber to his booty, to which long possession gives a quasi-title.

But Turkey has never done anything for her subjects to justify her occupation—as England has for India and Egypt, as Austria has for Bosnia and Herzegovina, as we are trying to do for the Philippines. Though the Greeks lost in the last war, the Powers were simply forced to give Crete, at its close, the main substance of what Greece fought for. Intelligent Greeks here now are not worrying over Crete. When the time is ripe, she will join Greece, though it is a little trying to the Cretans to see hopes so long deferred postponed again after such definite promises had been given. But these untoward circumstances mean only a postponement. Macedonia is the sore place just now. And the free Greeks can never be indifferent while any of their brethren under Turkish rule are suffering. Tens of thousands of them have been forced in recent years to take refuge in Thessaly; these have had to be provided for, mainly by the government; this is one cause that has added to her debt and increased taxation. Nor can Turkey ever have tranquillity so long as her millions of Greek subjects—no one knows exactly how many millions, from three to eight perhaps—have just cause for complaint. They are the most advanced, and, along with the Bulgarians, the most energetic section of her population, as they always have been. Under equal rights they might become too strong! Then while the Bulgarians are concentrated in one section, this Greek element is widely diffused, partly in this region where the Bulgarians are the later comers, with some 300,000 in Constantinople itself. They have clung for so many centuries to their language and religion and entire civilization, that it is futile to expect them, under any constitution, to give these up and become simply citizens of Turkey, and not first of all Greeks. They have their schools and churches and their Patriarchate, and are numerous in well-organized communities. If their history has proved anything, it has proved their capacity for resistance to absorption, their power to survive and to recover. Thus, from the Turkish point of view, admitting the best intentions, the problem is thorny. How the whole thing will work out no man can foresee. Temporarily, European mutual distrust, and broader considerations as well, seem to require that the Young Turks shall have more time and a fair chance. Some good judges, observing the fine qualities of the common people and the fine purposes of some leaders of the revolution, believe the Young Turks will succeed. I do not know the ground well enough to do more than ask questions; but have the Turks ever shown any general capacity for managing large commercial or financial enterprises? If not, can they build up a civilized government? The Greeks, on the other hand, have always had a due proportion of bankers and shipowners and merchant princes, successful administrators of large affairs.

IV.

Archæology is no part of my subject here, but one matter so concerns the whole world that it should be mentioned. The antiquities of Greece, whether temples and other ruins or the priceless treasures of her museums, are well cared for, and in spite of poverty are opened freely to the people as part of the educational system, and to foreigners as a treasure held in trust for all the world. Of course, the question of restoration of buildings partly standing is constantly present and is often difficult to decide. The Erechtheion has been put through an elaborate course of treatment, the Propylaia is now in hand, the Parthenon seems to be next on the programme. Opinions have been divided, and especially one hears and reads vigorous protests against all attempts to restore the Parthenon. The whole dispute arises from the ambiguity of the word restoration. It may mean almost anything, from what is most innocent to what is most offensive. What have the Greek archæologists shown that they mean by it in the present cases? So far as I can see, they have not only not damaged, but have immensely improved, the condition of the Erechtheion They have done to it substantially what competent archæologists everywhere do to broken vases or statuary. They have put together the existing fragments, using only so much modern material as is necessary to join these and preserve them, that a better idea may be gained of the missing parts and of the whole. There is no attempt to deceive, or to make a pretty show-piece, or to complete beyond what is necessary for the preservation and exhibition of what is original. In the case of a ruined building, mortar or clamps and some new material are necessary, and they are incongruous. But the result is a far better conception of the original whole and a better appreciation of each fragment than was possible without these incongruous additions. So even the æsthetic effect is finer. Fragments that meant nothing as they lay scattered about on the ground, except to the specialist, are set in their proper places and speak to every observer. The north porch of the Erechtheion now has its panelled ceiling, the west façade shows something like its Roman form, the outline of the whole is less jagged and far more pleasing. On the scientific side, much has been learned, though many questions will remain forever insoluble. One may occasionally differ on some detail, but, on the whole, the scholars who have had charge have vindicated their competence and their taste. They deserve our gratitude, and I am glad to record my own. All such work is expensive; the task with the Parthenon is delicate and serious. But, if they will do that as well as they have done the others, I shall hope to return to see it. Simply to raise the columns that now lie stretched out as rows of disjointed drums to the north and south, and to join their capitals by a semblance of an architrave, will be to preserve the fragments and will enlarge our appreciation of the crowning jewel of the Acropolis.

THOMAS D. GOODELL.

Correspondence.

DR. HALL'S REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few weeks ago a reporter of the Boston *Post* called on me with clippings from papers in the West, where I lately lectured, and elsewhere, not only misrepresenting, but utterly falsifying what I said, and putting sentiments in my mouth that are abhorrent to me. I told this reporter that I would not be interviewed, but would be grateful if he would correct these fabrications concerning which we chatted a few moments. What was my surprise, August 5, to receive a fat envelope from a clipping bureau enclosing a score of articles and editorials from many newspapers based upon an "interview" printed in the Boston *Post* the Sunday before. In this letter I am made to say various preposterous things, and, worst of all, everything is put in quotations, although my visitor took no notes. I sent a letter of remonstrance to the *Post* asking them to print it. This they do not do, and so I turn to the *Nation*.

For instance, I am made to advise teaching "the psychology of love in the public schools." I never held or expressed any such opinion, and deem such a thing preposterous.

I am said to regret that the "physical stamina of girls in the public schools is lower than it was in former days." This, too, I never said, but believe it distinctly higher and constantly improving.

I am said to have condoned and defended "flirtation on the part of girls," and this is amplified. I hold no such views, and do not remember ever to have discussed the subject. The reporter must have confounded me with another professor in another college, who was, rightly or wrongly, some months since, said to have discoursed on this theme.

I am said to have defined love as "emotive delusion" and "rudimentary paranoia." I never attempted to define it, but in a book printed years ago held these, with a lot of other freak definitions by European authorities, up to ridicule.

"Woman makes man a little tin god," etc. The expression and the sentiment are foreign to my mind.

Girls are "ultra-feminized in school." I never dreamed of such a thing, and should have said the tendencies were rather the other way, if anything.

Woman is "supreme over her husband." This, too, is an idea very foreign to my limited sphere of thought.

In the article as a whole there is almost nothing that resembles anything I ever said or thought, and the whole spirit and tenor of the article is repugnant to my tastes and opinions.

Is there no limit to the misrepresentations to which any private citizen is exposed? Is he not at least to be given the benefit of the assumption that he has common sense, and does not habitually talk twaddle or worse, unless he has been proved to do so? Lately, in Chicago, I described with approval the movement for fo k-dancing, which is now s widespread. Next day I was featured as advocating the ballet, and was cartooned as a ballet girl with one foot high over my head. In another city I spoke of the advantages and dangers of boxing as a physical exercise in our gymnasia. Next day I was represented as a defender of slugging, and found myself in the ring in tights. Caricature is amusing and has its rights, but what about unscrupulous misrepresentations for the sake of sensationalism? I wish the *Nation* would discuss the general principles that underly this matter, which it is far more competent to do than I. Perhaps I have no grievance and ought merely to laugh it off as a joke, but I have already had a number of letters from clergymen and teachers censuring me severely for views as repugnant to me as to them. What about this? Is it not a good summer theme for discussion?

G. Stanley Hall.

Clark University, August 15.

PROBABILISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The apology of your French correspondent for the Jesuits, in your issue of July 14—a good date for an article from France—confuses the matter somewhat in his remarks on prohabilism, where he seeks to defend that principle hy reference to the axiom that an uncertain law does not hold and to Bishop Butler's probability as the guide of life. Here is the situation presupposed by probabilism. There are two courses of conduct open to me. One of these is by far the safer, much more in accordance with the moral law and the law of love, and even with my own conscience, when undeflected by my des res, and therefore by every principle of Christianity (1 Thess. 5:22) I ought to take that course, and would take it if I had not heard of the wrangling of casuists. The other course is a loose and less safe one, but, nevertheless, it may be considered as one on which the law is doubtful because I can find one good writer, at least, who so believes. I therefore can take the second course as probably correct, and cannot be held up for it in the confessional; I give the benefit of my happy discovery of a lax casuist like Liguori, for instance, to my conscience, and do the act forbidden by the ethics of Jesus in the opinion of all earnest Christians. The opinion of one reputahle casuist that the law is uncertain in this case makes it probahle for me that this is so. Butler and Mill were hardly sponsors for this kind of ethics. It is true that Pope Alexander VII rejected the form of the doctrine that an opinion represented by only one favorite writer could be considered probable. But like many other papal censures, this has also gone into innocuous desuetude. The view has prevailed among many excellent Catholic moralists that an opinion endorsed by one learned teacher in this field makes it a probable one. And, says Father Noldin, S. J. ("Moralsysteme" in Kirchen-Lexicon, 2 Aufl. [1893], VIII, 1879), "this view has received authentic confirmation by the solemn declaration of the Church that, on account of the authority of the saint alone, probability is imparted to the views represented by St. Alphonso Liguori." And this last remark will also serve to defend Bochmer from the implied censure of S. D.'s sarcasm about his "hahits of mind," as shown in the Bonn professor's really true words to the effect that Liguori's canonization and elevation to the rank of doctor of the Church have "consecrated officially the traditional methods of the society's casuistry, as models for the science of moral theology." And what kind of views in Liguori probahilism thus covers as admissihle may be seen in any scientific work which treats of such things, as, for instance, briefly in the article "Liguori" in the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

I might also say that the idea that Wesley's revival had an "historical descent" from Jesuit "retreats and missions" is pure fiction. During Wesley's day, and long before, the Jesuits held no missions that could have come under his ohservation. The revivals under the Quakers in the seventeenth century, which had several points of contact with Wesley's, as well as various activities of both Anglicans and Nonconformists, could with much more reason be alleged as the historical antecedents of Wesley's method. Permit me to add finally that Professor Boehmer is one of the most brilliant of the younger teachers of Church history in Germany, of thoroughly scientific spirit and attainments, and his little book on the Jesuits (Leipzig: Teubner, 2 Aufl., 1907), is one of the best hrief treatments in any language, as is in another field his "Luther im Lichte der neueren Forschungen" (2 Aufl., 1909).

J. Alfred Faulkner.

Madison, N. J., August 10.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SUMNER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was interested in reading the hibliography of the late Professor Sumner in your issue of July 21. There should be added to it a little pamphlet, which Professor Sumner published or had printed when I was a senior in college in 1882, entitled, "Political Economy and Political Science; a Selected List of Books Recommended for General Read ng and for an Introduction to Special Study." It contained the titles of about fifty books, and a brief critical appraisal of each one. I have found it in use to be very just.

Albert H. Atterbury.

New York, August 16.

MEDICAL TRAINING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Flexner's recent review of the conditions prevailing at the present time in the medical profession and the criticism by the Carnegie Foundation of medical institutions in general remind the writer of some observations by Joseph Addison on the "overcrowded professions," which were published in the *Spectator* of Saturday, March 24, 1711. He says:

I am sometimes very much trouhled when I reflect upon the three great professions, of Divinity, Law, and Physick, how they are each of them overhurdened with practitioners and filled with multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

The man who has not the means to defray the expense of a long preliminary training, to make him a "desirable" matriculate for the institution of advanced learning, has a right to some consideration. Great endowments, lahoratories, and teachers unfortunately cannot make the man of true science; there is something behind all these things.

The great leaders of thought in science were horn with the spark of genius. When we read the history of their lives, of those few of which we have the true story of their childhood days, we cannot fail to be impressed with the traits and characteristics which, clearly innate, dominated their future careers. Can any or all of the changed conditions, as expressed in the modern requirement for matriculation, supply these qualities? He would indeed be hold who answered in the affirmative. Truly the whole subject of medical training appears to he in a transitory state. The passing of the early preceptor was a loss from which we have not recovered, and the question whether we should not adopt some of the old ways with the new is not to he totally disregarded. Apparently if we are to make progress there should be schools which have for their object the training of *practitioners* of medicine, and those which devote their energy to *research work and training of teachers*. In the old days it was possible to find both confined in one, hut this was hefore the days of commercialism in medicine!

Joseph Leidy, Jr.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., July 31.

Literature.

SOCIALISM, DOGMATIC, EMPIRICAL, AND IDEALISTIC.

Evolutiouary Socialism: A Criticism and Affirmation. By Edward Bernstein. Translated by Edith C. Harvey. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

The Class Struggle (Erfurt Program). By Karl Kautsky. Translated by William E. Bohn. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents net.

Twentieth Century Socialism: What it Is Not; What it Is; How it May Come. By Edmond Kelly. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.75 net.

The Poverty of Philosophy (A Reply to "La Philosophie de la Misère" of M. Proudhon). By Karl Marx. With a Preface by Friedrich Engels. Translated by H. Quelch. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.

The Evolution of Property from Savagery to Civilization. By Paul Lafargue. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents net.

Finality in social philosophy is as remote as in metaphysical speculation. Socialism, like skepticism, is a constantly recurring note in human thinking. We

must expect repeatedly to hear the dissonance of

> . . . the turbid ebb and flow
> Of human misery.

The experienced student will therefore dismiss the hope, which in immaturity he may have cherished, of universal acquiescence in any particular type of economic organization; and will assess a group of books such as this as indicating merely the shifting of the fugitive tide of current opinion.

The three principal volumes, those of Bernstein, Kautsky, and Kelly, are interesting primarily as representing three different versions of the Socialist gospel. The first two, it is true, are but translations of material which German Socialists have threshed over for more than a decade, but the transfer, or, rather, the extension of the area of debate to the English-speaking world is not without its extreme significance. First, in 1892, Kautsky published "Das Erfurter Program," an authoritative exposition of the creed adopted by the German Social Democracy in the previous year. Kautsky's work has gone through a number of editions, this English rendering, under the title "The Class Struggle," being a condensation from the eighth German edition. Its author declared in 1904 his "Erfurt Program" "in all essential particulars an accurate statement of the principles of the German Social Democracy," valid also for the international Socialist movement. Kautsky, in short, is the accredited exponent of unchanged and unchanging Marxist orthodoxy.

Bernstein, on the contrary, essays the rôle of higher critic of "the faith once delivered to the saints" of Marx's fold. His heresies spring from his employment of an objective scientific analysis of industrial phenomena. His letter to the Social Democratic party at Stuttgart in October, 1898, was by implication condemned by them the following year. Kautsky denounced it as "an abandonment of the fundamental principles and conception of scientific Socialism." In the present volume Bernstein refuses to "yield on any material point"; and while protesting himself a Marxist, proceeds to give an exposition of "the tendencies of German Social Democratic revisionists."

Edmond Kelly's volume stands in sharp contrast to the other two. It was penned when that versatile and chivalrous spirit knew his days were numbered. In fact, he survived its completion by only a fortnight. His conversion to Socialism was comparatively recent. It was not Marx, but his own social idealism, which made Edmond Kelly a Socialist. He was distinctly of the right wing, and his book, "intended for non-Socialists," is shot through with an idealism—in places with a Utopianism—which gives his Socialism a characteristic stamp of its own, congenial to the American mind, but foreign alike to the materialistic dogmatism of the orthodox Marxist and to the objective scientific empiricism of Bernstein. It is not unfair to say that the three volumes represent, respectively, the dogmatic, the empirical, and the idealist phases of Socialism.

The "law and the prophets" of scientific Socialism may be summed up in two propositions, in Marx's materialistic interpretation of history, and in his predicted displacement of capitalism, or the system of private ownership in the instruments of production, by Socialism. Bernstein attempts to hold by the law and to dispense with the prophecies; Kautsky holds by both; while Kelly essentially repudiates the philosophy of materialism, though he seems to accept the promised order of large-scale production as inevitable, or rather as practically realized already in most industries in the United States, where only the formal vesting of title in the community is necessary for the realization of Socialism.

How unequivocal is the flat divergence among these writers may be judged by the fact that Bernstein derides the idea "that we have to expect shortly a collapse of the bourgeoisie economy" (p. x), and insists upon the fact that the "number of the members of the possessing classes is to-day not smaller, but larger" (p. xi); whereas Kautsky still harps upon the evident "death-struggle of small production" (p. xvi); and Kelly asserts that our Wall Street group of financiers by their power over the currency "are masters of our commerce, our manufactures, our exports, our politics, our religion" (p. 197). Bernstein denies the tendency of industrial concentration, or large-scale production, to be universal (p. xi); he denies the tendency of the middle class to disappear; he cites statistics to prove the growth of moderate sized incomes (p. 46); he declares "the possessing classes" to be increasing "both relatively and absolutely" (p. 48); he questions Marx's dictum that crises tend to become more frequent or more disastrous; and declares that Socialism does not depend on the "superstition" that there is an "absorption of surplus value by a diminishing group of mammoth capitalists" (p. 48). Kautsky *per contra* avers that "day by day, the small business establishments disappear" (p. 63); that the "intervals of prosperity become ever shorter; the length of the crisis ever longer" (pp. 85, 86). Kelly declares that "workingmen are dependent on their employers under conditions worse than negro slavery" (p. 47); that here in the United States, on July 19, 1909, "millions . . . are on the verge of starvation, and have been for two years past . . ." (p. 64). He even estimates their number at 11,666,666 (p. 77). Bernstein in rebuttal finds "in all advanced countries . . . the privileges of the capitalist bourgeoisie yielding step by step to democratic organizations" (p. xi); holds that the coöperative stores in Great Britain deflect part of the "surplus value" into the pockets of the workers; declares the middle class—not excepting the German—in their bulk to be still fairly healthy, not only economically, but also morally (p. 149, note); and finally culminates in asseverating that "the formation of political and social organs of the democracy is the indispensable preliminary condition to the realization of Socialism" (p. 163).

So far as these conflicting contentions are concerned, it may be said that the principal disputants hardly join issue. Bernstein relies on statistics and empirical investigations. Kautsky proceeds deductively with apodictic certitude from the truths of "Das Capital." On the other hand, whether Bernstein may legitimately contend that he is a true follower of Marx because he (Bernstein) has purged the Marxist system of "a dualism which runs through the whole monumental work of Marx" (p. 209), is more than doubtful. Marx, by the way, would probably have writhed under Bernstein's gloss of Marx's theory of value. The "socially necessary labor time" which Marx taught constituted value does not necessarily hold for particular commodities, says Bernstein, but only for the total output of industry. This reminds one of the chemistry professor who was wont to remark, "the particular experiment, gentlemen, has failed; but the general principle remains true, nevertheless." Kelly is avowedly an eclectic, for whom the fetich of Socialist orthodoxy was relatively of slight concern. His divergence, however, from the narrow path is more striking, when viewed in its bearings upon the fundamental doctrine of Marx, the materialistic interpretation of history.

The fundamental and characteristic principle of Marx's philosophy is the "materialistic interpretation of history." This principle consists in the allegation that in all human history the "determining factor" is the complex of "the material productive forces and the conditions of production among men at the time" ("Evolutionary Socialism," p. 7). According to Kautsky, "in the last analysis, the history of mankind is determined, not by ideas, but by an economic development which progresses irresistibly, obedient to certain underlying laws and not to any one's wishes or whims" ("The Class Struggle," p. 119). Both Bernstein and Kautsky are agreed that "ideologic forces" or "ideas" may serve as vehicles or agents by a sort of maieutic process to hasten or to delay the inevitable culmination of Socialism. Bernstein thinks that he thus frees Socialist philosophy from the charge of philosophic materialism. He appears to imagine that because he recognizes

"ideologic forces" or "ideas," he escapes the exposure to which philosophic idealism has always subjected materialism, pure and simple. But when we inquire into the character of these "ideologic forces" and "ideas," what do we learn of their nature? They are not "unconditional," says Bernstein (p. 13); and Kautsky informs us that "ideas are only the means to social development; the first impulse does not proceed from them, . . . the first impulse comes from economic conditions" (p. 119). If the philosophic materialist is, as Bernstein affirms, a "Calvinist without God," the Marxist appears to be an ostrich hiding his head in the sand of secondary causes. Materialism suffers very little of a sea change by tricking out its necessary agents in the filmy vesture of "ideas" when these very "ideas" are admitted to be only allotropic manifestations of matter.

Even if the fundamental law of Marxism be analyzed on the empirical historical plane, it is far from certain that the prevailing conditions of production exclusively shape all social institutions, such as the form of family life, and the constitution of social classes. Production among the lower animals is essentially the obtaining of their food supply. How then are we to explain the difference between the hive and the solitary bee, between the hermit-like carnivores and the wolf-pack, between the promiscuity of apes and the monogamy of birds? Or, if we shift to the human plane, what change in productive technique created in Japan the order of the Samurai; or what revolution in industry planted upon the Pantheon the emblem of the cross? It is precisely here where Kelly, though impliedly repudiating Marx, makes his real contribution to a sound philosophy of history. Kelly is, indeed, intent upon the disproof of Herbert Spencer's contention that "because natural evolution proceeds upon the principle of the survival of the fittest, therefore human evolution must proceed upon the same lines" (p. 363). But the refutation of Spencer—and impliedly of Marx—is triumphantly accomplished. It is true that Kelly merely reproduces the essence of the argument he had advanced in his earlier writings upon this subject. But that earlier argument was a masterpiece which may well bear reproduction, and which will more than expiate many of the ill-considered opinions and projects embodied in this book, written when the great shadow was already falling upon his page. Human society, gripped as it is by the imperious requirement of material want, has grown to be what it is not merely by acquiescence in the natural process of selective slaughter, but by rising above that process—by imposing the self-legislated trammels of restraint upon sexual jealousy, through the institution of the modern family. To this the social insects have never attained. Extirpation or sterilization of the adults of one sex is the price they pay for their well-ordered social state. It is well enough to tell the sluggard to go to the ant to learn the lesson of industry—though we might, perhaps, with equal pertinence tell the sluggard to go to the devil—but the social regenerator may as well recognize that social well-being is to be sought in a moralized human nature, not in animal automatism.

There are certain qualities about collectivists of the stamp of Kautsky which offend against the scientific temper. There is a cocksureness about the world's industrial future—a quality which sorts naturally enough with the ignorance of industrial history which Kautsky at times displays. Pauperism, says he, first appeared "only as an exceptional phenomenon. In the Middle Ages, for example, there were but few who did not own the instruments of production necessary for the satisfaction of their own wants" (p. 165). There is also in Kautsky, Lafargue, and Marx, a sublime certitude impervious to the sober questioning of inquirers. In more than one respect, the collectivists of this stripe resemble the adherents of Mrs. Eddy. Most offensive of all is a trait common to this group which seems to lurk in their Teutonic origin. It is the employing of language towards opponents which in spirit is akin to billingsgate, but which in expression assumes a bitter, contemptuous *Gemeinheit*, foreign alike to the gentleman and the scholar.

. . . tantæne animis cœlestibus irae?

Thus Engels in his preface to this translation of Marx's "Misère de la Philosophie" belabors Rodbertus much as a drunken *Bauer* might his wife. The entire work, now Englished for the first time, is a bitter, ironical exposé of the pretentious profundities of Proudhon. The translator has an aversion to grammatical usage—"without I . . . having abandoned (p. 34), etc." Misprints abound, perhaps by way of illustrating the Poverty of Philosophy. Thus we find "raito" (p. 38), "oppositon" (p. 39), "Riacrdo" (p. 53), "Proudhan" (p. 101), "borgeois" (p. 113), and "psyhcologial" (p. 168)—among the lesser gems.

The other minor volume is Lafargue's essay on the evolution of property. The Marxian bias permeates the entire essay. Thus we read: "Capitalist civilization condemns the proletarian to vegetate in conditions of existence inferior to those of the savage" (p. 11), whose morality was admirable until "deteriorated by the Bible and brandy" (p. 33). Even where the writer was free to draw conclusions in matters unaffected by collectivism, he was often undiscriminating. It will be news to most that the French Revolution "was fraught with misery and ruin for the peasant" (p. 120). The judicious economic historian will grieve also over the alleged origin of the craft gilds (p. 130). There is, of course, no valid objection to inexpensive reprints of Socialist classics, but where the pages do not follow in sequence, as between p. 83 and p. 89, and where outrageous misprints are numerous, the reader has a valid complaint against the slovenliness of the publisher.

A rather commonplace but at the same time a rather reassuring consideration, emerges from the scrutiny of the various currents of socialistic speculation. As Socialism becomes concrete and practical, its perils, which loom so large *in abstracto*, seem to lose much of their menace. This is due in large part to the fact that Socialism becomes itself transformed in the process until it is quite a different thing from the simon-pure article of Marx. The degrees of approach to something like an *entente* with solidarism vary, of course, from writer to writer. But even Kautsky speaks with disapproval of "confiscation" (p. 129), although "exploitation" is, he thinks, inevitable (p. 130). He expressly exempts savings bank deposits (p. 131), and graciously allows the small producer, presumably including the farmer, to "keep his tools of production" (p. 132). Edmond Kelly declares that "much land and many factories represent to-day an investment of accumulated wages; . . . to expropriate such land without compensation would be as unjust an act of spoliation as the seizure of the land by violence. . . ." (p. 124). Socialists repel the idea that they favor a "dividing up" of wealth, although it is rather a silly subterfuge they invent when they aver that productive plants are not to be physically parcelled out, but only the income emerging from such plants is to be subject to an authoritative partition not based on extant property rights. To this the capitalist might make the excellent rejoinder:

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

But when all this is granted, the Socialist cannot escape any more than can his opponent the sweet reasonableness of social facts and social necessities. Men shudder at Socialism who shout for "conservation of natural resources." And Socialists who denounce exploitation are beginning to admit a residual sphere where the competitive stimulus and individual enterprise, even for profit, may be temporarily permissible (Kelly, p. 331). Bernstein declines to commit himself longer to a doctrinaire cosmopolitanism. He cannot escape the allurements of the spirit of nationality. He clearly has in mind, first and foremost, the creation in Germany of a true rep-

resentative democracy. It would not be very surprising if in this country, as in Germany and in England, the reëstablishment of popular political control might be accomplished under the forms of a political agitation, professedly socialistic in the Fatherland, professedly reformatory in England and America, but embodying in every case the common principle of a revivified democracy.

CURRENT FICTION.

Wild Oats. By James Oppenheim. With a Foreword by Edward Bok. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Of late years the novel has more or less successfully appropriated the functions of the historian, the political and social economist, the scientist, the essayist, and the preacher. Pathology is the newest field. Alcoholism, neurasthenia, and various phases of degeneracy have become common themes for the erstwhile romancer. And the strange thing is that the romantic method is now not infrequently applied to these more or less unsavory themes. Mr. James Oppenheim here invites us boldly into one of the darkest corners of the dolorous field. The creator of Doctor Rast has heretofore shown himself an odd compound of realism and well-nigh hysterical sentimentalism. Both elements are intensified in this story. He has not merely written a tract, for his people, extravagantly as they may be presented, have a certain reality. Doctor Rast and his Nell have a hand in the action, and the two persons more immediately involved are of engaging as well as piteous aspect. And yet the question remains whether the experience recorded of them is of a sort to be treated profitably by so slight and emotional a hand as Mr. Oppenheim's. Mr. Edward Bok, arbiter of a great feminine constituency, is sanguine. "It may be," he says in his "foreword," "that the work of arousing the public conscience on the great evils that threaten the very foundations of our social structure, is in the hands of the fictionist. This has unquestionably been true in the past. If it be true of the present evil, may this story speak its great and vibrant message in clarion tones." The present "fictionist," unfortunately, has no clarion tones, but a small, reedy voice, eager and tremulous with feeling, fit to celebrate the ecstasies of young love, young ambition, young anguish. The theme with which he here struggles, whether too high or too low, is beyond him. It has to do with one of the oldest and basest of human penalties. The clarion tone of Juvenal rang it forth. Hogarth gave it another form of vigorous utterance in the third plate of "Marriage-à-la-Mode." When Mr. Bok speaks of the "Great Black Plague" as an evil which "we must very soon face as an actual question to be squarely met and dealt with," we have difficulty in following him. Why "very soon"? Because the evil is rapidly on the increase? Because ignorance of it is growing? We do not think either supposition reasonable. We are forced to the suspicion that the journalistic eye observes in this perennial peril a cause which may conveniently be inscribed upon our world-reforming banner when the Great White Plague is no more—or when it has sufficiently staled upon the popular imagination.

Blaze Derringer. By Eugene P. Lyle, jr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In the first place, this romance is rather tiresomely like Mr. Richard Harding Davis's South American extravaganzas, especially the latest of them. Here also the young college athlete of inextinguishable fame and (for the school-girl reader, at least) deathless charm sets himself the task of rescuing from prison and imminent death an ex-dictator of the usual Spanish-American republic, which is known to the present author as "Sylvanlitlan." Here also the ex-dictator is possessed of a beauteous daughter of North American manners, who is coveted by several dashing young natives, but destined, of course, for her father's rescuer. Blaze Derringer is son of a Texas cattleman. The name Derringer needs no apology: Blaze alludes to the color of his hair. He leaves college by request, and reports himself in Texas; whereupon the father gives him five thousand dollars and two years to spend it in. The understanding is that if Blaze returns at the end of the two years with a like sum, the father will add two ciphers to it. You perceive the plot: the jailed ex-dictator offers, through his daughter, a large reward for aid in escaping. Blaze hears of it through a desperado named Slag, and the pair go after the money together. But, of course, a glance at the daughter is enough to rid the hero of his mercenary motive. He will have none of the money after the trick is done; in due course, there turns out to be another not totally unexpected reward for him. It is an old story. The only excuse for it economically would be a fresh and ingenious mode of treatment. But the author is no doubt safe in ignoring mere economic considerations, and in requiring of himself the slightest and most perfunctory attention to such matters as intricacy and plausibility of plot. The scheming of Blaze and his ally are child's play, and the escape of the ex-dictator pure farce; but we suspect that unexacting youth would hail the whole performance, by virtue of its cheerfulness and dash, a "corker."

A Circuit Rider's Wife. By Corra Harris. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

This is a sketch of a Methodist saint; the saint, however, is not the Wife who records her reminiscences—she was "not one of the pallid prayer-meeting virgins," the gayest young Episcopalian hoyden in town, rather—but William, the itinerant preacher, who after thirty years on country circuits has, we are led to hope, "received his LL.D. in the Kingdom of Heaven along with Moses and Elijah." For thirty years the Wife subdued herself to his quality, and acted as his spiritual dynamo at missionary meetings, with only one rebellion against eternal poverty of spirit and only an occasional caustic comment, as on the ways of the feminine soul with the innocent preacher. She had her doubts, that is, about the church system that handcuffed him, but never about William; yet to this church she returns with a genuine conviction of backsliding after a brief widowed experience in a modern institutional church in New York.

It may be doubted if the successive sketches of donation parties, revivals, protracted meetings, obstreperous stewards, and Parsonage Aid Societies can hold the interest of one who cannot himself bring to them a certain continuity born of at least a lively tradition concerning these things. There is a shrewd humor in the book, often of that deep sort which comes to some people from a habit of observing the things of this world against a background of eternity, but not infrequently, owing to a certain cheapness of phrase, it leaves an impression, as William himself did after a visit to a worldly preacher, of being "fresh." We reckon that this is a Southern story, but the Southern atmosphere does not carry conviction. The character of the good parson, however, does, and it is the preservation of this obsolescent type that gives the book its worth; for William fills his world, which with all its bareness and narrowness and vulgar emotionalism is still tense with the "witness of the Spirit," with something like epic completeness.

Rosamond the Second. By Mary Mears. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

In "The Breath of the Runners," Miss Mears produced, not long since, a story of more than average interest. This book we must take to be either an early attempt at fiction or a later experiment in the wrong sort of fiction. The plot has its ingenuity; Poe might have given it a haunting mystery, or Stockton might have wrought it into a humorous *jeu*. As it stands, one hardly knows even what he is expected to make of it. The style is high-flown to the point of absurdity, but there is no indication that the absurdity is intentional. The whole affair turns on the invention by a young scientist of a sort of female Frankenstein monster, created in the image of the young man's scornful sweetheart. There is a scene of meet-

ing between the girl and the automaton (for such the creature properly is), which has great farcical possibilities, but in the actual handling it is not especially funny, nor has it the uncanny impressiveness which we suspect the author was striving for. In short, this is one of the countless books now issued yearly which seem to have been made out of whole cloth—commodities intended, like the spectacles of Moses Primrose, not for use, but for sale. It is a pity that writers of real ability should so often lend themselves to insincere work of this kind. It is not a fault to make such experiments, but it is a fault to allow their publication.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

The Religion of the Chinese. By J. J. M. De Groot. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This little volume gives a description of the popular religion of the Chinese people. Its core the author finds to be animism, an implicit belief in the animation of the universe. From the earliest times, all phenomena are grouped under the positive and negative principles: the first represents light, warmth, productive life, and the heavens from which all these good things emanate; and the second is associated with darkness, cold, death, and the earth. Practical man is concerned chiefly with these principles as represented by a multitude of spirits, good and bad. The good animate heaven, the sun, moon, stars, wind, rain, clouds, thunder, fire, the earth, seas, mountains, rivers, rocks, stones, animals, plants, and the souls of deceased men. The evil swarm everywhere in numbers inestimable; for example, public roads are haunted by them, especially during the night, and numerous are the stories of wretches who have been slain by them or miserably afflicted. It is possible to find authentic accounts of hosts of such spectres setting whole towns and countries in commotion and utterly demoralizing the people.

This belief is embodied in laws which prohibit magical practices and prescribe severe penalties for heretical sects which have dealings with these enemies of mankind. Sometimes whirlwinds of public excitement blow over the people, and the absurdest stories are circulated and believed. The officials then issue proclamations directly calculated to increase the disturbance of the public mind. They try to avert the spectres by sacrifice, and Emperors have interfered, summoning the demons to cease their terrible works.

Professor De Groot gives us many accounts in particular of the actions and doings of the spectres. Common as is this belief among ignorant peoples, the world over, it has had a peculiar ethical development in China, where the spirits reward and punish, and are the means even for the detection of secret vice and crime. In the opinion of our author, this doctrine undoubtedly exercises a mighty and salutary influence upon morals. It insures respect for human life, and charitable treatment of the infirm and aged, especially if they stand on the brink of the grave. Such virtues are even extended to animals, for, in fact, these too have souls which may work vengeance or bring reward. The firm belief in ghosts and their retributive justice deters from grievous and protracted injustice, since the wronged being, thoroughly assured of the avenging power of his own spirit when disembodied, will not seldom contrive to convert himself into a wrathful ghost by committing suicide.

The struggle against such spectres has been reduced to a science. In all ages this war has had its leaders, men of genius, magicians, priests, possessing occult experience of advance or attack, self-invented or inherited from older generations. This furnishes material for a study in the natural philosophy of the people and at the same time of the boundless sway which superstition exerts on all minds in China, from the most unlearned man in the street up to Ministers and Emperors.

The book is an amplification of these sentences, which we have taken from the introductory chapters, for even Confucianism and Taoism and Buddhism are brought under the same categories. To our author, the Chinese need nothing so much as the teaching of modern science, so that they may replace the notion of this constant activity of supernatural agents with the conception of natural law.

The book has undoubted value—better than any other upon its topic, it pictures the state of mind of the majority of the people; but it has the defects of its qualities. The author is so concerned with the lower aspects of the religion of the Chinese that he is entirely blind to its higher characteristics. One would think that even a cursory reading of the classics would have led him to different conclusions. To him the Chinese mind has never appreciated the thought of disinterested virtue, though both Confucius and Mencius insist upon it. Confucius is made the minister of a debased polydemonism, although he was extremely restrained in his utterances concerning the spirits, there being three things concerning which the master would not speak, miracles, feats of strength, and the spirits. He also tells us that we should keep the spirits at a distance and further that, though heaven is the proper object of worship, it is so cold and distant that people turn to worship of the spirits and of demons. It is plain that in his day polydemonism was rife, and doubtless he shared to some extent in the popular views, but, without denying the existence of these supernatural agencies, he exerted the whole of his influence against the cultivation of the common cult. The writings of educated Confucianists follow the example of the master. They insist that against the instructed mind, the spirits have no power.

Professor De Groot's book should be renamed "The Superstitions of the Chinese," for its present title is a misnomer. It conveys an entirely false impression when it is set forth as the creed of the intelligent followers of China's great sage.

The Valley of Aosta. A Description and Historical Sketch of an Alpine Valley Noteworthy in Story and in Monument. By Felice Ferrero. Illustrations and Maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

This is not one of the ordinary books of travel written round a collection of snapshot illustrations; it is a really comprehensive description of one of the most famous valleys in Italy. Signor Ferrero treats his subject on all sides—the geological, the geographical, the historical, the sociological, the picturesque, and the Alpinist. But although he has primed himself with the necessary knowledge, he writes fluently and entertainingly, much as a traveller with a gift for narration would talk.

One of the most interesting sections of his book refers to Roman times. Aosta, we need hardly say, is the modern form of Augusta named after Augustus, who ordered its founding and erection. Built at one stroke, as many of our prairie towns have been built, Augusta Prætoria furnishes an excellent example of the typical Roman method of laying out towns, and the many ruins still extant there make it possible to trace the original lines. Less familiar is Signor Ferrero's account of travel in ancient times, and of the consular roads that led through the valleys and over the Alps. The mere statement that parties of English pilgrims were stoned to death by Saracen bandits on the Mont Cenis early in the tenth century is a clue to much history.

The author describes the Valdostans of to-day from his personal knowledge. They are still a sturdy people, as independent and devout as their neighbors, the Waldensians, but Catholics instead of Primitive Christians. Signor Ferrero discusses such interesting puzzles as the origin of the Gressoney Germans, and the cause of cretinism; but the general reader may find his chapters on mountaineering more absorbing; for he goes into sufficient details to be of use to prospective climbers. He tells again the story of famous exploits, including Whymper's first ascent of the Matterhorn; and he draws pen pictures of some of the great peaks and scenes. Fi-

nally, he unfolds a store of legends, which are intertwined with mediæval and recent history.

The valley had its grandees—the lords of Challant—in constant conflict with their suzerains, the Dukes of Savoy. It has harbored many celebrities, from Calvin, who seems to have hoped to try there his experiment in theocracy, to Cavour, who as a young officer suspected of Liberalism was relegated to the fortress of Bard. (This latter fact, by the way, Signor Ferrero has overlooked.) Calvin's stay at Aosta was brief, but so memorable that the valley-folk still call a local wind that blows regularly from eleven till four every day "Calvin's wind," and the town cross, erected to commemorate Calvin's flight, still stands. But perhaps the most poignant memory is connected with Guasco, who, having caught leprosy, was isolated for many years in the Tower of Terrors, and immortalized by De Maistre. The romances of the Challants, though not lacking in characteristic Renaissance passion and catastrophe, offer nothing so tragic as Guasco's fate.

We have dipped here and there into the bountiful contents of Signor Ferrero's book in order to show how variedly interesting they are. He writes in a sprightly style. We have discovered no serious omission. A Piedmontese might perhaps expect to find some mention of the Aosta Brigade, which has a conspicuous place in Piedmontese military annals, but it early ceased to be recruited exclusively from Valdostans. So the reader, touched by the tragic story of Bianca di Challant, might like to be reminded that Luini painted her beautiful face in one of his frescoes at Milan. These, however, are trifles. The book is a good book, and its many views and maps serve to extend the usefulness and attractions of the text.

Astir, A Publisher's Life-Story. By John Adams Thayer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20 net.

In that world whose twin divinities are Circulation and Advertising, Mr. Thayer has played a conspicuous and honorable part. Since paid puffery on a gigantic scale is one of the most characteristic activities of our times, Mr. Thayer's review of his successes is uncommonly instructive. He is an advocate and exemplar of the traditional gospel of work, with the improvement that the effort must be as clever as it is strenuous. In his early 'teens, our author was editor, printer, and publisher, and, though the term was not then invented, advertising manager of his own paper. Soon he became a union printer; thereafter, a clerk and travelling salesman for a typefounding concern. In ten years, he must have served as many employers, always following some slight increase of salary.

His chance came with the rehabilitation of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of which he undertook the advertising department. The conditions of his great success seem simple in retrospect: he established uniform, that is honest, rates, and by excluding fraudulent or merely flashy announcements raised the tone and value of the advertising pages. This work he continued later on that widely circulated periodical, the *Delineator*, and his precept and example were doubtless potent in inducing other magazines to purge their paid announcements. He possibly assumes in this matter an undue originality. Many newspapers habitually censored their advertisements, both with regard to veracity and display, long before Mr. Thayer cleaned house for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. An important feature of his success was the extension of his direct influence over the advertisers. In fact the office of advertising manager, which he first bore, has come to exemplify a delicate sort of double agency more consistent with Latin notions of agency than with our own.

Parting from the *Ladies' Home Journal* on an issue of money, Mr. Thayer was called to be the right-hand man of Frank Munsey. For a month, according to directions, the new lieutenant "breathed the air of the office" and was observed. At the end of this brief probation, he received a letter expressing disappointment. Mr. Munsey could find in him neither the elements of "genius" nor capacity to be "a great big salaried man." The whole correspondence is a literary curiosity, for its bandying of large words, its implications of mysterious springs of power in publishers, its essentially personal and romantic attitude toward what a layman would suppose to be a matter of demonstration.

Mr. Thayer's apogee was recorded by *Everybody's Magazine* which was borne into fame by the cometary muck-raker, Thomas Lawson. Long before this charge was assumed, Mr. Thayer cast yearning eyes upon the *Atlantic Monthly*, but was baffled by the inexplicable conservatism of its proprietors. Had he succeeded we might have had the privilege of reading "Frenzied Finance" in the magazine that had once welcomed the "Autocrat."

On the whole, Mr. Thayer makes an impression of singularly narrow intensity. His imagination, highly developed along business lines, seems hard and insensitive elsewhere. Oddly enough, his probity, too, is specialized and asks no collateral questions. His certainty that the literary part of any magazine is merely secondary to its advertising is accompanied by a sort of moral myopia. He freely communicates some of the foibles of Thomas Lawson and his interested motives in the famous exposures of Wall Street. Now on any basis of genuine morals, it was quite as questionable to print Mr. Lawson's blend of vulgarity, sensationalism, half-truth, and conscious misrepresentation, as it would have been to accept advertising from a semi-poisonous nostrum. We seem to reach the ultimate incongruity that a punctilious and financially successful advertising policy may best be based on a rather lax and unscrupulous editorial policy. You must, in short, cheat people's brains, in order honorably to reach their pocketbooks. These are incidental lines of casuistry, suggested by Mr. Thayer's breezy and entertaining confessions.

Family Names and Their Story. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3 net.

Among Mr. Baring-Gould's many hobbies that have found lodgment in printed form, and one may not guess how many others are still inarticulate, must now be included family nomenclature. In a work of over four hundred pages, entitled "Family Names and Their Story," that versatile author and compiler has gathered a mass of information, gossip, and stories, collected in the course of a long life and omnivorous reading, that without pretensions to scholarship are, in a way, both entertaining and enlightening. The derivations appear to be reliable, though one would have to be an expert in many fields of etymology, genealogy, and history to be sure that all the statements are correct, and it is quite possible that Dr. Bradley and Messrs. Round, Stevenson, and Barron would make short work of some of the origins of family names that Mr. Baring-Gould presents here with so much confidence. It must, however, be acknowledged that the latter is no accepter of fictitious genealogies, folk tales, and vulgar etymologies, but can wield the whip of criticism and denounce the older authorities with vigor. Within the field familiar to the writer of this notice there are no serious errors, though there is much looseness of phraseology in describing social conditions of the English past and an entire want of the scholar's touch throughout. Much of the book must have been written in the eighties or early nineties of the last century, as the historical atmosphere is characteristic of that period.

Accompanying the serious matter of the book and inextricably woven with it is the compiler's commentary, which reads like the after-dinner conversation of a clever *raconteur* entertaining a company over the wine and walnuts. Stories, personal experiences, incidents connected with the host's family, servants, tenants, and tradesmen, various jibes and comments, sometimes harmless, sometimes spiteful, as in the remarks on the Huguenot refugee parsons in England, sometimes amusing and sometimes, it must be confessed, rather

undignified, follow one another with great rapidity. Occasionally, the jests are designed as a passing substitute for wit, as in the case of Miss Muffet and the Tootles family, while a good deal of space is taken up with matter thrown in to relieve what the author believes to be the tedium of the subject (for example, Gilbert's "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," entire). A few flings at America show that the Mr. Baring-Gould is still living in the days of the Dean of St. Paul, and so prone is he to get everything about America wrong that he even makes Sir George Prévost, British officer during the Revolution, take on a new title and rise to be commander-in-chief of the forces in North America, apparently, if we read Mr. Baring-Gould aright, playing the part of Burgoyne at Saratoga. More extraordinary still is a statement which we give in our author's own words, as they cannot be improved upon: "When the settlers in America broke their tie to the mother country, they burnt the records of their family that told of their connection with their old home, and now many an American family would pay thousands of dollars to recover the records proving their link with the old land" (p. 396). So America was settled by the members of a single family the records of which are destroyed! No wonder that we have so much difficulty with our Anglo-American family connections.

Fifty Years in Camp and Field: Diary of Major-Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, U. S. A. Edited by W. A. Croffut, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, $4 net.

In introducing his rather inconspicuous hero, Dr. Croffut out-Knickerbockers the venerable Diedrich himself, whose profound account of the creation we all remember, in the preface to his history of New York. In six preliminary chapters, Dr. Croffut details the story of Vermont, from the Azoic period to the present, establishing beyond all cavil the General's relationship with the trilobites from the Laurentian upheaval on. But we hasten to say that except this one lapse toward irrelevancy, Dr. Croffut has done his work well. His narrative is a well-spun and unobtrusive thread connecting large extracts from a diary of unusual interest.

If Gen. Hitchcock was inconspicuous, it was through lack of good fortune, not of merit. His family is eminent. Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga was his grandfather; his elder brother, who went South from Vermont, became chief justice of Alabama; one nephew, Henry, was long the leader of the bar in Missouri, and another was the able secretary of the interior under McKinley and Roosevelt. Hitchcock graduated from West Point in 1817, but with short interruptions, he remained as an instructor until 1833, promoting greatly the efficiency of the Academy by his service. Later, he took part as a staff-officer in the Seminole and other Indian wars, and was inspector-general of Scott's army in the advance upon Mexico. He had a good practical head, and probably surpassed all his associates in military science. Scott himself was generously willing to credit his capable aide in large measure with his success. Hitchcock's sense of justice was strong; his conscience being ill at ease in the wars with the Indians and with Mexico.

In the civil war, when he was too old and too ill to partake in active service, Hitchcock was employed as counsellor to Lincoln and Stanton; although, as the diary reveals, his advice was too often neglected. But his ability was always recognized, and at one time he had the chance to supersede Grant, which he refused. In the spring of 1862 he urged the folly of a divided command in the West, with the result that Buell was at hand to help Grant at Shiloh, on the evening of April 6. He was, also, wise enough in the same spring to see that Banks should not be weakened in the Shenandoah Valley, that Blenker's division should be retained to cover Washington, and that McDowell's corps should be left unhampered for service toward Richmond. If this advice had been followed, Stonewall Jackson would not have swept down to the Potomac, and the capture of Richmond would not have been so long deferred. Besides acting as counsellor, he was finally charged with the duty, always delicate and often painful, of supervising the management and exchange of prisoners and the conduct of courts-martial.

His diary, which covers the period from Monroe to Grant, and which shows him very frequently in contact with public men and events, is of great value. Hitchcock enjoyed some years of honored retirement after the civil war. Not until then did he marry. In spite of his infirmities, his life was prolonged until 1870. There was in Hitchcock a persistent fondness for abstract thought. He was a disciple of Spinoza and Emerson, and wrote eight books dealing mainly with the Hermetic philosophy.

Notes.

"A History of the French Academy," by D. Maclaren Robertson, is promised by G. W. Dillingham Company.

Prof. Pasquale Villari's "Mediæval Italy" has been translated by his daughter, Mrs. Hulton, and will be published by Fisher Unwin early in the autumn.

Prof. W. Macneile Dixon is preparing an "Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse."

The publication of Katherine Cecil Thurston's "Max" is set by Harper & Brothers for September.

Methuen is publishing Dr. G. Walter Steeves's "Francis Bacon: a Sketch of his Life, Works, and Literary Friends, chiefly from a Bibliographical Point of View."

"Early Christianity in Great Britain," from the time of the Roman occupation to Augustine, is a forthcoming book by Prof. Hugh Williams.

"Tacitus's Histories, Books I and II," edited by Prof. Frank G. Moore, and "Cicero's Letters," selected and edited by Dr. Ernst Riess, will soon be added to Macmillan's Latin Classics Series.

A book concerning the derivation of Arabic numerals, by Dr. David Eugene Smith and Louis Karpinski, is on the press of Ginn & Co., who also announce a volume of selections from Lincoln, prepared by Ida M. Tarbell.

Among the books in preparation by Sturgis & Walton Company are "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun"; "Recollections of an Officer of Napoleon's Army," by Capt. E. Blaize; "Memoirs Relating to Fouché, Minister of Police Under Napoleon," and "Memoirs Relating to the Empress Josephine," by Georgette Ducrest.

"The Function of the Church in Modern Society," by William Jewett Tucker, former president of Dartmouth College, will be brought out by Houghton Mifflin Company. The same firm will publish "A Beginner's History of Philosophy," by Prof. Herbert E. Cushman of Tufts College; Book IV in the series of "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form," by Augusta Stevenson, and a volume containing some of James Parton's biographies of great captains of industry.

Autumn announcements of the Putnams include: "Master of the Vineyard," by Myrtle Reed; "The Sword of the Mountains," by Alice MacGowan; "My Memoirs," reminiscences of the late Princess Caroline Murat; a second series of "Where Ghosts Walk," by Marion Harland; "Hypnotism and Suggestion in Daily Life, Education, and Medical Practice," by Dr. Bernard Hollander; "Romance of Imperial Rome," by Elizabeth W. Champney; "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle-de-France," by Elise W. Rose and Vida Hunt Francis; "Controversial Issues in Scottish History," by William H. Grey; "The Wilderness Trail," by Charles A. Hanna; "Protestant Modernism, or Religious Thinking for Thinking Men," by David C. Torrey; an edition of "A Sentimental Journey," with water-color drawings by Everard Hopkins; "Frederick William Maitland," by H. A. L. Fisher, and "The Steam Engine and Other Heat Engines," by J. A. Ewing.

Henry Holt & Co. announce: Non-Fiction: Henri Bergson's "Creative Evolution," translated from the French by Arthur Mitchell; Lovat Fraser's "India Under Curzon and After"; Leading American Men of Science, (edited by David Starr Jordan): "Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford," by Edwin E. Slosson; "Alexander Wilson," by Witmer Stone; "John James Audubon," by Witmer Stone; "Benjamin Silliman," by Daniel Coit Gilman; "Joseph Henry," by Simon Newcomb; "Louis Agassiz," by Charles Frederick Holder; "Jeffries Wyman," by Burt G. Wilder; "Asa Gray," by John M. Coulter; "James Dwight Dana," by William North Rice; "Spencer Fullerton Baird," by Charles Frederick Holder; "Othniel Charles Marsh," by George Bird

Grinnell; "Edward Drinker Cope," by Marcus Benjamin; "Josiah Willard Gibbs," by Edwin E. Slosson; "Simon Newcomb," by Marcus Benjamin; "George Brown Goode," by David Starr Jordan; "Henry Augustus Rowland," by Ira Remsen, and "William Keith Brooks," by E. A. Andrews; Oscar Kuhn's "The Love of Books and Reading"; Wilhelm Ostwald's "Natural Philosophy," translated by Thomas Seltzer; Martin Schütze's "Judith." Fiction: William De Morgan's "An Affair of Dishonor"; Inez Haynes Gillmore's "Phœbe and Ernest"; S. Carleton Jones's "Out of Drowning Valley"; John Mätter's "Once"; Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe," first four volumes, translated by Gilbert Cannan.

A novel experiment in lexicography, undertaken by some Franciscan Fathers, is "An Ethnologic Dictionary of the Navajo Language" (Saint Michaels, Ariz.: The Franciscan Fathers). Their method is to describe all natural objects, diseases, modes of giving names to persons and places, animals, industrial occupations, and religious and other social customs, and to give the words and phrases appertaining to each individual thing. The material has been collected, they say, mainly by their own observations, though they have consulted the works of Washington Matthews and other authorities. The mass of facts thus presented is very large, and much light is thrown on the social culture of the Navajos. There is, for example, an elaborate description of the ritual dances; and, on another side of life, a full account of how lice are dealt with. A large vocabulary is given, the pronunciation of words is indicated, and incidentally there are suggestions for grammatical principles. The bulky volume is a valuable contribution to American Indian sociology.

The stream commemorated in the handsome volume by Helen Ashe Hays, "The Antietam and Its Bridges" (Putnam), which does little more than span Maryland at the narrowest part, is only mildly picturesque, and, excepting for the years 1862 and 1863, is only faintly interesting in its associations. It is crossed by a dozen or so bridges, in which the country masons, building wiser than they knew, achieved for their arches a certain artless grace. On the one occasion when it emerged from the placid, pastoral obscurity of earlier and later days, it gave its name to an engagement which, since it justified to Lincoln the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, may cause it to be held in the future as the memorable battle of our civil war. The author describes at too great length the rather torpid life that had its theatre on the quiet banks, and the building of the bridges. She misses a fine opportunity. What a chance for absorbing Erckmann-Chatrian pictures in the vast warlike tumult which the sleepy valley for once in its history underwent! There has been in modern times no tragedy more solemn and momentous than that which rolled for a moment into the experience of those remote and plodding farmers. What said and did the peaceful millers on whose wide floors the armies bivouacked and stretched their wounded? What the toll-keepers and their wives when the cannon tore through their bars? What the quaint worshippers at the Dunker Church, broad-skirted men, poke-bonneted women, when Stonewall Jackson was stemming there the Federal assault? This book is not quite silent about these things: they receive no emphasis, however, in the prolix record, being deferred to the elaborate detail of small rural happenings.

Somewhat more than ten years ago permission was accorded the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain to begin the calendaring of the great collection of Stuart manuscripts preserved at Windsor Castle. After the first three volumes of calendars had been issued, in 1902, 1904, 1907, respectively, important additional documents were discovered belonging to the period 1687-1716, which had already been covered in volumes one and two. It was, therefore, decided to calendar this supplemental material before going on with the main work, and to issue it as the first part of volume four. This fourth volume has now appeared; it consists of eighty-eight pages of additions, four hundred and seventy-five pages of new material, and an appendix of seven pages containing still other papers which were discovered too late for insertion in their proper places in this and the preceding volumes. It is no unimportant by-product of the work of the commission that private collections of manuscripts, frequently neglected by their owners, are being properly arranged and classified by specially deputed archival experts. The searching and critical examination to which these collections are subjected is of profit, not only to the scholar who uses the calendar, but also to the owners of the manuscripts, and to many others. Thus, in an indirect manner, the private archives of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are undergoing inspection, re-arrangement, and calendaring entirely at the public expense. The commissioners are also ready, if requested, to give their advice as to the best means of repairing and preserving any interesting papers or manuscripts which may be in a state of decay. The bulk of the papers calendared in this volume cover but six months of the year 1717. They give an account of the journey of the Pretender, James III, from Asti, in Piedmont, where he was at the close of the third volume, into Italy; of his first visit to Rome, and of his settlement at Urbino. They throw considerable light on the negotiations between the Jacobites in England and the Czar, thus supplementing the similar negotiations with Sweden described in the previous volume, and they show that Dr. Erskine, Mar's cousin, and the physician and confidant of Peter the Great, had advanced much further in these negotiations than has commonly been supposed. Peter was at this time in Holland and France, and the Jacobites hoped that Sweden and Russia, and possibly the Empire, would support their cause. The main subject of the papers is Jacobite intrigue, but here and there are helps to an understanding of constitutional questions in England and of some puzzling political personalities. On p. 539 is a letter from the sister of James Oglethorpe, recounting his experiences fighting the Turks near Belgrade, under Prince Eugene, and there are other scattered references to the Oglethorpe family. Occasionally we get glimpses of the plantations, but the view is of minor happenings. On p. 28 is a mention of "the Quakers, as are called Pennites, many of [whom] being men of consideration and as ready to a restoration [of the Stuarts] as any."

Andrew Macphail's four "Essays in Fallacy" (Longmans) deserve the old-fashioned name of treatises or disquisitions. It takes fifty-five pages to settle the business of the American Woman; the Suffragette, Education, and Theology require more. Mr. Macphail is a professional exposer of nonsense, which he finds enthroned especially in rebellious womanhood, in the American school and university, and in all theological councils. His manner is vigorous, but impatient and lacking in amenity. With many of his views, we are in sympathy. No one has punctured more forcibly the fallacy of utilitarianism as a university ideal; in his discussion of ultimate discrepancies of sex, there is much drastic good sense. But the value of his pleading is constantly diminished by lapses in taste and indulgence in overstatement. From a quotation, Mr. Macphail's animated but undistinguished style may be judged, and the passage has as well a confessional value none the less marked because quite unconscious:

> Their real enemies [those of the suffragettes] are those of their own household, who hate to see this revelation that women make of themselves, which affords to vulgar satirists congenial exercise of their irony and scoff, for the torment or amusement of those who, like themselves, by continually regarding humanity as it is, have developed a capacity for analysis at the expense of a certain dryness and hardness of heart.

Out of Mr. Macphail's own mouth may be judged whether his is a spell to exorcise the triform demon of feminism, Americanism, and theological dogmatism. Stylistically, it is fair to say, the extract represents him pretty nearly at his worst. Frequently he is pungent, and generally he is not bad reading, but his bludgeoning tactics indicate quite as much blunt perceptions as vigorous convictions.

David W. Amram's "The Makers of Hebrew Books in Italy" (Philadelphia: Julius H. Greenstone) is a handsomely printed and carefully prepared work of more than four hundred pages. It is modestly termed "chapters in the history of the Hebrew printing press"; but readers who are interested in the early records of printing and who have some idea of the services of the Italian pioneers in the art, will find in Mr. Amram's volume a fairly exhaustive study of the subject, so far as the Hebrew printers are concerned. From the first known workers, Abraham ben Garton of Reggio and Meshullam Cusi of Pieve, to Abraham Conat of Mantua, whose wife Estellina was his associate in the craft, and Abraham the Dyer of Pesaro; from Soncino and his sons to Bomberg, Adelkind, and a host of minor presses, it is a story of continuous struggle with more or less adverse conditions and of signally successful achievement. That the art should have attained its highest perfection at its very beginning proves that the pioneers were scholars as well as printers, admirably equipped and full of an enthusiasm that no obstacle would dampen. The readableness of Mr. Amram's work is enhanced, without impairing its usefulness, by his study of the historical background. If he has given special attention to the services of the early Jewish

printers, who made accessible books studied by generations of scholars, he is as warm in his praise of the Christian craftsmen who introduced a new element in the intellectual life of the time; it was the Benedictine monks, he observes, "who saved Italy from intellectual barbarism."

No. VI, Part 3, of the Gibb Memorial Series contains Vol. iii, Part i, of the Arabic text of Yaqut's "Dictionary of Learned Men," edited by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth (London: Luzac & Co.); vol. i is noticed in the *Nation* for June 18, 1908. This half volume concludes the matter contained in the Bodleian MS. marked Or. 753. A MS. with additional matter has been placed at the editor's disposal, and he appeals to friends to aid in the search for the remainder of this important work; vol. iv of the Bombay copy is probably, he thinks, in private hands in India. The editor's method is the same in this part as in those previously issued.

The appearance of "A Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt from Abydos to the Sudan Frontier" (Macmillan), at this season of the year seems somewhat out of place. But it will be a welcome addition to the literature of the subject for the serious student or traveller who is contemplating a trip during the coming winter and who is wisely doing extensive reading in anticipation. The writer of the volume is Arthur E. P. Weigall, the inspector-general of Upper Egypt for the department of antiquities of the Egyptian government. It would be difficult to find a more competent authority on the subjects which he treats. Long service and intimate acquaintance at first hand with the places and objects described constitute claims which none can gainsay. The descriptions given by Steindorff in the Baedeker series are accurate and trustworthy, but they are necessarily brief and more condensed than those of Weigall. The latter has also included many sites where excavations have been carried on, which fall outside of the scope of Baedeker, since they are places which the ordinary tourist does not find it possible to visit on account of the necessary limitations in the itinerary of the Cook and other excursion boats. All of the descriptions have been written on the spot, with the places under the writer's eye and observation. Particularly full are the accounts of Abydos, Denderah, Thebes, including Luxor, Karnak, Deir el Bahari, the Valley of the Kings, and the surroundings of the Ramesseum, Esneh, Edfu, Kom Ombo, Assuan and Elephantine, Philae, and Abu Simbel, all of which are included in the usual itinerary, and nearly all of which can be reached by railway as well. One can only regret that the volume does not include the places north of Abydos also, particularly Assiut, Beni Hasan, Tell el-Amarna, Saqqarah, and Gizeh. The cost and at the same time the value of the volume would have been much increased if it had been illustrated with half-tones as well as by temple plans. The type is small but clear, and the book is one that can be readily carried on the trip.

The total number of students enrolled in the Swiss universities during the past semester was 6,991. Of these 3,141, or 45 per cent., were natives of Switzerland, while 3,850, or 55 per cent., were foreigners, which is a greater showing of foreign students than that made by any university outside of Switzerland. Of these outsiders about 30 per cent. were Russians, 8 per cent. Germans, and 2 per cent. French. Geneva is scarcely a Swiss university, as its foreign element amounts to 80 per cent.; that of Basel is only 20 per cent. According to faculties the student body was distributed as follows: theology 442, law 1,325, medicine 2,236, philosophical disciplines 2,988. In addition there were 1,884 irregular residents, or "hearers," making a total of 8,875, inclusive of 2,761 women, of whom 1,646 were matriculated. The total teaching force was 860, of whom 359 were full professors and 154 adjunct, or "extraordinary," professors. Bern leads in attendance, with an enrolment of 1,626 students, while Neuchâtel is last on the list, with 186.

William James of Harvard University, professor of philosophy, emeritus, died at his summer home at Lake Chocorua last Friday. He had been critically ill since his arrival at Quebec from Europe the previous week. William James was born in New York city on January 11, 1842. At the age of thirteen he was taken abroad, where he remained three years, studying under tutors, and in schools in France and England. He then studied painting with William M. Hunt at Newport, R. I., and spent a winter at the Academy of Geneva, finally entering the chemical department of the Lawrence Scientific School in 1861. He did not remain to take his degree, but entered the Harvard Medical School in 1863, taking his M.D. six years later. While still a medical student he accompanied Prof. Louis Agassiz's Thayer expedition to Brazil in 1864 and in 1867 studied physiology in Berlin. In 1872 he became instructor in vertebrate anatomy and physiology in the college. From 1880 to 1885 he was assistant professor of philosophy; from 1885 to 1889 professor in the same department; professor of psychology from 1889 to 1897, and professor of philosophy from 1897 to 1907, when he became professor emeritus. In the period 1899-1901 he was appointed Gifford lecturer on natural religion at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1908 Hibbert lecturer on philosophy at Oxford. He was a corresponding member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute of France, of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, of the Royal Denmark Academy of Sciences, of the Acaddemia de Lincei, of the British Academy, National Academy of Sciences, etc. Among the honorary degrees conferred upon him were the Ph.D. and Litt.D. by the University of Padua; the LL.D. by Princeton, Edinburgh, and Harvard, and the D.Sc. by Oxford and by Geneva. His chief works are as follows: "Principles of Psychology," "The Will to Believe, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy," "Talks to Teachers on Psychology and to Students on Life's Ideals," "Human Immortality—Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine," "The Varieties of Religious Experiences," "Pragmatism—A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking," "A Pluralistic Universe," "The Meaning of Truth." His work will be noticed at length in the *Nation* next week.

The death is reported from Baden, in his seventy-ninth year, of Heinrich Julius Holtzmann, professor of theology, first at Heidelberg, then at Strasburg. Among his writings are: "Die Pastoralbriefe," "Lehrbuch der historisch-kritischen Einleitung in das Neue Testament," and "Die synoptischen Evangelien."

Science.

Edelsteinkunde. Von Dr. Max Bauer. Pp. xvi, 766; 20 plates in color; 115 illustrations in the text. Leipzig: Ch. H. Tauchnitz.

This second German edition gives the result of forty years' study on the part of the author, who is founder and director of the Mineralogical Institute of Marburg, editor of the *Jahrbuch für Mineralogie*, and author of more than a hundred scientific papers. The first edition appeared in 1896, and the work has long been recognized as the foremost authority on the subject; but since the date of its original production, several new gem-stones have been discovered, and the researches of physicists and mineralogists have brought to light a number of important facts touching the constitution of various precious and semi-precious stones. All these matters are fully treated in the present work, the extent of the additions to the first edition amounting to some 55 pages.

In a treatise on precious stones it is but natural that the diamond, the king of gems, should occupy the foreground; we need not therefore be surprised that nearly 200 pages, somewhat more than a quarter of the book, are devoted to this stone. A full account is given of its occurrence in various parts of the world, embracing the latest developments in the South African diamond fields, and the recent discovery in Arkansas. While presenting so fully the facts concerning the collection and working of diamonds, Dr. Bauer has not forgotten the various and divergent theories proposed by scientists to explain the formation of the stone. The splendid corundum gems, the ruby and the sapphire, next in importance to the diamond, are also described fully, and the latest results in their production and mining are recorded. The other forms of gem-corundum are also treated at considerable length. The emerald is the subject of another section. In the present edition much new material has been added regarding the mines at Muzo, in Columbia. Though he deals fully with the principal gems, Dr. Bauer has not neglected the numerous other stones from which gems of great beauty and value have been cut in ancient and modern times. Indeed, a notable merit of his work is the care taken in gathering together all the available data regarding the newer gems, some of which have been first brought to notice in our land. The use of these semi-precious stones makes it practicable to produce color-

contrasts not otherwise possible, and to satisfy that desire for variety which is especially characteristic of our age.

The extensive establishments for gem-cutting at Idar and Oberstein in Germany are described graphically on pages 635-645, and a number of well-executed illustrations are added. Here are cut and polished almost all the agate ornaments sold in various parts of the world, and, as Dr. Bauer says, "wherever in the world a cut and polished agate is seen the probability is that it came from the Oberstein region." A great part of the large supply of Australian opal, so highly in favor at present, is also cut in Idar, Oberstein, or their vicinity.

Among the additions to this second edition we may call attention to the new material in the account of the colored gems from the province of Minas Geraes, Brazil. Of the newer gem material found in the United States one of the most interesting examples is the benitoite, from San Benito County, Cal., a gem possessing much of the beauty of the sapphire and even greater brilliancy. The interesting discovery of peridot, in 1900, on the island of St. Johns in the Red Sea, near the Egyptian coast, is noted, and the importance of this discovery as indicating the source whence the ancient supply of peridot may have been derived.

Taken as a whole, this work is invaluable for the jeweller, the mineralogist, the student, and for all who desire to have the latest and most trustworthy information as to the gem-stones now in use. The plates, especially those in color, give any one not familiar with precious stones a more correct idea of their appearance than could possibly be attained by reading a description.

In the "Rural Life Problem of the United States" (Macmillan), Sir Horace Plunkett has written a book whose importance is not to be measured by its small size. Very briefly, from experience in Ireland and America, and from studies of European conditions, the author sets forth his observations and conclusions. The problem of better rural conditions is closely allied, he believes, to the more popular subject of Conservation, and must be solved if our country is to keep its present position. Of President Roosevelt's three means of improvement, better farming, better business, better living, Sir Horace Plunkett shows that the second must come first, proving, also, that for real success it cannot be achieved by individuals working separately. Nor will combination, which has procured such amazing business prosperity, succeed with the farming problem. It is co-operation, in societies controlled not by the majority of shares but by the majority of individuals, "one man one vote," that alone will put the farmer in a position not merely to supply his needs, but also to find them out. For such societies, once organized, will discover for their members the means to better farming and better living. By their aid success will come long before we could hope to secure it by the slow leaven of educated youth. From twenty years of Irish experiences Sir Horace Plunkett is convinced that the Raiffeisen system of credit associations, by intelligently meeting the needs of farming communities, is best suited to general conditions. Further, he is positive that the American temperament will take naturally to such associations, which he proves by our long list of unsuccessful experiments in search of rural betterment. In order to set the local units on their feet, he proposes to "hitch the Country Life wagon to the Conservation star" by means of two organizations, the one a popular propagandist association, temporary in its nature, the other an institute for research, to be permanently established. The association would organize the local bodies, put them on their feet, combine them into State leagues, and then leave them to themselves, confident that so long as they preferred coöperation to combination their success would be sure. In its propaganda the association would utilize all such existing agencies as it could find, and when its work was done, it would dissolve. The institute, on the other hand, would be permanent and almost international, collecting and classifying information on all subjects relating to the needs of the local bodies. It would, of course, require an endowment. Perhaps the best feature of this book is its acknowledgment that the farmer will never organize if left to himself, and its consequent appeal to the townsman to take the lead. The townsman can well appreciate the danger, not only to the future of the nation, but also to what touches him more nearly, present prosperity. Sir Horace Plunkett finds even in the present fad of country life hope that educated men will give the first impulse to the movement. The book is most readable, and its plan will appeal strongly to all those who know the backwardness, the inertia, and the miserable earnings of many American farmers.

From Paris is announced the death of Louis Olivier, the founder and editor of the *Revue Générale des Sciences*.

Prof. Louis-Hubert Farabeuf, whose death occurred about a fortnight ago, was born in 1841; he was an honorary member of the faculty of medicine at the University of Paris, and an officer of the Legion of Honor. He wrote a large number of treatises on medical subjects.

Charles Talbot Porter of Montclair, N. J., died in that city on Sunday. He was born in 1829, and had been an engineer all his life. Last year he was presented with the John Fritz medal, established as a recognition of notable scientific or industrial achievement. The four men who had been awarded the medal before Mr. Porter received it were Lord Kelvin, George Westinghouse, Alexander Graham Bell, and Thomas A. Edison.

Drama.

AN OVERWORKED THEORY IN DRAMA.

Two able and interesting works published in the last year, "The Study of the Drama," by Prof. Brander Matthews, and "The Theory of the Theatre," by Clayton Hamilton, have agreed in giving marked emphasis and cordial support to the now popular theory that the drama is conditioned by the stage. That the drama in a general way has been influenced by the stage no one, I suppose, has ever doubted; the point of novelty in the recent view is the attempt to trace the effects of the specific stage on the specific drama, in other words, to show that the peculiarities of the stage settings of a given time and place have their counterpart in the peculiarities of the drama current in that time and place. The problem has interest enough to justify a survey of the evidence.

I.

The case is nowhere put more clearly and forcibly than by Professor Matthews in his treatment of the Greek theatre. I shall quote one passage as a favorable specimen of the nature and the strength of the evidence by which the theory is supported.

> It has been asserted that more than twenty thousand spectators could be present at a performance. As we sit on those benches to-day, and glance down the orchestra and see how small a single figure looks so far away, and how impossible it is to perceive any play of feature, we are not surprised that the Greek actors were raised on lofty boots and wore masks that towered above their heads, increasing their apparent stature. We recognize that under such circumstances the dramatist was wise to avoid all acts of physical violence impossible to performers thus accoutred. We perceive that he was well advised when he preferred a plot already familiar to his spectators, so that they would not lose the thread of the story, even if a sudden gust of wind from the Ægean might now and again wrap the floating draperies about the heads of the performers and for a moment deprive the audience of the spoken words. We can approve also his practical shrewdness in choosing a theme not only already known in its outline, but also possessing a bold simplicity, which demanded a massive treatment.

In another passage on The Three Unities, Professor Matthews explains the observance of the unity of place in Greek tragedy on the traditional ground that the permanence of the chorus in the orchestra made variations of scene impossible.

In these two passages four important traits of Greek tragedy—the avoidance of open violence, the traditional and familiar plot, the simplicity and massiveness of treatment, and the unity of place—are referred to well-marked features of the Greek setting: the rigidity of the actors, the distance of the audience, and the stability of the chorus. Furthermore, a feature of equipment, the high boots and masks, is referred to the size of the theatre. The points are definite and the style clear; the theory nowhere appears to better advantage.

A question, however, suggests itself to the half convinced reader. The Old Comedy, the comedy of Aristophanes, was acted in the same theatre with tragedy, under almost identical conditions. The results of environment should apply equally to both, yet comedy lacks nearly every one of the traits ascribed in the above paragraphs to tragedy. The comic actor did not wear a high boot, but a low slipper. The comic plot was not familiar or traditional, but dealt with unprescribed and novel matter. The comic treatment was not simple and massive, but showed a riotous fulness and an exuberant disorder. The comic method did not observe strictly the unity of place, but was so frequent and audacious in its shifts as to lead one scholar to declare that "all considerations of time and place were disregarded." These are facts that induce reflections.

Reflection is a perilous indulgence; once started, it is difficult to arrest. The reader's thoughts turn to the argument which explains the absence of battle, murder, and sudden death on the Greek stage by the use of a high boot unsuited to violence or swift movement. This is very much as if one were to account for a young woman's habitual abstinence from dancing or lawn tennis on the theory that she did not wear dancing slippers or tennis shoes. One can imagine the hoots, not to say the missiles, with which an Elizabethan audience, complaining of the absence of the expected siege and battle scenes in "Henry V," would have received the explanation that the shoes of the actors disqualified them for taking part in scenes of combat. The aid of St. Crispin would have been promptly invoked in a manner quite different from that of the English king. Men adapt dress to service, on the stage and off; and if deeds of blood had been wanted in the theatre of Dionysos as they were wanted in the Globe or the Curtain, it is safe to say that the boots would have been shaped to meet the demand. It is doubtful, moreover, whether even for purposes of mere visual distinctness the very moderate gain in size secured by the high boot and the projecting mask would not have been more than offset by the loss in freedom and flexibility of movement.

We are told that the theatre was so large, and sight and hearing so uncertain, that the dramatist was led to use old plots from the difficulty of elucidating new ones. How are we to reconcile the intellectual subtlety, the firmness of detail, the delicacy of suggestion, in the Greek treatment of tragic themes, with conditions which made the conveyance of the outlines of a bare plot a matter of difficulty and uncertainty?

We are told that the bold simplicity and massiveness of treatment in Greek tragedy was an effect of the size of the auditorium. How are we to account for the appearance of this same simplicity and massiveness in Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek historical narrative, on which conditions of representation would exert no influence?

II.

The presence or absence of stage scenery is a point on which the advocates of the mechanism theory are never weary of descanting, but the facts which they cite have a curious way of playing into the hands of their opponents. We are told that there was no provision for change of scene on the Elizabethan stage, and forthwith we are intrepidly assured that Shakespeare and his colleagues shifted localities as often as they liked. We are told that in the days of Molière painted scenery was available in the theatres; yet, almost in the same breath, we are informed that Molière in most of his plays adhered to the uniform setting. The inference would be that Shakespeare and Molière, each in his own way, displayed a disdainful indifference to the stage machinery of his own time; the one flouted its handicaps, while the other repelled its invitations.

It would be inaccurate, however, to assert that the Elizabethan stage was marked by any preëminent unfitness for the exhibition of varieties of place. The truth is that it held a medial position between the extremes of fitness and unfitness. The best stage for shifts of place is that which offers most helps to the imagination, and the second-best is that which offers fewest hindrances. The ideal condition is that which supplies an appropriate setting for each scene; next to this in desirability is the absence of any setting whatever; a bare raised platform, after the Elizabethan fashion, or a bare central hollow according to the Greek plan, as recently conceived, would, in the absence of furniture and background, have furthered rather than hindered the imagined change of place. In such a case, if the dramatist's affirmation that the scene is a hall or street is unconfirmed, it is likewise uncontradicted. The planks of the flooring or the hardened plot of ground are not accepted as testimony, and the rows of seats and spectators are immaterial, because they lie outside of what we may call the field of imaginative vision. But introduce into this field any suggestion of a particular setting, an arbor on the platform or a portico in the background, and then shift the supposed scene to places where such an object would be irrational or incongruous, and incredulity or perplexity follows.

Costume supplies a perfect analogy. When the "Merchant of Venice" is acted with each player in appropriate costume, we are satisfied; when it is read by an elocutionist in ordinary evening dress, we are content: but, if the elocutionist were to appear in the gaberdine of Shylock, and read the parts of Antonio, Gratiano, Launcelot, and Portia, in this costume, we should be distressed and offended. The platform or the depression, without furniture or background, corresponds precisely to the neutral evening dress. Both the Greek and Elizabethan stages seem *in principle* to have been fairly well adapted to variations of dramatic place; and whatever difficulties arose in practice sprang out of infractions or invasions of this principle, out of the insertion of an architectural background by the Greeks, and the adoption or retention of the wall with doors, the balcony, curtains, and alcove by the Elizabethans. In the latter instance the presence of spectators on the stage would offer an additional obstacle. The development, in Elizabethan times, of a drama showing the widest latitude and versatility of place was probably as much hindered as helped by the stage dispositions prevailing at the period. And since, for scenical purposes, the minimum of setting ranks next in efficiency and propriety to the maximum, and since the minimum is naturally at everybody's command, there seems to be no reason why stagecraft should control drama in the point of local change.

III.

Clayton Hamilton, in "The Theory of the Theatre," chapter four, mentions three successive phases of English drama, the Drama of Rhetoric, the Drama of Conversation, and the Drama of Illusion, as dependent on three successive phases in stage history. In a single paragraph, he sums up the best known facts about the Elizabethan playhouse, the "projecting platform," the gallants on the stage, the arras and alcove, the balcony, the absence of scenery, front curtain, and artificial light. He begins his next paragraph with the following sentence: "In order to succeed in a theatre such as this, the drama was necessarily forced to be a Drama of Rhetoric."

Now, I will not stop to debate the eminently debatable question as to whether the Elizabethan drama in its entirety can be rightly called a Drama of Rhetoric with a capital R. I will not dwell on the point that rhetoric was common in every field of Elizabethan work, and that an unenclosed platform cannot be called to account for its appearance in the sonnets, in the lyrics, in the "Shepherd's Calendar," in the pamphlets, in the "Euphues," and in the "Arcadia." I will confine myself strictly to the central issue.

Let us admit that a platform stage has a distinct adaptation to the Drama of Rhetoric, and that the picture-frame stage is preferable to any other stage for the realistic or illusory drama. Is there any ground for supposing that an appetite for illusion or reality would

content itself with rhetoric for no better reason than its inability to obtain its illusion or reality in a picture-frame? Do the qualities apart from rhetoric or opposed to rhetoric—simplicity, directness, plain truth, native vigor, natural feeling—lose their hold on their own clientage by their transference from a box with painted sides to an unenclosed and unfurnished platform? Does nature in dialogue or delivery lose all its force merely because it is not reinforced by nature in the form of real walls and mimetic painting? That the Elizabethans found many things besides rhetoric effective from their projecting platform, we need only one testimony—the Elizabethan plays. A stage from which Macduff's "He has no children" or Cordelia's "No cause, no cause" could be effectively pronounced, was surely not "forced" into rhetoric by the collapse or powerlessness of other agencies.

From 1660 onward, according to Mr. Hamilton, the Drama of Conversation, by which he apparently means the drama of keen sayings, of wit and retort, superseded the Drama of Rhetoric. In explaining the dependence of this change on the revolution in theatrical conditions, he dwells long on the introduction of scenery. I should personally have supposed that, if there is any phase of drama which does not require scenery, it is wit; and that, if there is anything theatrical that does not involve or suggest wit, it is scenery. We may like, we may even crave, a background for a quarrel or a love-scene or a death-scene, but who asks a background for an epigram or a sally? When men quarrel or die or make love, it is easy to think of them as elements in a picture, but when they say pointed and brilliant things, the body—their only means of participation in a picture—itself retreats into the background.

In one respect alone is setting congenial to brilliant conversation—a room, an enclosure, is all but indispensable. Wit is a fine, slender, compact, incorporeal thing; it has not the body or the bigness to flourish under the open sky, or even on the open platform; the condensation and succinctness which are part of its quality it seeks, also, in its surroundings. Now, if Mr. Hamilton were able to prove that the conversation of the drama in question had been held in a boxed frame (allowing, of course, for the removal of one wall of the box) he would have made a step toward the demonstration of a harmony between the play and its setting. But this is exactly what he is unable to do; or rather he is alert to supply the data which make this view untenable. He tells us, indeed, that the stage at this period receded toward the proscenium; but it stopped, unluckily, some time before it reached the point at which its retreat would have been serviceable to Mr. Hamilton. An "apron" was left on which virtually all the acting and speaking were done, and the advantage of enclosure was as unattainable as ever.

IV.

The above review suggests the existence of three kinds of fallacy in the evidence adduced for the control of drama by the structure and equipment of the theatre.

The first fallacy is the assumption that the imagination is necessarily baffled, or even burdened, by a grave or gross logical inconsistency. One might almost ask in reply, "What is the imagination for? When should it help us out, if not when sense and logic are at a stand?" It is, indeed, a selfish and a lazy servant; it will commonly do nothing unless it is paid, and nothing until it is prompted. But it is also a very capable and powerful servant; and, when it has been both liberally paid and skilfully prompted, there is almost nothing that it cannot and will not do. It may be added, moreover, that its power has few abler expositors than Prof. Brander Matthews and Clayton Hamilton.

The second fallacy is the assumption that every mechanical arrangement or usage in past times was inelastic, immovable, and final. This is illustrated in the tacit implication that nobody can change the size of a boot or the habits of a chorus. Another example is found in the reference of the Elizabethan abstinence from the more tense and dramatic form of conclusion to the absence of a front curtain and the necessity of a public exit from the stage. One might almost as well say that a given room, otherwise available, was not used as a dining-room because it contained no table, or as a library because it contained no shelves. Men do not forego a valued purpose, because some needful appliance which chances to be familiar, accessible, and movable happens not to be on the spot at the outset. The ancestors of Watt and Edison might surely be trusted to solve any difficulty involved in the suggestion or the erection of a curtain. Wherever dress or furniture or tools are variable and in the precise measure of their variability, common sense assumes that apparatus is controlled by purpose and desire, not purpose and desire by apparatus. The opposite assumption, if pushed to an extreme, would lead us to reason that Charles Lamb read because he sat in a library, that Mark Twain smoked because he owned a pipe, that Colonel Roosevelt sailed from England to the United States because he bought a ticket, and that President Taft attends church because he has a pew.

The third fallacy is the assumption that men will prefer what is convenient but undesirable to what is desirable but inconvenient, or, briefly, that convenience outweighs appetite. The most superficial observation of one's self or one's neighbors is enough to confute this supposition. A man who prefers coffee to beer as a breakfast drink will not take beer instead of coffee, merely because a thoughtless serving-maid has supplied him with a beer schooner instead of a coffee cup. Inconvenience is, of course, a cause of pain; and there is, no doubt, a degree of pain which would neutralize the effects of the desired pleasure; but, in all ordinary cases, men take what they want with such commodity as they can. They will not refuse the sense and simplicity which they crave because it is not proffered in a picture-frame; and they will not take the rhetoric they do not want merely because it is served from a platform.

In conclusion two remarks are appropriate. The first is that nearly, if not quite, every fact in drama which it is proposed to refer to a mechanical cause may be referred without contradiction or improbability to the character of the dramatist or the nation. In other words, we are never, or very rarely, forced to accept the mechanical cause for want of a substitute. Such a compulsion might exist, if the drama of a people were found to display any trait inconsistent with the known character of that people. But, so far as I am aware, no such trait has been pointed out; no fact in Greek or French or Elizabethan drama has been adduced which is irreconcilable with our knowledge of Greek or French or Elizabethan nature. The second remark pertains to the fact that drama is, primarily and properly, an expression of the spirit; and we lose in the exact measure in which we are forced to view it as an incident of carpentry and mechanics. This is no reason for withstanding adequate proofs: it is an excellent reason for waiting until adequate proofs have been offered.

O. W. Firkins.
University of Minnesota.

Art.

DOCENT SERVICE AT THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

Boston, August 25.

The day has long gone by when a librarian could exclaim with glee, as a librarian of the old school is said to have done: "All the books are in to-night except two, and I am going over to get those." Likewise, the day is passing when the accumulations of museums will be accepted as a measure of their success. They will be asked what they are doing to make their accumulations tell on the community.

Years ago, the late President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University made in conversation the suggestion that public libraries should invite representative men in various walks of life to be present at stated times in the library to help all comers to a knowledge of books in their various specialties. Art museums offer a similar opportunity. The pulpit has long ceased, even in our New Eng-

land communities, to be the all-sufficient source of light and leading. Meanwhile, all classes of the community, church-goers and non-church-goers alike, have won leisure to devote to literature and art. Why should they not gather in libraries and museums to hear works of literature and art commented upon by those who know and love these things? In the spring of 1907, this suggestion of years before was put into practice in Boston. The Museum Bulletin announced that one of the assistants at the Museum had been assigned, with the title of Docent, to the duty of meeting visitors in the galleries and giving information about the exhibits. The service has grown from this beginning until it now occupies several of the staff during parts of every weekday, and, with the aid of speakers from outside the Museum, has been extended to Sunday also.

The one great interest present to all hearers alike, the one difficult thing to comprehend, is the faraway source of the objects before them. This deep and singular impression on almost every attentive beholder is due to nothing that a Docent can say, but to the work itself, which thereby prepares to make itself understood. A sense of beauty is as impossible to convey by word of mouth as a change of heart. Indeed, as Professor Réau has just written: "Must we not be *en état de grace* (subjects of grace as the English theologians would say) in order to understand a work of art?" In the words of Jacob Burckhardt, a Docent does not seek to "point out the fundamental idea or conception of a work of art. Were it possible to give this completely in words at all, art would be superfluous and the work might have remained unbuilt, unchiselled, and unpainted." The aim of a Docent is "to sketch outlines which the beholder's own perceptions can quicken into life."

Of course, there are many visitors who turn away listlessly. And of those who stay and who return by no means all may be really the gainers. Many may be attracted by the novelty or by an idle pleasure in something going on. One sometimes comes back from a tour of the galleries with the doubt whether, after all, it is possible to make a museum of fine art in any vital sense a popular institution. Anatole France reminds us that since life feeds on life, we are fighting against nature when we attempt to keep alive in museums the outward forms in which the ideals of past civilizations have expressed themselves. The after-world for them consists only of fewer and fewer learned men. Are museums, then, doing the general public any real service when they collect objects out of date with the intention of allowing them to become more and more so?

Against so formidable a doubt, the only safety is an appeal to facts. We must seek actual observation as to the capacity of men in general to get good out of the remains of bygone art. We know that the museum is a favorite weekly resort for all classes. What more can it do to help all its visitors to that share in the life of the imagination which is every one's birthright? That it can do much more seems not unlikely.

But at once other doubts arise. We are told that talk about the subjects of pictures and statues and upon the men and times that produced them does not elevate, but flatters, the public taste. Let it be replied frankly that this opinion is due to defective æsthetics and an altogether mistaken psychology. Defective æsthetics, because the subject of a work of art unquestionably is a part of its artistic content; else a painting of an ash-heap might rival a portrait in artistic rank. The fifteenth-century Italians who knew something of fine art in practice, however unmindful of its theory, had no other word than stories (*istorie*) for the sculptured reliefs that have since been the admiration of the world. Mistaken psychologically, because to disapprove of using the historical interest of works of art as a help to their appreciation is to ignore the pre-eminent value of indirect mental access. Every nursery teaches that there is many a true and needed word that can be spoken only in jest. In diplomacy what has not the *salon* wrought, and in business the smoking-room and the yachting party? Every astronomer knows that fainter objects of the sky can be seen only if the eye is directed a little aside. So it is with the more delicate factors with which the artist works. While a historical picture is building itself up in the mind of the hearer, is not his eye opened to the forms and proportions, the balance, and the harmony before him? And will not his attention take in these elements quite as well if thus held near as it would if turned directly upon them? What else do the fables of Cupid and Psyche, and of Lohengrin and Elsa mean than that sources of happiness too curiously inquired into are apt to fail us?

The Docent Service has been organized at the Boston Museum to meet the common experience of travellers. Any one who has ever looked at a picture or a statue in the company of an appreciative friend knows how much the comprehension of it can be aided by the communication of another's interest and information. Tennyson's lines express the idea:

> And what delights can equal those
> That stir the spirit's inner deeps
> When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
> A truth from one that loves and knows.

But, on the other hand, every one who has visited places of interest like Warwick Castle, where the "h'inlaid h'arms is very beautiful," or the tombs of the Scaligers described by Anstey's amusing Italian as "very grazioso, molto magnifique, joli conservé," knows also what unutterable weariness results from the companionship of most professional guides. The Italian word *Cicerone*—fuller of words than Cicero himself—expresses the tedium of generations of travellers. Granting the fact that it is fatal to make a business of talking about art, nevertheless it remains true that those who have already made friends with works of art may profitably be asked to devote a fraction of their time in introducing others to the same friendship. This is what has been done at the Boston Museum. A Docent is a companion among works of art, but he is also *not* a companion by profession. Docent Service is a new function of museum officials and other interested persons, not a new office in museums. That those invited to this duty should be otherwise employed during much the greater part of their time is its cardinal feature. A museum of art is full of voices worthy to be listened to, but as the deaf are often helped by other sounds, so we who wander through museum galleries often hear the silent utterances around us only when a living voice makes them audible. In every museum of fine art the pulpit and the texts are ready, and the hearers await the speaker. BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN.

The death is announced, at the age of sixty-eight, of Archip Kuindski, who is perhaps better known in this country as the Russian Turner.

The death is announced of the sculptor Pierre Granet, who won fame by his statue of Alfred de Musset at the Porte Maillot and by his statue of "Figaro."

Adolf Michaelis, professor of archæology at the University of Strasburg, died recently, at the age of seventy-five. His works include an edition of "Taciti Dialogus de Oratoribus," "Ancient Marbles in Great Britain," editions of Sophocles's "Electra" and Apuleius's "Psyche et Cupido," and a reworking of Springer's "Handbook of the History of the Art of Antiquity."

Finance.

"WAITING TWO YEARS."

Mr. John D. Rockefeller having denied the picturesque story of his remark to a woman who had confessed her purpose of building a house, that she would do better to wait two years, the seal of authority is removed from that advice. But the fact that the bit of counsel as reported caused both interest and controversy in the financial community, and that no one dismissed it as absurd on its face, makes it worth a little more discussion. What is it, for instance, that would make the cost of building a house, or the cost of any other undertaking of the sort, cheaper in 1912 than in 1910?

The answer naturally will be a general reduction in cost of materials and possibly in cost of labor. People who assert the possibility of such reduction are in the habit of declaring that we have had since 1907 none of the traditional "after-panic readjustment" of wages and prices of commodities; that, on the contrary, prices this year reached a higher average level (9.231 last January, by the *Bradstreet* index number) than the highest level before the panic (which was 9.129, on March 1, 1907), and are only a trifle lower now; the case of wages being similar. People who hold the negative reply that prices and wages have both continued to go higher, after the brief relapse of 1907 and 1908, because demand, in the natural order of the markets, kept running beyond supply; and, more specifically, they argue that increased production of gold in the world at large has forced up prices irrespective of panics and reactions.

This may not end the controversy; the affirmative will perhaps retort that the high American prices prevalent since 1908 were signs of an abnormal situation, without the element of permanency—an allegation based on the strain on credit, which accompanied the advancing prices of 1909, and on the change in our foreign trade from an export to an import surplus, which suggested that our markets were out of touch with markets of other commercial nations. As for the world's gold output, it is sometimes answered that where the annual increase was $30,000,000 or $50,000,000 in such years as 1897 and 1898, and $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 in 1904 and 1905, it ranged around $12,000,000 in 1907 and 1909, and that there has apparently been no further increase whatever thus far in 1910.

Probably the final answer on the other side will be that at any rate gold production has not decreased, and that the strain which lately existed on reserves and credit has been relieved through Stock Exchange liquidation, leaving commodities, as in 1903, to fall back a trifle and then resume their upward movement. These are a few of the opposing considerations which Mr. Rockefeller, had he really said what was reported, would doubtless have set forth to the woman about to build a house.

In one shape or another, the question at issue in that imagined colloquy underlies a very great deal of current financial plans. Whatever may be the controlling cause for the recent continuous rise in prices—whether increased gold output, or extravagance in consumption of commodities, or reduced productivity in natural resources—it is safe to hazard the guess that the average business man would be glad to have the process arrested, long enough at any rate for him to get his bearings. The railways, whose conditions are typical as a rule of conditions prevalent in other industries, stand confessedly in a curious position. It is not alone that while gross receipts are increasing rapidly, working expenses and maintenance of plant are increasing just now in a still more rapid ratio. The question of new capital is even more perplexing. For their larger improvements, railways may raise money in any one of four different ways—by selling new stock, by selling new bonds, by selling notes with one to three years to run, or by borrowing from banks, on collateral of Treasury securities, capital which they expect to repay from the proceeds of future sales of stocks or bonds.

Now, the present position is this: new stocks are hard to sell, because prices on the Stock Exchange, after a period of wild inflation, have had a demoralizing collapse, and new bonds can find a market only on unfavorable terms, because such demands on investment capital have been exceptionally large at the very moment when high average living expenses are curtailing the average investor's savings. As for the "short-time notes," they have achieved much popularity in recent years, because they committed neither lender nor borrower for too long a time when future conditions were difficult to foresee, and because, therefore, a higher interest rate could be allowed than a railway cared to pledge on a long-term bond. But the popularity of this borrowing expedient has not blinded the parties in interest to its dangers. It was the short-term notes which brought the railways to grief in 1873 and 1893, and it was only their good fortune in 1907 that so little of such paper happened to mature in the actual period of panic, when it might not have been possible to redeem or renew it.

Supposing that within the next few years, a general and far-reaching readjustment of the present high prices of commodities were to occur, how would these aspects of the situation be affected? Railways, in common with other corporations, would have less to pay for materials and perhaps for wages. But this would leave another question open—whether the traffic of the railways, with the producers and manufacturers of such materials, would not also be impaired through contraction in the profits of those producers. Such readjustment would infallibly create much hardship. Those who would benefit most by it would be the class which has chiefly suffered by the rise in prices—people with stationary salaries or fixed incomes—whereas those who, like the owners of land or producers of raw materials, have reaped the larger benefit from the recent spectacular rise, would doubtless be the conspicuous sufferers from the fall.

It cannot be said, however, that the signs are pointing to any such thoroughgoing readjustment. What still seems to be the order of the day is an alternation of forward movements leading to sudden overstrain on capital, with resultant liquidation, and backward movements, checked in the end by re-assertion of healthy demand on markets where supplies have increased but little. Mr. Carnegie some years ago put the matter in another way, by saying that under existing conditions both "booms" and "reactions" would be more frequent and more violent, but with reactions less destructive than in the older normal days.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainsworth, P. C. The Heart of Happiness. Revell.
Armstrong, H. H. Autobiographic Elements in Latin Inscriptions. Macmillan.
Brainerd, N. Winning the Eagle Prize. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Bishop, E. M. Daily Ways to Health. Huebsch. $1.50 net..
Browne, G. W. Ruel Durkee, Master of Men. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Brooks, A. Dorothy Dainty's Winter. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.
Carling, J. R. The Doomed City. Edward J. Clode.
Church, J. W. Deep in Piney Woods. Crowell. $1.20 net.
Cobb, E. L. Optic Views and Impressions of the National Soldiers' Home. South Branch, N. H., D. V. S., near Hampton, Va.: The author.
Connor, R. D. W. Canova's Statue of Washington. Raleigh: North Carolina Historical Com.
Davidson, J. The Man Forbid and Other Essays. Boston: Ball Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Dixon, R. B. The Chimariko Indians and Language. Berkeley: University of Cal.
Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Vols. vii and viii, Labor Movement 1840-1860. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.
Dorset, G. A Successful Wife. Harper. $1.50.
Eggleston, G. C. Westover of Wanalah. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Eltringham, H. African Mimetic Butterflies. Frowde.
Emmet, A. C. Psyche Sleeps and Other Poems. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Farrar, F. A. Old Greek Nature Stories. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Fillmore, P. H. The Hickory Limb. Lane Co. $50 cents net.
Frank, H. The Tragedy of Hamlet: a Psychological Study. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.
Gask, L. Folk Tales from Many Lands. Retold. Crowell. $1.50.
Graham, H. The Bolster Book. Duffield.
Gray, J. M. Progress in the Life to Come. Revell.
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Howard, W. L. Start Your Child Right. Revell Co.
Hutton, J. A. The Authority and Person of Our Lord. Revell.
Jenks, T. When America Became a Nation. Crowell. $1.25.
Johnson, B. Rhymes of Home. Crowell. $1 net.
Jones, H. L. The Poetic Plural of Greek Tragedy in the Light of Homeric Usage. Cornell Univ.
Kellerman, I. A Complete Grammar of Esperanto. Heath. $1.25.
Long, H. C., and Percival, J. Common Weeds of the Farm and Garden. Stokes. $2 net.
Madeley, D. F. The Heroic Life and Exploits of Siegfried. Crowell. $1.50.
Maxim, H. The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.50 net.
McPherson, L. G. Transportation in Europe. Holt. $1.50 net.
Miller, J. R. The Master's Friendship. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Morgan, G. C. The Analyzed Bible: the Prophecy of Isaiah. Vols. I and II. Revell. $1 net, each.
Munn, C. C. The Castle Builders. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Myers, G. Beyond the Borderline of Life. Boston: Ball Pub. Co. $1 net.
National Association for the Study and Education of Exceptional Children. Proceedings of the Tenth Anniversary of the Groszmann School. Plainfield, N. J. $1.50.
Odell, F. I. Larry Burke, Freshman. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Olcott, C. S. George Eliot, Scenes and People in Her Novels. Crowell. $2 net.
Old-lore Miscellany of Orkney, Shetland, Caithness and Sutherland. Vol. iii, Part iii. London: Viking Club.
Orczy, Baroness. Petticoat Rule. Doran Co. $1.20 net.
Otis, J. The Wireless Station at Silver Fox Farm. Crowell. $1.50.
Pendleton, F. Tim and Roy in Camp. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Photographic Annual, 1910-11. Sixth ed. Tennant & Ward.
Rhodes, E. M. Good Men and True. Holt.
Rhoades, N. The Other Sylvia. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.
Roosevelt, T. African Game Trails. Scribner. $4 net.
Russell, G. W. E. Sketches and Snapshots (England). Duffield.
Sabin, E. L. Range and Trail. Crowell. $1.50.
Sanders, H. A. The Washington Manuscript of Deuteronomy and Joshua (Part 1, The Old Testament Manuscripts in the Freer Collection). Macmillan.
Sparhawk, F. C. Dorothy Brooke's Vacation. Crowell. $1.50.
Stewart, M. A. A Study in Latin Abstract Substantives. Macmillan.
Stilwell, A. E. Confidence or National Suicide. Bankers Pub. Co.
Stimson, H. A. Behind the World and Beyond. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Strong, J. My Religion in Everyday Life. Baker & Taylor. 50 cents.
Sullivan, M. K. The Trail of a Sourdough. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1.50.
Tearle, C. Rambles with an American. Duffield.
Thomson, J. A. Darwinism and Human Life: The South African Lectures for 1909. Holt.
Thoreau, H. D. Walden. Illustrated. Crowell. $2 net.
Twain, M. Travels in History. Selected by C. N. Kendall for home and school reading. Harper. 50 cents.
Walsh, W. T. The Mirage of the Many. Holt. $1.50.
Wagner's Siegfried. Translated in Poetic Narrative Form by O. Huckel. Crowell. 75 cents net.
Wilson, G. G. Handbook of International Law. St. Paul, Minn.: West Pub. Co. $3.75.
Young, F. E. M. Atonement. Lane Co. $1.50.
Ziv, R. L. The Tree of Modern Life. New York: The author.

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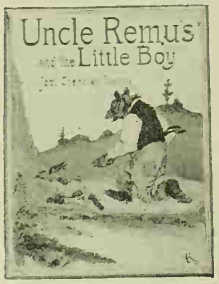

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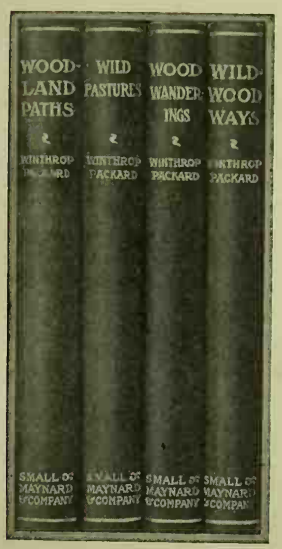

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft is fortunate in having been abie to make up his commission on Federai regulation of raiiway securities in a way to inspire public confidence. In addition to President Hadiey, who will be chairman, Mr. Taft has appointed two iawyers of high standing, one business man, and a professor of economics who has made a specialty of railway studies, having been chairman of the Wisconsin Raiiway Commission, and employed by the Census Bureau and the Interstate Commerce Commission as an expert on railway valuations. At the hands of so capable a commission, the country may be assured that the whole question will be thoroughly and impartialiy investigated; so that any report or recommendations that may be iaid before Congress will have uncommon weight.

In the rapid conversion of Mr. Rooseveit to beliefs which he used to denounce, nothing is more astonishing than his coming over to the idea that the tariff is a moral issue. In his Saturday's address at Sioux Falls he spoke with vehemence of "the scramble of seifish interests" which goes to the making of a protective tariff—the Dingley law as well as the Payne-Aldrich bill—and said that when "we get a crooked deai" in the tariff, as he admitted that the people had, "then it becomes very emphaticaiiy a moral issue." But this is what Roosevelt when candidate and Roosevelt when President couid never be got to concede. The tariff then was a mere fiscal measure, with a iot of wearisome details, in which he could not be induced to take any interest because it was not a moral question. During all the seven years of his Presidency he never once lifted a finger to remove the burdens and scandais of the then tariff in which, as he now confesses, the "general interest of the pubiic" was "subordinated" to "the profit of the speciai interests." In the light of this experience, it is clear that, in Mr. Roosevelt's case, we need a new definition of what is "moral." A thing is evidently moral when votes and popularity can be won by advocating it, but is abysmaliy immoral if a man like Cannon goes to the White House and telis the President that he will hurt himself and his party by taking it up.

With two months now completed in the Government's new fiscal year, it is possible to get a clearer idea as to how the Payne-Aldrich tariff, a year after its enactment, is operating to raise the pubiic revenue to a ievei with public expenditure. During the past two months, the reguiar expenditures (exciuding outlay on the Panama Canal) have run $14,197,000 beyond the revenue. This deficit is less formidabie than in the same two months a year ago, when the excess of expenditure was $21,520,000. But examination of the separate items shows that the tariff scheduies were in no degree responsible for the better showing. Nearly ali of the $7,341,000 reduction in the two months' deficit is accounted for by the $6,197,000 collected in the period from the new corporation tax, which did not figure in last year's finances, and which will figure very little in the finances of the next few months. The customs revenue for Juiy and August was, in fact, $4,322,000 less than a year ago, and but for the fact that $4,500,000 postal deficiency was charged against those two months iast year, whereas none at all was charged this year, the comparison of deficits would be stiii less favorabie to 1910.

If the point is made that the tariff bill did not go into effect untii August, 1909, and that, therefore, comparisons for the two months are unfair, it is to be observed that the public deficit for August alone is $4,585,000, against $8,419,000 in August, 1909, and that but for a $3,300,000 increase in the internal revenue, the result would have been very close to what it was last year. The gist of the matter is that the tariff law of 1909 is proving itself another of those hit-or-miss exploits in revenue legislation with which the tinkering of protectionist statesmen in the past has made the country unhappily familiar. This, it is neediess to say, is the quite inevitable working of legislation framed primarily, not with the purpose of making both ends meet in the public finances, but with a view to shutting out as much foreign merchandise as the legislators dared to exciude. It is one of the incidental curses of the protective theory in tax iegislation that it virtually prevents even the most enlightened statesman from constructing public revenue laws on a sound fiscal basis.

Quarrels in the Republican happy family of New Jersey are thickening daiiy. Ex-Gov. Stokes, who is himself a candidate for United States Senator, has just made a bitter attack upon Senator Kean. It was not placed upon the highest ground conceivabie, for it was largely an arraignment of Senator Kean for not recognizing the honor that ought to exist among—politicians. Mr. Stokes comes from Cumberland County, and thinks that he is entitied to its delegates and its candidates for the Legislature as a matter of "courtesy." But to his horror he has discovered that there is a "Kean legislative ticket" in his own sacred preserve of Cumberland County. He asks plaintively what would be thought of a "Stokes legislative ticket" in Union County, Senator Kean's home. But in this falling out of New Jersey Republicans much useful truth is in the way of being told. Mr. Stokes, for exampie, had some pointed things to say of the way in which the Kean machine has been run by Federal office-holders and money. It is a "veritable Sibley campaign," alieges ex-Gov. Stokes, which John Kean is planning in New Jersey. Such charges, with the facts behind them, will not exactly hinder the election of Woodrow Wiison as Governor of New Jersey.

Insurgency in Minnesota has not such opportunities for display as in Wisconsin, but the announcement of the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee that Senator Clapp's seat is in no danger is indication enough of the strength of the Progressives in that State. A number of the Democratic candidates for the Legislature, hoping to win insurgent support, have pledged themselves to vote for Senator Ciapp. The Minnesota primary law does not cover the Senatorship, and election must wait upon the Legislature's vote; no formidable opponent, however, has

yet appeared. Frank B. Kellogg, the special attorney for the Government in the prosecution of Trust cases, is looked upon as a possible candidate, but it is regarded as unlikely that he will abandon his legal task now, as the cases must be re-argued. In the Congressional districts the candidates having the hardest time are those who have some taint of Cannonism. Representative Nye, who voted with Cannon in the fight on the rules, holds a shaky title to his seat in the Fifth District, and even Tawney finds his high-tariff associations embarrassing, although it is generally conceded that he will win in the primaries on September 20. All other districts are confidently expected to return Democratic or insurgent Congressmen.

The Kansas Republican platform adopted a week ago puts the party in that State squarely under "the Roosevelt banner," and passes over Mr. Taft with a brief appreciation of his success in obtaining legislation from Congress. But it emphatically dissents from the President when it comes to the question whether the Payne-Aldrich tariff really fulfilled the party's platform pledge of adequate tariff revision. The Kansas branch of his party is so dissatisfied that it, too, asks for immediate revision schedule by schedule—upon facts to be "scientifically" ascertained—a position which, we venture to assert, the Kansas Republicans will some day take the lead in leaving far in the rear. For nearly every schedule as it is examined will be found to enrich somebody at government expense or to be rotten with ill-concealed grafting.

Enormous election funds and "jackpots" were not the only sources of income for the thrifty Illinois legislator. There seems to be a general belief that the railway pass is an extinct institution. Yet on June 1, 1909, Representative Lee O'Neil Browne, now on trial for bribery, inserted the following afterthought in a letter addressed to Representative Charles A. White:

> P. S.—Have you sent for your transportation as yet?
>
> C. & A.: Write to president Chicago and Alton Railroad, Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.
>
> Illinois Central: Write to John G. Drennan, general counsel, Park Row, Chicago, Ill.
>
> Wabash Railroad Company: Write to Col. Wells H. Blodgett, general counsel, St. Louis, Mo.
>
> Pullman passes: Write to Hon. John S. Runnells, general counsel P. P. C. Co., Pullman Building, Chicago, Ill., for half a dozen sets Pullman passes and return, good sixty days.
>
> More later, as soon as lists are made out.

The Chicago *Tribune* records the fact that when the district attorney's office applied to the office of the Pullman Company for certain corroborative evidence, an official of the company declared:

> We will do nothing to injure Representative Lee O'Neil Browne. In this attitude I am doing as I have been directed.

How could a great corporation expect to do business if it did not stand by its friends?

It is to be hoped that the measure now before the Texas Legislature, providing for the abolition of the convict-leasing system and for other penal reforms, will not be put off for insufficient reasons. Members of the Senate, it is reported, are in favor of postponing the reform until the next regular session, so that the credit may fall to the account of Gov.-elect Colquitt's administration; and several leading journals are urging that the short time left to the present Legislature, now in its fourth extra session, is not enough for the drafting of a satisfactory bill. Gov. Campbell's friends, on the other hand, are anxious to push the matter. Remembering the abuses which the recent inquiry in the State disclosed, and also the intolerable conditions found in Georgia two years ago, the legislators should make haste to put an end to the leasing system and provide funds for purchase of the necessary State farms and for prisons. The experience of several States, which has shown that such farms can be made self-sustaining, answers the argument on the score of expense.

We have received a prospectus of the "Texas Purchase Movement," from which it appears that some colored people are going to see if they can carry out the suggestion of William Archer and many Southern writers on the negro problem by taking for themselves one State in the Union. The plan is simply to induce the Federal Government to purchase Texas from the people of Texas, "with all that it has and contains; with its entire outfit, including stock and crops; and to sell it to us, and give us one hundred years to repay the Government." The 800,000 colored people now in Texas will, of course, not have to be bought out, and when every negro in the United States has moved in, there is to be set up an independent republic whose sovereignty and independence are to be guaranteed by the United States. The projectors of this plan call it a "plain business proposition"; their reasons for it are pathetic:

> We are ready and anxious to go, many of us, because we receive very little encouragement to grow up our boys and girls into the best types of manhood and womanhood, for many of the laws are against our progress and development; and those that are for our special benefit are seldom enforced for our protection, and, indeed, we are coolly told we are the nation's burden.

Now, we sincerely hope that this plan to purchase Texas, or any other State, for the purpose of segregating the colored people will be pushed forward until its utter folly is clearly demonstrated. Imagine the howls of anger that will arise in Texas when it is learned that impudent negroes desire to buy out all the whites of the State. The mere suggestion is preposterous. Again, if all the negroes in the rest of the South should leave it for Texas, industry and agriculture would be prostrate. As there are already laws in most of the Southern States forbidding the enticing away of negroes in lots of fifty or more, it is easy to see what would happen if all the servants in Atlanta suddenly moved off to Arkansas. Finally, how could the negroes be kept in a segregated State? If some ambitious negroes wanted to leave to live in Michigan, could they be compelled by bayonets to remain within the confines of their State, by a sort of Chinese exclusion act?

Just two years' increase, added to the population of 4,766,883, which the official census gives New York, will bring the city to the coveted five-million mark. If normally sustained growth on a high plane of vigor is any indication of a city's physical and moral well-being, Mr. Gaynor's anger against New York's traducers is well justified. A great metropolis can make no spurts. Even a gradual slackening of its proportional growth is regarded as natural. No such

situation exists with respect to New York, which grew by 38.7 per cent. during the last decade, as against 37.1 per cent. from 1890 to 1900. Of the five boroughs, Brooklyn, Bronx, and Queens have shown the expected tremendous growth. Manhattan, though it has added 481,449 to its population since 1900, nevertheless registers a fall from a 28 per cent. increase in 1890-1900 to a 26 per cent. increase in 1900-10. This is natural. Cumulative expansion in Manhattan should long ago have ceased. With regard to the Borough of Richmond the case is different. Richmond shows an increase of 28.3 per cent. for the last ten years, as compared with 29.7 in the preceding decade. This, for a thinly populated borough, is a poor showing; it is a rate of growth only four-fifths of the general rate for the city. The answer, of course, is transit. Even the swiftest of municipal ferry-boats are neither tunnels nor bridges.

The census reports of the population of the Michigan counties and of those cities of that State which have over 25,000 inhabitants each, show how rapidly the Middle West is changing from the almost purely rural community it was a few decades ago to what will soon be a predominantly urban section. Incidentally, they explain why many food supplies not materially affected by the tariff or the Trusts have so much advanced in price. In Michigan there are nine cities having a population of upwards of 25,000. All of these are in the Southern Peninsula and lie south of the forty-fourth parallel of latitude. Forty-seven counties of the State are in whole or in part on this side the same line. The population of these counties outside of the nine cities and that of those cities in 1900 and in 1910 compare as follows:

	Cities.	Counties.
1910	839,929	1,388,085
1900	540,977	1,390,431
Increase	298,952	
Decrease		2,346

When the census tells us the population of the State by minor civil divisions, it will doubtless appear that the smaller cities and the manufacturing villages have grown in the decade and that the decrease in the number of inhabitants of the rural districts has been even greater than is above indicated.

Acknowledgment of the capacity of women for work of the first order in scientific research is not yet so complete as to deprive the announcement made by Mme. Curie to the Academy of Sciences last Monday of a high degree of interest from this point of view, as well as from that of science itself. The discovery of radium, made by her jointly with her husband, became one of the landmarks in the history of chemistry and physics, and has in the years that have since passed been the source of a vast amount of experimentation and inquiry in every centre of scientific work throughout the world; and it is, therefore, peculiarly interesting that it has been reserved for Mme. Curie herself to accomplish the task of obtaining the pure element isolated, radium having hitherto been secured only in chemical combination with other substances.

Graduated inheritance taxes have shown an upward tendency, so far as large fortunes are concerned, in nearly all the many countries which have imposed them. In France and Italy duties payable by inheritors in the direct line, or by widows, are lower than those in Great Britain, ranging up to 5 per cent.; but duties payable by brothers and sisters and other relatives are higher. In Germany, where wives and children are exempt, an inheritance of a million marks is taxed at two and a half times the rate charged on 20,000 marks. In Australasia, the duties average 10 per cent. on estates of and above half a million dollars in Tasmania and New South Wales, and as low as a hundred thousand dollars in Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand. In Great Britain the duties on the minor millionaire estates have increased from 7 to 8 per cent. in recent years, but from 8 to as high as 15 per cent. on "swollen" fortunes. In 1908 an estate of £3,448,692 paid the large duty of £469,003, being 10 per cent. on the first million and a super tax of 15 per cent. on the balance. In that year nearly £20,000,000 was received in duty on estates assessed at over £280,000,000. More than 150 estates of a million dollars or above were transferred by death in the twelvemonth. In the case of the average rich heir the death duties have meant the loss of the estate's income for a year or a year and a half.

American affairs were to the front on the first day's programme of the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen. The old feud between the two Socialist parties in this country was fought out again. The result would seem to indicate that one of the two parties is bound to disappear from the field in the near future. This is the Socialist Labor Party of which Daniel De Leon is the leader and the only well-known member. The Socialist Labor Party is the parent of the present Socialist Party, but is now reduced to a mere handful which seeks to make up for its lack of influence by intensity of revolutionary fervor. In 1908 it polled 14,000 votes for President, as against 420,000 votes cast for the Socialist Party. Its decline was arrested for a time by the vigorous trade-union movement that went by the name of Industrial Workers of the World, fathered by De Leon. To-day the I. W. W. is decrepit and its most powerful support, the Western Federation of Miners, has applied for affiliation with Mr. Gompers's conservative American Federation of Labor. Something of its former prestige remained to De Leon's party abroad. But at Copenhagen, only one out of the fourteen American delegates was awarded to it.

There are absolutists and absolutists. In the Königsberg speech of the Emperor William, which aroused so much comment, he said: "Considering myself as an instrument of the Lord, without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way." But it is easy to imagine a ruler, or a would-be ruler, giving the most anxious heed to the views and opinions of the day, yet in his heart scheming to secure himself in a sway as absolute as any that the Kaisers have ever been accused of desiring. Napoleon III boasted that he was a "plebiscitary" Emperor. He had not only consulted the wishes, but had asked the votes, of the French people, and felt his power more secure than dynastic right alone could make it. Indeed, the absolute monarch—or President—or expectant President—who can rest his claims to be independent of the Constitution or Congress or the laws upon the fact that the people have fondly confided to him all the power that he exercises, has a far easier time of it than the ruler by right divine.

THE PRESIDENT ON CONSERVATION.

Mr. Taft's Labor Day address before the National Conservation Congress was as admirable in tone and spirit as it was comprehensive and thoroughgoing in scope. His acknowledgment of the great value of Mr. Roosevelt's work in this field was precisely such as a man of sincerity would feel called upon to make, and erred neither by excess nor by defect. And at the same time that it did justice to these services, it incidentally disposed of the position that the enemies of the conservation policy have been more and more assuming—the position, namely, that there had been no need of the whole agitation. "The danger to the state and to the people at large from the waste and dissipation of our national wealth" in the shape of natural resources has not only been a real and great danger, says President Taft, but one that has "always been present" to the minds of "scientific men and thoughtful observers"; but this condition of things might have gone on indefinitely had not some powerful agency made of it an urgent public question:

> Theodore Roosevelt took up this task in the last two years of his second Administration, and well did he perform it. As a President of the United States I have, as it were, inherited this policy, and I rejoice in my heritage.

But a general expression of adhesion to the principles of a sound national policy of conservation would in itself be of little significance in the face of the formidable opposition to which that policy is constantly exposed; and it is specially gratifying, therefore, that in several of the leading points at issue Mr. Taft emphatically takes ground against the position of those who favor the old and easy-going ways. This is preëminently the case in the matter of the leasing of coal lands. He disposes effectively of the plea that a leasing system would not be practicable because it has never been in use in this country; and this in two ways. In the first place, he points out that the assertion itself is not true, since coal lands in this country are in many instances worked under a system either of fixed rentals or of royalties, the owners not investing any of their own money in the plant; and, secondly, he refers to the report made at the instance of President Roosevelt upon the disposition of coal lands in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, which shows that a government leasing system is entirely practicable. Mr. Taft plants himself squarely on the ground that the true policy is for the nation to retain control of these and other mineral resources; and, while admitting that the task of devising a proper leasing system will be attended with difficulties, he insists that it can and should be accomplished.

On two of the questions that have been most subject to controversy, Mr. Taft contents himself with pointing out the nature of the issues involved, the present state of the law and of the facts, and the urgent necessity of intelligent action by Congress. We refer to the Alaska coal lands and the water-power sites. In the case of Alaska, the President preserves an absolutely judicial tone as regards the Cunningham and similar claims, and he makes no reference, either expressly or by implication, to the Pinchot-Ballinger affair. It is admitted on all hands that the law as it stands is utterly unsuited to the Alaskan situation, and the President is right in declaring that the problem of the disposition of the lands is one that could be settled by wise legislation in one session of Congress. As for the water-power sites, Mr. Taft sets forth the complexity of the situation as between State and Federal control, with some indication of how it might be dealt with; and it is important to note that he distinctly recognizes the danger of monopoly, and asserts the duty of the Federal Government to make such use of its possession of the water-power sites as shall insure the people against this danger.

Coming in immediate succession to Mr. Roosevelt's sensational speeches in the West, the careful and firm handling of this large subject by Mr. Taft cannot fail to suggest a striking and refreshing contrast. And in addition to its whole tone and temper, there are two utterances in Mr. Taft's address that stand out in express opposition to the Rooseveltian methods. "In these days," says the President, "there is a disposition to look too much to the Federal Government for everything. I am liberal in the construction of the Constitution with reference to Federal power, but I am firmly convinced that the only safe course for us to pursue is to hold fast to the limitations of the Constitution and to regard as sacred the powers of the States." And in the closing part of his address he declares that "the time has come for a halt in general rhapsodies over conservation, making the word mean every known good in the world." Emotional agitation is Mr. Roosevelt's *forte*, and impatience of every general law or principle that stands in the way of his immediate object is his most persistent characteristic. We are confident that Mr. Taft's appeal to the sober sense and the rational conservatism of Americans will meet with a hearty response from his countrymen.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S NEW PLATFORM.

We wish to be entirely fair to Mr. Roosevelt's speech in Kansas, and are ready to believe that it represents his sincere aspirations. To call it radical is doubtless only what he himself would call it; in one of his European addresses he said that he wanted to be known as a thorough radical. And if there are some things that are startling in this latest utterance of his, there are also some things that are gratifying. Mr. Roosevelt makes it plain that he has come to a much clearer view of the danger of "special interests" in legislation, especially in tariff legislation, than he used to have. What he had to say on this head has great force; and in any fight he may make for the rooting out of the mercenary and baneful influences that have stuffed our tariffs with graft, he deserves and will receive the support of all who have had their eyes opened to that corrosive evil.

One criticism that will generally be made of Mr. Roosevelt's careful speech on Wednesday of last week relates to its form. He put forth his views with the tone of the chief of a great party, and as a summons to a great political struggle, yet he never once mentioned the party to which he is supposed to belong and which has given him its highest honors, nor referred in the remotest way to the President to whom he sent a telegram last year pledging "loyalty." What are we to make of this? Are we to infer that Mr. Roosevelt proposes to found and head a new party, made up of elements from both the old ones? Is this speech to be taken as a bold bid for the Presidency in 1912? We do not know, and we do not imagine that Mr. Roosevelt himself

yet knows. Before he started West he declared that his speeches would represent his own views, and as such he perhaps announces them merely to see what the effect will be.

The first effect will undoubtedly be to convince people that Mr. Roosevelt is now ready to go much further than ever before in the way of government control of business. In fact, his Kansas speech outstrips not only the most extreme utterance that he himself ever made previously, but that of any of the most radical men in public life in our time. It makes progressives like Cummins and La Follette look like moss-backed reactionaries, and Bryan himself appear pre-Adamite. For not only does Mr. Roosevelt favor having the government regulate the railways in every detail and with the utmost rigor, but would have it regulate Trusts dealing in the necessaries of life, such as meat and coal and oil, and also fix the "terms and conditions of labor"—that is, as he makes plain, the wages to be received and the hours to be worked.

Now, on the practical side of these staggering proposals for a vast series of new statutes, it is to be said that if they constitute an appeal for another term in the Presidency for Mr. Roosevelt, they appeal also for four or five terms, for not in twenty years could Congress work out in actual enactment all the laws which would be necessary to carry out Mr. Roosevelt's ideas. It is really the vice of such a presentation as his that it breathes benevolent desires, and sketches out vague plans of betterment, without even indicating where the Constitutional power can be found to warrant them, or how statutes could be drawn to execute them. All those things we presume that Mr. Roosevelt would dismiss as "mere details," which any clerk or secretary could attend to; but many an ambitious project of legislation has broken down hopelessly over mere details, and many another one will. In any event, the time which will necessarily have to be spent in debate and deliberation will be so great as to remove any fear that we shall either have a revolution or enter into a millennium overnight. So if any of our readers are frightened by Mr. Roosevelt's radical programme, we advise them to take courage. None of these things is imminent. We shall doubtless hear a great deal about them and they may result soon in party upheaval; but from that to actual realization is a long way.

To our mind, the worst effect of Mr. Roosevelt's speech will be its rousing of unfounded hopes in the breasts of thousands of the credulous and ignorant. They will read his words and will say, in a spirit of confiding trust from which the inevitable awakening will be cruel: "At last, here is the man to right all our wrongs. He will see to it that we get high wages and short hours; that the prices of the necessaries of life be cut down; that the rich man shall be abased and the poor man exalted; that dishonesty shall be entirely banished from our public life." It is pathetic to think of such expectations being formed only to be thrown to the earth and to make the subsequent discontent and bitterness all the greater. It is a fearful burden which any man binds upon his shoulders who allows the millions of strugglers who often despair to believe that in him and his measures they have a sure remedy for their woes. For a politician to do this inadvertently is a great misfortune; for him to do it deliberately is an outright wickedness.

UNDER THE POLITICAL SURFACE.

An experienced and sagacious political observer writes in a private letter:

> Never, within my recollection—which, I am sorry to say, now stretches over sixty years—has politics been so empty as now of either characters or consequence; while never, in all that time, has the underlying movement been so considerable, so portentous, or, also, so manifest. The trouble is that the movement now in process—the unprecedentedly rapid accumulation of vast wealth, very unevenly distributed—is beyond the reach of legislation; and so the actors on the political stage of the day have to content themselves with enunciating "progressive policies" and going through the subsequent motions.

This is a view of politics which has often been held by those whose minds are in the habit of going below the surface, and in it there is indisputably much truth. Economic and social forces are by nature more powerful than the play of political energy. Politicians vaguely feel the deep causes at work and seek to adjust their activities so as to take advantage of them; but oftener than not they appear like children trying to harness a volcano in eruption. Some great change supervenes, vitally affecting the pockets and so the emotions of large classes of citizens, and bursts through all the plans and manœuvring of the men in charge of public affairs, making them look like mere straws at the sport of the gale. It was not argument or a political party that brought about the repeal of the corn laws in England; it was the potato blight in Ireland. And, to take an example from our own country, what makes American protectionists tremble in their shoes to-day is, not the force of reason and of morality arrayed against them, as it long has been, but the sudden rise in the cost of living and the angry discontent which it has caused in millions of citizens.

Our correspondent is undoubtedly right in thinking that the present extraordinary confusion in our political situation is due to causes which scarcely swim into the ken of the ordinary politicians. They know that something is astir, but what it is and how to deal with it they are ignorant. Sentiments have been created which are too strong for party. When party lines are crumpled and cut through as we see them to-day, the inference is irresistible that parties have got out of relation to the deep underlying dissatisfactions and cravings of the mass of the people. Speeches are made and resolutions adopted and programmes marked out in the hope of getting things back where they were before, but all is of little avail. Herbert Spencer said at Biarritz, pointing to the incessant beat of the waves, that the great social forces sweep in upon us, making the individual politician look like a pigmy —"what is to be will be, and no man's arm can stay it." Meanwhile, the men with nostrums and "policies" cut rather a comic figure as they are knocked about by the huge rollers, though they pretend to be riding the whirlwind and directing the storm.

Such times of upheaval as we are now passing through furnish a useful test of the stuff which is in public men. Their behavior in the presence of movements that are not only breaking up parties but threatening to sweep away ancient landmarks, enables us to decide whether they are really statesmen or mere time-servers. Some one has compared a party leader, even when he appears most powerful, to a man in a boat at the mouth of one of the great tidal rivers of Australia, waiting

for a favoring wave to carry him over the bar, and then, when once safely across it, accepting the plaudits of the multitude acclaiming his skill and strength as an oarsman. That is, of course, the very model of the opportunist politician, taking occasion by the hand; and in ordinary times neither he nor his success is to be despised. But when a nation is torn and distracted, not knowing which way to turn, and in danger of rushing down a steep place into the sea, opportunism is as futile as trying to put out a conflagration with rose-water. The qualities of true leadership are then demanded, and will come out if they exist.

One thing which the true political leader will do in a period of seething discontent and threatened disturbance is to draw a clear line between public ills that are remediable by legislation and those that are not. The quack doctors of politics, ready to fool the people to the top of their bent, have a law to propose for every political trouble; they draw out their successive legislative patent-medicines with all the skill and less than the conscience of the street-corner vender. But the honest practitioner will tell the truth about the ills to which mortals have always been subject, and always will be so long as they live in communities, and will advise the necessary endurance of those, with as much patience as may be, while the attention is given to what need not be endured because it can be cured.

As for actual remedies and the true course to follow, the wisest and bravest leaders must often confess themselves at a loss. In proportion to their wisdom and patriotism will they feel that the forces which circumstances beyond their control have let loose are too mighty for any political contrivance. They will be cautious and modest; will make no big promises; will try experiments rather than announce successful demonstrations with a flourish; and will feel their way to gains by painful inches. Only of one thing will they be supremely confident, and that is that trimmers and demagogues and charlatans and hypocrites must be shown for what they are and fought to the death.

JOHN BROWN AND KANSAS.

The celebration in Osawatomie of the opening of the John Brown battlefield as a State park is but one of many illustrations of the tenacity with which Kansas clings to the memories of its *Sturm und Drang* period. Its pioneers are truly of gigantic frame; their deeds of Homeric grandeur. Wherever there resides one who can say that he stood at Lawrence with John Brown, or heard Gen. Reid's shots at Osawatomie, or marched with Gen. Lane on some of his wild dashes across the prairies, there is a man who is admired and respected of his neighbors. To be a Son or Daughter of the Revolution or a member of the Cincinnati is as nothing compared to the fortune of having been a Free State fighter. Even among the oldest settlers there are marked distinctions and class divisions. Thus, to have arrived in Kansas in 1855 is to be assured of a place close to the immortals. The human crop of 1856 stands next in order of merit—but 1855 and 1856 look down upon 1857 and 1858 much as a *parvenu* with a million dollars despises him who has an income of but $10,000 a year. The bar sinister of having been an emigrant in later years is only really bearable if one can claim to have witnessed Quantrill's raid and seen Lawrence in blood and flames.

Then when it comes to the leaders, while Kansas presents an unbroken front to the rest of the world, behind its serried ranks a great battle goes on merrily and with no sign of abatement. To the casual observer there could be no greater heat, fifty years after an historic period, than appears in the discussions as to who was the actual saviour of Kansas. Like all Gaul, Kansas is divided into three parts: the Kansas of Senator James H. Lane, of John Brown, and of Gov. Charles Robinson. To the closest followers of Robinson, John Brown is merely a murderer, and Lane a man of words who plotted, vainly, diabolical things. The Brown and Lane partisans see in Robinson only a tricky, compromising diplomat, who perceived in negotiation merely the opportunity to lie and cheat. Lane's followers are still under the spell of his wonderful eloquence, of his brigadier-generals' commissions scattered far and wide, of his erratic but brilliant personality. Yet so great is the loyalty to Kansas in every true Kansan heart that all, or nearly all, of the factionists can unite around a statue to one or attend a ceremonial for another in perfect good humor—until the next opportunity to rush into print.

Similarly, everything relating to the Free State times becomes—and rightly—of precious moment, to be kept in one's parlor next to the pictures of the dear deceased, the family photograph album, and the last issues of the *Outlook* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. When a home is broken up in which are manuscripts or relics, an alert agent of the State Historical Society is sure to be on hand. How much richer would the country be to-day had there been similar reverence fifty years after the Revolution for survivals of that time of national stress! As it is, Mount Vernon, we are sure, is no more tenderly cherished than this Osawatomie battlefield and the near-by Adair cabin in which John Brown lay ill of typhoid fever in the summer of 1858. John Brown *did* things—that is one reason why he appeals so to Kansas.

The little skirmish at Osawatomie in which he with forty-odd men exchanged a few volleys with Gen. Reid's hundreds, can hardly rank as one of the world's great conflicts. Yet Kansas will not forget that as he was hurrying to the battle-ground he said to one of his men, Luke F. Parsons, who has just been addressing the crowd at Osawatomie: "Take more care to end life well than to live long"; and that this skirmish was one of the first determined efforts to meet Border Ruffian violence with violence. Remembering this, Kansas is apt to overlook the Pottawatomie murders committed by John Brown and his sons in the dead of night, and the fact that Reid's attack on Osawatomie was a direct outcome of those same murders. Reid sought to avenge them by driving Brown's men out like a "flock of quail," he afterwards said—for, a Mexican War veteran, he never would admit there was a battle at Osawatomie—and by burning the hamlet. The gloss of time has done its work, and John Brown's good deeds loom up bravely, and the others are forgotten. It is emphatically a case where the good that men have done is not interred with their bones. John Brown spent, all told, but twenty-two months in Kansas at varying intervals. He never took part in a single constructive action in the build-

ing up of Kansas as a State, save in so far as his fighting may be adjudged of constructive value. He came neither to settle nor to build up. Yet there, on the soil which, as he himself said, was "watered by his children's tears and blood," his memory is preserved as if he had been Kansas-born, Kansas-bred, and had perished for Kansas and not for the slave.

The secret of all this is, of course, a simple one. John Brown fought in Kansas with absolute unselfishness and for a noble cause. His readiness to die for others assures him his niche in the Kansas Hall of Fame. Beside this the details of his career are often forgotten. Whether this is for the best or not, no one will deny that gratitude towards the notable figures of a past generation cannot be too highly commended. The more Kansas clings to its unselfish patriots, the more likely is it to take an unselfish view of present-day political problems.

SOLID READING.

Dr. Eliot's failure to bring together a library ideally adapted to railway reading casts no essential discredit on his five-foot shelf. The incident has been seized upon, of course, as another instance of the degeneracy of modern literary taste. What it actually does prove is that people travel on trains now who did not travel fifty years ago. In the welter of discussion that surged about the five-foot shelf, the original purpose of that miniature collection was lost sight of. Dr. Eliot asserted that any man to whom the benefits of a cultural education had been denied in youth could secure the essence of a cultural education out of the fifty volumes on his five-foot shelf. Recall this special public that Dr. Eliot had in mind, and there is little occasion left for the huge merriment aroused by the inclusion of such palatable bits of reading as the "Journal of John Woolman" or Izaak Walton's Lives of the poets Donne and Herbert. Dr. Eliot was no fanatic of the old school which holds that all reading must be solid and edifying. But he did know that to the man whose hunger for books has never been satisfied, no book can be too heavy, whereas very many books might easily be too light. The long-denied appetite for the printed word might easily be disappointed if set to work on chocolate and mayonnaise, where precisely such a book as Woolman's or Walton's will answer to the reverent awe with which the unlettered man looks upon Books.

Too much of the criticism that is being directed against a debauched literary taste overlooks the enormous extension that has come over the functions of reading. The exercise of reading to-day does not mean what it meant five hundred years ago, nor even what it meant fifty years ago; and yet we insist on investing it with the dignity and importance which the exercise enjoyed in the past. Five hundred years ago, and to a proportionately less extent fifty years ago, books answered to a comparatively restricted measure of a man's needs. A man in those days had his religion, which he found in the Church; his artistic sensibilities, which he satisfied in the contemplation of architecture and sculpture and painting; his amusements, which he obtained in martial exercise or in travel, or in pageants, or in public festivals, or in gossip in the public square; and he had his books. To these he turned, in the familiar phrase, when he wanted to commune with the greatest thoughts and the greatest souls of the past. To-day the average man has no such variety of avocations. To satisfy our æsthetic demands, we read books on art. To satisfy the curiosity for new lands and new faces, we read books of travel. To satisfy the human desire for pageantry and festival, we read romantic novels. To satisfy the human desire for laughter, we read the comic journals. We no longer gossip in the public squares, but read newspapers. Our rural population does not dance on the village green or attend weekly market-fairs and engage in wrestling and single-stick exercise; our farmers nowadays stay at home and read.

It stands to reason, therefore, that a higher solemnity must have characterized the practice of reading when books meant high intellectual and moral communion, than can attach to reading to-day when books answer to the appetite for instruction, religion, art, recreation, physical exercise, gossip, horse-play, pageantry, laughter, and scandal. You will find college professors to-day who stave off mental fatigue by a deep plunge into literature of the Nick Carter and Deadwood Dick type. Yet the professor's labors over the latest German treatise on experimental psychology and his excursions into Nick Carter are described by the same word—reading. The tired business man of a hundred years ago found his recreation at the inn or at his guild meeting. To-day he goes to the theatre and reads novels, and the fare set up for his entertainment goes by the name of literature. The good name of literature suffers in the process; but it need not if one would only remember what a throng of vastly different appetites sit down to the same table. Art does not suffer because the same chisel and mallet that shape an exquisite bit of carving may be used to build an outhouse. It is merely accident that the same happy idea of Gutenberg's should have become the medium for holding Dr. Eliot spellbound and entertaining the shop-girl who chews gum and says "foist."

If modern life had kept something of the well-rounded existence that was the gift of an earlier age, cheap reading would now be less plentiful. We cannot help thinking in this connection of the man who has excited so much interest of late as the advocate and practitioner of the old-fashioned solid reading. Mr. Gaynor's fondness for Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Montaigne is not a sporadic appetite, but fits in admirably with his entire mode of life. When Mr. Gaynor reads, he reads solidly; when he wants recreation, he walks, attends to the hay on his farm, and looks after his horses and his pigs. A man so engaged is apt to find no time hanging heavy on his hands nor much inclination for what we call light reading.

OLD-FASHIONED REMARKS ON EDUCATIONAL TOPICS.

I.

"The chief trouble with education in this country," said a friend of mine the other day, "is that it is too much discussed by the uneducated." As this remark was made immediately after I had stated that I had rashly promised to write an article for the Educational Number of the *Nation*, I was not quite sure whether I ought to take it as an epigram or as an insult. It seemed, on reflection, wiser to take it as an epigram, and to use it as the text of my article, especially as choice of a text does not necessarily mean that one must stick to it.

For the benefit of the numerous people who in the past few years have

published books and papers upon the conditions obtaining in our educational institutions, particularly our colleges, I will hasten to say that my friend is an old-fashioned person, and that by his phrase, "the uneducated," he meant to designate all such unfortunate individuals as have never received, or else never adequately utilized, a training in the Greek and Latin classics. This statement will enable those who may take exception to his epigrammatic remark to take a measure of his intelligence. In order that they may not so readily take a measure of mine, I will abstain from saying whether I agree with him or not—a needless precaution, since I am in duty bound to add at once that I have read but little of the educational literature which called forth the very uncomplimentary generalization selected as my text. Instead of discussing and reading about education, I have been engaged for twenty-five years in the humbler task of teaching.

If this experience warrants my passing any judgment upon the general condition of education in America, such judgment must, on the whole, be distinctly favorable. During a quarter of a century, three-fifths of it spent in the South and two-fifths in the North, I have never yet been confronted by a class the major part of which did not seem ready and competent to take whatever instruction it was in my power to give. Furthermore, among the numerous colleagues I have had I can recall but few who, through their known incompetence or their dislike of their vocation, might be presumably unable or unwilling to make a statement fairly similar to the one I have just made. Finally, for ten years I have been teaching graduate students from all parts of the country, most of whom intend to be teachers, and I cannot but believe that the training these men and women have brought to the university represents, in the main, better work on the part of their previous teachers than was to be found a generation ago. I must believe also that these future teachers, whom my colleagues and I are endeavoring to prepare for their profession, will make possible a far greater advance in popular education in the next quarter of a century than the past twenty-five years have witnessed.

These optimistic remarks, however, to be entirely frank, are made in order that I may secure a more complacent hearing for certain strictures. What I have said amounts to a statement of my belief that we have a fairly good and promising system of democratic education for a democratic people. I have said nothing about the kind of education which may be denominated, in a broad sense, aristocratic, the education which makes for intensive culture of the individual and the class, which endeavors to choose from the vast range of studies those that presumably furnish the best mental and moral discipline and at the same time conduct the student into the highest regions of thought and emotion, which, finally, uses as a shibboleth the word "disinterested" rather than the words "useful" and "practical." This sort of education, which was more or less imperfectly given when I was a boy in the best private schools and in the colleges, seems not only to occupy a position of less relative importance—that was to be expected from the circumstances attending our rapid growth as a people—but to be less excellently administered, speaking absolutely, than was the case a generation or two ago. The culture of the modern college graduate may be better adapted to the world in which he has to live and move than it would have been if the conditions of aristocratic education in this country had remained constant, or had developed along conservative lines. The point is that, in my judgment, the culture of the body of college graduates is a different thing from what it used to be, and that no one has yet proved that it is a better thing.

II.

It will be perceived at once that I am getting back to my text. My friend's epigram was prompted by the conviction that harm has resulted to American education from neglect of the classics, not to say from positive hostility to them. And when I point out the difference I seem to perceive between the culture of the college graduate of to-day and that of the graduate of a generation or two ago, it is obvious that I am pointing to a phenomenon partly or chiefly caused by the relegation of the classics to a less important position in the curriculum, or if one chooses so to phrase it, by the rise of scientific and other modern studies to a place of equal or of superior importance. I shall not inquire how far the teachers of the classics are themselves responsible for their own comparative eclipse, or how far one can expect a new and mixed public to profit from an ancient and select discipline. What interests me now is the fact that there has been a change, that that change seems to have substituted a heterogeneous for a homogeneous culture, that it has been chiefly accomplished by persons whose shibboleth is the word "useful," and that, now that it seems to be accomplished, we find our schools, colleges, and universities subjected to a larger amount of adverse criticism than has been the case for many years.

Its typical product is what we call "the college boy" or "the college girl," a product which, as I have observed, may be well adapted to the age and country in which it has to live, which is certainly adapted for use in Gibson pictures and for newspaper exploitation. Whether it is adapted to play the part in cultivated society expected of the product of the old fashioned college, or whether, indeed, a cultivated society, as the term has been vaguely used, is expected to play any part in the democratic régime of the future, these are questions I do not feel competent to discuss. I am old-fashioned and middle-aged and merely a teacher. When I find among young people a lack of standards in matters intellectual, to say nothing of other matters equally important, it may be that I am only judging modern life by standards inculcated in me by my ancestors and by my teachers, who subjected me to a rigid discipline, based chiefly on the classics. That I should admire the modern American college is impossible; that I should censure it would be rash; that I may cherish the belief that it is passing through a transition stage and that it will see the need of creating for itself a new and true discipline out of its heterogeneous curriculum, may, I hope, be permitted me. May I be permitted also to inquire once more whether many of the critics of the modern college are not at bottom *laudatores temporis acti*, although they may little fancy that they are playing that part, whether they are not demanding of the college of to-day results produced by the old discipline without realizing that the present no-discipline—I mean, of course, in the main, lack of correlated mental and moral training—was more or less forced upon the college when, in answer to outside pressure, the academic authorities of the country began to modify its educational institutions in order to give a so-called useful education alongside of or in place of a disinterested culture?

I am not sufficiently well posted in matters of educational policy to be able to discuss the efforts making in certain of our larger institutions to render less amorphous the product—the mercantile phrase seems apt—they are yearly turning out. Some persons seem to be looking toward England for help in their time of trouble, a procedure to which I have an instinctive rather than a reasoned-out aversion. No other people has our social structure, or, presumably, our educational needs, and I expect little relief until we have analyzed thoroughly our own situation. Perhaps, too, I have a feeling of jealousy for my own profession. I do not want to see a class of men resembling the English Dons domesticated in our American universities. This statement may be prejudiced, but it is at least frank.

Other persons appear to place reliance on a stricter system of supervision, that is, on a more rigid discipline in the narrower sense of the word, and on a more detailed system of premiums and rewards. Here again I feel myself scep-

tical. The process of putting ribbons and bells around the necks of academic sheep, and of carefully penning up the goats early in the evening, may fill certain shepherds and goatherds with satisfaction; but I doubt whether it will change essentially the character of the flocks committed to their charge. What I mean by goats and what I mean by sheep need not be explained, since, while I desire to be frank in these remarks, I do not wish to be considered insulting. What I am chiefly concerned with is the endeavor to emphasize what I believe to be the main cause of the widespread dissatisfaction that exists in some quarters with regard to the work of the American college. We are requiring it to do all sorts of things for all sorts of people, and then wondering why it does not do an ideal sort of thing for a special sort of people. We have got ourselves in an *impasse*.

How we shall get out of it is a question for time to answer. Meanwhile those of us who are teaching can do our best with our classes and can also try, in our respective ways, to clear up in the mind of the public the difference between a disinterested culture and a practical education. Perhaps in time, certain colleges will be able to emphasize to a greater degree the tried classical discipline and to cease to compete with the technical schools. There is room in this huge country for institutions of every kind, and there are still people who would gladly give their children an old-fashioned education, that is a discipline that has been tested, under teachers convinced of its merits and not hampered by the necessity of defending it against colleagues who do not believe in it. I should like to see institutions of the old, less complex type and institutions of the new, heterogeneous type, as well as technical schools and high schools doing the work of colleges, all flourishing side by side in friendly rivalry. Long after this generation is in its grave, there may possibly be data for determining in a rough way the respective merits of the respective systems of discipline. Then, if the classically trained man shall be shown to be incapable of more than holding his own with his rivals, even in their own specialties, I shall certainly break away from whatever confines shall be hemming in my shadowy being, and shall return for a brief space to earth, in order to rend my spiritual garments. Pending this dire consummation, I shall change the subject.

III.

The American university seems, like the college, to have been subjected to a considerable amount of criticism, one reason being in both cases the increasing publicity given by the newspapers to whatever can furnish news. Heaven forbid that I should undertake to explain why any intelligent man or woman should want to read college or university news, or that I should argue that institutions of learning would do their work better if the press did not exploit them. I have confessed to being old-fashioned; there is no reason to confess that I am antediluvian enough to believe that notoriety is a simplified way of spelling vulgarity.

Criticism of the university does not chiefly result, as seems to be the case with the college, from the confusion apparent in its aims. Some persons, it is true, are inclined to look upon the university as a home of culture rather than as an institution designed for the encouragement of learning and research and for specific training in the professions. I see no inherent reason why, in certain senses, the university should not be a home of culture, but I do not think that its primary work is to give poorly trained college students an opportunity to make up their cultural deficiencies or to teach aspiring people how to write books and plays or to paint pictures or to play the organ. It is true that, to judge from the letters people write to professors, one might imagine that the public fancies that a university exists for disseminating information on every possible subject to every possible person; but, on the whole, it is either fairly well recognized, or it will be recognized before long, that the prime functions of the university are to encourage scholarship and to give professional training. Recognition of this fact will sooner or later carry with it acquiescence in the specialistic trend of university teaching and in the established differentiation between the American and the British types of university.

There will still remain, however, ample scope for misunderstanding and for adverse criticism as long as the aims of those professors whose chief interest is in training scholars and of those whose chief interest is in training teachers continue to be as confused as they are at present. Complaints are constant, for example, that students who wish to be trained to teach English literature are forced to take courses in Gothic and other equally remote subjects, or to write learned disquisitions on topics which can be of little service to them in their teaching. Some persons advise us to cut the knot by resolutely striving to make scholars of all who take post-graduate courses under the so-called non-professional faculties; others tend to practical pedagogical training; others try to blend the two forms of teaching. Confusion and consequent censure seem thus to be inevitable. The only suggestion I can make is that we should try to look the facts in the face. Most of the students who study under non-professional graduate faculties in America expect to become teachers of one sort or another. Teaching is a profession which sustains varied relations with what we know as scholarship and scholarly research. Not to try to carry our students some distance along the specially chosen path of learning would be bad for professor and student alike, and would ultimately be fatal to the profession of teaching. Not to recognize that nine out of ten of our students have no need for advanced scholarship and could not attain it, even if they needed it, is, without exaggeration, to insult common sense on the one hand and scholarship on the other. What way is there out of this dilemma? What but the resolute grasping of both its horns? Surely, each professor or each department must consult the needs of every individual student and give that student the best training possible under existing conditions. This means, I think, the training of many teachers and few scholars, but that is what the country needs, and the university exists to serve the country. Perhaps in time we shall improve the degree of master of arts until its possession will imply all the training for teachers that a university is normally expected to give, and then we can reserve the degree of doctor of philosophy, which is now very foolishly demanded of many would-be teachers and professors, to reward students who promise to be scholars in their specialties. These, however, are mere details to be worked out by the various faculties. The important point is that the public, both academic and non-academic, should recognize the fact that the university exists to give specialistic training, but that that training need not necessarily be carried to the point where it results in making scholars in the true sense of the term. When this point is fully grasped, we shall be spared having continually to explain that men and women can be well educated persons and successful teachers without being true scholars, just as a man can be a good preacher and parish priest without being a profound theologian. And those who have grasped this point may be prepared to admit that even in a democratic country there is a place for a form of aristocratic education. Strive as we will for equality, there are some spheres in which inequalities will assert themselves to the end of time, and that of learning is one of them.

IV.

The topics I have been discussing are not, however, those in which the public that considers universities at all is most interested. The topics we hear most about are chiefly connected with complaints about the scant salaries paid professors, about the tyranny of presidents, about the non-scholastic activities of students, and the like. With regard to athletics and other forms of student ebullience, I have really nothing to say.

When I held an executive position in a faculty, I was too young, and student activities were too undeveloped, for me to get a fair grasp of the situation. At present, I have no direct responsibilities in this matter, and my advice is not needed. It is either just as well for me or just as well for the young barbarians that I am a gray-bearded outsider in full sympathy with the much abused American parent, but with no opportunity to make that sympathy effective.

As to the salaries paid professors, my views are likely to be thought biassed. It seems to me that salaries are too low, especially those of the younger men; but I do not think that they are surprisingly low, in view of the facts that they are often bargained for, that there is a considerable supply of fairly well-trained persons ready to fill chairs, that this is a commercial country with prepondératingly commercial standards. That low salaries, if persisted in, will result in a deterioration of the professorial class seems probable; but I do not believe that there is much chance that the American people, who have the shrewdness that goes with commercial success, will allow their scholars and teachers to be permanently mingled with social classes beneath them in general refinement. The Carnegie Foundation and the efforts making in several of the larger universities will almost surely improve the situation, and it is to be hoped that the professor of the future will not in every instance be compelled to marry for money.

With regard finally to the tyrannical sway university presidents are often said to exercise, I know of no more fitting comment than Mr. Burchell's "Fudge." That, in our rapidly evolved institutions, the administrative machinery has not worked perfectly may be granted at once. That the faculties, which, if entrusted with full control would probably have given us anarchy, have lost too much power, especially with regard to purely scholastic matters, is probable; but I see no reason why, if this be so, proper remedies may not be found. I trust I am as zealous for the rights and privileges of my class as any one; but I have a shrewd notion that even more to be pitied than the professor whose energy is chiefly absorbed in administrative routine, is the president, who has to keep an even hand between rival departments and faculties, who must soothe irritated scholars, who is obliged to think of ways and means when others can talk glibly about ideals, who finally is expected to sacrifice all thought of privacy and to make himself an acceptable public speaker on every subject under the sun. Not the least of his misfortunes is the fact that, like all other chief executives, he must get most of his information at second hand, and that almost inevitably he finds himself, before he knows it, surrounded by satraps not remarkable for their sapience. Poor downtrodden professors, indeed! It is rather poor tugged-at and fagged-out presidents. When it can be proved beyond doubt that they have tyrannically forced a worthy professor from his chair, they ought, of course, to be held to strict account. Fatigue is no excuse for injustice. But how many clear cases of this sort of injustice can any professor who has been teaching for twenty-five years recall? And how many cases of long-suffering on the part of presidents and trustees can he not recall? As erring mortals doomed to labor with and on other erring mortals, we professors have enough real evils to endure to warrant us in refusing to lend an ear to complaints of evils that are chiefly imaginary.

W. P. Trent.

New York.

WILLIAM JAMES.

In William James, America loses her one philosopher whose work is studied in France and China, in Finland and Australia, wherever men are seriously concerned about human nature and human destiny. What chiefly characterizes his thought is that rarest of all qualities, intellectual justice. He was utterly free from extremes, whether of aspiration or of argument. People have been used to call this quality a defect in logical power, and to accuse him of inconsistency, but, in truth, the inconsistency is not that of the thinker, but that of the world which he interpreted; the defect was not in his reasoning, but in the universe which he reasoned about. He could be subtle and dialectical enough when the occasion required it, as any reader of his latest book, "The Meaning of Truth," can testify. But he had a great dislike of dialectic and logic-chopping. He was a philosopher, not a professor of philosophy. What he cared for deeply and what was strongest in his own nature was the capacity for that direct, immediate intuition into the character of reality, which is the foundation for all dialectic and the criterion of all logical operations. This intuition, this justness of vision was so perfect in him that he could place himself, at a bound, at the very heart of even an opponent's thought, and see it with such a degree of sympathy as to hurt his own cause. He was always trying to save as much of the other man's values as he could. He set himself at the centre and drew all extremes in toward him. One of the many ways in which he indicated the nature of Pragmatism was to call it a mediator.

And a mediator Pragmatism is. It springs directly from that power of sympathetic comprehension and adequacy of intuition which were the whole nature of William James. Among philosophers who have found a place in the history of philosophy, there are hardly any, if we except Spinoza, whose philosophy and life were so absolutely at one. And that is perhaps the secret of the limpid, persuasive English, its arresting freshness, its thought-provoking power, which we have learned to know as the style of William James. In his case, the style was certainly the man, and the man the insight.

This insight is an insight into the basis and value of life. It apprehends experience as a flux and thought as a mediation. It is a mediation between the spirit and its environment, and for James himself had become, as Pragmatism, a mediation between fate and faith, between the march of things and the impulsion of ideas, between the will of nature and the will of man, between science and religion. There are two forces which impel men to philosophy. One is the inner impulse, the hopes and ideals of which the essence of human nature is woven. If operating without reference to the other, it creates a world in which all the values of our existence are conserved, but which does not describe the world in which mankind must and does seek its livelihood at the hazard of its life. This is the world envisaged in most religions and idealisms. They conserve values, but belie nature; they are optimistic and always have a problem of evil to face. The other force which impels men to philosophy is the shock from without, the massing upon life of the forces of nature which demand to be defined and understood if life is to maintain itself among them. This comprehension and definition is science. It envisages the environment without making it amenable to the ideal. It gets at nature by losing sight of human nature. In the case of idealism aspiration goes off into a limbo of its own without considering its conditions; in the case of naturalism, the flux sweeps on its irrevocable way unmindful of life or its interests. Each of these visions is inwardly coherent, logically consistent; neither is correct. The world is neither purely mechanical nor purely spiritual. It contains clashings of purposes and events, it contains purposes and events that harmonize. Ideals and ideas, William James insists again and again, must not be irrelevant to the conditions of their fulfilment, they are not aliens in a strange world, they have more than a squatter's claim in it. They, too, have a share in making it over and the existence of desire may be one of the conditions of the existence of its satisfaction; the will to believe may be one of the conditions for the coming of its object. Ideas and ideals also are factors in the universal struggle for survival. They, too, have a rôle to play in the flux, and they become valid and true only as they play that rôle fitly. But because they play a rôle, they must not be mistaken, as they are by idealisms and religions, for the sole protagonists in the

cosmic drama. That "precipitousness," that certain menace and danger which we find in existence, springs from no ideal or spirit. There is a residual environment where God himself must battle for the good as he knows the good, an environment which is the condition of the good's existence and in which it must be sought. Ideas must be relevant if they are to work; relevancy, appropriateness, fitness, is the condition of all excellence. Reason itself is no more than the sentiment of this relevancy, this adequacy of articulation in the onrush of reality.

From this central vision springs every particular achievement of William James. The "functional viewpoint" in psychology, through which Professor Dewey and others have done so much, and which is to-day the most widespread among psychologists, originates in this vision, for it is from James's treatment of the concept that the "functional viewpoint" derives. And his treatment of the concept itself derives from the radical empiricism which envisages the intimate and interchangeable connections between ideas and things. This envisagement is still more evident in James's philosophy of religion. If divinity is to be known in its true nature at all, it must be known directly, in an immediate experience, which is only more mystical than the immediate experience of chairs and tables and men and the commoner aspects of nature, in the fact that it is rarer, not in the fact that it is different. The idea of God must be effective in an environment which has God for an object. To know him is to meet him under appropriate conditions face to face; to know him is as much an act of perception as to know any other fellow-being. For God is no more than a fellow-being, a very precious one, a conserver of our values who is engaged with us on our side in the struggle for life against the enmities that surround it, but still a fellow-being only, also enlisted in the great war for the good. And that supremest good, life itself, which discourse represents as the belief in immortality, that also must be sought and justified under appropriate conditions. Those conditions occur wherever the life after death seems to manifest itself, and they must be taken for what they are worth, tested to the limit for the validity, the fitness of the belief in immortality to survive. There is no more than this in William James's attitude toward psychical research. Sensation-mongers have made capital of the wide and just sympathy which ever led James to pursue the truth wherever it seemed to show its face. They have wronged him without reason, and sometimes with malice. Nowhere in his printed utterances on the subject of psychical research can be found anything more than just this readiness to test and examine, to consider and to weigh alternatives, just his righteous indignation at casting aside without a hearing whatever data are offered for the validation of a claim, the satisfaction of an interest, or the realization of an ideal. What moved him in all this was the love of man working through the spirit and with the methods of science. He insisted on giving human aspiration a fair trial.

Giving men and things a fair trial was the whole of William James's life. His sense of justice it was that made him an empiricist and libertarian in metaphysics and a meliorist in ethics. For him change was real, and nothing was so bad that it might not be improved. His own life was an expression of this conviction. For many years under the malignant influence of a grave and baffling disease, he carried out his appointed tasks with unflinching constancy and invincible will. He had, moreover, an extraordinary and infectious joyousness, a sort of youthful buoyancy, which seemed woven into the warp and woof of his philosophic vision as well as into the routine of his daily life. He touched nothing but to illuminate it; a subject in his hands soon began to sparkle and shine, to cast rays in infinite directions on infinite things. He always imparted to his pupils and hearers the feeling of the "something beyond," the "and" which trails after. He gave himself freely to all things; there was not a single humane cause in which he had not a part.

H. M. Kallen.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In some copies of the second edition of Burns's "Poems" (Edinburgh, 1787) there is a misprint, "stinking" for "skinking," in the line

Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware,

in the last stanza of the poem "To a Haggis," while in other copies the word is correctly printed. The variation was discovered by some Burns student many years ago, and, on the principle generally true in bibliography that the issue with the misprint is earlier than the one in which the error has been corrected, the copies with "stinking" have generally been called first issue in catalogues, and have brought higher prices than those in which the error does not appear. Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett, who is preparing a catalogue of Beverly Chew's library, has, by a comparison of two copies, recently discovered that the types of the entire body of the book were twice set, and that the "stinking" issue is actually the second. No variation has been discovered in the preliminary leaves, the list of subscribers, or the glossary. The two issues were printed in the same printing office, with the same types, though there is one uniform point of difference. In the font of italic type used in printing the captions of many of the poems, in the first issue the upper-case T has a curved top, whereas in the second issue a straight-topped T is used.

The poem "To a Haggis" did not appear in the first edition (Kilmarnock, 1786), but other slight typographical differences seem to confirm the priority of the "skinking" edition. We need not take space here to give page and line, but the following examples may be given:

KILMARNOCK AND FIRST ISSUE OF EDINBURGH EDITION.	SECOND ISSUE OF EDINBURGH AND LATER EDITIONS.
o'	of
tho'	though
takes	taks
mysel	mysell
taen	ta'en

The first edition of Burns's "Poems" was printed at Kilmarnock by John Wilson in 1786. The edition consisted of 612 copies, for 350 of which subscriptions had been received before publication, and in less than one month 599 copies in all had been disposed of. This first edition, known as the "Kilmarnock Burns," is one of the most valuable books of its period, a trimmed copy being worth upwards of a thousand dollars, while a thousand pounds has been paid for one of the few copies which have survived in the original blue paper covers, edges untrimmed. On November 29, 1786, Burns set out for Edinburgh to arrange for printing a new edition. On December 7 he wrote to Gavin Hamilton:

For my own affairs I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan, and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events, and in the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with Black Monday, and the battle of Bothwell Bridge. My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. H. Erskine, have taken me under their wing, and by all probability I shall soon be the tenth worthy, and the eighth wise man of the world. Through my Lord's influence it is inserted in the records of the Caledonian Hunt, that they universally, one and all, subscribe for the second edition. My subscription bills come out to-morrow, and you shall have some of them next post.

On January 14, 1787, Burns had "to-day corrected my 152d page," and on March 22, 1787 he wrote as a postscript to a letter to Mrs. Dunlop:

I have to-day corrected the last proof sheet of my poems, and have now only the Glossary and subscribers' names to print. Printing this last is much against my will, but some of my friends whom I do not chuse to thwart, will have it so. I have both a second and third edition going on, as the second was begun with too small a number of copies. The whole I have printed is three thousand.

This interesting postscript (first printed in 1898 in the Burns-Dunlop correspondence, edited by William Wallace) shows the correctness of Miss Bartlett's independent discovery. It also shows why no variations could be discovered in the list of subscribers or glossary. These leaves evidently were set once only, and three thousand copies, sufficient for both editions of the text, were printed. When the book appeared on April 21, Burns had sold 2,800 copies. He cleared about £500 on the edition.

Later, in 1787, appeared the first London edition, called "Third edition" on the title, but, as we now know, more accurately the fourth. The next year, 1788, editions were printed in both Philadelphia and New York. Precedence has sometimes been given to one of these and sometimes to the other, as the first American edition, but

contemporary advertisements show that the Philadelphia edition was actually the earlier. The following interesting advertisement appeared upon the cover of some Philadelphia magazine, probably the *Columbian Magazine*. The specimen seen was a clipping pasted in a copy of the book.

BURNS'S POEMS.

Philadelphia, 7th July, 1788.

Just published, and to be sold at Peter Stewart's printing-office, the west side of Second-Street, the ninth door above Chestnut-Street, and by most of the booksellers of this city:

(In one neat pocket volume, price only 6s. handsomely bound and lettered, although the Edinburgh copy sold for 6s. sterling in blue boards.)

Poems,
Chiefly in the Scottish dialect.
By Robert Burns, the celebrated Ayrshire ploughman.

the peculiar merit of this work is sufficiently evinced by the very numerous list of subscribers prefixed to the Edinburgh edition (there being not less than sixteen hundred) among whom appear many of the nobility and gentry of Scotland . . .

* * * It is hoped the very reduced price of this American edition will recommend it to the patronage of the public.

This shows that the book was bound and on sale early in July. The following advertisement, which appeared in the *New York Packet* for the issues of August 22 and September 2, 1788, shows that the New York edition could not have been ready until September, 1788:

Burns's Poems.

The publishers return their sincere thanks to those gentlemen who subscribed for this work some time ago, and assure them that the reason of it not appearing sooner was entirely owing to the extreme scarcity of printing paper; a supply of fine paper is now received and as the work is on the press they may rely on having their copies in a short time.

Correspondence.

OUR EDUCATIONAL AIMS, AND THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The interesting letter of Mr. Frank Aydelotte on the Rhodes scholarships (*Nation*, June 9) presents a number of points which will bear further comment. Permit me to direct attention to two of them.

Mr. Aydelotte says: "Our educational aims are definite and practical enough." That is true; and he might have added with equal truth, "and numerous enough; perhaps too numerous, and too practical." "Educational aims" are aims which may be made tributary to an aim of education, and parts of a unified system of education adapted to the promotion of that aim; but they are also aims which may not be so tributary, but may, instead, be pursued in a desultory fashion with little or no regard to the aim of education as a whole, or to any unified or logical system of education. In our case, unfortunately, they are mostly the latter. We are in the curious situation of having a vast and varied assortment of educational aims, but *no aim of education*. We are like the man in the forest who complained that he could not see the forest because there were so many trees in the way. Our scheme of education is lacking in perspective, in unity of purpose, and subordination of parts. But human nature is not entirely satisfied with this tyranny of "things in the saddle," and it sometimes asks what all this labor is for. For answer to this question, we have only a vague intimation that there is such a purpose somewhere in the far future; that the individual man is as it were a cog in one of the many wheels of a vast cosmical machine, which is supposed to be working to the accomplishment

> Of some far-off-divine event
> To which the whole creation moves,

of which he himself knows and can know nothing.

In striking contrast to this is the English system into contact with which the Rhodes bequest is designed to bring American students. That system has an aim of education; and it is one which gives a far different answer to the question, *cui bono?* Instead of making the individual man of the present a sacrificial victim to some far-off divine event in the supposed interests of some future collective superman, it asserts the infinite value of man individually and places him before man collectively; it assumes that the individual man is himself the event which should be the objective point of education—not far off or divine, but now and here and human; that the individual man of to-day is himself the measure and explanation of the world rather than that the world or some ultimate exterior purpose is the measure and explanation of him.

In comparison with this English idea of education, our own exhibits some striking and significant peculiarities. In the first place, it exalts doing above being, thereby reversing the relative positions of end and means, and turning the order of nature upside down. Naturally, all our doing is for the purpose of attaining some condition of being that appears more desirable than the present one. But in our logically absurd scheme of education the object of doing is merely to give occasion and opportunity for further doing. Another significant fact which appears from comparison of these two educational ideas is that the one is essentially Christian and the other pagan. In its exaltation of the individual soul, the English idea is essentially Christian; and, on the other hand, in its dethronement and relentless sacrifice of the individual to the mass, the American idea is essentially pagan—or, at least, irreligious. One of the most fundamental and essential features of Christianity is its postulate of the immortality, and, therefore, infinite value, of the individual human soul. To this postulate probably, more than to all else, Christianity owes its success in the conquest of the world. I will venture to say that a very large proportion of the educational ills from which we are now suffering are traceable directly or indirectly to the deliberate abandonment or careless disregard of this postulate. Whatever else may be thought of our determined secularization of education, certain it is that in so far as it involves the reflection or elimination of this postulate, it entails a heavy and irreparable loss. Some theory as to the nature and destiny of the soul that is to be educated there must be; and what theory other than this can there be that will make the higher education seem worth acquiring? It is a vital source of weakness in our secularized system that it ignores this necessity and makes no provision for this natural want.

In view of these characteristics of the two systems respectively, was Mr. Rhodes mistaken in supposing that the English system could be made of some serious benefit to ours? Mr. Aydelotte says that "the English system would not do as a substitute for ours." This is perfectly true. A system designed for the education on individualistic principles of a few thousand select people, certainly would never do for the education on quite different principles of the eighty millions of unselected people whom our system is designed to furnish with some degree of education. It is not a substitute that we want but an amendment—or, if you prefer, a supplement—something that will supply in our system what is needed to remedy its defects. For the defect already pointed out, does not the English system in the feature above described offer an obvious remedy? Is not that aim of education precisely what is needed to restore to equilibrium our now lop-sided system? I say "restore," for its adoption into our system would not be an innovation but a restoration merely. It would be simply restoring to our colleges an aim of education which our colleges once possessed, and relinquished only under pressure of a clamorous and insistent popular demand for educational aims of more immediate practical value—a demand which, it may be remarked, would never have been acceded to but for the fact that the colleges themselves were in a race for popularity.

That the concession thus made by the colleges was unnecessary is evident from the fact that the new demand for more immediately practical aims could and should have been met not by revolutionizing the colleges, but by providing new agencies. That the concession was a disastrous mistake can hardly be doubted by any one who has observed its effects upon scholarship as exhibited by the average college graduate of to-day in America. Let us continue to educate the masses for citizenship and for usefulness in special callings; but, having educated these for the usefulness of *doing*, let us not forget to educate such as we may for that other kind of usefulness no less important which pertains to the fulness of *being*, intellectual, moral, and spiritual; so that it can no longer be said of us that we have a great educational system that is capable of producing almost everything except well educated men and women.

Herbert L. Baker.

Detroit, Mich., August 30.

THE RECEPTION OF CHINESE STUDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Since I have been a student in Oberlin College, I have learned that the *Nation* is one of the most cosmopolitan journals in America, and since I have made several unsuccessful pleas to the immigration officials in Washington, in behalf of Chinese students in America, perhaps you will be kind enough to give me a hearing through your columns. While now a student in one of your colleges, I was formerly a teacher in Foochow College, and expect to return to my native country to disseminate the impressions I have gained while here. I am sorry to confess that my

first impression as I reached America was unpleasant. In order that the students who enjoy the benefit of the kindness of the United States in returning the indemnity money may not at the moment of their arrival experience the same disagreeable sensation, in order that no germ of hatred may arise in the proud hearts of these young men coming here for training for important offices in the New China, I plead for more simplicity and less restraint in the forms through which they are required to go upon arrival. These forms detained me in San Francisco against my will for some thirty-six hours, and were it not for subsequent kindness shown me, I fear that I should have kept a while here, and later on carried back to China, hatred, instead of friendship and good feeling toward America. I know that some of my friends have been kept at San Francisco even longer than I was, but it is not necessary to mention their cases. I understand that those officials have reason to thus detain us; I am not intimating that they did not maintain the law of the United States. But I am pleading for a special arrangement to be made for the Chinese student-class, so that upon the presentation of their student passports with the signature and seal of both the American consul and the Chinese official, they will be allowed to go. It seems to me that America believes China can and will become a great nation. She returned to her some part of the so-called Boxer Indemnity and gave an invitation to the Chinese students to be educated in America. This favor is greatly appreciated by every intelligent Chinese, and the Chinese students are very eager to come, cherishing a hope that they will be greeted with a warm reception. It is worthy of notice that these students are going to fill the prominent places of the new Chinese Empire; if they have good impressions of the States, how much greater the friendship between the two countries will be created by them.

I love America and I love China; I should not like to see the friendship of these two nations thus injured, so I forget myself and boldly come forward in behalf of my fellow students. I should be very sorry if my plea was of no effect. With firm faith in American loyalty to international justice and to the interest of both governments, I look forward with great hope to a better condition in this matter. L. S.

Oberlin College, August 31.

A CHURCH WITHOUT CREED.

To the Editor of The Nation.

Sir: Lately I met an old friend who lives in a distant city, and our talk turned after a time to religious matters. He had formerly been a church member in good and regular standing.

"What church do you attend now?" I asked him.

"You would think it a queer one," he answered. "It has a wonderfully beautiful edifice, in the first place; large and spacious, with great seating capacity; and unlimited pains have been taken with the decoration. And the music is magnificent, and the incense and all."

"Incense!" I exclaimed.

"I told you you'd think it queer," he answered calmly. "Still, it is not Catholic, though no doubt there are Catholics who come to it. But our pastor is allowed to have things pretty much his own way, and no good thing is distasteful to him on account of prejudice."

"So you have joined those who attend church on account of the æsthetic delights of sound and color and odor connected with the service," I said.

"Most churches employ some of them," he replied, "to a limited extent, at least; perhaps often somewhat blindly. They have their legitimate office. They suggest the mystery and beauty of the universe; they lift the soul into an atmosphere where the deeper realities are felt to be real, and the transitory ceases to overwhelm."

"Go on," I prompted. "What denomination does your church belong to?"

"Virtually the only doctrines preached are love toward God and man."

"You have become a Unitarian. I used to be afraid you would."

"Not at all. I believe about as I always did. And the Unitarian doctrines are not preached in this church, any more than those of any other sect."

"Church union at last, then! Does it really work?"

"It isn't the official union of any church bodies. Every member of the congregation is simply expected to live in peace and good fellowship with his neighbor, believing what he thinks best and allowing his neighbor to do the same. We call it the Temple of Tolerance."

"But apparently it isn't even distinctively Christian."

"The Founder of Christianity called those the two greatest commandments: love for God and man."

"But it takes other doctrines to make a church really Christian."

"It seems to our pastor that the truly Christian way is to preach these and allow people to differ on other matters.

"For many people it would not seem like church with their favorite doctrines left out."

"Well, one other belief is assumed, at least: that in a future life, because most people believe it, and of those who don't, few or none object to it."

Something in my friend's tone had roused a vague suspicion in my mind.

"What is your preacher's name?" I questioned.

"Rev. Dr. Greenfield," he answered, and there was a twinkle in his eye that showed me I had been trapped. I ought to have been forewarned by experiences of former days.

"I know the old heretic!" I exclaimed. "He preaches no sermons at all. Or, at least, every one who goes to him hears something different. And some of his speeches have no suggestion of religion in them!"

My friend admitted that to be the weak point of the genial old gentleman.

"But the church and its doctrines are ideal," he still maintained. "And I hope in time we shall have ministers who will stick to the text, and a widespread organization that will take in the thousands of the strays and the discontented and carry on a great work. There is a great deal to be done that the present churches, on account of their sectarian character, are incapable of. One thing is the fight for moral education. We are the most criminal of the great nations, with no moral teaching in our public schools, such as other nations have, and with great educational institutions of crime in our jails and saloons. Sectarianism is to blame for some of this, and a non-sectarian church is best fitted to cope with it."

After this he presented me with the following sonnet, which I beg you will kindly print. The most solemn convictions are often better expressed by verse than prose, and it may be that I have not done my friend justice in the above report of his conversation, which, though lightly uttered, I found to be the expression of very earnest belief.

The forest's vaulted aisles, with faint light gleaming
Through leafy traceries, the hush, the choir,
The incense, breathe a kindly awe, inspire
Faith in a love behind this outward seeming.
And man's cathedrals too in sacred gloaming
And prayerful silence lift the soul with power;—
But in their vaults what ancient errors lower,
And through their dusk what bigot ghosts go roaming!
When will there be a temple, I have wondered,
Where all, in sect-forgetting adoration,
May worship, reverent and awed by beauty?
"Not thine it is to chain men's thought! Thy duty
Is love like God's toward Him and His creation."
Oh, for such creed to join what creeds have sundered!

R. Mowry Bell.

Princeton, N. J., August 24.

"GOOD AND" AND "MAKE GOOD."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago a former student of mine sent me a pretty little story, clipped from a Brooklyn paper. The story tells how H——, a native, ordered of W——, a Greek restaurant keeper, an oyster sandwich "good and hot." The Greek looked upon the word "good" as implying that he might have oysters which were not good; plainly, an aspersion upon his restaurant. The dispute proceeded from words to blows, to the use of the knife, and arrest. *Se non è vero,* etc.

Has any one discussed the phrase "good and" as a mere intensive="very, thoroughly"? I do not find the phrase in the Oxford Dictionary. The nearest approach is at p. 290, A 19 b; here "good" (without "and," however) is illustrated as an intensive adverb in such expressions as "a good large province," "a good smart cut," "a good bold hand"; also "good pretty"= "pretty good." In the American Dialect Notes, II, p. 315, D. S. Crumb, in his paper on the Dialect of Southeastern Missouri, records the phrase "good and ready"= "fully ready." But "good and" is by no means confined to any one section of our country. Rather, it is common American, for I have been familiar with it all my life. Still, it is not slang, but mere conversational expression; I should refrain from using it in formal discourse, but should not besitate in ordinary talk. At any rate, it seems American rather than British; I do not remember hearing it from an Englishman or meeting it in a book printed in England. My personal recollections, however, are not conclusive on such a point.

"Make good" is spreading rapidly in our speech, and perhaps also in our writing. Now a glance at the Oxford Dictionary, p. 290 A 22, will show that "to make

good" in the sense of "to atone for," "to perform, carry out," etc., is no novelty. In all the Oxford Dictionary examples, however, "make good" is followed by a grammatical object; somebody makes something good, or valid. Whereas our American slang—for it is slang to my sense—uses the expression absolutely. Every day we hear the utterance: "He has made good," *i. e.*, "he has succeeded," he has done what was expected of him. In ten years, perhaps, our lexicographers will have to enter "make good" as a compound verb, like the German *guthaben gutachten*.

J. M. Hart.

Ithaca, N. Y., August 15.

WHY NOT TYPEWRITE MANUSCRIPTS?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the letters of Messrs. Ford and Konkle in your issues of July 21 and August 11 respectively there is apparently assumed to be an alternative only between ink and pencil; in passing it may be remarked that some inks fade and that carbon copies may be made with the pencil. But why not use the typewriting machine now almost everywhere available? The investigator unable to manipulate it himself may employ an operator to transcribe directly from the manuscript or to write from dictation, in full or stenographically.

Burt G. Wilder.

Siasconset, Mass., August 14.

THE DERIVATION OF ALFALFA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent's ingenious explanation of alfalfa as a derivative of alfel-Fez (*Nation*, July 28) is an etymology, I take it, more fanciful than demonstrable. The identification suggested by Murray's may safely be followed. The letter *Koph* (pronounced as hard *k* in classical periods) has a tendency toward complete quiescence. We have such a phenomenon as the equivalence of James and Jakob, where the *k* is on its way to entire disappearance, being represented by the weak *m;* and there are any number of examples in the modern Arabic of Syria at any rate where the consonantal value of the *k* is no longer apparent; *e. g.*, Jerusalem is termed el-*K*uds (pronounced el-Uds). A. Meyer.

San Francisco, August 20.

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

PÆDAGOGICS AND ENGLISH.

A book which deals with social aspects of the subject is "Vocational Education," by John M. Gillette (American Book Company). The field of education considered is that of the elementary school. It is contended that economic activities constitute the line of achievement of organized society which should determine the method and content of education; that since the social environment is specialized into vocations, education must likewise be specialized; that the traditional curriculum and traditional methods of training do not meet present social demands, since they rest largely upon the theory of the value of a general discipline for all children; and that the criterion which should be applied in the reorganization of the school system is that of educating the individual to be able to adjust himself to the social situation he is most likely to meet in life. The author would apply this criterion to every programme, to every subject. In keeping ever in mind throughout his school training the purpose of preparing the child to take a more or less definite place in the economic environment, in despising the cultural and in largely overlooking the spiritual ideal in education, the author is frankly most radical. Many of his propositions involve us in serious difficulties, and evidently need much more careful consideration before they can be accepted. His enthusiasm has led him to make the vocational requirements of the modern world not merely of great importance in education, but supreme. The book shows a tendency of the times.

Students of education in this country are aware of the great advance that has been made in the public-school system of France during the past quarter of a century and especially within the past decade. Answers to the inquiries that are being more and more frequently made about the schools of that country may be found in the volume, entitled, "French Secondary Schools" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by Frederic E. Farrington, recently published, and in "The Public Primary School System of France," by the same author, and published some years ago. The present volume contains an account of the origin, development, and present organization of secondary education in France. Beginning with an historical sketch of the secondary schools from the first revival of learning to the present time, it takes up successively the administrative organization, the teaching force, the programme, the life of the school, the education of girls, and the various subjects of the curriculum. Each of these topics is admirably prefaced by an account of conditions as they have existed in successive periods down to the present era; followed by a comprehensive view of the actual workings of the lycées and colleges under the present system. The total result is a very clear and complete study of the state secondary schools. The author sets forth conditions as they appear from the American standpoint, but throughout he has played the part of the sympathetic critic, stating frequently the French point of view which has determined methods and courses. The American reader of the book will be very forcibly impressed by the fact of the extreme centralization of the administrative organization of the French school system, which contrasts so greatly with our own extreme decentralization. The ideal would seem to be somewhere between the two. In the attempt to solve some of the problems of school administration in this country there appears to be a tendency toward a greater degree of centralization. Its advantages and disadvantages, as applied in France at least, are suggested very vividly to the reader of this book.

An excellent thesaurus of English literature has been prepared by Prof. A. G. Newcomer of Leland Stanford University and Miss Alice E. Andrews of the Cleveland High School, St. Paul, under the title "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose" (Scott, Foresman & Co.). It begins with "Beowulf" and ends with R. L. Stevenson, finding space in its seven hundred double-column pages for such long works as "Everyman," "The Tempest," "The Rape of the Lock," and "Sohrab and Rustum." The notes are sufficient to make the work independent of reference books, and altogether the editors have made a useful and interesting volume.

Prof. W. C. Bronson's series of "English Poems" has been completed by a fourth volume, the "Old English and Middle English Periods," 450-1550 (University of Chicago Press). The more or less popular intention of the volume has induced the editor to present his selections from the Anglo-Saxon in the form of a prose translation, which gives a rather anomalous appearance to the first fifty pages of a book devoted to poetry. For the rest, the translation is of the usual un-English type affected by scholars for the reproduction of Old English. The Middle-English verse, on the other hand, is virtually untampered with and is reinforced by a vocabulary amply sufficient for reading purposes. The specimens are fairly representative; indeed, within these limits there is comparatively small room for choice, though the range is somewhat extended by examples of the early drama—miracle and morality, and John Heywood's "Foure PP." The volume is equipped with notes and brief bibliographies. Used in connection with the other members of the series, as an introduction to a survey of English poetry at large, the book ought to be a useful one.

"Speaking in Public," by Charles Seymour (Dutton), is a good example of the difficulties and dangers of rhetorical teaching in its more utilitarian forms. Mr. Seymour's aims are extremely businesslike—indeed, he seems to have had unusual success as an oratorical coach—and his volume bears the not unpromising sub-title, "How to Produce Ideas and How to Acquire Fluency." As so frequently happens, however, in this sort of attempt to draw the literary badger, the instruction offered is conspicuously verbal after all. If the pupil only acquires the trick of talking on unfalteringly with a thin unintermitting drizzle of language, he would seem to do about as much as can reasonably be required of him. Some of the exercises to this end are ingenious and illustrate amusingly the purely conventional significance attached to the word "idea" in modern methods of composition. So, for instance, the student is directed to stand beside his chair, and after describing the objects in the room to an imaginary audience, to "evolve a thought" instantaneously from each of them, as follows: "A pedestal writing-desk occupies a position in the room near the window; to the busy man this article is indispensable. It conduces to order and method and facilitates the dispatch of any kind of work in which pen or pencil is actively employed," and so on.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Voltaire's "Zaïre," edited with introduction and notes by Prof. C. W. Cabeen of Syracuse University, has appeared in Heath's Modern Language Series. Apart from the relation of the play to "Othello," Voltaire's so-called tragedies have enough historical interest to warrant the inclusion of perhaps the best one of them in a comprehensive French text series. The editing is satisfactory.

Sandeau's "Un Héritage," with introduction and notes by Pauline K. Leveson, is the latest addition to the Oxford Modern French Series (Clarendon Press). Simplicity of style and directness of narrative make the unpretentious story well adapted to the needs of beginners. The notes, while few, are adequate; type and paper are excellent.

Under the title of "Contes des marins de la Haute Bretagne," four of Sébillot's Breton fairy tales, with exercises on the text and vocabulary, have been added to the series of Crowell's Shorter French Texts. The easy, bright little stories are suitable for school use, and may be recommended for elementary college courses, in cases where the instructor needs a short book. There are thirty-two pages of text.

From the Cambridge University Press (Putnam) comes F. A. Kirkpatrick's edition of two of Cervantes's less familiar "Novelas Ejemplares," viz.: "La Illustre Fregona" and "El Licenciado Vidriera." In the treatment of the text the editor has shown good judgment. The notes are painstaking and interesting, while unusually voluminous. Altogether, the volume is a welcome addition to the not over-long list of well-edited Spanish texts.

"An Easy German Reader," by A. B. Nichols (Holt), is a modest collection of stories suitable for early reading, simplified, and accompanied by a Vocabulary in which particular attention is given to derivation and to cognates. The editorial work is intelligent and careful.

The American branch of the Oxford University Press has inaugurated a new series of text-books with editions of Annette von Droste-Hülshoff's "Judenbuche," by E. O. Eckelmann, and Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," by Josef Wiehr. Each is provided with an introduction, notes, and a vocabulary. The books present a good appearance and have been prepared with care. "Die Judenbuche" is the first of the author's stories to be edited in America. It does not belong to any *genre tranché:* one is tempted to describe it by a phrase that has been applied to one of Heine's ballads: "une succession de points lumineux sur un fond de pénombre." Dr. Eckelmann's introduction is sympathetic, his vocabulary is exhaustive; his Notes, though sufficient for the purpose, might have been more instructively formulated. Dr. Wiehr's "Minna" is similarly thorough. The introduction gives a good general account of the historical position and the ethical content of the play. The notes take up all important questions likely to arise in the reading of it. There are here, however, various polemics against interpretations and views not very likely to arise in the American class room, and the editor is frequently not as helpful as he might have been if he had more perfectly put himself in the position of his American reader. His use of the colon, for instance, is more German than English.

The attention given to Grillparzer's dramas in American colleges fully justifies the unusual scholarly research bestowed by Prof. Carl Edgar Eggert, on his edition of "König Ottokars Glück und Ende" (Holt). An introduction of fifty pages not only presents us with a critical analysis of what is now universally regarded as one of the most powerful and most admirably constructed dramas in German literature, but furnishes one of the best short biographical and literary surveys of the poet in the English language. If the addition of the "historical background" seems rather minute, and the space given to grammatical elucidations of the text somewhat scant, these are errors in the right direction, as college editions of literary masterpieces go. Notes intended for advanced students ought to be, as they are in this instance, devoted to less elementary things than rudiments of phraseology. Grillparzer's occasional Austriacisms always find in Professor Eggert a skilful interpreter. The proofreading throughout is admirably done, and the volume presents a most inviting appearance.

CLASSICS.

Dr. W. H. D. Rouse has shown what can be done by the advocates of the oral method in teaching in his elementary Greek reader, entitled, "A Greek Boy at Home" (London: Blackie). This is a story written in Greek, of which the material has been gathered from many sources from Homer down to the novelists. The syntax is normal Attic, while the vocabulary is very mixed—a fact for which the author takes full responsibility. The speaker is a Greek boy, who introduces himself, describes the farm and house where he lives, the garden, the trees, his school, including his studies, as arithmetic, with multiplication and division, his sports, his travels. He visits the acropolis, he takes a small voyage, during which an old sailor relates his experiences in the battle of Salamis, etc. The whole forms a narrative of 134 pages, couched in the simplest style and interesting even to an older student. It is impossible not to admire the skill of the author in preparing such an unusual book. At the outset the student is expected to read without a vocabulary. This is, however, provided in a special book for review purposes. The words are with few exceptions defined in Greek. Thus during all his study the student is using Greek. According to the method suggested at the beginning the teacher reads the text aloud, explaining it at first in English, later in simple Greek, then the boys read it aloud. Their comprehension is tested by questions and answers in Greek, by oral and written retellings of the story, and in various other ways.

"Cæsar's First Campaign, a Beginners' Latin Book," by W. A. Jenner and H. E. Wilson (Appleton), reminds one at first of the Bellum Helveticum, but the resemblance extends to little more than the selection of the campaign against the Helvetians as the reading matter, and its use from the beginning of the book instead of the customary sentences. The chief novelty is what the authors call a "development exercise." At the close of every lesson the substance of the next day's reading lesson is given in the form of simplified detached sentences. In this way the subsequent reading of the original seems almost like a review. This method has been already used in a slightly different form in other books. The vocabulary to be learned consists of 500 words used six times or more in Cæsar, although many other words occur in the selected text. Little attempt is made in the earlier part to stimulate oral teaching except in directions for oral drill in paradigms; but in the latter part numerous questions in Latin call for answers in Latin. English-Latin, as well as Latin-English sentences are given from the beginning as exercises for translation. In ten review lessons students are required to write out the Latin originals of numerous English derivatives, as well as to make other word lists. There is also an appendix of forms and a vocabulary. Compared with other beginners' books, this one shows evidences of practical experience and excellent knowledge.

"A Cæsar Composition Book," by H. F. Scott and C. H. Van Tuyl (Scott, Foresman), is intended to accompany the reading of the first two books of the Gallic War. One exercise of from eight to ten detached sentences illustrating two principles of syntax is attached to every chapter of these books, the vocabulary being that of the chapter itself or its predecessors. The exercises are, accordingly, not "based" in the old sense, but the book shows the same lack of system and improper emphasis which has been objected to so often in the older books. For example, the first five exercises illustrate the following principles: Predicate nominative, ablative of specification, ablative of accompaniment, dative with special verbs, dative of indirect object, accusative of duration of time, ablative of time, ablative of means, ablative with *utor*, etc., enclitic use of *cum*. Thus matters that belong together are treated separately, and common constructions not found in these books of Cæsar are omitted. The construction of *ut* with the perfect indicative is illustrated, but not *postquam*, while the second and third forms of the condition are treated, but not the first form. The rules of syntax are usually well stated at the beginning of every exercise, and the student is relieved of the necessity of using a grammar, a fact for which the authors assume much credit. The proof-reading is in the main good, but more attention should have been paid to vowel quantities. The English sentences are well prepared and really make sense. The teacher who believes in the theory will find the book serviceable.

Volume iii of the excellent Thornton Arabic Series is the "Elementary Arabic Second Reading-Book," edited by Reynold A. Nicholson, lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The pieces are mostly taken from texts and manuscripts (not later than the eleventh century A. D.) that, as far as Dr. Nicholson knows, have not hitherto been edited by any European scholar; they are arranged in chronological order so as to illustrate the cultural history of the Arabs, are provided with grammatical and historical notes, and a glossary is added. The printing is good, and the notes, containing references to Wright's Grammar and the author's "Literary History of the Arabs," judicious. The little volume has a greater interest than that of a reading-book.

"Four Plays of Menander," edited by Prof. Edward Capps for Ginn's College Series, has come to us too late to be properly reviewed in this issue, and must be reserved for critical examination.

HISTORY AND SOCIOLOGY.

The distinguishing feature of S. E. Forman's "History of the United States for Schools" (Century Co.) is the relatively large amount of space given to

the development of the West and to industrial and social progress. In both of these respects, the book marks an advance over most secondary school compends now on the market. In the treatment of older and more familiar topics, the author is not so successful, nor does his narrative always show acquaintance with recent studies. A text-book which still tells the Pocahontas story as though it were fact, albeit with a questioning footnote; or implies that Roger Williams left Massachusetts for religious reasons alone; or which goes astray as to the real, and exceedingly interesting, facts regarding the treatment of the tea in Charlestown; or asserts that the Administration of Justice Act, of 1774, provided that "British officers or soldiers accused of murder in Massachusetts should be taken to England for trial"; or confuses Lincoln's constitutional right to abolish slavery with his undoubted right to emancipate slaves as a war measure, must be followed with caution in other matters also. The numerous illustrations, though well chosen, vary much in excellence, but the maps are especially commendable.

Prof. Norman M. Trenholme's "Outline of English History" (Ginn & Co.) differs from the same author's "Syllabus for the History of Western Europe" chiefly in the omission of references to collateral reading, save to the relevant portions of Cheyney's "Short History of England" and "Readings in English History," with which it is primarily intended to be used. As the references in the European syllabus put elementary manuals and elaborate works together indiscriminately, and, in the case of the larger books, were often impossibly long, the omission of similar citations in the present instance is not a loss; but most teachers will regret that Professor Trenholme has not attacked the problem more carefully, or given some bibliographical help beyond the bare list of authors and titles at the beginning. The topical outline itself is, as a whole, well contrived, though many of the review topics and questions are elementary and mechanical. The distribution of space in so large a subject as English history is a difficult question, and in this case the author has very likely not felt himself entirely free. Teachers who desire to emphasize the modern period, as is increasingly demanded in public high schools, may well be appalled at the comprehensiveness of most of the topical groupings since 1689; but it is fair to say that the syllabus conforms to most text-books now in use in this respect.

The growing list of elementary text-books in sociology receives an addition in Prof. James Q. Dealey's "Sociology: Its Simpler Teachings and Applications" (Silver, Burdett & Co.). The theoretical portions of the book are, in the main, a popularized epitome of the views of Lester H. Ward, and need, consequently, no further comment here than to say that the work of selection and presentation, or perhaps we should say, of translation into common speech, has been very well done. The "applications" include such fundamental topics as the development of the state, ideas of government and law, and family and class relations, besides a numerous array of current issues, such as education, labor, pauperism, crime, religion, and sex problems. In his cursory survey of these diverse subjects, Professor Dealey preserves both moderation and practicality, even to the extent of admitting that, on more than one point, sociological speculation must for the present suspend judgment. One cannot help feeling, however, that his emphasis upon the dynamic rather than the static aspects of society often turns the philosopher into a preacher, and makes the latter half of his book read more like a comprehensive plan of social reform than a scientific survey of existing or historical conditions. In the hands of a skilful teacher and a well-informed class, however, the book should prove useful, and the general reader will find it worth while.

The high character of the series of Selections and Documents in Economics (Ginn) is well maintained by G. S. Callender's "Selections from the Economic History of the United States, 1765-1860." The ordinary text-book in this field not infrequently disappoints the college teacher. Even such admirably arranged compends as Day's "History of Commerce" or Bogart's "Economic History of the United States" require constant effort on the instructor's part to diversify the placid flow of the text and to leaven the heaviness of statistical summaries. A selection of well-arranged excerpts from contemporary accounts of various phases of industrial history has a vividness which the systematic text upon economic development rarely attains. Needless to say, the present volume will admirably supplement a systematic course of lectures upon our economic life and progress. The brief expository essay which prefaces each chapter strikes the proper keynote, and attunes the ear for the chord which is struck in the selections following. There is much pregnant suggestion in several of the introductory studies. The previous revival of credit and of returning business health is credited with paving the way for the successful political experiment of Federal government after 1789. The causal relation between prosperity and the new frame of government has hitherto been inverted, or attributed without adequate evidence, to the political factor. Perhaps more dubious is Professor Callender's dismissal of the odium upon free manual labor as a *vera causa* of the retardation of the growth of wealth in our slave-holding States. To attribute the arrest of capital formation south of Mason and Dixon's line mainly to the social conditions which caused the slave-holders "to expend that wealth in maintaining a luxurious and expensive style of living, instead of saving and accumulating capital" (p. 741) is rather a heavy tax upon the scientific imagination. If criticism were to be made upon the choice of selections, a captious reviewer might point out some passages irrelevant on the score of general economic importance. Trollope's experience with our sleeping cars and our brass baggage checks is amusing, but hardly germane. Occasionally there is surplusage, as for example, in the four versions of the Pioneer and His Ways (pp. 597-609). The absence of an index is wholly inexcusable.

SCIENCE.

The University of Chicago Press has issued a text-book in "Second-Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools," by George W. Myers, assisted by others, which is notable as an attempt to alter the tradtional method of teaching mathematics in preparatory schools. For some time, teachers of physics, engineering, and the other experimental sciences, have been objecting to the separation of the geometrical and analytical branches of mathematics. To them, a problem does not come as distinctly of the one type or the other, but as a combination of the two. The problem of a falling body, for example, requires the student to solve analytically the distance moved, and, at the same time, to plot geometrically its path. As usually taught, the student considers algebra and geometry as two distinct subjects, and so there has arisen an anomalous sort of study, called graphical algebra. The question at bottom is whether mathematics should be taught as an aid to experimental science or as a discipline in rigorous logic. The authors of the present series adopt the former idea. Thus their first book in mathematics is algebra, with associated arithmetic and geometry, and this second book may be styled geometry with associated algebra and trigonometry. How well the end has been attained and how practicable the method is, will have to be judged with care. There is no doubt that the clean-cut, logical sequence of the text-books on algebra, geometry, and trigonometry is largely missing; and the present book gives the impression of being somewhat messy. This may be a fault of the scheme itself or only a failure in this particular application. The present tendency to sacrifice purely educational or disciplinary methods to a training for special ends will probably force the teaching of mathematics toward what may be called the composite method. As examinations are now set by colleges, very few preparatory schools, without a concerted action, could adopt this text. Most of the pupils who will use the book, judging from the titles of the authors, are preparing for the University of Chicago, and that institution is probably ready to recognize the plan. Teachers generally should study the book and prepare themselves for the change of method of presenting mathematics which seems likely to be tried in the near future.

The "Introduction to the Study of Biology," by J. W. Kirkaldy and I. M. Drummond (Clarendon Press), presents clearly and pleasantly the general facts needed by the beginner in the subject, mainly according to the syllabus of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examinations Board, but with some additions. Noteworthy is the relative neglect of the frog, on the ground of its too marked specialization. On the other hand, there is a more extended account of the dogfish and of the rabbit, the last being used also as the basis of an account of the physiology of the vertebrates, the treatment of which has many gaps and is altogether not quite satisfactory. The book contains no laboratory directions and few indications of the ways by which the facts presented may be demonstrated or verified by personal study or experiment.

As an example of the modern trend in biological text-books, Thomas Walton Galloway's "Elementary Zoölogy" (P. Blakiston's Son & Co.) is unexcelled. The subject is presented from an economic standpoint rather than in a purely scientific manner, actual field observation and experience being held by the author as of far greater value to the ordinary high-school student

than "book interest and laboratory interest." Nearly one-half of the work is devoted to the discussion of the fundamental problems on which the science is based, strong emphasis being laid on the importance of the individual investigation of each student. The various phylla, from protozoa to mammalia, are then briefly taken up, with commendable avoidance of dry technicalities (which may come later), and much stress on such interesting phases as Relations to Man and Economic Value. Several chapters on Evolution, etc., round out the work. The illustrations are in general good, and well reproduced. If all high school text-books were written in as simple and straightforward a manner, the student might find his course at least less irksome.

Of elementary manuals of botany there is no end. The number is so great as to be positively embarrassing to the inexperienced teacher who is called upon to make a selection. Fortunately, the difficulty is lessened by Professor Ganong's book, "The Teaching Botanist" (Macmillan), which has undergone careful revision in its second edition. It may be recommended confidently to teachers as indicating safe lines along which one can proceed at this transitional period in the history of botany. Two of the great divisions of botany are now passing through rapid and radical changes, of which no one can as yet see the end. These departments are plant-physiology, which is being revolutionized by the new ideas in chemistry and physics, and morphology, which is being reinvestigated in the light of fossil botany. But, although these great fields are in a state of constant change, there is enough solid ground to be found in each field, upon which the conservative teacher can safely advise his pupils to build.

That reform of logic which many thinkers here and abroad deem the most urgent of all philosophical duties, is furthered on the psychological side by Prof. W. B. Pillsbury's volume on "The Psychology of Reasoning" (Appleton & Co.). The writer attempts to pass beyond the narrow and, in his opinion, misleading paths of formal logic toward an analysis of the thought processes which shall reckon not only with the mere intentions of the individual thinker, but no less with everything unsuspected that really happens to be involved in the production and directing of his thoughts. Professor Pillsbury is no less opposed to the so-called logic of values which has lately raised its standard in this country, notably in the writings of Baldwin and Urban. His hypothesis centres in a general doctrine as to the nature of consciousness, a doctrine which strongly suggests, though it does not follow out, Woodbridge's in its fundamental point. For Professor Pillsbury, reasoning can be understood only in the light of the fact that to be conscious or in consciousness and to possess meaning are identical conditions. While his development of this interpretation is abstruse and fraught with not a few uncertainties, it is, on the whole, an admirable endeavor to harmonize conflicting masses of fact. Probably his curt dismissal of the formal logician as one who is concerned only with language, not with living thinking, merits the least praise. And his too easy denial of the importance of the ancient issue between idealism and realism ought to bring down trouble upon him.

Since William James's "Principles of Psychology" we have been looking vainly for an introductory treatise which sets forth facts and theories about mental life in the perfect style of an essay, with the first-hand vividness of a human document, and yet true to the scientist's conscience. Any one of these virtues is common enough, and pairs of them are not rare; but we believe that Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins's "A First Book in Psychology," fresh from the Macmillan Press, finds but one peer, and that one, though of perennial interest and worth, already antiquated in parts. Miss Calkins's book marks a long advance beyond her earlier "Introduction to Psychology." In that work she treated psychology "in a two-fold fashion, both as a science of selves and as a science of ideas (or mental processes), discussing all forms of consciousness from both points of view." Indicative of the trend of latter-day psychology is the author's complete abandonment of the second treatment, "I question," she now says, "the significance and the adequacy, and deprecate the abstractness of the science thus conceived." The wholesome effects of this reform are visible in every chapter, and they are heightened by excellent pedagogical sense, and not a little art. Miss Calkins orders her topics admirably. She winnows the abstruse and the problematic out from the mass of simple certainties and settles them, together with physiological excerpts and a rich store of bibliographical notes, in an appendix. The beginner thus encounters only a sketch of the main currents of psychic activity, and he finds it rich with historical allusion, literary glimpses, and personal confessions.

Literature.

JOHN STUART MILL.

The Letters of John Stuart Mill. Edited, with an introduction, by Hugh S. R. Elliot. With a note on Mill's private life, by Mary Taylor. With portraits. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols., $6.50 net.

These letters, which fill two stout volumes, have lain so long unpublished that they come to us now like a voice from the distant and half-forgotten past. There seems to have been no reason why they should not have been given to the world sooner—for Mill himself meant some at least to be published—except the caprice of his stepdaughter, Miss Helen Taylor, a lady at one time well known in England, who had strong views on many things. When she died three years ago, her niece, Miss Mary Taylor, to whom they passed, concluded that they ought to be published; so now we have them, nearly forty years after Mill's death. The large majority are printed from the original drafts which Mill himself made, and from which, much corrected by erasures and additions, he copied out in his own hand the letters he sent to his correspondents, a conscientiously careful habit few would imitate to-day. Some, however, being those to Thomas Carlyle and (Lytton) Bulwer, are printed from copies of those sent to these persons, while those to John Sterling, which are among the most interesting, are printed from the originals, which Sterling's family seem to have returned. The correspondence covers a period of forty-four years, from 1829, when Mill was twenty-three years of age, till his death in 1873.

The interest of the letters is threefold. They tell us much about Mill's own character, including a good deal which we had learnt neither from his autobiography, frank and simple as that is, nor from the various sketches and studies of him which have appeared since his death. They throw some light on a few of the other leading literary figures of his time, and especially on those to whom the letters were written. And they give a vivid and direct impression of the public questions that were then occupying the public mind in England, and especially of the views held about those questions by the Philosophical Radicals of that day, of whom Mill was the intellectual head, while Sir William Molesworth and to some extent George Grote (the historian of Greece) and Dr. Bowring were prominent champions in the British Parliament. On each of these topics a few words may be said to indicate the value of the book.

There is little in it to affect substantially the judgment which the world has long since formed of Mill's intellectual power. Everywhere we discover the same vigor of thought, the same anxiety to get down to underlying principles, and the same power of close reasoning, which appear in his "Logic" and his "Political Economy." We are, however, struck, more than in those works, by a certain want of what may be called broad common sense in dealing with current questions. Mill, although an experienced official, writes too much like a man of the study—one can hardly say "of the cloister"—and shows himself inclined to carry out his principles with an insufficient regard to the conditions of time and place under which principles have to be applied. It used to be said of him that he lacked humor, that is, that he took everything too seriously, and did not understand, or at least did not allow for, the weaknesses of the average man. Certainly in these letters one discovers a good deal of that failure to see things as they are which was apparent to some slight extent in his book on Liberty, admirable in many ways as the book was, and much more apparent in his "Subjection of Women," parts of which were almost ludicrous in their inappropriateness to the facts of actual English society. If in this power of perceiving things just as they are Mill did not grow with years, he

certainly did become more tolerant and lenient in his judgments of others. The sternness of youth so evident in the earlier of these letters seldom recurs in the later ones, when experience had brought, as it ought to bring, charity in its train. Of his conscientious candor and uprightness we receive the same clear impression which his books give, and which was no less strongly given by his public life. His motives were always high and pure, his sense of duty almost too scrupulous. The way in which he carried it into small things is shown by the pains he took in answering, often at great length and with great care, letters from people who had no claim upon him. There are, also, evidences of a warmth of heart and capacity for affection which are all the more attractive when found in a man so grave and rigid. These come out most in his letters to John Sterling, who must have possessed—Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" and the foundation of the Sterling Club show it—a power of inspiring affection equalled only by that which belonged to Arthur Hallam. A letter of 1840 (vol. I, p. 116) and those of 1844 (vol. II, pp. 127-127) are especially remarkable, and indeed beautiful and touching in their depth of feeling.

The personal interest is naturally greater in these letters of Mill's earlier years to his friends than in the deliverances on philosophical questions or public affairs which fill the second volume. But there are plenty of remarks scattered over all of them which are worth noting. Among these some of the reflections on religion are not the least interesting. He grew up, as readers of his Autobiography will remember, knowing nothing of Christianity, which his highly dogmatic father, dogmatic in anti-dogmatism, had so completely abandoned as to think not worth giving to the boy even as a matter of history. In 1833 he writes to Thomas Carlyle (vol. I, p. 68) that "I have been reading the New Testament; properly I can never be said to have *read* it before. I am the fitter to read it now; perhaps there is nobody within the four seas so utterly unprejudiced on the subject. I have never believed Christianity as a religion, consequently have no habitual associations of reverence, nor on the other hand any of *contempt*, like so many who have become sceptics after having been taught to believe; nor have I, like so many, been bored or disgusted with it in my youth. As far as I know your impressions about Christ, *mine* from this reading are exactly the same." He then proceeds to reflections upon the four Gospels, and in a later letter upon St. Paul, whom he is far from appreciating, and, we may perhaps say, did not really understand, reflections too long for quotation, but curiously representing the attitude of the less intolerant members of his school eighty years ago. It seems odd to find him and Carlyle in complete agreement on any subject, but this correspondence shows them as very close together, Mill appreciating Carlyle heartily, and being much influenced by him. Whether Carlyle was equally appreciative of Mill may be doubted. In later years he was wont to disparage his old friend, as indeed he had unluckily formed the habit of disparaging most people. Yet some American visitor, describing an interview with Carlyle near the end of his life, relates that after pouring boundless scorn on Herbert Spencer and some little upon Mill, he paused and added in a changed tone: "Aye; but he was a good man, was John Mill."

There is also an interesting letter (Vol. I, pp. 238-242), to an unnamed lady on a book which she had sent for his judgment in which he states that curious form of Manichaeism which had commended itself to him as perhaps on the whole the most probable theory of the government of the universe, a theory set forth in the little volume of essays on religion which appeared after Mill's death. Few have expressed their agreement with him, but not many men in England or America of eminence have dealt with these questions in the same kind of way, and in a spirit at once philosophical and scientific, since Mill's volume of essays appeared. Before leaving the relations of Mill with Carlyle, we must not forget to notice the letter (vol. I, p. 100) in which Mill, with the greatest delicacy and good taste, offers to make pecuniary compensation for the destruction of the manuscripts of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution," which had been accidentally burnt while in Mill's custody, and that in which, when Carlyle (apparently a little to his surprise but much to his delight) had accepted some compensation, he expresses his appreciation of the acceptance. This was in March, 1835, and thereafter there would seem to have been no further correspondence between the two. Anyhow, none is given here.

To some of Mill's other contemporaries, we find references which are not without interest. There are several to Auguste Comte, several to F. D. Maurice, all warmly appreciative. Mill corresponded with Bulwer, and expresses an admiration for some of the latter's works which curiously contrasts with the hits at Bulwer which are frequent in Thackeray's early writings and not absent from Carlyle's. For Macaulay he had no greater liking than Carlyle had, and writes (to Bulwer) as follows:

> I felt your article [one on Sir Thomas Browne in the *Edinburgh Review*] to be far too good for Macaulay. It has much of the same brilliancy, but not his affected and antithetical style and above all, a perception of Truth, which he never seems to have, and a genuine love of the True and the Beautiful, the absence of which in him is the reason why among his thousands of clever things and brilliant things there are so few true things, and hardly one which is the whole truth and nothing but the truth. (Vol. I, p. 103.)

Nevertheless Mill had the candor to admit some merit in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," of which he says:

> They are better than I thought Macaulay capable of. He has it not in him to be a great poet. There is no real genius in the thing, no revelation from the depths either of thought or of feeling, but that being allowed for, there is real *verve*, and much more of the simplicity of ballad poetry than one would at all expect. The latter part of the "Battle of the Lake Regillus" and the whole of "Virginia" seem to me admirable. (Vol. I, p. 123.)

The interest of the second volume, which covers the years from 1863 till 1873, the year of Mill's death, is largely political, and not the least interesting letters are those which refer to the war of secession. There is a remarkable one to Mr. E. L. Godkin (vol. II, p. 35), full of warm praise of an article in the *North American Review* in which Mr. Godkin had vindicated American democracy. In this letter Mill frankly admits that he and Tocqueville had erred in their unfavorable judgment of at least one side of American political life.

> You have fully made out that the peculiar character of society in the Western States, the neutral type formed by the position and habits of the pioneers, is, at least in part, accountable for many American phenomena which have been ascribed to democracy. This is a most consoling belief, since it refers the unfavorable side of American social existence, which you set forth with a candor which ought to shame the detractors of American literature and thought, to causes naturally declining, rather than to one which tends to increase. . . . If Tocqueville had lived to know what the New England States have become thirty years after he saw them, he would, I think, have acknowledged that much of the unfavorable parts of his anticipations had not been realized. Democracy has been no leveler there as to intellect and education, in respect for true personal superiority. Nor has it stereotyped a particular cast of thought, as is proved by so many really original writers, yourself being one.

How strongly Mill was with the North in the war every one knows. He wrote to Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1865:

> I have felt strongly drawn to you by what I have heard of your sentiments respecting the American struggle, now drawing to a close between freedom and slavery, and between legal government and rebellion without justification. No question of our time has been such a touchstone of men, has so tested their sterling qualities of mind and heart, as this one, and I shall all my life feel united by a sort of spe-

cial tie with those, whether personally known to me or not, who have been faithful when so many were faithless. (Vol. II, pp. 37, 38.)

There are, of course, many opinions expressed by Mill in these letters which few will now agree with, and some predictions which the progress of events has falsified. Now and then he could throw out dicta which were extravagant even when written, such as the following:

The characteristics of Germany is knowledge without thought; of France, thought without knowledge; of England, neither knowledge nor thought. The Germans indeed attempt thought: but their thought is worse than none. The English, with rare exceptions, never attempt it. The French are so familiar with it that those who cannot think at all throw the results of their not thinking into the forms of thought (From Mill's private Diary, Vol. II, p. 377.)

This is what comes of attempts to generalize epigrammatically! But there is also a wealth of thought diffused through the volumes, both on economics, on philosophy, on education, and on the political issues of the day, and one finds proofs on almost every page of the high and earnest spirit in which Mill devoted himself to all his work, private and literary, as well as public. His short career in the British House of Commons, while it did not enhance his reputation for practical statesmanship, set a brilliant example of public spirit and an absolute devotion to truth and duty. How ready he was to incur unpopularity and misrepresentation for the sake of a good cause comes out very clearly in the letters referring to the case of Gov. Eyre of Jamaica (vol. II, pp. 68, etc.). Mill was perhaps the finest specimen in recent times of what utilitarian ethics can do in the way of forming a noble character, unless we place beside his the character of another philosophical writer, the late Prof. Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge, England.

CURRENT FICTION.

"Now!" By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

The gospel of the spontaneous and, save to one's wishful self, irresponsible life is a good deal upon the mind of the clever English novelist of the hour. At first glance, Mr. Marriot would seem to be exhibiting here, in his "Morrisonians," a whole fraternity of Simple Septimuses and John Senhouses, with females after their kind. Not that we impute conscious imitation: it is the season for that sort of crop. Moreover, this patch of Mr. Marriott's has its particular merits. His band of single-hearted philosophers are committed to no set form of individualism or socialism. There are but two things they must not do—vote, and invest money; but their general working rule is a negative one—to refrain from inessentials for the sake of essentials. Each member is to do what he likes, without "ulterior motive"—for the sake of a natural joy in living. "People are always imagining," complains the member in whose name the story is told, "that we are growing turnips, or making boots, or building houses, or cooking dinner, or painting pictures, to 'prove something.' It is the hardest thing in the world to persuade people that you are doing this, or living that way, because you like it." The saving thing about Morrisonism is that it is based upon a profound faith in human nature. "Doing what you like, when you come to consider what you are—I don't mean yesterday, but now—implies considerably more than taking your 'license in the field of time.'" The Morrisonians, in short, seek happiness by being good according to their own lights—or the thing may be put the other way round.

This wholesome and not revolutionary doctrine is enforced with much keenness and humor in connection with the experiences of a group of English people—or rather two groups which impinge but cannot unite, unless as Capulet may unite with Montagu. The story is told by an urbane gentleman who is something in chemistry, and a great deal out of it. At the outset he is connected with neither group, and it is by mere chance that he presently becomes involved with them both—the Kenwyn-Browns and the Morrisonians. The Kenwyn-Browns are, in subtler guise, the British middle-class family without which the current English novel would hardly know where to look for its humorous setting. There is the pompous pater familias, the complacent mater, the smug commercial son, the schoolboy and the schoolgirl. And there is the swan among ducklings, the new-fashioned daughter, just grown up and of independent mind. But the whole picture is mellowed and humanized. Kenwyn-Brown senior is not a fool or a tyrant, but a good soul hiding its uncertainties under the mask of convention and platitude. No such banalities pass between him and Julia as between Ann Veronica (of recent memory) and her absurd parent. It had not occurred to Mr. Marriott to hold a brief against fathers or for daughters: what he is for is freedom of all human beings to live and let live. The Morrison group is sketched with a light but sure hand—an association of the pure in heart if not of the meek in spirit. Conrad Lowe and his Julia are figures altogether delightful.

Happy Island. By Jennette Lee. New York: The Century Co.

Mrs. Lee's Uncle William and the island of his peaceful choice were no doubt too good romantic material to be exhausted in a single sketch. That their reappearance in this book does not seem trumped up is a proof of their genuineness. With the hard and unlovely aspects of Yankee life and character we are all sadly familiar; they are present here in the figures of Andy and his Harriet. But there are other aspects, mellower types. Uncle William's kindly and unforced optimism, the breadth of a nature little hampered by apparently narrow conditions, are not mere figments of Mrs. Lee's imagination. Insularity is comparatively seldom a matter of geography. The travelled and cultivated "Benjy" of this tale has much to learn from the quiet philosophy of his old stay-at-home comrade.

"I've thought about it, Benjy, a good many times—'bout living here on the island. We don't hurry much, but seems to me we get about as much—about as much living as other folks do." He looked at him over his glasses. "We've got enough to eat, and beds—putty *good* beds—and things to wear. I keep a'thinking and a-thinking about it," he went on, "and I don't see just what 't is we o't to scratch around so for."

"There's education," said the other, swinging his long glasses on their slender chain.

"Yes, you've got eddication, Benjy. I can see it—kind o' the way you set in a chair—different from my way." Uncle William regarded his great legs with kindly eye. "But I do' 'no's you're any happier—or your legs any happier?" he said slowly.

The argument is not precisely conclusive—Benjy ought to be happier, because he has more things to enjoy. Uncle William is an old bachelor, and ought at least to regret his childlessness; but he has no room for regrets in his philosophy. "Sometimes," he confesses, "I wake up in the night and think how happy I be—seems kind of shiftless." He is sufficient unto himself—asks for nothing better than his little gray house, his rocky acres, and the neighbors with whom chance or the Lord have supplied him. The charm of the sketch lies in his intermittent bits of monologue—spread rather thick, here and there, with the syrup of sentiment, yet not untrue to a real type.

The Golden Centipede. By Louise Gerard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

It must be a bequest from the troglodyte ancestor who lurks concealed among the roots of every family tree, which makes tales of wild adventure and profuse carnage so acceptable to ostensibly civilized man. There is some element in the human composition that likes to read of a good gory fight, against amazing odds, even when the insidious refinements of modernity have made the reader unable to extract a thorn from a finger without qualms. Rider Haggard played long and dexterously upon that string and is still busy

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at it, though of late his chords have grown somewhat thin; and this promising disciple of his school gives us in "The Golden Centipede" a story that compares not unfavorably in every respect except originality, with "The People of the Mist," and "The Heart of the World." There is a heroine with all the charm of woman and all the daring of man, priestess of a painfully carnivorous god in Darkest Africa; there is a faithful foster-brother, Krua—we had almost said Umslopogaas, the likeness between them is so great; add to these a diabolical witch-doctor, a brace of highly-colored villains, a buried treasure, a hidden pool, a death-haunted temple, and a hero almost supernaturally astute and courageous, who wades through seas of blood to reach and rescue his beloved, and the net result is a very entertaining if somewhat reminiscent tale.

Honesty's Garden. By Paul Creswick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The features of this charming little romance of Surrey and London bear a a family likeness to sundry predecessors. "The Professor's Love Story" haunts the memory as one reads, and so does a procession of pleasing ancestral books in whose pages we have known fairy old bachelors, collectors of old books and old china; pretty garden girls all in a row; scheming aunts, gay cousins, flinty publishers, London lodging-house keepers, pig-tailed, ferret-brained little cockney girls, always hanging out the milk-can. A reduced member of the tribe of De Morgan, it has the De Morgan lovable quality, a sweet genuineness which wards off egotism although told in autobiography. And with this pedigree as background, it wears traits of its own, original, but in harmony. Seekers for the "strong" need not apply. Those who can still enjoy the genially, tenderly humorous will do very well with this refreshing little book.

FOR ANTIQUARIANS.

Accidents of an Antiquary's Life. By D. G. Hogarth. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Hogarth, who is best known as an investigator of Minoan and Ionian civlization, modestly writes himself down as an antiquary made, not born. He began nearly twenty-five years ago, in Asia Minor, under Ramsay, who taught him not merely the routine procedure of epigraphy and exploration, but also an uncommon thrift. Mr. Hogarth writes: "It is not the least of my many debts to Ramsay that I gained in my first tour of exploration the will and the capacity to go farther at less cost than perhaps any one but my master." Western Asia has remained Mr. Hogarth's favorite field. He has searched in Lydia, Lycia, and Phrygia, and as far as the mounds of the Euphrates. Perhaps his most important charge was the Ephesian excavations made for the British Museum, an engineering work of uncommon difficulty. The secret of thorough and delicate excavation, he repeats on many occasions, is to enlist the enthusiasm and intelligence of the diggers. With dull or discontented hands nothing but harm is done. Tours in Cyprus, Konia, and Cilicia, with desultory work in Egypt under Petrie, completed a prolonged apprenticeship. In the desert of Fayum our author had the fortune to find traces of Greek papyri, a discovery that has since born unexpected fruit.

It was a casual job of war correspondence in Crete that brought our antiquary to the site where his most notable successes were made. He looked at the lettered stones of Cnossus and resisted the temptation to make an unsatisfactory survey. Three years later, in 1900, he was seeking for the Cretan cavern of Dicte, where legend sets the birthplace of Zeus. Near Psychrò was found a splendid stalactite cavern. In its pool and in dried pockets numerous votive objects were discovered. Soon the find seemed exhausted:

> But chance had reserved her crowning grace. A zealous groper, wishful to put both hands to his work, happened to wedge his guttering candle in the fluting of a stalactite column, and by its light espied in the slit the green edge of a bronze blade. I passed the word to leave mudlarking in the pool and search the colonnades. Men and girls dispersed themselves along the dark aisles, and perching above the black waters on natural crockets of the pillars peered into the flutings. They found at once—found blades, pins, tweezers, brooches, and here and there a votive axe, and in some niches as many as ten votive things together. Most were picked out easily enough by the slim fingers of the girls; but to possess ourselves of others which the lights revealed, it was necessary to smash stalactite lips that had almost closed in long ages. For about four hours we discovered at least an object a minute, chiefly on the columns at the head of the pool; but above the stature of a man nothing was anywhere found.

The passage illustrates both the fascination of such a quest and the ease of Mr. Hogarth's literary manner.

A cruise along the Satalian Gulf, with a visit to the magnificent theatre of Aspendius, a description of touring the desolate Nile fens where the oddest fish discovered were cosmopolitan hosts of Tarascon flavor, a hurried survey of Cyrene, a discussion of the joys and sorrows of digging, and a description of the Sajur, in the Euphrates valley, complete the contents of a charming book. Mr. Hogarth writes with zest and discretion; is good reading for anybody. Cuts from photographs are a welcome feature of the work. They help one to visualize the exceptional hazards of archæological research, its objectives, and its routine. Archæologists will read with especial interest the report on Cyrene. The dreaded Senussi sect that control this famous site turn out on acquaintance to be mild and industrious reformers. To the excavation of this city, which has barely felt the spade, there seem to be no unusual obstacles except that of purchasing some agricultural land. In fact, the legend of a forbidden city seems to have had little foundation. It is to be hoped that the certain riches of this site may soon be brought to light.

Colonial Mobile. By Peter J. Hamilton. Illustrated. Revised and enlarged edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

The character of the enlargement which Mr. Hamilton has given to his book may be indicated by quoting the sub-title: "An Historical Study, Largely from Original Sources, of the Alabama-Tombigbee Basin, and the Old Southwest, from the Discovery of the Spiritu Sancto in 1519 until the Demolition of Fort Charlotte in 1821." He has made the volume more of a history and less of an antiquarian monograph. Not, however, that it did not have distinct historical value as it first appeared, thirteen years ago. It did have that value, for it was, on the whole, decidedly the most thorough and scholarly account of the beginnings of the old Southwest to be had in any form. It still remains the best single work on that general theme. Its coming so soon to a second edition is a deserved tribute to exceptional industry in a kind of historical research which certainly does not win, as a rule, any clamorous acceptance.

Of the eleven chapters which are either new or entirely re-written, all deal with the larger aspects of the subject: that is to say, with the Old Southwest, rather than with the town of Mobile. They seem also to indicate a conscious purpose of the author to extend his horizon, to embrace wider areas in his view, and to be more mindful, and keep his readers more mindful, of really epochal movements of population and changes of civilization: in a word, to do for the Southwest something of what Parkman did for the Northwest. Mr. Hamilton has, unfortunately, none of Parkman's literary equipment for such a task. He is unimaginative; his style is pedestrian, even halting; he is not even an easy writer. Yet he measurably succeeds. His devotion to his theme, the evident accuracy and candor of his work, and the intrinsic interest of the theme itself do take fairly strong hold of a reader at all historically minded. One reason why the theme is so interesting is that even educated Americans will find here so much of which they know

nothing. Events which, if they had happened on our Atlantic Coast, or in Canada, would doubtless have been familiar to us all—events stirring in character and important in their results—have somehow, since they happened on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, remained obscure. The names of men, who, had they lived and fought and founded and builded in New England or New York, or Virginia, or the Carolinas, would probably have been as well known to us as John Winthrop or Peter Stuyvesant or Nathaniel Bacon are somehow, because they belong, instead, to Louisiana or the Bigbee country, or West Florida, hardly known at all. Such, particularly, are the names of the early French explorers, headed by those of Iberville and Bienville—names that stand for careers as heroic and as picturesque as any to be found in all our colonial annals. Mr. Hamilton's later chapters have at least equal interest; for they present carefully and with much illuminating detail the beginnings of that peculiar civilization—the civilization of the Lower South—which one must comprehend if one is to understand the course of our national history up to the civil war and Reconstruction.

Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast. By Charles Frederick Holder, author of "Life in the Open," "The Log of a Sea Angler," etc. With 74 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Any reader at all interested in the life of the sportsman is sure to find something fresh and interesting in a new book by Mr. Holder, who counts that day of sport lost, apparently, whose setting sun has not seen at least some attempt to do what no one else has even thought possible. In a former volume he defined his personal ideal of sportsmanship as that in which "the human animal divests himself of nearly all the advantages which nature has given him and enters the lists with the chances on the side of the lower animal." And when one finds him on the Florida reefs diving to the bottom and attempting with bare hands to bring a big sea turtle to the surface and hold it there, one must admit that he is willing to submit to the rigorous demands of his ideal. The present volume, however, presents nothing quite so unusual in its strenuosity as that. Of the twenty-five chapters rather an unusual proportion, for Mr. Holder, is given to trout angling, though the streams chosen are of the Rocky Mountain regions, where the trout is in size and strength a very different fish from his representative of the angling territory farther East. Gifford Pinchot plays a prominent part in several chapters, especially in the thirteenth, where we get a vivid description of the ex-Forester's five-hour fight with an enormous yellow-tail, on a six-ounce split bamboo trout-rod, with a six-thread line—an unsuccessful fight, so far as bringing the fish to gaff was concerned, but catching the fish is not always the most important point, when Mr. Holder is on hand with his note book. Mr. Pinchot's presence gives opportunity for an occasional side glance at the conservation question, but it is unnecessary to state here on which side the author's sympathies lie. The mercenary exploiter of our forests, mineral deposits, and water power, on the basis of the greatest immediate profit to the private interests concerned, is only the well-known fish and game hog in another sphere of operations.

A chapter of unique interest describes a journey by motor car through the great cactus forest of the delta of the Rio Yaqui, in Sonora, Mexico, "one of the marvels of the plant world, alluring in its riotous colors, its uncanny beauty, its fascinations of shape, size, and variety"—a marvel destined soon to pass out of existence, however, since the final subjugation of the fierce Yaqui Indians has made it possible to take advantage of the unsurpassed natural fertility of the delta, with its ample facilities for comparatively inexpensive irrigation. As might be expected, a New York syndicate is already in possession, John Hays Hammond and Major Frederick R. Burnham among its members. Mr. Holder's trip, in company with Major Burnham, had for its object the relocation of the famous inscribed stone originally discovered by the Major two years ago.

The illustrations are generally good in themselves, but one wonders whether they were not inserted into the text by a blind man. A chapter devoted to the amusement of revolver shooting at whale-killers is "illustrated" by a photograph of Shadow Lake, near Tahoe in the high Sierras, a view of some stony peaks taken from a Yosemite trail, and a forest scene in the Sierra Nevada. It is not perhaps necessary to hold a book on sport up to academic standards of English expression, but an author who can cast a fly neatly and handle successfully several hundred feet of line with a leaping tuna at the end, ought not to snarl the thread of his narrative so badly as he has done in the sentence with which we close:

> Bill slipped the net beneath him like the artist he was, then, as I unreeled and allowed the resilient whip of the rod to straighten out, Bill lifted the finest, plumpest, biggest—no, not quite the biggest, but one of the biggest, salmon into the Irresistible Arabella, as the boat was named, ever seen, that is, rarely seen, in the waters of Monterey Bay.

A Complete Grammar of Esperanto, the International Language. With graded exercises for reading and translation, together with full vocabularies. By Ivy Kellerman, A.M., Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.25.

In the introduction, the author informs us that as "a stepping-stone to both ancient and modern languages, Esperanto may render invaluable aid, and pave the way for surmounting the many difficulties confronting both student and teacher." We have long been in search of such a linguistic panacea, and our sympathies grew warm for Esperanto, for which an unexpected use had been found—namely, that of aiding in the study of those languages which it is supposed to supplant. But, alas, here are some of the stepping-stones contained in the book. We are told that *o* in "toll" and "for" are identical, or, at least, it makes no difference how you pronounce it; we learn that *uj* is a diphthong like *ui* in "ruin" or *u(e)y* in "gluey"; that *kz* "must not be modified to the *gs* or *ks* represented by *x* in exist," although we had imagined that both *kz* and *gs* were impossible sound combinations; we hear that "*n* and *g* are pronounced separately in the combination *ng*, producing the sound *ng* heard in 'linger,' not that in 'singer.'" Obviously, the author's A.M., Ph.D. were not obtained in old-fashioned phonetics, such as lie at the foundation of the ancient and modern languages.

In his desire to give "clear" definitions, he has twisted the well-established statements in the grammars into expressions that may have some meaning in Esperanto, but that need a commentary in plain English, as, for example, this: "A pronoun which refers to the same person or thing as the subject of the verb in the sentence, but is used in some other relation than subject of that verb, is said to be used reflexively, or to be a reflexive pronoun." This is not true for all languages, and certainly not for English, where the reflexive pronoun refers back to the logical, not the grammatical, subject; hence the usage in Esperanto is left obscure. Again, we are informed (p. 18) that "in Esperanto the preposition does not affect the form of the word governed, which remains in the nominative case," and yet (p. 27) "when the verb in a sentence expresses motion, the word indicating the place, person, or thing toward which the motion is directed is given the accusative ending. This is also true if the word is the complement of any preposition which does not itself sufficiently indicate motion in a certain direction. The prepositions *al*, to, towards, *gis*, as far as, *tra*, through, express motion in the direction of their complements, and could not well be used except in a sentence whose verb expresses motion, consequently the accusative is not used after any of these three." Here we have a contradiction with the first rule, an exception, as it were, and an exception to an exception. It seems to us the Greek and Latin prepositions are somewhat simpler.

Prepositions are pesky things, so we get the delightfully childish information that (p. 205), "since prepositional uses are not exactly alike in any two languages, it is not always possible to translate a preposition of one language by what its equivalent in some senses is in another. In order to insure some means of translating correctly (!) into Esperanto any prepositional phrase of the national languages, the preposition *je* is regarded as of rather indefinite meaning. In addition to its use in dates and allusions to time, it may be employed when no other preposition gives the exact sense required (?), especially in protestations and exclamations, expressions of measure, and of indefinite connection"; and this Procrustean preposition is to be employed in such apparently *definite* connections as "to rely upon, to take interest in, to provide with, to laugh at, to yearn for, to be ashamed of." The vocabulary does not often help us in the matter of construction. How are we to translate "to shoot at," "he is cut out for a teacher," "clever at," "to charge to," and thousands of similar common expressions? Not the slightest hint is given, but, on the contrary, one is puzzled at a mass of synonyms, without having the least idea how to determine the connotations. Apparently, Esperanto is above such trifles as correct construction, right connotation, discrimination of synonyms, and all those points which form the essence and virtue of human speech. Nothing is more calculated to give the death stroke to this new homunculus of a language than the easy-going, slipshod treatment of the grammar, as displayed in this "Complete Grammar of Esperanto."

The Historians and the English Reformation. By the Rev. John Stockton Littell, M.A. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $2.50 net.

"It is the purpose of the present volume to show, by brief but sufficient quotations, what is the estimate placed by all the most widely read and studied histories" upon the English Reformation. The book is written in the implicit belief that "all history is practical because it unfolds to us the certainty of our faith in God as our Father and in ourselves as His children." It is obviously the result of a vast amount of honest but totally misdirected labor.

We find it difficult to decide whether the Rev. Mr. Littell's list of the names of the authors of "all the most widely read and studied histories" is more remarkable for those it contains or for those it omits. Hume, Macaulay, Froude, J. R. Green, Freeman, and Stubbs receive the most attention, but, *en passant*, Sir Thomas Browne, Izaak Walton, Daniel Defoe, Carl Ploetz (epitome), Theodore Roosevelt, the Rev. Andrew C. Zenos, James Richard Joy, and many score of others are mentioned and quoted. Their names are jumbled together, almost without rhyme or reason, and with no indication of what is really important and what is not. To contemporaries, the author seems to have an ineradicable aversion. The works of John Foxe and Sir Thomas More, which will be "widely read and studied" (thank God!) long after the large majority of modern writers here mentioned are utterly forgotten, do not appear at all. Save for one totally incidental quotation from the preface of Stubbs's "Constitutional History," the reader of the Rev. Mr. Littell's book would not learn that the late Bishop of Oxford ever wrote anything but the "Seventeen Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History." The absence of all reference to the many present-day controversies concerning the precise status of the pre-Reformation Church in England is very extraordinary in a work that has so much to say about "continuity."

Fighting the Slave-Hunters in Central Africa: A record of twenty-six years of travel and adventure round the Great Lakes and of the overthrow of Tippu-Tib, Rumaliza, and other great slave-traders. By Alfred J. Swann. With 45 illustrations and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This is the interesting story of one whose single aim for more than a quarter of a century was to rescue Central Africa from the deadly clutch of the Arab slave-hunter and to open it to civilization. Though he never concealed from the leading slave-traders, Tippu-Tib and Rumaliza, his determination to put an end to their traffic, he treated them so courteously that they became fast friends. On more than one occasion they saved his life, and to their loyal and disinterested attachment he gives a grateful acknowledgment. He treated them as human beings with habits of life and religious convictions to be respected, and so won their confidence and affection. He made a careful study of the natives, noting every detail of their actions in order to get a glimpse of their real selves. The book contains the best account of the East African within our knowledge.

Though sent out to Africa in 1882 by the London Missionary Society, he was not a missionary in the common use of the term, but a sailor by profession, and first aided in the transportation of a steel life-boat from the coast to Lake Tanganyika. On the way he established stations on the lake and came into communication with the various tribes living on its shores; in other words, he prepared the way for the Christian teacher. After five years of this work and a short furlough he aided Sir Harry, then Consul Johnston, in the making of treaties with the natives. It was at the time when the partition of East Africa into "spheres of influence" was under consideration, and when before claiming their own right the English were seeking to obtain a willing and amicable agreement with the owners of the country. During the latter half of his African career he was Resident Magistrate of the Nyasaland Protectorate, and in his closing chapters gives some very encouraging facts in regard to its industrial development. As an illustration of the changed order of things he tells of "a man, not yet past the prime of life, who has never stepped inside a craft larger than a canoe, who stops to gaze with awe and wonder at a huge steam vessel as it rushes past, nearly upsetting his frail boat; and as he looks he waves his hand to his son on the bridge, who is piloting and steering the steel monster into port." The Nyasa children are described as "just brimful of fun." He characterizes the only two Congo officers with whom he had dealings as "gentlemen in the highest interpretation of the word in their relations with both white and black. Both were fired with at least as much enthusiasm as myself for the suppression of the slave-trade, and determined to extend to the native races committed to their charge the blessings of civilization." And in an extensive territory success has crowned the efforts of both Belgian and Englishman. "Laughter, dance, and song make the evenings welcomed by ten thousands of young Africans, who in the old hideous times were compelled to restrain their youthful desire to burst into merriment as the sun set, and forced to creep away in terror out of the reach of unseen enemies." Another remarkable illustration of the change is shown in the picture of the beautiful cathedral built by men who a few years ago knew only of structures made of reeds and mud.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Company have added to their list of books for the autumn, "The Spirit of Democracy," by Dr. Lyman Abbott; "The Essence of Religion," by the late Prof. Borden Parker Bowne; "The Qualities of Men," by Prof. Joseph Jastrow, and "A Man's Man," by Ian Hay.

The appearance of DeMorgan's novel "An Affair of Dishonor," is set by Henry Holt & Company for September 13. Somewhat before that will appear Prof. W. G. Howard's edition of Lessing's "Laokoön."

Walter K. Smart announces a forthcoming essay on the morality play, "Wisdom."

"Molly Make-Believe" is the title of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's new novel, to be published soon by the Century Company. The same firm will issue "Seven Great Statesmen," a volume of essays by Andrew D. White, and "The Refugee," a story of adventure, by Capt. Charles Gilson.

Among the new books which Cassell &

Company have in hand are Katherine Tynan's novel, "Freda"; "The Light Side of the Law," by George A. Macdonald, and the following numbers of the Pocket Reference Library: "The Pocket Doctor," "English Dictionary," "Proverbs and Maxims," "A Dictionary of Mythology," and "Poetical Quotations."

Mitchell Kennerley will shortly bring out "Lord Alistair's Rebellion," a novel by Allen Upward, and "Songs of the Army of the Night," which are commemorative of the late Francis Adams, and edited by Henry S. Salt.

A treatise on the Arian and Sabellian controversies has been written by Dr. Papaconstantinos and is to be published by the Melville E. Mullen Proprietary of Melbourne.

The report of the World's Missionary Conference recently held in Edinburgh, is to be published in this country in nine volumes by the Revell Company, who also announce a popular story of the conference, in a single volume, entitled "Echoes From Edinburgh."

Some of the writings of Ethel Rolt Wheeler are to be collected in book form by John Lane Company.

Edmund D. Brooks of Minneapolis announces "A Midsummer Memory: An Elegy on the late Arthur Upson," by Dr. Richard Burton.

Little, Brown & Co. have on their list of autumn announcements—Fiction: Mary E. Waller's "Flamsted Quarries"; E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Lost Ambassador"; the separate publication of Eliza Calvert Hall's masterpiece, "Sally Ann's Experience" from her "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"; "The Man and the Dragon," a political story by Alexander Otis; "The Quests of Paul Beck," by McDonnell Bodkin; and a new edition of two of Anne Warner's books of Susan Clegg stories under the title of "Susan Clegg, Her Friend and Her Neighbors." Travel and Description: "Sicily in Shadow and in Sun," by Maud Howe; "Romantic Days in Old Boston," by Mary Caroline Crawford, illustrated from rare prints and portraits; "The Grand Canyon of Arizona," by George Wharton James; a new edition of Anna Bowman Dodd's "Three Normandy Inns," with twenty-four additional views; new popular illustrated editions of "Untrodden English Ways," by Henry C. Shelley; "Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror," by Anna Bowman Dodd; "Italy the Magic Land," by Lilian Whiting, and "New England Legends," by Samuel Adams Drake. Biography and Memoirs: "Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend," by Lilian Whiting; "Heroes of California," by George Wharton James; "A Lawyer's Recollections in and out of Court," by George A. Torrey; "The Women Napoleon Loved," by Tighe Hopkins; and "Reminiscences of a K. C.," by Thomas Edward Crispe. Miscellaneous: The first two volumes in the Modern Criminal Science Series; the centenary edition of Charles Dickens's works in thirty volumes; "The Optimist's Good Night," by Florence Hobart Perin; "The Pretty Girl Papers," by Dr. Emma E. Walker; "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine," translated from the Latin by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland; "The Dominion of Canada," by W. L. Griffith in the All Red British Empire Series; "Life Transfigured," by Lilian Whiting; "The Iliad of Homer," translated into hexameter verse by Prentiss Cummings; "The Story of Worcester," by Thomas F. O'Flynn; "The Stronghold of Hope," a new edition of Mary W. Tileston's "Sursum Corda"; a new edition with additional illustrations of "Starting of Life," by Nathaniel C. Fowler, jr.; a new edition of "With a Saucepan Over the Sea," by Adelaide Keen; a new and cheaper edition of "The Rise of the Republic of the United States," by Richard Frothingham; and a book on "Domestic Science," by Ida Hood Clark.

An interesting copy of "An Humble Supplication for Toleration," which was addressed to King James by his deprived ministers, recently came to light in the Archbishop's Library, Lambeth. It is apparently the King's own copy, since it contains private notes in his handwriting; a description of it is found in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September.

The *Geographical Journal* for August has for its leading article Commander Peary's account of the conquest of the Pole, given to the Royal Geographical Society, together with the congratulatory addresses of the veteran Arctic voyagers, Admirals Nares and Beaumont. Referring to the frequent query, what is the good of reaching the Pole, the latter maintained "that no genuine, honest work, which calls for courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice, such as Peary has shown, is ever lost." Dr. Karl Kumm describes a journey from the Niger to the Nile undertaken mainly to determine the line of demarcation between the Mohammedan and pagan countries. In the course of it he stopped at the capital of a Mohammedan kingdom as large as France, "surrounded with a cordon of uninhabited bush some 100 or 200 miles in width," all the villages in it having been destroyed and the people enslaved. As a considerable part of his route was that of the pilgrims from West Africa to Mecca he saw many of their caravans, in which were a considerable number of boys and young women "who are taken as easily transported coinage to Mecca, where they are turned into ready money." Among the other contents are the resolutions, with explanatory sketch-maps and diagram of conventional signs, voted by the committee appointed at a meeting held in London last November to secure the making of an "International Map of the World."

The most hopeful sign of the awakening of Persia is the interest aroused in the education of women. The first and only school for girls in Teheran for many years was that of the American Presbyterian Missionary Society for Armenians. It attracted so much attention, however, that Moslems began to send their daughters, and last year out of 235 students 120 were Mohammedans—the aim being to give an education on the lines of the ordinary high school and to inculcate European ideals of womanhood. The teaching is not free more than a thousand dollars having been paid last year by the patrons of the school for tuition and stationery. A considerable number of the girls are training to be teachers, and a few are already teaching in the Persian schools during a part of the day. Last April a large number of Persian women met in Teheran to discuss problems of education, and there are now more than fifty girls' schools in the city. In this connection it is interesting to note that children are doing an important educational work in non-Christian countries. A traveller in central Africa, Lord Mountmorres, says that a small boy about eight years old "has at last accomplished that which government officials and white missionaries alike have been powerless to achieve," awakened in the natives a desire to improve themselves. "Daily I saw the boy inside one of the enclosures sitting surrounded by its entire inhabitants, while he taught them, children and adults alike, to read and reckon from first primers."

"Maurice Hewlett," being a critical review of his prose and poetry, by Milton Bronner (Boston: John W. Luce & Co.), gives a readable analysis of Mr. Hewlett's experimental career from the minute embroidery of "Earthwork out of Tuscany" to the social criticism of "Open Country." Mr. Bronner displays little variety or eloquence in eulogy, and his style, if adequate, lacks distinction. The little book, which is rather a synoptical review than a criticism, will appeal chiefly to the cult, and to them possibly will be disappointing. Characteristic of Mr. Bronner's attitude is his explanation of a disagreeable subprurient quality in Mr. Hewlett's books. This is met by Mr. Hewlett's declaration that he treats men and women as they are and without prurient intent. Such a defence proves merely that Mr. Hewlett's conscience is clear, leaving the moral and critical issue precisely where it was. Mr. Bronner's account of his hero's early reading and literary admirations may help toward understanding the eclectic quality in Mr. Hewlett. The little book has an excellent portrait as frontispiece.

Norma Bright Carson, the author of "From Irish Castles to French Châteaux" (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), expresses with equal facility in prose and verse the more obvious impressions of travel. Her pilgrimage was mainly to literary shrines. The numerous illustrations are the usual half-tone cuts after photographs.

Clifton Johnson, who has made of himself an illustrator general of the highways and byways of the country, has now furnished an excellent series of photographs of places made famous by Thoreau, and these have been added to an edition of "Walden," by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. The letter-press of the book is excellent.

The last two issues in the series of "Original Narratives of Early American History" (Scribner), are the work of the general editor, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, which is a certain guarantee of their value, reliability, and unqualified excellence in matters of selection and annotation. In one of them, "Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England," a history of New England from 1628 to 1651, the editor is personally interested, being a descendant of the author, Capt. Edward Johnson of Woburn, Mass., and for many years a student of the career and writing of his ancestor. The account here given of Johnson's life and labors, the circumstances under which the "history" was written and the dates of actual composition, the motives for writing, the characteristics of the work, notably the habit of "dropping into poetry," on the metre of

which Professor Dodge of the University of Wisconsin has contributed an illuminating section, and the information as to editions and states supplied for bibliophiles leaves nothing to be desired in the way of introduction and comment. The notes are ample and always helpful, an important factor, since the history is hard reading, and there are many allusions that need explanation and many word-usages that almost call for a glossary. The work is a model edition, not only on what we may call its apparatus side, but also in the intelligent sympathy, without bias, which the editor displays for the mental view of the Puritan in the ranks. Dr. Jameson had displayed the same acute appreciation many years ago in his little book on "Historical Writing in America," where he summed up Johnson's point of view so well that he could not do better than to quote here what he said in his former writing.

The other volume, preceding the "Wonder-Working Providence" in date of issue, is "Narratives of New Netherland, 1609-1664," a work no less authoritative, though of a different character. It is a collection of pieces instead of a single classic narrative, like those of Bradford, Winthrop, and Johnson. It is specially characterized by accurate retranslations of all the Dutch pieces, some of which are distinctly crabbed and rough in style; by the printing of two maps, one of which, hitherto unknown, was found in the Dutch Archives at The Hague, and the other, hitherto inaccurately reproduced, was obtained from among the "Kings Manuscripts" in the British Museum; and by the inclusion of one entirely new topographical narrative of New Amsterdam, found by Miss Davenport among the papers of the Royal Society in 1906, and which J. H. Innes thinks might have been written by a Dutch burgess in Manhattan, possibly with the design of aiding the English seizure. Thus the New Netherland volume is not only a valuable collection of reprints, but is also an actual contribution of new information to the history of the Dutch in America.

It hardly needed an affectionate dedication to Mark Twain to reveal the inspiration of "The Ship Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine (Harper). In fact, Mr. Paine follows so closely the modulated buffoonery of the "Innocents Abroad" that his book may prove very baffling to some Gradgrind of future time, who recalls that the author was Mark Twain's secretary. A round-the-Mediterranean cruise is the occasion of mirth, the foibles of the company and of native guides the staple of the entertainment. It is not bad reading, but has the disadvantages of all imitative work that the cleverer reader will naturally prefer the original. That we have not exaggerated the relation to the "Innocents" let an extract prove. Mr. Paine, when leaving Constantinople, felt that his dragoman expected a substantial tip, and made ready to do the right thing:

> Unfortunately, I was low in fractional currency. I scraped together all I had—a few piastres—and handed them to him and turned away. There came a sudden explosion as of a bomb. I did not look to see what it was—I knew. It was the bursting of Suleiman's heart.

The book is fully illustrated with photographic cuts and clever sketches by Thomas Fogarty, which have apparently suffered in reproduction.

The vacation courses of Edinburgh University are attracting many foreigners. In attendance are fifty students from France, about one hundred from Germany, and, not to mention those few from the various smaller countries, a hundred and fifty British students.

The death is reported of Dr. Edward Charles Wickham, who is best known for his edition of Horace.

Hector Fabre, C.M.G., Commissioner-General for Canada in France since 1882, died last Friday at Versailles. He was born in 1834, was editor, in early life, of the *Ordre* in Montreal and of the *Canadien* and the *Evénement* in Quebec; in 1894 he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor for services rendered to Canada and France. He was the author of "Chroniques," published in 1877.

From Freiburg comes news of the death of Dr. Julius Neumann, professor of political economy at Tübingen. Among his many works should be mentioned "Grundlagen der Volkswirtschaftslehre" and "Zur Lehre von den Lohngesetzen."

Science.

Ancient Plants. By M. C. Stopes, Lecturer in Fossil Botany, Manchester University. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.

Only a very few years ago, the term fossil botany seemed singularly appropriate to designate the driest and least satisfactory branch of the study of plants. The delicate tracery of fern impressions in the coal, and the sharp outlines of leaves in the strata of ledges, as well as the remains of nuts and other fruits in rocks, all told of life, but all were lifeless and more or less imperfect. Nevertheless, these objects led to serious study. The study was stimulated to a great extent by the discovery of tropical forms in the ledges of the Far North, and by the resulting conjecture to account for the tremendous climatic changes by which the snows had replaced the jungles. Moreover, there were found many forms unlike any which exist at the present time. While it was felt necessary to reconstruct the plant life of the past and bridge over the gaps as well as might be, most of the students of fossil botany worked timidly and did not secure the unreserved confidence of botanists in other fields. Too much credit cannot well be given to the few cautious and yet bold investigators who hazarded guess after guess in regard to the puzzling shapes of the gigantic stems and root-systems in the various deposits, and who dared to place their conjectures on record.

Within the last few years, the character of the study has wholly changed. By the employment of novel methods of research, many of the structures have been subjected to keen analysis, and guesswork has given way largely to positive determinations. Of course, there is not yet complete agreement among investigators concerning the new methods, but the main facts are now in the possession of all, and a trustworthy picture of a great part of the vanished plant life of our planet can be outlined in its essential features. Furthermore, it is now clear that two suggestions ventured long ago and half-heartedly received by the scientific world, prove to have been inspirations. The first of these is that the earlier life on the globe dwelt in the simpler forms of structure; the second, that there has been no break in the line of development, despite the great gaps which exist in the records of the past. Both of these daring conjectures are now accepted as statements of fact. Naturally the greater part of the recent work on plant fossils, since the introduction of the new methods of investigation, has been upon the petrifactions (to use a good old term), in which clear traces of structure can be made out by appropriate treatment.

If the geological age of our earth be divided for convenience into periods separated by definite characters, we are forced to make the very earliest the very longest. The duration of these periods cannot be measured with any degree of accuracy: in fact, their respective lengths can hardly be expressed by ratios; but enough is known to justify us in considering the earliest, and that next following, as relatively longer than all the others put together. The earliest, or oldest, termed the Archæan, yields us practically no plant structures, or even fragments, which can be made out with precision. Nor is this strange. Soft-tissued seaweeds and the like make but poor bases for moulds or casts, and even if the casts had at any time been fairly good, they would, in all likelihood, have been distorted or destroyed by innumerable metamorphoses. Nor is the case much better with the next long stretch of time, called the older or the first half of the great Palæozoic age. This long period is almost as lacking in determinable traces of life as its immediate predecessor, the Archæan, but the latter half is filled with most interesting organisms. For convenience, this latter half, often called the Newer Palæozoic, is subdivided into three portions, known, respectively, as Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian. The plants of the Carboniferous period have been more carefully studied than those of the periods associated with it, and a great deal is known in regard to their structure and their mode of life. Concerning this period, the author says, there were then, "as there are to-day, oceans and continents, high lands, low lands, rivers, and lakes, in fact all the physical features of the present day world, but they were all in different places from those of to-day."

The author then passes to the transi-

tion period, the Permian, and traces most of the changes with clearness and skill. This skill is especially manifest when the tissue structure of the fossil plants of the later periods are described and compared with that of the present day. Technicalities have been reduced to a vanishing point, so that it is possible for the general reader to see how truly these newer results reached in the botany of fossils light up the whole field of evolution. The stupendous pageant of plant life in the past is described in dignified language with no attempt at sensational effect.

In this pageant, which moves through creation, plants have a place unique and vitally important. Yet so quietly and so slowly do they live and move that we in our hasty motion often forget that they, equally with ourselves, belong to the living and evolving organisms. . . . This glimpse into the past suggests a prophecy for the future. Evolution, having proceeded steadily for such vast periods, is not likely to stop at the stage reached by the plants of to-day. What will be the main line of advance of the plants of the future, and how will they differ from those of the present? It seems possible that an important group, if not the dominant group, of flowering plants in the future will be so organized that the individual flowers will be very simple, with fewer parts than those of to-day, but that they will be combined in communities of highly specialized individuals in each flower-head or cluster. . . . Whether in the epochs to come flowering plants will continue to hold the dominant position which they now do is an interesting theoretical problem. Flowers were evolved in correlation with insect pollination. One can conceive of a future, when all the earth is under the dominion of man, in which fruits will be sterilized for man's use, as the banana now is, and seed formation largely replaced by gardener's cuttings. . . . Why do plants evolve at all? Why did they do so through the geological ages of the past and why should we expect them to do so in the future? Response to environment is undoubtedly a potent factor in the course of evolution, but it is not the cause of it. There seems to be something inherent in life, something apparently apart from observable factors of environment, which causes slight spontaneous changes or mutations; and some individuals of a species will suddenly develop in a new direction in one or other of their parts. If, then, this places them in a superior position as regards their environment or neighbors, it persists, but if not, those individuals die out.

It remains to say that, while this treatise is readable and attractive, it is sound as a scientific guide, and can serve as a handbook to all botanical teachers who wish to widen their outlook and gain a clearer comprehension of the relations of the whole domain of plant life. It is a stimulating book.

At the Académie de Médecine, Paris, Dr. Lancereaux has presented the results of several hundred observations on a point of general interest outside technical medicine. It concerns the "hobnailed" liver of certain hard drinkers, or, scientifically, that affection of the liver known as atrophic and retractile granulated cirrhosis. In Paris, at least, this is not a disease of drinkers of alcohol proper, that is, of distilled alcoholic drinks, whose liver indeed grows large, but does not grow retractile. It is exclusively the disease of persons who drink every day for ten years or so from two to four quarts of wine—and in England of those who similarly drink ale or beer. As this fact seems to show that the affection of the liver is not caused by the alcohol in the wines, and as it is not the coloring matter, since white wine is more injurious than red, observations were begun with the various salts existing in modern wines and beers. It was found that the sulphate and bisulphate of potash, which are used to preserve wines and beers, when dissolved with the food of rabbits and dogs, produce a like affection of the liver after varying spaces of time from six to eighteen months. Embryonic conjunctive elements are formed in the portæ and lobular interstices precisely as in the livers of wine and beer-drinkers. The other salts in wines and beers produced no hepatic lesion at all. These experiments have been reproduced three different times since 1893, and Dr. Lancereaux has no doubt that the peculiar liver affection is to be attributed to their presence in drinks. This has been checked off by the topographical statistics of wine-drinker's cirrhosis. It is rare where wine is drunk on the spot in its natural state; it is common where the preservative has been used for transportation. In English beer from two to three grammes of sulphate of potash has been found per litre, and the same liver cirrhosis is common in England. It kills twelve to sixteen persons a week in Paris.

The object of "Abnormal Psychology," by Isador H. Coriat (Moffat, Yard & Co.), the writer says in the introduction, is to bring within the compass of a single volume all the investigations on psychology that are scattered in technical journals. The object has not been attained. In fact, there is very little evidence, save this statement, that any serious attempt has been made to accomplish it, and the book is in reality an unconvincing presentation of the teachings of Freud, Janet, Jastrow, and Prince. Uncritical, unscientific, unauthoritative, the bulk of the volume is made up of winnowings from these writers, and of reports of "cases." As an example of unscientific and uncritical statement we quote: "We may state in general, however, although this will not bear rigid critical analysis, that the brain probably stores up impressions in the manner that the phonograph cylinder stores sound vibrations and reproduces the sounds." Such a statement will bear no kind of analysis. After outlining five theories of the subconscious, he says: "A more practical theory, and one better supported by the evidence, is that active thinking processes may exist although we may not be aware of them. These subconscious mental states of which we are unaware may have intense emotions, may fabricate, or may even work out complex intellectual problems." The theory may be good; the form of stating it robs it of any verisimilitude. Throughout the book there is a marked duality of thought, as if the writer were perversely illustrating his theory of subconscious, and its consequences, in the domain of logical thinking.

Dr. Charles Anthony Goessmann, one of the most conspicuous figures in agricultural chemistry in this country, died a week ago at Amherst, Mass., at the age of eighty-three years. For nearly forty years he was an active member of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; he retired when he was eighty years old, under a pension from the Carnegie Institution. He was educated at the University of Göttingen, where he received his doctor's degree. In 1857 he reported a new sugar plant, *Sorghum saccharatum*, and in the same year came to America, accepting in 1869 the professorship of chemistry in the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He introduced the laboratory method of instruction in his department, establishing in 1878 an experiment station, illustrating to such an extent its practical value that a few years later the State made definite provision for a station, and appointed him head. Under his direction the station became an efficient aid to the farmer and to the agriculture of the State, and was from the first one of the leading institutions of its kind in the country.

Music and Drama.

Musik-Lexikon. Von Hugo Riemann. Leipzig: Max Hesse.

Of all the books on musical subjects ever printed, the one most indispensable to professionals and amateurs alike is Professor Riemann's "Musik-Lexikon." It was an advance on all previous works of the kind when it first came out, in 1882, and since then it has been steadily improved to a point which makes it difficult to glance at any page without marvelling at the author's erudition combined with a rare art of lucid condensation. It is no wonder that the Lexikon has been translated into several other languages (English in 1893), or that in its original it has reached its seventh edition. The first had 1,036 pages, the fifth 1,284, and the seventh has 1,621. It is to be hoped it may not become necessary to divide it into two volumes. To prevent that, it might be advisable to save space by condensing the lists of forgotten and unimportant works by minor composers of past epochs.

What increases an expert's admiration of Riemann's lexicon is the knowledge that it is by no means, like most other works of the kind, a compilation of data from previous books on the same subject, but brings, on nearly every page, evidence of the author's own painstaking researches. He is Germany's leading musical historian of our time, if not of all time, having thrown floods of light on many obscure mediæval points in particular. His textbooks on harmony, counterpoint, fugue, instrumentation, etc., are unsurpassed and original, like everything he does,

and his knowledge is not merely theoretical, but exemplified in a number of compositions. With all his technical knowledge, he is never pedantic, but always searches for the meaning of things; indeed, the most valuable of the articles in the Lexikon are those concerned with musical interpretation and expression. The two columns on Ausdruck should be learned by heart by all who sing or play any instrument, while those on Phrasierung are equally important; Dr. Riemann has invented new signs for correct phrasing, and many compositions by the great masters have been brought out in editions provided with these. He has invented a word much needed, "Agogik," to express those minute modifications of pace so essential to expression and usually referred to by the misleading words, *tempo rubato*. His brief dissertation, under "Dynamik," on changes in loudness, from pianissimo to fortissimo, is poetic as well as suggestive. If music-students would look up these articles, and others along the same lines, they would learn more than from hundreds of the usual technical lessons. Special attention must also be called to the article on the minor mode (Moll), on which the author has important views of his own.

In the case of the principal composers there is usually a brief estimate of the value of their works which is generally admirable; exception may be made to the remarks on Grieg's self-imposed nationalistic handicap—one of the few points in which the professor has obviously copied current comment instead of investigating the matter for himself. He is most liberal in his estimate of modern composers, but draws the line at the two men who are at present the most prominent in Germany; and he does this notwithstanding that both Richard Strauss and Max Reger were for a time his pupils. Instead of feeling proud of this distinction, he reproaches Reger with having got to a point in harmonic daring and modulatory arbitrariness where it has become impossible to follow him; and concerning Strauss he says: "His last works have more and more estranged his friends. Only too distinctly he reveals his striving for sensation at all cost, which is hostile to serious art. More and more does his fame appear as a colossus on feet of clay."

For reasons unknown, the editor of the otherwise excellent new edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" omitted the names of writers of books on music unless they had also composed some trifles. Owners of the five huge volumes of Grove are thus obliged to seek elsewhere for information on these slighted authors, and in the articles on the masters they will also often look in vain for bibliographic guidance. Under the head of Massenet, for instance, not one book is referred to. Riemann names three out of four or five that are of some importance; he also gives space to lists of the books written by English and American critics. On the other hand, one misses a reference to Maurice Renaud, the greatest of living singing-actors; and why is the incomparable Emma Calvé left out, after having been in previous editions of this Hall of Fame?

Rudolf Besier's comedy "Don," one of the most successful productions of the first season at the New Theatre, has now been published in book form (Duffield & Co.). It is worth the honor of type. On the whole, it reads, perhaps, even better than it acts. It is crisply, brightly, and smoothly written, and the improbability of some of its incidents is less obvious in print than in stage representation. The chief excellence of it as a dramatic composition lies in the deftness and veracity of its characterization and the shrewdness and humor of its observation. The conduct of each individual personage in the cast, with reference to the known facts of a situation common to all of them, is entirely consistent with the mental and moral attitude natural to their indicated habits, training, and experience. Thus a gloss of plausibility is thrown over occurrences which in themselves are unlikely. If the story occasionally borders upon the extravagant, it is, at all events, interesting and amusing, while it is animated by a liberal and humane philosophy.

"Smith," which was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening, is an inferior, possibly an early, specimen of the work of W. S. Maugham. It is probable that its great success in London was due largely to the charm and cleverness of Marie Löhr in the title part. In spite of its assumption of modernity, the personages and the plot are alike conventional. A ruined London broker, who has become a farmer in Rhodesia, returns to England after years of prosperous labor to renew old friendships and find a wife. Disgusted by the heartless, frivolous, and demoralizing life led by his fashionable sister, her complacent husband, her reputed lover, and her feminine associates, he resolves to marry Smith, the parlor-maid, the one woman who has exhibited capacity and a sense of the primitive virtues. It is only one more exercise upon the old theme of the simple and the artificial life. The moral of it all is unobjectionable, if obvious, but the illustration of it is neither rare nor valuable. It is most essentially theatrical when it attempts to be most impressive. Like all Mr. Maugham's writings, it contains some effective satire, many entertaining lines, and some humorous situations, but there is about it more suggestion of labor and artifice than of sincere purpose. The piece is well but not brilliantly played at the Empire. John Drew, one of the most facile of comedians within the somewhat narrow limits of his own personality, is only occasionally at home in the part of the returned colonial, and Miss Mary Boland was only moderately successful as Smith. Individual mention of other players is not necessary.

Julian Edwards, the composer, died last Monday at the age of fifty-four. Before coming to this county, in 1888, Mr. Edwards was conductor of the Royal English Opera Company and produced some of his best work, notably the opera, "Victorian," which was based upon Longfellow's poem, "The Spanish Student." His other serious operas were "Elfinelia" and "Corinne." In addition, he wrote comic operas and musical comedies, a lyrical drama, cantatas, and songs, of which the best known is "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Art.

Aquatint Engraving. A chapter in the history of book illustration. By S. T. Prideaux. London: Duckworth & Co.

It is not the title but the sub-title which characterizes this book. Apart from a chapter on "the use of aquatint in France and the aquatint work of Goya," it is essentially a record of English books with aquatint plates published before 1830. That leaves out of consideration prints published separately, American work from the crude early efforts in the *Port-Folio* (1811) to the numerous views by John Hill and W. J. Bennett, the portraits of St. Memin, and all use of the medium by modern artists. If the history of aquatint is, as the author says, "but a small corner in the history of art," hitherto covered, at most, by a chapter or a few pages in handbooks on prints, one might wish that she had taken in the entire field; all the more as her digressions bring in not a few irrelevant facts. However, for what she has done in a little-worked field, in this first separate study of aquatint, the author deserves the thanks of all interested. If she has not furnished a complete history of the art, she has fully covered, for England, the period during which it had its greatest vogue.

Aquatint has a fascination quite its own, and is a pleasing art within its somewhat limited resources. Miss Prideaux recalls some delightful books, notably the "Microcosm of London" and Richard Ayton's voluminous "Voyage Round Great Britain." In the last-named the possibilities of delicate effect are particularly well utilized in the skies, and aquatint was used for a like purpose in several of the mezzotint plates of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," besides those mentioned by the author. Examination of these "Liber" plates makes clear the essential difference between mezzotint and aquatint as then practised. There is delicacy in the aquatint, but flat tones rather than gradations, unchanging surfaces rather than textures. A freer use of the medium in later times has overcome this to a greater or lesser extent.

Aquatint of the period illustrated by this book is virtually a means of reproducing wash-drawings. It was used as such by its inventor, Le Prince, and

served well to render architectural views and illustrations for numerous books issued in response to an evident interest in foreign lands and picturesque natural beauties. The author's reference to the many points of interest which the student of aquatint will encounter (the development of water-color painting, records of travel and adventure, architecture and topography, history of costume, sports, manners and customs, caricature) brings us to a fundamental factor in the interest in prints, in fact in all graphic art. It is impossible to get away absolutely from the subject interest. It is present, in some degree, in all prints, from block-book illustrations to the etchings of Whistler. It is particularly salient, sometimes paramount, in the work which is dealt with in the present book. The volume has a useful index.

An edition of "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gipsey" is in preparation, with ten colored plates after water-colors by W. Russell Flint, of which seven are drawn directly from the scenes mentioned in the poems.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Water Color Club announce an exhibition of original work in water-color, black and white, pastel, or drawing with pencil, crayon, or pen, or illustrations in whatever medium, to be held at the Academy, beginning Monday, November 14, and ending Sunday, December 18. All works intended for exhibition must he entered upon regular entry cards, which should be sent to the Academy by Saturday, October 22. Through the kindness of Charles W. Beck, jr., a prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded to the best work in the exhibition that has been reproduced in color for the purpose of publication. The jury of artists will make the award, but may withhold the prize if, in their judgment, no work is of sufficient merit. The selection of exhibits is committed to the following jury of artists, and the arrangement thereof to the hanging committee. Jury of selection, Colin Campbell Cooper, Blanche Dillaye, George Walter Dawson, Edward Dufner, Elizabeth H. Ingham, and Hermann Dudley Murphy; hanging committee, Thomas P. Anshutz, Colin Campbell Cooper, and George Walter Dawson; Academy's committee on exhibition, Clement B. Newbold, chairman.

The fourteenth annual report of the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum gives an account of various activities in the way of teaching, popular lectures, loan exhibitions, and purchases. During the year something more than $82,000 was put into acquisitions, mostly pictures, which include The Fur Jacket, by Whistler; two very fine portraits, Mr. and Mrs. William James, by Hogarth; a *genre* piece by Brekelenkam, and canvases by Bonington, Wilkie, and A. H. Wyant. Living American painters added to the collection are Benson, Mary Cassatt, Charles W. Hawthorne, J. Francis Murphy, Dwight W. Tyron, and Willard Metcalf. The days of free admission have been increased from two to four weekly. The number of visitors in 1909-1910 was 31,115, a considerable increase above former figures. More than two thousand photographs have been purchased, and the library has been systematically built up. Under the charge of the new director, Dr. Gentner, the museum has clearly extended its usefulness.

An important discovery has been made by Commendatore Boni on the Palatine in Rome. During excavations made in the grotto known as the Lupercal, which adjoins the western side of the Palatine, there was found, in a long and narrow passage, a number of interesting votive figurines, including several terra-cotta heads of Attis. Signor Boni believes that this discovery proves that the figure of Attis found on a medallion of the elder Faustina was not a merely mythological adjunct of the "great mother" Cybele, as has been commonly supposed, but that Attis was associated with her in her temple on the Palatine, from which these figurines probably came. Besides figures of Attis, there was found a number of terra-cotta animals.

Finance.

THE VOICE OF THE STOCK MARKET.

Two incidents of the past week were of sufficient importance to financial calculations to excite some interest as to the manner in which the stock market would respond to them. One was the weekly bank statement of last Saturday; the other, last Tuesday's Vermont election, an event traditionally known as the first gun of an autumn political campaign. Three weeks ago, the surplus reserve of the New York banks reached an unusually high figure—equalled in magnitude, during the present generation, only in the years of liquidation and accumulation of idle bank resources, 1894, 1904, and 1908. It was rather generally imagined that this great reserve was acquired through drawing temporarily, to New York, of the cash which Western banks had been keeping at home to protect their own reserves.

Such a process necessarily inferred a rapid shrinkage of the New York reserve when the Western banks should need their New York balances for the autumn harvest trade. From the $55,700,000 of August 13, this surplus fell to $50,600,000 on August 20, to $49,000,000 on August 27, then, suddenly, to $31,800,000 on September 3. The $17,000,000 decrease in the surplus, last week, was in actual fact the largest decrease ever reported in the history of New York banking except for four occasions—the week in February, 1909, when the New York trust companies drew heavily on their bank credits to establish cash reserves of their own as required by the new State law; the week in November, 1907, when the panicky rush to draw out bank deposits was at its height, and the two weeks in 1894 when the Treasury was borrowing gold from New York bank reserves to protect its own reserve against legal tender notes. No such peculiar cause for a heavy shrinkage in reserves existed last week; yet two more weeks of an equally rapid decrease would have exhausted the New York surplus.

The Vermont election news is always watched by Wall Street in an exciting political year, because of the curious fact that in past elections a Republican or Democratic success in the November vote has been foreshadowed according as Vermont's Republican plurality for Governor in September ran above or below 25,000. Last Tuesday's vote resulted in a plurality, according to the next morning's figures, of barely 17,500—one of the poorest showings for the Republicans in the present generation. The stock market receded a little on the news of each of these two developments in the situation, yet on the whole, prices moved only apathetically. Wall Street's explanation was, that the prolonged and violent decline in prices, during the first seven months of 1910, had abundantly "discounted" what had happened.

As time goes on, the nature of this declining market of 1910 is likely to be more and more clearly comprehended. It cannot yet be said, however, that the philosophy of the break in prices is universally understood, and there are incidents of the day which have suggested that in certain quarters it may be wholly misunderstood. A couple of years ago, the Wall Street community made merry with a financial theory set forth to Congress by Senator La Follette. There were one hundred selected millionaires, the Senator explained, who start and stop panics, who make prosperity and adversity, and before whose machinations the laws of political economy are helpless. No one has dabbled in that particular theory since the Senator himself was laughed out of court concerning it.

But now comes an almost exactly parallel theory in as completely different a quarter as could be imagined. This time it is a railway president who, after demonstrating to his own satisfaction how impossible, on any rational theory of finance, was the fall in 1910 of the stock which outstripped all others in the speculation for the rise of 1909, returns to the purely anthropomorphic theory of finance. It was not liquidation; it was not overspeculation; it was not a glut of new securities; it was not even political apprehension. Not at all; "a score of raiders, understanding human nature, its fears and moods, play with investors, and at will make the financial refrain one of sorrow or joy. The market falls or rises at their will, and no organist more completely masters his instrument than does this lot of

raiders, working all stops of the organ of speculation."

It is not perhaps worth while to argue seriously over Mr. Stillwell's conception of economic movements, any more than over Senator La Follette's. It is only in so far as either gives voice to a popular delusion that the matter is of general interest. Each of the two explanations of the market has a certain surface plausibility which attracts the ignorant, and each may fairly enough be characterized as the nearest approach, in the complex civilization of our day, to the belief in brownies, demons, and witches that prevailed in a cruder past. The notion that any very unpleasant occurrence cannot have come about from natural causes, but must have been brought to pass by secret enemies with magic powers, was for centuries common to humanity, and it has not absolutely lost its sway, even now.

In the case of Wall Street, when one seriously considers the notion that the whole structure of financial values was pushed down by a small group of irresponsible and malicious "raiders," it must be manifest that only with magic powers could the raider achieve his purpose. The odds against him, in his labor of destruction, were stupendous; the great banks, the powerful banking houses, and the "inside financiers" were all opposed to the attempt to force down prices. How could "a score of raiders" so utterly rout and humiliate these tangible potencies of finance, without the aid of necromancy?

The answer is that they could not have done it, and that they did not do it; that the people who tried to pursue their purposes in defiance of financial law were the operators, not of 1910, but of 1909; that the long decline in Stock Exchange prices during 1910 resulted from forces within the financial situation itself—among them being a visible overstrain on credit and capital, a great excess of supply over demand in the market for new securities, and a "boom" on the stock markets of the world, last year, so premature and so greatly overdone as to invite the wholly inevitable penalty of financial blunders. But at the same time, it is the usual rule in Wall Street that a long decline of the sort not only squares the financial account for past excesses, but, in addition, "discounts" very much of whatever unfavorable incidents may be ahead of us.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Benson, E. F. The Osbornes. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.

Brown, G. G. The Holy Bible Repudiates Prohibition. Louisville, Ky.: The author. $1.

Brubacher, A. R., and Snyder, D. E. High School English, Book One. Merrill Co. $1.

Cicero. Selected Orations and Letters, with Notes, etc., by H. W. Johnston and H. M. Kingery. Revised ed.; also Text Edition for use with preceding. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

Curtis, A. T. Anne Nelson, a Little Maid of Province Town. Fenno. $1.25.

Foster, A. G. By the Way. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.50 net.

Gask, L. True Dog Stories. Crowell. $1.50.

Haggard, H. R. Queen Sheba's Ring. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Jastrow, M., jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. (15 Lieferung) Giessen, Germany: A. Töpelmann.

Kolle, L. E. The Blue Lawn. Fenno. $1 net.

Laid, F. P. The Lady of Shenipsit: a Novel of New England. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.

Le Queux, W. The House of Whispers. Brentano. $1.50.

McDuffee, A. L. Nutshell Boston Guide. Nutshell Seeing Boston Co.

Maule, F. I. El Dorado "29." Phila.: Winston Co. $1 net.

Newcomer, A. G., and Andrews, A. E. Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose, selected and edited. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

New York at the Jamestown Exposition, 1907. Report of the Jamestown Exposition Commission of the State of New York. Albany.

Pinchot, G. The Fight for Conservation. Doubleday, Page. 60 cents net.

Shaw, C. Suffer Little Children: a Child's Life of Christ. Ill. by A. Dudley. Fenno.

Shuttleworth, G. E., and Potts, W. A. Mentally Deficient Children. Third ed. Phila.: Blakiston.

Stern, R. B. Neighborhood Entertainments. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.

Turquan, J. Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine. Ed. and trans. by the Lady Theodora Davidson. Brentano.

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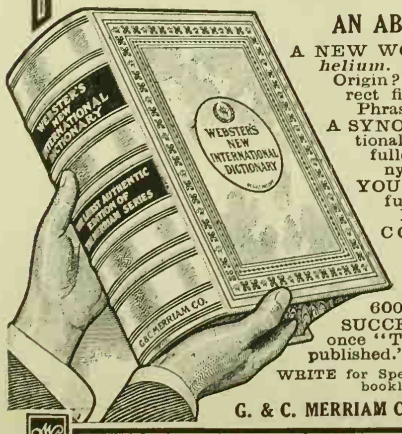

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1910.

The Week.

Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Columbus on law and order was a word fitly spoken. That Ohio city has for weeks been the scene of criminal violence by strikers and of flabby efforts by the municipal authorities to protect the street-car companies and operatives in their rights and to secure to citizens peace and safety. Hence the straightforward talk of the ex-President must have done good. Mr. Roosevelt was perfectly explicit on the folly as well as the criminality of those labor leaders or unions that encourage or even wink at assaults and the use of dynamite as a means of winning a strike. He justly said that it is impossible to listen to men who wreck cars and terrorize a city. They cannot get and do not deserve a hearing for their complaints until they show that they are first of all law-abiding citizens. Even if they have a measure of justice on their side they put themselves out of the court of reason when they resort to violence. And Mr. Roosevelt was equally clear and strong on the duty of the authorities to put down rioting at all hazards. He had only scorn for a Mayor who would palter with riotous strikers, or for a police that would hesitate to use every power at command to bring them to submission. On this whole question Mr. Roosevelt has been consistently right, so far as we know.

Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to break bread with Senator Lorimer at Chicago was an obvious thing for him to do, but nevertheless was a fine act which deserves high praise. We cannot have too much of such stern holding aloof socially from men politically corrupt. And in congratulating Col. Roosevelt on the stand he took with Lorimer, we must add a word of special felicitation upon his now being in a position where he is free to make no compromise with sin. It must be a source of great relief and satisfaction to him that he no longer has to muzzle his honest instincts at the demand of party regularity or political expediency. There are men living to whom Mr. Roosevelt said indignantly of Mr. Blaine in 1884, "But he is a thief!" Yet because the party nominated Blaine, and there was no possibility of Mr. Roosevelt's being able to do good by getting office except through sticking to the party, he swallowed his righteous anger and supported Blaine. So during all the years when he sustained social as well as political relations with Platt and Quay, it must have been galling to him in the extreme to be compelled to give countenance to men whom in his heart he abhorred, simply because they had the votes and the Congressional delegations of two great States, without which his plans to bless the country could not be carried out. And when Quay died and Mr. Roosevelt sent a telegram in praise of that "friend" of his, he was doubtless burning all the time to speak fittingly of one of the most sinister political figures of the age, who had been openly accused of robbing the State Treasury, and whose trail was marked by the sulcide of bank cashiers whom he had tempted and ruined. But from all those old trammels which held Mr. Roosevelt dumb in the presence of powerful political criminals, he is to-day happily freed, and we congratulate him on the new liberty he now has to spurn a man like Lorimer—after he has been found out and shorn of power.

The four Democratic members of the Ballinger investigating committee, and Mr. Madison, the insurgent Republican member, have gone on record as sustaining the Glavis-Pinchot contentions against the Secretary of the Interior. The vote taken, in the absence of a number of the Republican members, must, of course, be regarded merely as a strategic move; it would be preposterous to propose seriously to enter the findings of the committee, after months of inquiry, in any such way. The object was to compel action on the part of the majority members, who have shown an inclination to shove the matter over until after the November elections. In the meantime the action taken by the minority has had the effect of showing that Mr. Madison, as well as the Democratic members, goes the full length of declaring that Mr. Ballinger's course was such that he "should no longer be retained" in the office of Secretary of the Interior. It is to be noted, however, that the judgments expressed in the resolutions offered by Mr. Madison, and adopted in the vote taken, are more carefully limited as regards the grounds of the conclusion than was the case with the resolutions offered by Senator Fletcher, for which Mr. Madison's were a substitute.

In a sketch of Gov. Harmon in this month's *Review of Reviews*, an interesting quotation is given from an address delivered by him at the opening of the Law School of the University of Cincinnati in 1905. Referring to the relation of lawyers to corporations, the lawyer, he said, should not refuse to represent corporations, but "he must not forget that they, unlike his ordinary clients, have or may have interests which conflict with those of the public, and that his first duty is to the public, not only because he is a citizen, but because from it he has received his commission as an officer of justice." This is sound doctrine, well expressed; few things would be more wholesome than the effective inculcation of it in the minds of the rising generation of lawyers. And so far as Mr. Harmon is concerned, the interesting thing is that his practice has squared with his preaching. The sketch referred to points out the important responsibilities that have fallen to Mr. Harmon in connection with his corporation practice, and the ability and success with which he has fulfilled them; but he has never, it is asserted—and, we believe, with truth—placed his services at the disposal of any corporation in opposition to the public interest. The more one considers both Gov. Harmon's public record and his personal traits, the more does his exceptional fitness for the leadership of the Democratic party in the next Presidential campaign impress itself.

The Democrats of Connecticut have made a notable contribution to that rehabilitating of the Democratic party of which there are beginning to be many promising signs. The mere fact of the nomination of such a man as Judge Simeon E. Baldwin for the Governorship would be significant and important,

but the unanimity and genuine enthusiasm of the convention gave to it a far greater value. Not since the demoralization of the party by the free-silver issue in 1896 has the party in Connecticut manifested anything like the spirit that was displayed at New Haven last week. And this enthusiasm was evoked not by any cheap appeal to mushroom sentiment, but by the prospect of a campaign for the election of a man of the highest intellectual and moral qualifications, a man who, if chosen Governor, will be sure to give to the State service of great and enduring value. It will be up-hill work to elect Judge Baldwin, in the face of the very large majorities which the Republicans have been recording in Connecticut in recent years, but the Democrats evidently feel that there is a good chance of accomplishing that result.

No result of the voting last week is matter for more hearty congratulation than the decisive victory of State Senator Bass as Republican candidate for Governor in the New Hampshire primaries. To talk of the contest in New Hampshire as a fight between conservatives and progressives is to give a very misleading impression of the struggle. It is true, of course, that the fight, in one aspect, formed part of the war that is going on all along the line between "insurgents" and "regulars"; but in New Hampshire, more than in perhaps any other State, the question really at issue was whether the people would support a corrupt political organization, the servant of a debasing railway corporation, or would register their verdict for an able, honest, and fearless candidate representing the cause of a vitally necessary reform. The result was a crushing defeat for the ring, the vote being about two to one in favor of Bass. And, as though to emphasize the value of the direct primary as an instrument of sound government, two men of national prominence and great political skill—Senator Gallinger and ex-Senator Chandler—though one was on the Bass side and the other against him, were defeated as candidates for delegate to the State Convention. These results cannot be dismissed without a word of sincere and hearty praise for Winston Churchill, to whose patriotic, persistent, and unselfish efforts this victory of decency, in a State the corruption of whose politics has been a byword for at least forty years, is chiefly due.

The election in Vermont shows that 10,000 Republicans who voted two years ago declined to go to the polls last week, while there were 1,000 more Democratic votes than last year. The Democratic candidate is quoted as saying that the result was due more to dissatisfaction with the Republican machine than to anger over the tariff. If that be true, conditions in Vermont are different from those in other States where insurgency and dissatisfaction with the tariff go hand in hand. Be that as it may, the small Republican majority of 17,500 indicates clearly that there is every prospect of as Democratic a year as 1890. Then, too, it was the stay-at-home Republican vote that counted. This year there is every reason to look for a similarly large stay-at-home vote in States like New York, Ohio, and Indiana, where the Republican party is fairly torn to pieces by factional fights and the sharp division of sentiment between the followers of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft. Strong Democratic candidates like Judge Baldwin in Connecticut and Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey will draw many Republican votes, but in a crisis like this there will also be many who will prefer not to vote at all.

Julius Cæsar Burrows, as a result of the primaries in Michigan, will retire from the United States Senate along with his friends and co-laborers, Aldrich and Hale. As he read the returns, he must have wished he had followed their example and retired of his own will rather than under the propulsion of the Republican voters' boot. It is particularly hard for him to contemplate the fact that he has been thrust aside in favor of "Young Mr. Townsend," as he calls him, an insurgent Representative who last spring was one of the leaders in the revolt against Cannonism. Mr. Townsend declared that Mr. Burrows was too old. Mr. Burrows retorted that he was "only seventy-three" and that there were many older men than he in the Senate. He further pointed out that as he would almost certainly succeed Aldrich as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Michigan would be sacrificing "her own best interests" in defeating him. But Michigan has decided she would rather sacrifice her "best interests" and have Mr. Townsend, than stand six years more of Mr. Burrows.

Less than three months ago, Mr. Sherman, returning from a standpat "convention" in Milwaukee, declared that there were no insurgents in Wisconsin. Now "the original insurgent," Robert M. La Follette, has carried his party primaries against Cook, his standpat opponent, by a vote estimated at 3 or possibly 4 to 1. From this it is evident either that the Vice-President was misled as to conditions in Wisconsin, or that Wisconsin standpatters have a habit of voting for progressive candidates. As a matter of fact, any other result so far as La Follette is concerned would have been surprising. Every other outsider who has visited the State —and the list has included Cummins and Dolliver, Clapp, Bristow, Heney, Pinchot, and Garfield—has declared that Wisconsin was as strongly progressive as Kansas. The recent primary gave proof of it. The only question seemed to be whether the Legislature would ratify the people's choice. Indications point to the selection of a majority of members pledged to carry out the primary's mandate. With the exception of the contest for Governor, in which the progressive vote was divided and into which the local option issue introduced complications, the entire progressive ticket appears to have been successful.

The tactics pursued by the Eastern railways in submitting evidence last week were, to say the least, singular. Their programme amounted to presenting gross totals and percentages of increase in wages and proposed increase in revenue through higher freights, while declaring inability or unwillingness to give the details. It was inevitable that such a course of action should have prejudiced the railways' case at the very start. Nothing could be more damaging to their contentions, in the eyes either of the Commission or of the general public, than to create the impression that the companies were hiding essential facts. At the beginning of this week's hearing there were some signs that a more rational policy is to be pursued in subsequent testimony, and we trust that the expectation will be fulfilled.

The death of Lloyd W. Bowers, the Solicitor-General, is a genuine loss to the country. A man of great natural ability, one of the leaders of his profession, he had to a remarkable degree the confidence of President Taft and the other public men who knew him. It is beyond question that he would soon have ornamented the Supreme Court. Indeed, he would probably have been appointed ere this had he not been connected with the Government side of the highly important cases now down for a rehearing. His tragically sudden death again embarrasses the Supreme Court, and the Government particularly, in the matter of the Constitutionality of the corporation tax, the rehearing of which must undoubtedly be postponed. Mr. Bowers was a corporation lawyer and a railway lawyer, in that he was for years counsel to the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and yet, when he gave up a large salary to enter the Government service at a much smaller one, no one for a moment insinuated that his previous professional engagements prevented his performing his new duties in an unbiassed and disinterested manner. It was a timely reminder that there are corporation lawyers and corporation lawyers—those who sell themselves and those who honor their profession by cleaving to its highest standards, and refusing to become the devisers of stock juggling and of ways to circumvent the laws.

It is high time that the question be squarely faced of how compliance with the customs law on the part of returning travellers may be obtained without making every American's return to his or her native country a source of humiliation and exasperation. Collector Loeb deserves great credit for making it perfectly unmistakable that the law, under his administration, will be no respecter of persons, though he has carried his inquisition methods, in some instances, to outrageous lengths. It should be possible, however, to execute the law effectively, and at the same time to treat returning travellers in a decent and civilized manner, as is done in other countries; but, in order to accomplish this, there must be a clear recognition of the fact that there are two methods available for the prevention of violations of law, and not only one. We do not prevent counterfeiting by looking into everybody's pocketbook to see whether he has counterfeit money or by searching everybody's house to see whether he has a counterfeiting plant in it. What we do is to make the punishment very heavy when the counterfeiter, or the person who knowingly passes counterfeit money, is found.

A study in comparative mortality statistics among college students, by William Roscoe Thayer in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, gives a new application to the incidence of the wages of sin. Mr. Thayer has compared the death rate among bachelors of arts in five classes with the rate among members of the same classes who, for one reason or another, left college without taking their degree. Taking five classes between 1876 and 1885, he finds that after a lapse of twenty-five years, there had died, out of a total of 927 A.B.'s, 140 men, or 15+ per cent.; whereas, out of 299 temporary members, there died 93, or 32+ per cent. Not all temporary members have necessarily been "dropped." There are excellent scholars who come to Harvard with the intention of staying only a year or two, but that makes the case of the black sheep even less hopeful. Mr. Thayer does not want to generalize too rashly, but he believes nevertheless, that "the figures examined warrant us in concluding that dropping often implies more than mere juvenile inattention or whim, or than revolt against academic restraints. It seems to indicate a predisposition to bodily, mental, or moral inefficiency, which sooner or later, and usually sooner rather than later, results in disability and death. We all know temporary members who have done noble things; but as a group, the stars in their courses are against them. The fellow who 'could stand high, if he wanted to,' should be warned that his not 'wanting to' is an unfavorable symptom." Harvard figures continue to be merciless to the idler. The pretty legend that the man who loafs in college does exceptionally well in the professional schools was recently exploded. Now comes the apparent fact that if you flunk your examinations, you not only make a mess of life, but die at an unpleasantly early age.

Although the tunnels which now connect Switzerland with Italy have greatly decreased the importance of the St. Bernard and other passes, especially during the eight months of snow, it is still deemed advisable to employ St. Bernard dogs, as in the good old times. It is no longer customary to send out the dogs alone, with baskets of food and drink, but a man always accompanies them. Usually a young dog is taken along that he may learn his duties. These dogs are not really the famous old St. Bernard breed. That originated in the fourteenth century, through a cross between a shepherd dog from Wales and a Scandinavian dog whose parents were a Great Dane and a Pyrenean mastiff. The last pure descendant of this tribe was buried under an avalanche in 1816. Fortunately, there were found subsequently, at Martigny and on the Simplon Pass, a few dogs which, by crossing with mates from Wales, yielded the modern St. Bernard dog, which is physically even stronger than his mediæval namesake, and shares most of his traits. The loss of one of these dogs, as recent cablegrams show, is regarded as a calamity.

General Juan Estrada, having fought long and valiantly in behalf of the right of the Nicaraguan people to say who shall be their President, now makes the first tentative, timid proposal of a year's postponement of the election. Presumably Gen. Estrada is actuated by the highest ideal of fairness. If the election were to take place to-day, he is well aware that, with the halo of military glory still fresh about his brow, there would not be the ghost of a chance for any other candidate. The populace would simply insist on forcing him into the Presidential chair that has been so recently and repeatedly vacated. Estrada has consequently determined to wait until his prestige declines to the common level of Nicaraguan statesmanship and then take his chances. It would be hard to find a parallel instance in all the annals of self-sacrifice. To think that the man who might be President of Nicaragua for the constitutional term of six years at a handsome constitutional salary, should be content to remain Provisional President for an indefinite number of years at any salary he can get! No doubt the fortunate Nicaraguan people will count themselves still more fortunate, after fighting a year to secure a fair election, to have the whole troublesome duty taken off their shoulders.

MAINE AND AFTER.

Democratic gains were generally expected in Monday's election in Maine, and it was thought possible that a Democratic Governor might be chosen by a narrow plurality; but the most sanguine did not look for such a tremendous overturn as the Republicans actually have suffered. They have lost the Governorship for the first time in thirty years—and even in 1880 the Democratic-Greenback fusion won only by a squeak and a "fluke," the State going Republican in the Presidential election in the following November—and that by a majority little short of 9,000. Until two years ago, the Republicans regularly elected their Governors by majorities of from 25,000 to 34,000. Even as compared with 1906 and 1908, when the majorities dropped to 8,000, Mr. Plaisted's winning this year takes on the proportions of a political revolution. Maine's vote is not large, the total being about 142,000. A gain of 17,000 on that basis is a very high percentage. Applied to New York, it would mean a Democratic majority of 150,000 or so. And the result in Maine cannot be explained, as was that in Vermont, by Republicans staying at home. The Republican vote fell off, but the Democratic went up. There was an actual change of parties by many electors. Even after due allowance is made for the effect of the liquor issue and for changes in the population in some Maine cities, the election of Plaisted by an unexpectedly large majority will be everywhere regarded as a political portent. If the Vermont barometer was set for foul Republican weather, the Maine indications are for something like hurricane conditions.

The Republican upset seems even more disastrous when we turn to the figures for Congressmen and for the Legislature. Two Republican Representatives, in districts which have been thought absolutely "safe" from time immemorial, are defeated by majorities of 2,000 and 3,000, while the other two pull out, if the final returns show that they have pulled out, by pluralities of the most meagre sort. This is sufficiently astounding, but the news that the Democrats have triumphantly carried the Legislature also, and will elect a United States Senator to succeed Senator Hale, is fairly amazing. As a dazed Republican in Washington exclaimed, when he heard of the Maine election: "If the Democrats have carried the Legislature, too, the world will come to an end."

Everywhere it is admitted that the sweeping Democratic victory in Maine is not due to "local causes." These concededly entered into the campaign, but did not determine the result. That is too large, too pervasive throughout the State, where the country districts were affected as well as the cities, to be accounted for by anything except a general cause. That cause was undoubtedly intense dissatisfaction within the Republican party. Specifically, it was dissatisfaction with the Republican tariff. High prices and the increased cost of living have made the people, even in protected Maine, restless and angry, and have led them to question the wisdom of the policy of taxing ourselves rich more sharply than ever before. The whole brunt of the fighting, at least in the Congressional districts, was against the Payne-Aldrich tariff. Democratic campaigners were even so sacrilegious as to talk of the advantages of free trade, and thereupon the Republican managers thought the Lord had delivered those Philistines into their hands. No candidate for Congress in Maine could utter the words "free trade" and live, they joyfully said. But they are wiser now. As for the Republican Representatives, Messrs. Swasey, Burleigh, and Guernsey, who had voted for the high-tariff law, they were savagely heckled by the most direct and awkward questions. On one widely circulated campaign card, such ugly queries were put to them by name as the following:

> *Why* did you vote to admit raw silk free and only place a duty of 53 per cent. on the manufactured article, at the same time placing a duty of 135 per cent. on woollen or worsted cloths valued at not more than 40 cents a pound? Was it because silk is used by the greater number of your constituents and woollen and worsted only by a few?
>
> Why did you vote to tax champagne from 54 to 66 per cent. and wearing apparel at 80 to 92 per cent.? Was it to encourage your constituents to drink champagne and to discourage them from wearing woollen clothes?
>
> Why did you vote to tax hats bringing not over $4.50 per dozen at 77 per cent. and those valued at more than $18 per dozen only 47 per cent.? In whose interest was this done, your poor or rich constituent?
>
> There must be a reason for *your vote.* Will you kindly give it to your constituents *before they vote,* September 12?

Look at the surprising figures from Maine as they will, Republicans are unable to see in them anything but a gloomy prophecy of disaster in the November elections. In short, we have today conclusive evidence that President Taft was right when he said last winter, with appalling frankness, that the signs were plain that his Administration was not popular, and that the Democrats would elect a majority of the next House of Representatives. The business world has pretty plainly settled down to that belief. All along, it has been in the air; the Maine election crystallizes it into figures which not even the blindly partisan can misread.

WHITHER IS ROOSEVELT DRIFTING?

That Mr. Roosevelt has appropriated virtually the entire Bryan baggage, with the exception of the defunct free-silver issue, has become one of the accepted commonplaces of American politics. We do not remember that the assertion has ever been seriously denied. But there is a matter of far greater importance than any mere question of originality, or priority, or plagiarism. The fact is that Mr. Roosevelt has done much more than make his own the specific purposes for which Mr. Bryan stood, many of which were wholesome and necessary. He has adopted Bryan's attitude toward the great underlying problems of the economic organization of society; has adopted that attitude and gone much farther with it than Mr. Bryan ever undertook to do. What that attitude is, it would be difficult to define; but its essence consists in a readiness to assume as a governmental function the task of remedying economic evils or anomalies, however deep may be their foundation in the inmost structure of our economic life, and however violent may be the departure from the established principles of our government which that task inevitably involves. In this direction, Roosevelt has utterly distanced Bryan; and in his Osawatomie speech he gave the clearest possible indication that what he has thus far done and said is but an earnest of what he stands ready to say and do in the future.

These things being so, it is extremely instructive to turn back in the record to the time when Mr. Bryan was making his first great fight, and when Mr. Roosevelt was making speeches against

him. On September 29, 1896, in a speech at Utica, Roosevelt thus expressed his judgment of that agitation of which—apart from the lost cause of silver—he has now himself become the foremost leader:

> Mr. Bryan is appealing more and more openly to the base malignancy and hatred of those demagogues who strive to lead laboring men to ruin, in order to wreak their vengeance on the thrifty and well-to-do. He advocates principles sufficiently silly and wicked to make them fit well in the mouth of an anarchist leader. For the government of Washington and Lincoln, for the system of orderly liberty bequeathed to us by our forefathers, he would substitute a red welter of lawlessness as fantastic and as vicious as the dream of a European communist, turning aside from the American principles of government, repudiating everything which has made the name America a symhol of hope among nations. Instead of government of the people, for the people, and hy the people, which we now have, Mr. Bryan would substitute a government of the moh.

Against Mr. Bryan and his programme many loud voices were raised in that famous campaign, but it would be difficult to find any utterance to match this for violence of denunciation and intensity of abhorrence. Yet to-day the same voice is hurling epithets and anathemas almost as consuming against everybody who fails to agree with him in the very views which he was then denouncing as abhorrent to American principles.

How far Mr. Roosevelt is prepared to go along the line of governmental domination of economic affairs was never so clearly shown as in the Osawatomie speech, and especially in this remarkable passage of it:

> We grudge no man a fortune which represents his own power and sagacity, when exercised with entire regard to the welfare of his fellows. But the fortune must be honorably ohtained and well used. It is not even enough that it should have heen gained without doing damage to the community. We should permit it to he gained only so long as the gaining represents henefit to the community. This, I know, implies a policy of a far more active governmental interference with social and economic conditions in this country than we have yet had, but I think we have got to face the fact that such an increase in governmental control is now necessary.

This opens up an endless vista of legislative and administrative interference with business affairs and personal activity, in comparison with which anything ever proposed by Bryan becomes a mere passing trifle. It is predicated on the assumption that whatever is wrong in human affairs or human relations can be mended by governmental fiat; that once we have arrived at a conclusion as to what is ideally desirable, we must grasp at the implement that lies nearest to hand and rush in with a remedy; that the complexitics and difficulties which have beset mankind since the dawn of history need never have existed but for want of a strong arm determined to enforce a square deal all round. As ready as the most extreme Socialist to grapple with the deepest problems of the economic organization, Mr. Roosevelt differs from him only in indulging a childlike confidence in the possibility of solving them by the simple process of piling upon a central government more and more duties of supervision and control, and clothing the Executive with greater and greater powers.

Whether the people of the United States will be so carried away from their moorings as to follow this half-baked Rooseveltian Socialism is the great question of the day. Such a result would be impossible but for the unparalleled personal hold that Mr. Roosevelt has established upon the people in all parts of the country; but as matters stand, no prediction based upon the past attitude of the nation toward projects of radical change and disturbance is of any practical value. Confronted in the abstract with the question raised by such a pronouncement as that which we have quoted from the Osawatomie speech, nine out of ten Americans would simply dismiss it as moonshine; but it is not presented in the abstract. It is not a theory that confronts us, but a man. Ask the average American whether he wants laws passed that shall permit people to gain money "only so long as the gaining represents benefit to the community," and to retain it only if it has been "honorably obtained and well used," and he would laugh at the question; but the same man will applaud Roosevelt to the skies when he says he is going to see to it that these things shall be done. It is to the contemplation of government—and especially the chief executive at Washington—as the omnipotent source of all good, the infallible righter of all economic wrongs, that Roosevelt is rapidly accustoming millions of our people; and the great question is whether or not the old-time American sturdiness and common sense have still sufficient vitality to throw off this pseudo-socialist virus before it has done immeasurable mischief.

THE FISHERIES DECISION.

The full meaning of the award handed down by the Hague Tribunal in the Newfoundland fisheries arbitration can be attained only by considering certain circumstances of which the court and the court's opinion seem to have taken no official cognizance. Even Washington concedes that on the face of the award Great Britain has won a substantial victory. Of the seven questions submitted for adjudication the two principal ones have been decided in her favor. Of the five minor points decided in favor of the United States, several bear conditions and limitations; so that here, too, Great Britain has not lost everything. The two points on which she won declare that Great Britain is entitled to make local fishing regulations without the consent of our government, and that the three-mile zone from which American vessels are excluded shall be measured from a line stretching across the mouth of open bays instead of following the windings of the shore line of the bay. Under the American contention it would have been possible for our fishermen to enter bays more than six miles wide and three miles deep. By the Hague award they may not enter any bay, no matter how broad and deep it may be.

Here, apparently, is a heavy setback for our fishermen, to be thus excluded from waters which at certain seasons constitute the most valuable fishing grounds. But here, too, enters the highly important fact that this American fishery over which we have been at odds with Great Britain from the very first years of our national existence, has, for the last half-century, been no fishery at all, but a branch of international trade. We have, before this, quoted the succinct statement by a Newfoundland journalist, that "the practice of fifty years has been for American vessels to visit the coast and purchase cargoes of these herrings from resident fishermen who actually caught them and sold them to the American crafts as a matter of ordinary commerce." Hence to be excluded from certain valuable coast waters or not to be excluded, makes comparatively little difference to our sturdy American fishermen for whose benefit the heavy duty on foreign fish is writ-

ten in the tariff. Within three miles from shore, or within three miles from the line of the headlands, it is the Newfoundlander who will continue to catch the fish and our own vessels that will continue to bring them into Gloucester free of duty as the product of American "labor."

It does not follow by any means that the Hague trial was a great ado about nothing. The facts we have cited concerning the nature of our Newfoundland fishery are, after all, extra-legal facts. Should a trouble-maker arise in Newfoundland, decide to disregard the practice of half-a-century, and plant himself on the letter of the law, he would have full opportunity to do so, were it not for the Hague decision. And precisely that is what the late Premier Bond did when he began his anti-American campaign in 1905. Mr. Bond said fisheries, but his primary object was not to protect Newfoundland fisheries, but to compel tariff concessions to Newfoundland by the American Government. The fisheries he used as a weapon of offence. What is regarded from the point of view of international law as the most important point in the Hague award, namely, the question of the three-mile zone in inland waters, was by no means the most important point in the view of Newfoundland's pugnacious Premier. His campaign took the form of a series of regulations dealing with the sale of bait fish to Americans, the enlistment of native crews by American vessels, registration at the Newfoundland custom-houses, and the payment of light-duties. On these points the court has found in favor of the United States, both specifically and in the decision that while Great Britain has the sovereign right to frame its fishing regulations without the consent of the United States, such regulations must not violate the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent by discriminating in favor of British subjects against Americans. Just what regulations are reasonable and unreasonable, the court has left it for a board of experts to determine.

Thus the findings of the Hague Tribunal bear chiefly on questions other than the one presumably at stake, the prosperity or failure of the American herring fishery. That industry will go on very much as it did before Premier Bond began his crusade. What the award does is to make the repetition of such a crusade impossible. With rights on both sides clearly defined, there should be no opportunity for the terms of the Treaty of Ghent being turned to uses essentially alien to the fisheries question. For us it is of value that one of the most glaring absurdities of our tariff system should be brought out into the open. For Newfoundland it is an advantage that her fishermen shall be freed from the restrictions imposed under the Bond régime on their time-honored method of earning a livelihood. For the cause of international peace it is of the highest value that a dispute whose roots run back into the eighteenth century should be disposed of, in spite of much engendered bitterness, by due judicial process.

THE PERMANENT OFFICIAL.

The statement that Mr. Alvey A. Adee, second assistant Secretary of State, on last Friday completed forty years in the Government service, brings up an aspect of the conduct of government to which we are apt to give but little attention. In the British service, the need of the permanent official, thoroughly experienced in the demands of a particular department, is completely recognized in the institution of the permanent under-secretary, whose tenure is entirely independent of the changes of Ministry and the chances of party. In our own country, since the civil service law went into operation, we have become familiar with the idea of a practical permanency of tenure in the case of the distinctly minor office-holders, but a change of Administration has, as a rule, carried with it changes of *personnel* not only in the case of members of the Cabinet and such other officers as are charged with duties and powers affecting public policy, but also of officials of a high rank generally. Yet there has never been a time—not even in the palmiest days of the spoils system—when there have not been certain officers who remained at their posts through good weather and bad, men whom neither Democrat nor Republican could disturb, because their knowledge, experience, and fidelity were indispensable to the conduct of business. This has been especially true in the State Department; but instances have been present, not only in every branch of the National Government, but also in our various State and city governments, no matter how completely given over to the uses of the boss and the ward politician. Anybody might be good enough for Comptroller or Collector or what not, and anybody might be good enough for a mechanical clerkship, but between the great chief whose name stood at the head and the crowd of routine workers, it was necessary to have one or two men who understood the business through and through, and who could be called upon to steer the way through any real difficulty. Had the spoils system not made a virtue of necessity in such cases, it would inevitably have gone to the wall much sooner than it did.

It must often seem marvellous to anyone who stops to think of the matter, how our officials, in charge of large and complex affairs new to them and foreign to the knowledge of the average man of intelligence in any walk of private life, can take hold as they do without making a mess of things. In large part this success must, indeed, be ascribed to the alertness, self-reliance, and energy that are characteristic of the typical American; but it is a mistake to imagine that these qualities can accomplish the miraculous. You can no more tackle the intricacies of diplomacy or finance or international law by mere horse sense than you can play the violin or speak French simply through the possession of the same valuable quality. A succession of men who, like Mr. Adee, have absorbed the traditions, and become experts in the methods, of international procedure is indispensable in the State Department, and such a succession of men we have, in greater or less degree, always had there; and the like is to some extent true in nearly every department of governmental work involving any complexity. Hence may arise, indeed, a certain danger of bureaucratic rigidity, of stubborn or interested adherence to bad ways when they have once become established; this has been conspicuously illustrated in the Navy Department, but it is the exception and not the rule. In such cases, there is need of a strong hand from above to break up bad practices, to pull the machine out of the rut; but that is simply one of the drawbacks which must be faced. We cannot do without the knowledge and long training of the permanent official, though we may, in some instances, have to guard against incidental evils.

As the complexities and difficulties of governmental tasks increase, there will unquestionably be a great extension of the practice of retaining permanently in the public service officers of special training and proved ability. A movement is now on foot for permanency in the important postmasterships—an office the nature of which is peculiarly independent of all changes of national policy. It is absurd that a post of this nature, in the efficient administration of which every human being in a great city is directly interested, should be filled by a new man every four years or thereabouts, simply because there is a different President at Washington. Even more important than this, however, is another instance of the need of permanent officers in connection with the postal service—namely, in the conduct of the Post Office Department itself. It is true, of course, there as elsewhere, that certain officials of whom the public never hears are retained in important posts—and at small salaries—through all the changes of politics; but something more than this is needed. There ought to be an officer distinctly recognized as permanent, paid a salary commensurate with his importance (and provided with such permanent assistants as might be necessary), whose duty it should be to look into all the greater questions of postal organization and through whom, whether directly or by the medium of the Postmaster-General, Congress and the country should be put in possession of authoritative information and opinion concerning postal matters. In that case, it might be hoped that such questions as that of a parcels post, second-class postal rates, etc., would be properly disposed of within a reasonable time.

"THE SCIENCE OF POETRY."

One is forced to believe that poetry is, after all, the mere "frolic of invention" to understand the ease with which Mr. Hudson Maxim now turns, in a huge volume just out, from his usual business of manufacturing new kinds of explosives, to settle poetry's business once and for all. His opening sentence promises even more:

> The main object of this book is to provide a practical method for literary criticism and analysis, and a standard of uniform judgment for determining the relative merits of literary productions, and, further, to supply a more practical and efficient means than we have had heretofore for the standardization of poetry, whereby any poem may be assayed and the amount of its poetic gold determined and separated from the slag and dross.

With Herbert Spencer for his chief guide and the whole universe at his elbow, Mr. Maxim reopens the old squabble as to the relative importance of poetry, and taking exception to the "fine frenzy" attributed by Shakespeare to the poet, concludes that the latter enjoys no greater inspiration than the inventor, the mechanical engineer, and the chemist at their best. Indeed, he is certain that science is greater than poetry and, as the title of his book would imply, embraces poetry. With so much granted, it is, of course, easy to conclude that "nothing Shakespeare did can for a moment compare with what Herbert Spencer did . . . ." and that "any safe and sane person of education, possessed of the requisite inventive imagination, can either write true poetry . . . or else be able to produce such good imitations of the real thing as to render it difficult to discriminate between the counterfeit and the counterfeited."

Sometimes, it appears, a safe and sane person can better the real thing, as in the following instance, in which Mr. Maxim, correcting glaring errors in Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" soliloquy, has given his own version:

> How fear doth poise us on the brink of death,
> Between contending purposes;
> When some outrageous fortune
> Steels the leaden temper of the mind,
> To seek that last asylum from distress.
> To die—to barter with oblivion
> The heart-tire and the pain for dreamless sleep,
> Were gain indeed, if that were all.

It is clear that Mr. Maxim, in his treatment of poetry, is conscious of a cosmic broadmindedness; which is suggestive, as he thinks, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, of Aristotle himself. They chose, for instance, not to restrict poetry to verse. No more does he. And although his own definition of poetry, which he is fond of repeating, "the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope," is only Shakespeare's:

> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name—

writ prosily, it strikes him as being revolutionary, and leads him to the following elegant classification: Potentry—or language of merely impressive sound; tropetry—figurative language, and synonymous, to his mind, with poetry; literatry—literal prose statement, whether in verse or not; and, finally, the various combinations of these three terms. Of course, any safe and sane person will see at a glance that here is no strict rule of thumb. And be it said in Mr. Maxim's behalf that he himself is the first to qualify when it comes to the actual application of his principles. Indeed, it is his readiness to hedge that prevents this book from being the *ars poetica* which he apparently fancies it to be. Fate has been kinder to him than his own intention.

Mr. Maxim's real forte lies in his power to provoke thought, though often in a direction quite contrary to his. So the classification just cited is bound to induce reflections of a stimulating sort. If we admit with him, for convenience, that the genius of pure poetry is expressed by figures as being best qualified to embody the illogic which is generally admitted to be the distinction of poetry as opposed to prose, it at once becomes evident that such a touchstone would deprive poetry of some of its most moving lines. Horace used figures amply, and yet it is not difficult to recall certain of his best in which the appeal—and a great appeal at that—consists merely in the commonplace put tersely; the same is, of course, true of Pope. And what shall one say of the exquisite profundity of Macbeth's words upon hearing of his wife's death:

> She should have died hereafter;
> There would have been a time for such a word,

if not that it is pure poetry? We agree, nevertheless, with Mr. Maxim that it would be desirable, if it were possible, to know more accurately than is generally known at present what poetry at heart really is. In the great Greek period there was an efficient sensitiveness in such matters; it shows itself in the precision with which poetry was adjusted, through a great variety of outward forms, to its particular occasions. A similar modern sensitiveness would work wonders, not only with original composition, but with literary criticism. It would lead, for one thing, to what scarcely exists to-day—a right understanding of the component parts of large structures, like the epic, the poetical drama, a philosophic poem such as "In Memoriam." That is to say, it would help to solve the questions: To what extent do prosaic devices

and details enter into those types, inevitably? How far is the central idea of any one of them—admitting that it is poetic—capable of projecting itself? And what is the poetic principle by which certain utterances, in themselves wholly prosaic, are strikingly redeemed?

But to go farther, as Mr. Maxim would have us, and try to wrest the secret from every individual line, is manifestly absurd. Profitable study has, no doubt, been made of the vowel and consonant qualities of poetic works, especially of Tennyson and Milton; but to assume to grasp consciously the manifold subtleties of color, of tone, of lingering poignancy, of haunting suggestion, which reside in countless lines, is to be wiser than seven men that can render a reason.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

The "Memoiren einer Idealistin," by Malvida von Meysenbug, chronicle the intellectual and spiritual development of an interesting personality, and at the same time set forth a graphic record of the revolutionary movement that agitated Germany towards the middle of the nineteenth century. German life in the latter half of this same century is treated in a similar way by Lily Braun in her "Memoiren einer Sozialistin" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), which are written in the form of a *Roman*. The great-grandmother of Lily Braun was a German countess, with whom Jerome Bonaparte had contracted a morganatic marriage. The offspring of this union had been a prominent figure in the circle of the intellectuals at Weimar and had in her youth sat at the feet of Goethe. With this grandmother as her guardian angel the imaginative and emotional author had spent her childhood in a dream-world carefully concealed from the eyes of her mother, whose ideas of good breeding admitted of no demonstrations of feeling or flights of fancy. The girl suffered from the restraint and rebelled against a system of intrusion and interference little justified by her innocent vagaries. Surrounded by books and playmates chosen with no regard for her needs and tastes, she withdrew into herself, just as did the writer of those other memoirs, the great-hearted woman who befriended Gottfried Kinkel and Alexander Herzen in their London exile, and whose devotion to Richard Wagner and Friedrich Nietzsche is a matter of history.

Conversations between the grandmother and her friends opened to Lily Braun vistas of worlds then unknown to her: Browning, Ruskin, Morris, Darwin, Nietzsche. The old lady herself had been touched by the spirit of her time and had grown up to a comprehension of its problems. She read the proceedings in the Diet and discussed with her the questions of the day. As the girl matured into womanhood, she became more and more estranged from the other members of the family, who could not understand why she remained obdurate to the appeals of eligible suitors; but when the parents met with financial reverses, she became their chief support. Two events determined her future course in life. Her acquaintance with Moritz von Egidy, whose followers were absorbed by the Christian Socialist party of Germany, roused her interest in the social question. On the death of her grandmother, she made her literary début, with an article on the old lady's relations to Goethe, and thus found a new world and a new mission. The writings of Young Germany were of intense interest to her, but the personal idiosyncrasies of their authors, as also those of the advanced women of her country, repelled her. Through Egidy, she met Georg von Gizycki, professor at the University of Berlin, and a leader in the movement for ethical culture, and her marriage to him proved an ideal one, but was cut short by his death. The latter part of the book is so full of keen criticism of characters prominent in the Germany of the last decades that the reader leaves it with regret. For the period of the author's second marriage and her share in the socialist movement, which, in spite of the title, is barely touched upon, would have been certain of even wider appeal.

Kurt Martens, a novelist and dramatist of Germany, has written a little volume of essays and sketches on contemporary German literature, "Literatur in Deutschland" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), which is full of suggestions to the general reader and which commends itself by its condensed form. He traces the rise and decline of the naturalistic school, discusses the enjoyment of poetry, the elements of style, the source of the latest literary currents, the poet as a social factor, and gives portraits of some of his most interesting colleagues, such as Count Keyserling, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Gerhard Ouckama Knoop, Frank Wedekind, and Helene Boehlau. In the last paper he deplores the antagonism existing between the poets of Young Germany and society, and considers their hostile attitude a remnant of the old cult of genius, haughtily disregarding social conventions.

Those readers who by the title of the late Otto Julius Bierbaum's bulky volume, "Yankeedoodle-Fahrt" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), were justified in expecting impressions of America or Americans are likely to be disappointed. These new contributions to the art of travelling, as the author calls them, are limited to Southern Germany, Italy, and the Orient, and our Yankeedoodle is but the name of a Mediterranean steamer. But the author's personal point of view and his whimsical humor fully compensate for this disappointment. No one familiar with Bierbaum's manner would expect from him a systematic record of any trip—be it an automobile journey through the Tyrol or a visit to the Pyramids. He always indulges in unpremeditated excursions, he has always some surprise in store for us—a habit which in his books of travel constitutes half their charm. He has an abundance of amusing anecdote, charming bits of description, and brilliant flashes of wit, which intensify the reader's regret that no more books from Bierbaum's pen are to be expected.

Erland Nordenskjöld, the son of the famous Arctic explorer, has written a book of impressions of travel in South America which he calls "Wälder: Streifzüge im südlichen Amerika" (Frankfurt a-M.: Literarische Anstalt Rütten & Loening). In a curiously simple, offhand manner he describes a trip through the mountains and the forests on the boundary of Argentina and Bolivia, and incidentally gives some vivid pictures of human life in those regions. His notes on the primeval forests, on the fauna of the country, on the natives and their relation to the Latin races that have conquered them seem merely leaves from a diary, but they are not without a rare spontaneous charm. That the Indian of South America is doomed, like his northern brother, seems clear to any one who reads the chapter on the Mataco Indians whom hunger has driven to the villages, where their physical strength is harnessed and exploited in the white man's factories. Among the quaint customs of the Matacos is the libation to Pachamama, the goddess of earth, whom those among them that have been Christianized call Santa Tierra. The author is a collector of prehistoric antiquities, and regrets that he was born too late to be the first to penetrate the realm of the Incas. In the endless Puna, where thousands of skeletons of the mastodon are laid bare as though it were a vast burial-ground of the country's fauna, he dreams of what life may have been a thousand years ago. Nevertheless, he enjoys the carnival tide which in this remote and somewhat barbarous world brings to him showers of flour and water instead of blossoms and confetti.

Max Dauthendey, who is known to students of the literature of Young Germany as a writer of verse so full of strange mannerisms as to verge on the ludicrous, offers one the opportunity to become acquainted with quite another phase of his talent in a little book of weird Oriental stories called "Asiatische Novellen" (Munich: Albert Langen). In the poetical extravaganzas of his youth,

he was a seeker for unusual effects in wordcraft, for rare pictures. In this prose volume, he is a seeker for extraordinary plots presented with an amazing directness. The setting suggests almost palpably the heavy atmosphere of the Orient, and gives us glimpses of depths of superstition, barbarous customs, and occult wisdom.

Wilhelm Bölsche's literary personality can be briefly summarized by the term "scientist-poet." For he is master of the unique art of transmuting the facts of knowledge into exquisite prose of such a fine imaginative quality as to be more closely akin to poetry than to the essay. Every new volume gives evidence of that rare gift. In the introduction to "Stunden im All" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) he suggests that his essays may in a remote future become what we now call Sunday sermons; for he approaches his task with that element of inspiration and elevation which one is wont to associate with religion. It cannot be denied that the style of Bölsche sometimes arouses the suspicion that he is attenuating solid facts, yet his talks stand the test of science. He treats a great variety of subjects in this book, which begins with reflections upon the first appearance of light and life, the subject being suggested by his watching the candles of a Christmas tree. Some of the papers are of vital and timely interest, as the one on the toothless flier, the *Pteranadon*, which he calls a primeval precursor of Count Zeppelin and the most perfect flying machine in the world. In another paper, he indicates what might be the model of the fireless cooker and the incubator in the genus of fowl known as the *Talegallus lathami*. His cleverness in starting with some simple observations and working up genuine scientific interest by æsthetic means, is unique. There is nothing like the writings of Bölsche in all our nature books.

Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm is a thoughtful student of social customs and each of his books in which he has laid down the results of his investigations is a valuable contribution to the history of modern culture. For gradually, says he in the preface to his new book, "Geselligkeit, Sitten und Gebräuche der europäischen Welt 1789-1900" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), the spirit of historical writing has changed, and the modest little notes devoted to the customs and conventions of human society in different epochs of modern history have become of paramount interest to the modern thinker. The book takes the reader through France, Italy, Germany, England, and Russia, from the Revolution to the present time, and offers glimpses of court life, bourgeois modes of living, of the world of arts and letters.

A fascinating volume of Florentine impressions and reminiscences is the book by Isolde Kurz, called "Menschen und Bilder aus deutschem Künstlerkreis in Florenz" (Munich: Georg Müller). By way of introduction the author, who is the daughter of the novelist, Hermann Kurz, and herself enjoys a reputation as a writer of prose and verse, furnishes a portrait of the "stille Königin," the quiet queen among cities, and compares her to the Mona Lisa. The book contains personal recollections of Böcklin, of Karl Stauffer-Bern, from whose little-known poems she quotes interesting specimens, of Theodor Heyse, the uncle of Paul Heyse, whose interpretations of Æschylus and translation of Catullus rank very high; of Karl Hillebrand and Heinrich Homberger, of Ludmilla Assing and Gisela Grimm. The sculptor, Adolf Hillebrand, is the subject of a sympathetic appreciation. One paper is devoted to Carrara and other marble quarries, and there are some reminiscences of the last earthquake.

A little book entitled "Schiller im Urteil Goethes," by P. Uhle (imported by Lemcke & Buechner), is likely to be a welcome addition to the bibliography of both poets. The compiler admits his indebtedness to the larger works by G. Portig and Th. Vogel, but adds to the quotations from the letters, to the biography and the conversations of Goethe, to the testimony of Schiller himself, of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and of G. A. Körner. The selections are grouped according to the mutual relation of the two authors as friends, as poets, and as men.

A. von Ende.

SWISS NOTES.

Neuchâtel, August 30.

By the death of Léon Massol, the bacteriological laboratory at Geneva has lost its founder and director, the university a professor, and science a useful servant. His father was the famous baritone at the Paris Opera, and an intimate friend of Napoleon III. It was on his way to witness Massol's farewell appearance that the Emperor so narrowly escaped being killed by Orsini. Léon Massol began his career as a railway employee, but afterwards studied with Reverdin, the Geneva surgeon, at whose instance he made a specialty of bacteriology. After working under Pasteur at Paris, he returned to Geneva, where he established the municipal laboratory. He was famous for his originality and caustic wit, as well as for his scientific labors.

The restoration of the Cathedral of St. Pierre at Geneva is now almost completed. As a memorial of the old building, M. Camille Martin, who is both an historian and an architect, has prepared a volume descriptive of the ancient church. It is illustrated by telephotic copies of the capitals and decorative motives of the interior. The work of M. Martin, executed with intelligence and taste, is an interesting contribution to the history of mediæval architecture and iconography.

The Swiss review, *Bibliothèque Universelle*, is just beginning its one hundred and fifteenth year. This review counts among its contributors writers like Henry Bardeaux, Philippe Godet, and Philippe Monier. Considering the intellectual activity in its larger towns, particularly at the universities, Switzerland is rather poor in periodicals of this kind.

A map of the world on the scale of one millimetre to the kilometre is to be prepared under the direction of the International Geographical Congress. The idea of such a map was first definitely suggested when the congress met at Berne in 1891. Albrecht Penck, formerly of Vienna and now professor of geography at Berlin, is the author of the plan, and a special conference has lately taken place at the British Foreign Office to complete the undertaking.

In Switzerland, much attention has been given to schools for weak-minded children. According to a report made at the seventh annual conference held at Altorf in the interests of these establishments, there are now thirty schools of the kind in the Swiss Federation. Most of them are in the German-speaking cantons; and most of them have been founded and are supported by private benevolence. At present, the number of pupils in them is 1,366. In certain regions the proportion of weak-minded children is very large. Indeed, in the canton Grisons, the welfare of the community is seriously threatened by the prevalence of cretinism; and not long ago measures were proposed to discourage marriages because of the number of children who suffered from goitre and idiocy. It is not only the actually abnormal who are made the object of special care. Provision has been made in many large towns for the education of backward pupils who have hitherto been neglected simply because they were thought to be incapable of learning. For these a "primary class" has been created to remove them from the discouraging conditions met with in schools where only more proficient children were taught. Of such primary classes there are now thirty-two, conducted in as many towns; eighty-two teachers are employed, and there is an attendance of 1,708 children. The excellent result of this system is that the teachers in ordinary schools are not embarrassed by the presence of those who are mentally deficient, while the latter are greatly benefited by the special instruction that they receive. The first institution for "backward" children was founded at Bâle, in 1888. The teachers in these schools have all received a special pedagogic training.

A. A.

Correspondence.

THE PROPOSED EX-PRESIDENTIAL CONFERENCE OF 1861.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the Van Buren papers in the Library of Congress are three appeals to him to take part in a conference of the five living ex-Presidents, whose object should be to secure an armistice with a view to composing the differences between North and South. One, dated Concord, April 16, 1861, is from ex-President Franklin Pierce; a second, dated Philadelphia, April 17, 1861, is from Benjamin Patton, who had been United States district attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania during Jackson's second term; and a third, dated Leavenworth City, Kansas, May 14, 1861, is from Samuel D. Lecompte, who had been chief justice of the Territory of Kansas under Pierce, 1855-1857. The second and third profess to have been addressed simultaneously to all five of the ex-Presidents, and appear among the Pierce papers in the Library of Congress, though not included in the printed correspondence of James Buchanan.

Ex-President Pierce, in the letter noted above, urged Van Buren to take the initiative by calling a meeting of "the five retired Presidents of the United States, still living," at Philadelphia, at the earliest practicable date. "Might not their consultation," he asked, "if it should result in concurrence of judgment, reach the Administration and the country with some degree of power?" His idea was to "take measures to suspend active military operations, secure opportunity for further reflection in the face of present dangers, and to save the most fearful calamity which has ever impended over a nation." None but Van Buren, he thought, could with propriety summon such a meeting; and he therefore concluded with a request that Van Buren should, if the plan met with his approval, communicate with Tyler, Fillmore, and Buchanan, and notify him of the result.

Van Buren's reply to this letter, dated Lindenwald, April 20, 1861, is among the Van Buren papers; but no answer to either of the other two is extant in either collection. It bears evidence, in its penciled draft, with many interlineations in ink, all in his own hand, and in its copy, in another hand, for ready future reference, of preparation as careful as that of the State papers and political utterances of his earlier years. Between himself and Pierce, the venerable writer said, there could be no difference of feeling and opinion in regard to the extent of the danger, or to "our duty to do all in our power to arrest the present adverse course of things"; yet he had serious doubts "of the practicability of making a voluntary movement of that description, on our part, with such action in the matter as we might think allowable." He protested that the "privilege of taking the initiative to bring about such a meeting," if there were any difference, belonged of right less to himself than to "the individual . . . who was the latest incumbent of the principal office," though, as a matter of fact, they might all be regarded as on a similar footing; yet he would unhesitatingly accept an invitation, if Pierce or any other of the ex-Presidents should still think it advisable to issue one, and he would co-operate in the meeting so far as lay in his power.

A commentary upon his meaning is found in his reference, in a letter to "Mr. Ingersoll," April 27, 1861, to his avowal in the course of a "hurried interview" at Lindenwald of "the opinion . . . that we ex-Presidents, whilst we held ourselves ready to exert whatever of influence our past positions are supposed to have conferred upon us, to promote pacification, should take no important step without communicating our intention to the Administration at Washington in advance, and receiving satisfactory assurance of their acquiescence." The disposition to support the Administration, he added, was every day growing more intense throughout New York, and any step which might seem capable of embarrassing them would be met with distrust.

Patton was, of all the three advocates of mediation, the most definite in his suggestions. He proposed a meeting at Washington on May 1, or sooner, if practicable. The first object of the conferrees should be to secure a twelve months' armistice; "for this purpose they should address themselves in person, and in a body, to the government at Washington, and then, *in the same way*, to the government at Montgomery."

The conditions tentatively outlined for the truce were:

(1.) The Southern Confederacy to suspend their system for the twelve months, especially in reference to the postal and revenue laws of the United States.

(2.) A national convention to be held during that period, and at a time to be designated by your Body, and to be composed of one delegate (to be elected by the people) from each Congressional district in the thirty-four States, and two delegates-at-large from each of the said States.

(3.) That the action of the Convention shall be embodied by the shortest constitutional process, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and shall be accepted by all sections, East, West, North, and South, as a final and absolute settlement of all pending questions and difficulties, provided, that every measure of the Convention shall receive the sanction of two-thirds of its members individually, and that its proceedings shall embrace an abnegation of all or any power on the part of Congress or the general government to interfere in any manner with slavery in the States where it now exists, or may hereafter be lawfully established, and also a provision for the return of fugitive slaves.

Lecompte outlined no definite programme, but merely suggested that the five ex-Presidents were "the most likely men of the age to suggest a possible peaceable solution of the strange disorders of our beloved country," and enlarged upon the distressing conditions of the day and the glorious possibilities of so exalted an undertaking as he urged.

The identity of the "Mr. Ingersoll," to whom Van Buren addressed the letter of April 27, is not certain; nor does his part in the movement for mediation clearly appear. He was probably Charles Jared Ingersoll of Philadelphia, Van Buren's sometime political associate and correspondent. He visited Lindenwald in the latter part of April, after Pierce's letter, and probably Patton's, had been received, for Van Buren says, in the letter already mentioned: "I have heard from no one since you left." The subject was discussed in the "hurried interview," as appears from Van Buren's reference to his own expression of opinion in regard to the proprieties in the case, and to his promise to let Ingersoll know of any change or modification of opinion on his part. This promise, especially when taken in connection with William Kelley's statement, to be noted later, would lead one to infer that Ingersoll had the project much at heart, whether he made any independent suggestion or not. He probably knew nothing, at least before leaving Philadelphia, of Patton's ideas, since the latter said in his letter to Van Buren that none but himself and his secretary knew of his having written, and that neither the letter nor its answer was to be published.

William D. Kelley, in a letter to Salmon P. Chase—cited in Rhodes's History, III, 367—dated at Philadelphia, April 29, 1861, notes an enclosed article which "discloses a scheme by which C. J. Ingersoll *et id omne* hoped to divide the now Unanimous North"; and adds that he knows that "the hesitancy of Mr. Van Buren, who declined to unite until he should be assured that the Administration desired to be approached in that way," has alone prevented the five ex-Presidents from asking the Administration for an armistice. "As this," he says in conclusion, "was just what the originators of the scheme did not want, it may have fallen through."

The enclosure alluded to is lost from the letter as it now appears in the Library of Congress Chase collection, but it was doubtless the following item, clipped from the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of the same date:

Boston, Apr. 27 . . . A dispatch from Concord says that ex-President Pierce, in obedience to a dispatch from Mr. Ingersoll of Philadelphia, has gone to Philadelphia, and perhaps to Baltimore, on a mission of mediation between the government and the rebels.

So far as one may judge from contemporary newspapers, the project attracted very little attention at the time. Pierce's speech on April 20, the day when the answer to his letter was in preparation at Lindenwald, expressed the fervent hope that "some event, some power, may yet intervene to save us from the most dire calamity that ever impended over a nation"; but the New Hampshire *Patriot and State Gazette*, which reports the address, has not one word to indicate that the hearers had any inkling of what the speaker meant. The New York *Tribune* for April 29, 1861, also cited by Dr. Rhodes, is the only newspaper in which I have been able to find any definite mention of the scheme, even as a possibility. The writer of this editorial declares that any sort of mediation by ex-Presidents, or British minister, or anybody else, is utterly out of the question; that the only possibility of peace lies in the Southern submission to Federal authority.

The Farmer of Kinderhook had not lost the political insight of the Little Magician of Albany and Washington; for men of Kelley's and the *Tribune* editor's stamp brushed aside with contempt and indignation any arbitration plan as savoring of weakness or disloyalty; and men like Moses S. Tilden (who wrote to Van Buren on May 5 of the sense of relief which he felt at seeing the announcement that the political complications of the time were to be entrusted to the ex-Presidents for

smoothing) soon lost heart, realizing that things were rushing away from any possibility of peaceful solution.

ELIZABETH HOWARD WEST.

Washington, D. C., September 4.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Autobiography of Senator Platt appearing in *McClure's Magazine* presents some interesting features. Perhaps nothing is so notable as the evidence it offers throughout to the simplification of the moral code to the single article of loyalty to the boss. The machine sometimes seems to be the object of ultimate devotion, but in every critical hour it is made plain that the machine exists for the boss, not the boss for the machine. I wish to call attention to the way in which the writer is either blinded by the splendor of the boss's personality or obscures the real meaning of an act to cover the boss's defeat.

In recording the way in which Garfield defeated Conkling's effort to rob the delegates to the national Republican convention of 1880 of independence by pledging them to support the nominee whoever he might be, Senator Platt says:

> One of his first acts in the Chicago convention was to offer a resolution which had been urged by the New York delegation, and which ran like this: "Resolved, as the sense of this convention, that every member of it is bound in honor to support the nominee, whoever that nominee may be; and that no man should hold a seat here who is not ready to so agree." The roll call disclosed seven hundred and sixteen votes for the Conkling resolution and only three against. Senator Conkling then submitted this resolution: "That the delegates who have voted that they will not abide the action of the convention do not deserve and have forfeited their votes in this convention."
>
> The three negative votes on the previous resolution had been cast by West Virginia. Mr. A. W. Campbell of that State was vigorously opposed to the second resolution. Gen. James A. Garfield of Ohio, who eventually was the nominee for President, but whose name had hardly been whispered, was quite vehement in his opposition.
>
> Senator Coukling, even while Garfield was speaking against the resolution, wrote a note reading: "I congratulate you upon being the dark horse." When Gen. Garfield ceased talking, Conkling, . . . said: "Please give this to Gen. Garfield."
>
> Conkling had thus early scented defeat for Grant and victory for Garfield.

The only thing that Senator Platt would have us see in this act is Conkling's prescieuce. But the interpretation heretofore put upon the act is far more likely the true one—that is, it was intended to check Garfield, and, by facing him with a personal challenge, shoulder him to one side in the battle for and against the office-seekers' championship of Grant.

A member of the Ohio delegation told me soon after the occurrence that as soon as Garfield sat down after defending the right of the West Virginia delegates, and of every other member of the convention, to decide upon their future course according to their own consciences, a card from Conkling was passed to him. Garfield flushed crimson as he read its message. Tearing the card impatiently to bits, he threw them on the floor. A member of the Ohio delegation put his foot over the fragments and kept them together till an opportunity offered to pick them up without attracting Garfield's attention. When pieced together, the message read: "Is this the first appearance of the dark horse in this convention?"

The difference in the phrases heightens the difference in the significance of the act. It seems probable that Conkling, adroit and capable as he was, saw the impression that Garfield was making, and desired to check him, to whatever end he might be tending. His failure to check him was big with meaning. For, though Senator Platt does not record it, that speech of Garfield's was the beginning of the end of Conkling's career.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., September 6.

COLLEGE "LIFE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many readers of the *Nation* will remember the article entitled "A College Utopia: A Fantasy," published about a year and a half ago (December 5, 1907), which presented, as a mere dream, the possibility of a college which should "estimate the tumult and the shouting at their exact value and steadily pursue the true aims of education."

There is another institution of which we are at present in great need, namely, an institution for College Life. Every college in the country now has a certain proportion of students who consider the "Life" the most important part of their college course. Such students are constantly hampered in their most cherished hopes and ambitions by the academic requirements, by the demands of old-fashioned, unprogressive professors, who even in this enlightened age still cling to the belief that college is primarily a place for study. The annoyance to which these students are subjected can easily be imagined and cannot fail to arouse sympathy in the heart of anyone who will give the matter serious thought. There is an increasing need of an institution the avowed object of which shall be to provide college life, unhampered by anything like study, an institution which shall have a place for all of the activities now carried on within college precincts except the purely intellectual; in short, a college without a curriculum.

It was made evident that in the College Utopia a strong faculty would be an absolute essential. But in the Institution for College Life no faculty would be needed. Thus a large item would be eliminated entirely from the running expenses. Given the "plant," the institution might even become self-supporting.

It would be necessary indeed to have skilled coaches in athletics, dramatics, and sports of all kinds, but these instructors the students could be trusted to provide for themselves without assistance from the trustees.

The fact that such an institution could not give the degree of B. A. may be considered an objection, since to many people the degree still seems a thing to be desired, regardless of what leads to it. But with a little thought new degrees might be created, which should be more valuable than the B. A. as indicating with some definiteness the work which had actually been done—for instance, A. S. (Athletic Shark), S. S. (Social Star), and various others would naturally suggest themselves—or, if unreasoning tradition is so strong that the sound of a Latin degree is still sweet even to unaccustomed ears, we might have as the highest of all Sph. D. (Sphæromachiæ Doctor).

Z.

Rome, August 22.

THE SUMNER BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The list of the published works of Prof. W. G. Sumner, printed in the *Nation* of July 21, was assuredly welcome to many persons who have followed Professor Sumner's work, but who have been unable to keep informed as to his contributions, chiefly because they have appeared often in publications of a special nature, not likely to be seen by the general reader. Since the list is given as being complete, and will be so accepted by many, I would have you note the omission of an article which it would be a misfortune to leave unnoticed. In *Collier's Weekly* for October 27, 1904, appeared an article on Socialism by Mr. Upton Sinclair. In the same issue Professor Sumner contributed an answer at some length. This answer, characteristic in matter and manner, is specially valuable; it deals with the socialist's argument which proceeds to reason directly from a mere recital of unpleasant social conditions. Professor Sumner's rejoinder is exactly what those persons need who feel vaguely that misery and unhappiness *per se* are evidences of injustice somewhere. Anything which tends to promote clear thinking and to give a correct perspective of facts upon that phase at which most persons are frankly bewildered, deserves to be starred in your list. It is worth noting that, although *Collier's* readers were told that a reply to Professor Sumner would be given by Mr. Sinclair in a later number, one will look in vain through the subsequent issues for any trace of it.

WILLIAM F. PETER.

Seymour, Ind., August 18.

ALFRED NUTT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The tragic death of Mr. Alfred Nutt, noticed in your columns for June 9, is such a profound loss to the small company of students of mediæval story that it may call for another word.

Nutt's attitude toward mediæval romance was like that of Petrarch and the men of the early Renaissance toward the almost forgotten civilization of ancient Greece. Like them, he was eager with the joy of a discoverer surrounded by unknown treasures, and hopeful with the confidence of reconstructing bit by bit a vanished world. The Greek and the Roman contributions to our culture, it seemed to Nutt, had been weighed and estimated. Even to the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Persian, and other Oriental influences sufficient attention had been called. What interested Nutt was the contributions of the ruder Western peoples of the Germanic, and above all, of the Celtic races, and the possibility of estimating what those contributions were, not only by a study of the ancient documents, but by piecing together the fragments of primitive culture and folk-lore surviving in the re-

moter districts of western Europe. In Ireland, in Scotland, in Cornwall, and in the remoter valleys of Wales, as Nutt believed, are preserved bits of folk song and story which give glimpses of the pagan culture of western Europe as it existed in the ages before the coming of the Roman legions and of the Christian church.

Nutt was, therefore, a folk-lorist and a storyologist, believing that only by comprehending the ways of modern Irish and Welsh story-telling can we understand the Celtic literature of the past. The contribution of the Celts to modern culture is a chapter of literary history which is as yet unwritten, but for which Nutt longed to lay foundations. The field is a dangerous one, and is swept by storms of bitter controversy, from which no investigator escapes. The chivalry and good nature with which Nutt bore the brunt of hostile and often ungracious criticism, as well as his unfailing interest in the human side of all things he studied, make his example a bright one to workers in the difficult field of Celtic and mediæval romance. ARTHUR C. L. BROWN.

Evanston, Ill., August 30.

"SWINGING ROUND THE CIRCLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Tbis phrase, which is in common political use and has even passed into history, is universally used to describe the famous tour of the country that President Johnson made in 1866, and is applied to other Presidential progresses. Now this phrase of Johnson's did not originally mean any such thing. He used it *when* he was on that speech-making tour and before, and used it repeatedly, so that the writer heard it from his lips after it had already become familiar in the newspapers. This is what he used to say: "I have opposed traitors in the South, and now I am swinging round the circle and fighting traitors at the North!" meaning the "radicals" in Congress and elsewhere. "Swinging round the circle" did not mean travelling about the country, but changing front.

Not very important, but true.

E. R. FRENCH.

Sheridan, Wyo., August 16.

Literature.

A CALVINIST SENATOR.

An Old-Fashioned Senator, Orville H. Platt of Connecticut. By Louis A. Coolidge. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

In the Senate of Connecticut, at the outbreak of the civil war, a remarkable incident occurred. A tall young Senator rose and moved that the portraits of two ex-Governors, then odious for anti-Union expressions, should be turned to the wall. The motion was carried, and the vindicator of the State's loyalty was nicknamed "Picture Platt." One may doubt whether just this sort of orderly retribution would have been demanded at such a time by anybody but a New Englander and a Calvinist.

Orville H. Platt had passed through a stern school. His family, aggressive abolitionists, had been excommunicated from the Congregational Church of Judea, Conn. Young Platt, with his father, had often accompanied runaway slaves to the next refuge north. He had seen his beloved teacher, Frederick W. Gunn, later Master of the "Gunnery," branded as an atheist and abolitionist—terms equally opprobrious. He had heard his pastor from the pulpit grossly insult—the text was Jezebel—a generous woman who had come to speak for the liberation of the slave. In extreme opposition to the pro-slavery parties, he had joined the American party, the so-called Knownothings, and finally had espoused with religious zeal the cause of the Republican party. He had worked in his father's fields and in those of the neighbors for hire; had taught school, read law, settled at the manufacturing village of Meriden, where he soon passed to the bench; interested himself in all local affairs, and was universally called "O. H." Never eloquent, he spoke with pith and brevity, had a faculty of being right, and was readily promoted to the Speakership of the State House of Representatives. What turned him to his real career as United States Senator we may only guess. Partly, no doubt, as his biographer suggests, a definite sense of vocation, partly the chance that he was in pecuniary straits. Mr. Platt's business misadventure, which left him in debt to his life's end, brought out a characteristic incident. He was an endorser of the paper of a cutlery concern managed by friends whose failure left him deeply involved. In his embarrassment there came a good-sized check from a farmer-brother in Litchfield County, with the terse but sufficient message: "Orville, use this." Almost equally sparse was the reply: "Much obliged, Simeon, but I got myself into this mess, and I shall get out of it." Much of old New England is in this episode.

The Republican caucus of 1879 was hopelessly divided between Gen. Joseph R. Hawley and Marshall Jewell. Thus the way was open to a third Senatorial candidate acceptable to both factions. Mr. Platt telegraphed the chairman of his campaign committee: "Make no combinations or bargains, and entertain no proposals for anything. Let no friend of mine disparage any other candidate." The victory was a clean one, and the new Senator prepared to go to the special session. As he was driven to the Meriden station he said to a friend: "John, I'm going to the United States Senate; you won't hear much of a fellow named Platt for some years. I'm going to listen, and learn, and I won't begin to talk until I stand for something." Thus spoke the proud humility of fifty-two laborious years.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Platt never became a talking Senator. His strong practical sense soon taught him that laws were passed not by argument, but by shrewd manipulation of the Senate in action. It was often better, he found, to relegate a bad bill to the Greek Kalends than to oppose it publicly. One could also shuffle the cards in favor of a good bill so quietly that opposition would not develop. There was a complete absence of vanity about the man. Near the end of his life he writes to a friend: "What a man does quietly is never known or appreciated. For instance: I put an amendment into a bill to-day for the opening of an Indian reservation which is likely to save the government, first and last, if the same policy is continued with reference to other matters of a similar kind, at least $50,000,000." Probably no Senator of his time followed so conscientiously the whole course of legislation. His position grew to be that of Senator for the country at large; he exercised almost a censorship over miscellaneous bills.

The qualities of thoroughness and unselfishness brought upon him the most laborious and least conspicuous committee assignments, and for a score of years he spent himself devotedly upon matters of high public concern in which little individual glory was to be won. It was he who put the Patent Office upon an independent basis. Of the cause of international copyright he made himself the champion. For years he served on the Indian Committee, standing between the red man and his despoilers in the West and his ill-guided friends in the East. On one occasion he said that every Indian reservation might tax the ingenuity of the Supreme Court. In all his Indian dealings he showed a practical and humane disposition to go through the accumulated tangle of obsolete treaties and special legislation to the real needs of the race.

For years he served on the Finance Committee, but it cannot be said that his contributions either to tariff or currency discussion ever transcended the average wisdom of his party. It is a curious fact that, though to the end he honorably set himself against the national hysteria that led to the Cuban war, he accepted its results as providential and made himself one of the most potent advocates of the new Imperialism. An unequivocal service was the passing of the Platt amendment—astutely expedited as a rider to an army bill—which, while guaranteeing the independence of Cuba, reserved to the United States oversight of the foreign relations and domestic order of the island republic.

While deploring hasty and sensational legislation against corporate and railway interests, he was fully alive to the sentiment of the country and to the need of cautious reform. This man, past

his seventy-fifth year, and for twenty-six years associated intimately with the specious advocates of unrestrained capitalism, became the unofficial emissary between President Roosevelt and the Senate, tempering the impetuosity of the one and the stolidity of the other. In fact, nothing more graced this excellent old man than his cordial admiration for a temperament so unlike his own as was that of the President. He died in his twenty-sixth year of Senatorial service, prematurely worn out by duties he was too proud to evade.

The Calvinist temperament is highly rationalistic, but only up to the point where the Divine paradoxes begin. Senator Platt was a hard-headed, clear-thinking man only when the mysteries of the Republican faith were not in question. In the protective tariff he believed with the fervor of a mystic. We doubt if he ever argued that question; he simply asserted the dogma. Some considerable knowledge of schedules he acquired, because these are contentious matters, and he liked to see business dispatched. But he has left on record the amazing statement: "I do not believe that an unnecessarily high duty exerts any influence whatever on prices"; and he bitterly opposed the belief that the tariff fosters Trusts and combinations. Sometimes his abstract devotion to protection led him into strange inconsistencies. He believed our tariff was bad for other nations; he always advocated the governing of our new Imperial possessions for their own good, and yet he talked President McKinley out of his purpose of granting, as a "plain duty," free trade to Porto Rico.

Again, on the issue of expansion, after the Cuban war, his attitude was that of a mystical enthusiast. As early as the Hawaiian imbroglio he had conceived the idea that our advance was providential, having to do with the spread of Christian civilization. To vindicate our right to govern distant possessions as we chose and without engaging to embody them in our own political system, he set himself resolutely. Here he never weighed the expediency nor counted the cost; our dignity, our duty, required the step, and those who opposed it were little better than traitors. He aided to impose upon the Philippines and Porto Rico that sort of taxation for which his ancestors revolted from England, and to Senator Hoar's fair question, "If the Republican majority admitted that government rightly exists by the consent of the governed," he responded by a sheer assumption that the annexation of the transmarine island was providential. When these religious convictions were at stake the facts counted for little. So when the Panama *coup* was under discussion, he virtually fell back upon the theory that the President could do no wrong. The persons who felt there was presumptive evidence that a dirty trick had been played upon the Republic of Colombia, the people who wanted the canal but wanted it with clean hands, he represented as sly obstructionists in behalf of the Nicaragua route. The providential necessity of the canal outweighed such trifles as facts and motives. In fact, nobody was so capable as Mr. Platt of making the Quays, Hannas, "Tom" Platts, Lodges, and Aldriches seem to be acting from the loftiest moral convictions.

We hasten to add that his limitations were of a piece with his training and his patriarchal character. Moreover, it is certain that because of his unwavering Republicanism the corrupt or merely opportunistic factions of the party would always concede more to him than to a more independent Senator. Where he shone was in conducting the vast amount of non-partisan business that generally is more or less neglected. He voted against the Chinese exclusion act, opposed the class legislation that sought to impose the eight-hour law on firms under government contract, sought to straighten out the tangle of Senate procedure, ridiculed the excessive sense of Senatorial prerogative, kept a restraining hand on such wilder anti-capitalistic bills as the Anti-Option law; in general, brought into the atmosphere of the upper house a refreshing element of sturdy morality and common sense. Under the sympathetic hands of his biographer, Louis A. Coolidge, whose tone is that of a fervent Republican, the story of Mr. Platt's career in the Senate from 1879 to 1905 has become almost a history of national legislation for that period. The record is skilfully made. We have noticed no material error except the misprint 1887 for 1897 on page 213 (the date of the Dingley law).

Senator Platt was one of the last of our patriarchal statesmen, trained chiefly by the discipline of life, representing a kind of ancient severity and virtue, men of deeds not of words, authentic products of our own unmodified Puritan institutions. He was at bottom a shy man, and really more at home in the Adirondack forest with his guides than in that Senate chamber where he was so much beloved. He was so modest that he was capable of imposing that quality vicariously upon President Roosevelt. Men of his simplicity and power of character are always rare. And of these, only an elect remnant permit one confidently to say, in the turmoil of public affairs, that they were invariably true to themselves. Of Senator Platt this could be said unqualifiedly, and he is likely to be remembered as a sort of Cato in a time more prolific of Mariuses and of Cæsars.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Power and the Glory. By Grace McGowan Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Johnnie Consadine is a beautiful maid who goes down from her mountain home in "the remote fastnesses of the Unakas" to make her fortune in the valley. Fortune awaits her there, as it were, on three counts, and her trials by the way are no more than a maiden may bear. Her path in the sufficiently dismal mill-town of Cottonville is not made over-smooth for her capable feet; but she is upheld from the beginning by the extraordinary friendliness of Mr. Gray Stoddard. Though one of the mill-owning class, he is inclined toward Socialism. Quite the most original feature of the story is that this young gentleman does not turn out to be a villain, or even a weakling. He not only fails to take advantage of the poor girl's innocence, but actually marries her, openly and with rejoicing—a situation impossible in transatlantic fiction. But, of course, Johnnie is not a peasant: she is the daughter of the proud Southern mountaineer stock, and nobody's inferior in blood or mental power. She takes up the mill life for the sake of her improvident mother and a brood of brothers and sisters; and she feels herself inferior to young Stoddard only in point of mind and taste. She has a rival in the person of a lady of fashion, who has marked Stoddard for her own, and who makes matters as disagreeable as she can for Johnnie. There is also a villain, a mountain boy from Johnnie's own neighborhood. But Johnnie is not destined for defeat, and in due time achieves that power and glory which she has coveted. There is much adventure by the way, in which a motor-car plays a part. The mountain roads in Johnnie's region must be more easily negotiable than the creek bottoms which form the highway in so many parts of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains. But the dialect is veracious, and in Johnnie's mother, childlike and shiftless, yet with elements of natural grace and charm inherited from some far-off lady-ancestress, is pictured a true mountain type.

The Way Up. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Co.

The problem novel has its merits, as well as its defects; but it is a trifle disconcerting to have a piece of fiction recommended by a publisher as dealing with "three burning questions of the hour." The announcement reminds us a little of the four-legged lady we were once invited to behold, the poster concluding with the legend, "Twenty Pink Toes." One burning question should, it seems, be enough for the most daring novelist to tackle at a time. And

there is really only one such question of which, on the evidence in hand, we should convict Mr. Willeocks. This is the industrial question: how shall the relations of wealth and talent and labor be fairly adjusted?

The hero, Michael Strode, is a youth of good stock, who, half-way through his formal education, becomes a diseiple of Fourier, and determines to put the master's theories to practical proof. He breaks with the capitalist uncle who has been backing him up, and enters an iron foundry at the bottom. He rises quickly, and at the end of a few years is offered a partnership. In due course, he becomes owner, and eventually succeeds in founding an establishment upon the French plan. The experiment of coöperation is a complete success from the business point of view, but never really a success socially. So much for the burning question, in which the author shows an untiring and at times deadly interest. Michael's hopes, plans, speeches, arguments with friends and enemies, are retailed with painful minuteness, and at the expense of the story. For there is a story, and a very good one. It chiefly concerns Michael and two women. One of them, the wife of his youth, is a beautiful butterfly, with the means and the will for a life of pleasure. He applies her wealth to the furtherance of his philanthropic dream, with which she has no sympathy, and in his preoccupation denies her the little attentions and the social pleasures which her nature craves. But though of the butterfly type, she is not a weakling, and she has a modern conviction of her individual rights to oppose against his old-fashioned notion of wifely subservience. She withdraws her person and her wealth: the pair are not divorced, but she lives her own life—not a virtuous one. Ten years later, her selfish joys have turned to bitterness, and she takes the only way of releasing Michael that he may marry the other woman, who is a fit mate for him. The interest of the characterization is not confined to the inevitable trio. In many ways the most striking figure in the book is Michael's mother, "a Rabelais in petticoats," big-hearted, free of speech, untrammelled by the little conventions which rule the world of women.

Routledge Rides Alone. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Routledge was a Philadelphian, a war correspondent—no—a "word-painter of war," who wrote at times for the American press, at times for the English; following American and British arms from '94 to the year when the story opens, 1902. He was no ordinary war correspondent, be sure. "He could love India without hating England. He could be the greatest of war-scribes and despise war. He laughed at material possessions and bowed before breech-elout chivalry." He was more than half a mystic and loved to sit by a grate-fire, "murmuring the star-reaching OM." "All dimensions of knowledge were in his mind." Behind his words, "pitiably often," "shaped to meet the so-called needs of a daily paper," was "the master behind the narrator; the man who lived and moved in a wonderland that was a hopeless arcanum to the many; the man who glimpsed the temple of truth if not from within, at least from the gardens." His greatest friends were Jerry Cardinegh, "dean of the British word-painters of war," and Noreen, Jerry's daughter, an Irish pair who loved Ireland as Routledge loved Asia; they, too, were half-mystics; he finally went mad from memories of Irish sufferings, and in his madness shifted to Routledge's shoulders the blame of his own act of treachery to England, an act which, if we may believe the story, led up to the Russo-Japanese war. No small issues, it will be seen, engage the reader of this story.

If the most graphic part of the book lies on the field of battle, the most living part is in India. Routledge, frankly in sympathy with Indian mysteries, shoots a piercing lance into the Anglo-Indian system of administration, not hating materialism so mueh as scorning it. "All men, as all nations, must suffer. Europe and America are learning to suffer through their excesses; India through her privations, a cleaner, holier way." To keep him a journalist and a brother of occult brothers taxes the author's resources and yields us a rather over-fed story, stuffed with ideas—many of them very good ones—and with language of every degree of merit, pictorial, colloquial, journalistic, highfalutin; it skims on earth at times, and at others it is as if the writer had lain awake o' nights to coin the unusual phrase. He seems afraid to let any word stand alone, but must prop it up with epithet. It is an absorbing story, compounded of clever journalistic feats, gory battles, high endeavor, and cryptic thinking—an original mixture, surely—served in a swash of words.

The Devourers. By A. Vivanti Chartres. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This striking book is accompanied by a word from the publishers about its author. She is the daughter of an Italian father and a German mother, both of distinguished connection, and the wife of an English barrister. She is herself a poet of wide Italian fame, and the mother of a little daughter known in Europe as a violin-playing prodigy. This book is her first English novel, and its theme—the career of genius—would seem, from her own experience, to be a topic which she might familiarly handle. She has assuredly written a book of singular charm and penetration, greatly alive with truth and tenderness, with satire free from bitterness, with sadness free from complaining, and a deliciousness of humor in portraying the small things that lie along great pathetic ways.

She writes of the geniuses who unconsciously and inevitably devour the lives of their families. She makes her point by telling the stories of three generations, so that her novel is not of the close-knit fibre of a single life-story, but is a family history. In fact, it is a succession of events marching on in a ghastly sort of pathos, always marching, marching, never completed, one life devouring others unwittingly and being in turn devoured patiently. Yet the writer is far too much an artist and far too observant of life itself to portray unrelieved pain. Smile, laughter, ache, go continually hand in hand. With deep and equal insight the author divines the little and the great secrets of the souls, relations, manners of men, women, and children; whether of yearning mother, irresponsible Italian lover, conscientious Fräulein, or fanciful child. Mrs. Chartres is said to write with equal facility in four languages. That her English certainly is her own is shown by a few eccentric expressions such as: "A caliginous headdress," "unverisimilarly," "etiolated cheeks," for example. They are few enough, however, to have almost a charm, as of a tiny foreign aecent, suited to the unconventional course of the story, episodie, fantastic, if you will, but rare and moving.

A WOMAN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines. By Mary H. Fee. With illustrations from photographs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75 net.

Eight years' intimate association as a schoolmistress with Visayans at Capiz (Panay) and Tagálogs in Manila has given the author clearer and deeper insight into the fundamental conceptions and the range of reasoning of those Malays than many an administrative official obtains. The official, because he is an officiai, mainly sees what the native chooses to exhibit; to the intelligent and sympathetic teacher, child and parent unconsciously and unaffectedly open mind and heart. The patient and competent explorer gradually penetrates that curious jungle of thought and feeling and by degrees interprets its defective, sometimes inverted, logic, and overcharged emotion. This has been so well done that these feminine "impressions" are a fair equivalent of sound masculine judgment; the book is of lasting value and also of immediate interest. As here observed, the Filipino character is par-

ticularly marked by vanity and the sensitiveness to which that is akin; and it seems unable or indisposed to go to the bottom of those principles upon which permanent success in self-government or in material progress depends. Appreciation of clear and philosophic thought is hindered by an enveloping mental fog or haziness of definition. We may add, what the writer does not allege, that at its best Oriental intellection is difficult of coördination with the Western mind.

Children and adults are docile under control, seldom requiring corrective discipline; but at the first sign of weakness they are infinitely more unruly and arrogant than those of our own race. Young and old cling to their own opinion, regardless of authority or explanation, however well texts and comments may be memorized. Pupils rarely apply lessons which are counter to tradition; examples are the high-school youth who remarked, when electricity was under discussion, "But I can see a thunder [bolt] under our house" (which is raised on posts); and the other, familiar with the physiology of the text-books, who maintained that the diver "who is brother to a snake" remains for an hour under water without artificial aid. These were students whose schedules of study satisfy the tourist that Filipino and American move with equal pace through the secondary schools. The children learn easily, in the sense of getting by rote, but are not retentive, lack power of concentration, are acutely sensitive to criticism, and respond quickly to praise, all qualities that we associate with races of arrested, or at least imperfect, development. As a people, they are eager for education, not from real discontent with their actual condition, but because stung by the self-consciousness which race-sensitiveness develops. What they are acquiring just now is the critical, not the creative, ability; although it is the creative they so sadly need. Very acutely the author describes the controlling Filipino pride of individuals and communities as of that feminine quality which "is almost wholly concerned in demanding and exacting the consideration due to its possessor's importance." "Their practice, however inconsistent with their professions, is always consistent with their pride.' Many, not all, "feel that, in accepting or rejecting [American assistance] they are demonstrating their capacity to do their own thinking, when in reality they are only asserting their right to do their own *feeling*." Diplomatically avoiding discussion of the Filipinos' aptitude for self-government, the writer shrewdly notes peculiarities of character which bear upon the question. Thus, as individuals, they have been devoid of experiences which mould political character, but as a race they are receiving an artificial impetus which increases their exaggerated self-confidence and veils their personal ineptitude. In her judgment, they have not vital convictions about liberty and self-government, for while abstractly it seems to them unfair that an alien nation should administer their public affairs, nevertheless the actual operations of that administration do not incite them to revolt. On the contrary, the alien occupation is a positive blessing at this time, although the very poor believe the form of government to be responsible for their wretched state, and that, in some way, the physical vigor of the Americans is obtained at their expense.

Besides modest discussion of grave principles, as in the challenge to attention thrown out by chapters eight and eleven, the numerous variations from our own habits at home and in public, which attract us because they are odd in our eyes, are noted and their springs exposed. Vivid description of unfamiliar scenes is interspersed with refreshing comment, not always solemn. In fact, this acute observer, whose abounding humor preserves her occasionally imperilled equilibrium, extracts all the vital interest to be found in vicious earthquakes, raving typhoons, and a cholera epidemic (where her moral courage casually appears), in funerals and weddings and merry-makings, in alarms of war and in ecclesiastical pageantry, as well as in the school-room and the trifles of domestic life. Incidentally it may be pointed out that her remarks on the Roman Church as an institution in the islands and on its probable future there are eminently sane.

We close with her judgment upon a social subject of grave importance from the American standpoint. It is that the young women "are coquettes, but they are not flirts. Their conception of marriage and of their duty to their own husbands and their children is a high and noble one," but their virginal life is full of pitfalls, due to the prevailing frankness of speech and the questionable jest forever before them. "The result of general freedom of speech, and the process of safeguarding a girl from its results, is to make a Filipino girl regard her virtue as something foreign to herself, a property to be guarded by her relatives." And in the presence of the vile moral degeneracy of even the merest lads, there seems no remedy but constant surveillance, until a dignified and chaste self-control is attained. "Happily even those who love us least . . . admit that the American idea of treating every self-respecting woman with respect is good," and where we are in evidence the standard of observable morals is constantly advancing.

The well-selected illustrations really illustrate. Unusual scenes teach through the eye, and these reproductions are good; but the most charming as a memory is the purple and gold veil shot with scarlet (to be imagined in the photograph) behind which the sun sinks in the China Sea, as sudden night falls over the Bay of Manila. Truly, "there are few lovelier spots than the Luneta" and its approach by the Malecon drive, when Marivales beyond the pulsing water pierces that flaming sky.

It is a pity that so interesting and valuable a book, which deserves an analytical index, should have none at all; and there is internal evidence that the contents placed at the heads of chapters were not prepared by the author herself.

Haverford Library Collection of Cuneiform Tablets or Documents from the Temple Archives of Telloh. Edited by George A. Barton. Part II. 36 pp., 100 plates. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

To his volume of 117 documents from Telloh, published in 1905, Professor Barton has now added a second volume, of 94 texts of the same period, and of the same general character. The texts all come from the Temple archives of the ancient city of Shirpurla or Lagash, the site of long-continued excavations by the late Ernest de Sarzec, continued since the death of De Sarzec by Capt Croz. In 1894, De Sarzec unearthed an extensive archive at Telloh—the site of the ancient city—most of which was, however, stolen by the Arabs who dug there in his absence. Many of these tablets were thus scattered through dealers over the world. Haverford College obtained above 400; hundreds of them found their way to the British Museum, to Berlin, New York, and elsewhere. Some 700 were recently purchased by the Harvard Semitic Museum, while the Louvre fortunately also procured a large proportion of the find. The tablets for the most part bear an official character, representing the activity of the great central sanctuary at Shirpurla during the Ur dynasty (*c.* 2304 to 2188 B. C.). A considerable number of the texts in this, as in the former, volume are accounts of one form or the other, records of grain collected as rent, receipts, loans, and payments, lists of various kinds of material, wool for clothing, dates, oil, grain, flour, wheat, butter, cheese, goat's hair, and oxen, as well as payrolls, inventories, and bills of lading.

The scope covered is thus extensive and embraces, in fact, the entire commercial activity of ancient Babylonia. Already in the days of the Ur dynasty, and even earlier, the temples in the large centres of the Euphrates Valley had become great business establishments. They had large holdings of

land which they farmed out. They dealt in flocks of goats and sheep, they loaned money, they had storehouses for grain, and, in general, acted as commercial agents. Special officers had charge of the business affairs of the temples, which at certain periods occupied a position not unlike that of our national banks. All these various kinds of activity find an illustration in Professor Barton's collection of texts, the value of which is enhanced by his introductory study of the material. He has added a translation of six of the texts, including a revised translation of the longest of all which was published in the first volume, and of an unusually fine specimen, belonging to Dr. Gould of Ithaca. He has succeeded in clearing up some of the problems connected with the notation of numerals in the old Babylonian period, by showing conclusively that a certain combination of two signs, one for 3,600, and the other indicating a multiple of 60, furnishes the large notation of 216,000. Multiplying this again by sixty, we get 12,960,000, which Aurès regarded as the source of Plato's famous mystic number. By the occurrence of such notations in actual measurements, their practical purpose is demonstrated, and it becomes evident that the mathematical tablets from the Temple School of Nippur furnishing large notations were likewise prepared from practical motives. There being nothing "mystical," therefore, in such large numbers, it is *à priori* improbable that there should be any connection with Plato's number, which is mystical and speculative. Moreover, since Dr. Kugler, the distinguished astronomer and Assyriologist, has recently shown that Plato's number is 10,000, the whole hypothesis of Aurès falls to the ground.

Included in the tablets published by Dr. Barton are two of a peculiar bag-like shape with two holes so perforated that the tablets could be suspended by a cord. The little bits of clay contain merely an indication of amounts of flour, the date, and the seal with the name of the scribe who wrote the document. Professor Barton conjectures ingeniously that we have here the prototypes of our modern bills of lading. In this he is probably right, but whether these documents were intended to be hung about the neck of the shipper acting as agent is open to question. It is more likely that they were attached by means of cords to some other document setting forth perhaps some detailed instructions or memoranda. Our author has some valuable remarks also about the agents or messengers who were employed by the temples and by individuals. He calls attention to the fact that in a group of tablets giving provision lists more than two-thirds of the designations of occupations added to the names on this class of tablets refer to messengers and to messengers' assistants; and further proof that an elaborate messenger service existed in the old Babylonian period is furnished by the direct references in the texts that men in question came from such a city and went to such a city. This is merely one illustration of many showing how much new information regarding social and economic conditions thousands of years ago, is to be gleaned from these tablets, despite the fact that so many of them are rather monotonous in character.

The copies made by Professor Barton are admirably clear and neat. In this respect the second volume shows a marked improvement over the first, in which, from the effort to follow too closely the *ductus* of the individual scribes, it was frequently difficult to determine what characters were meant. A scholar who edits texts is expected, of course, to have interpreted what he has copied, and it is part of his work to make the task of those who are to use his texts as easy as possible. Several scholars have recently protested against the tendency in copying cuneiform texts to imitate the idiosyncrasies of individual scribes, to note all shadings and variations from the normal shape of the signs in any period. We are glad to see that Dr. Barton has avoided this pitfall in his new volume.

Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial Series, II. 1680-1720. Edited through the direction of the Lord President of the Council, by W. L. Grant, M.A., and James Munro, M.A., under the general supervision of Sir Almeric W. Fitz Roy, K.C.V.O., Clerk of the Privy Council. London: Wyman & Sons.

Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and West Indies, 1700. Preserved in the Public Record Office. Edited by Cecil Headlam, M.A. The same.

These bulky volumes are the most recent additions made by the British Government to its notable serial publications relative to colonial history. The first contains the entries in the Register of the Privy Council that concern the colonies in America; the second is a calendar of the most important documents in the Public Record Office for the year 1700, dealing with the same subject. The two series, one of which is in its second volume, the other in its thirteenth, are but parts of a common whole, and must be taken together, if one is to understand the working of the British organs of colonial control. At the same time, both throw light on colonial history and furnish a vast amount of detail regarding life and government in the colonies from Newfoundland to what is now British Guiana. The material from the Register is relatively brief, which was to have been expected from its character and which is evident from the years covered by a single volume, while that from the Public Record Office is very voluminous, probably having reached the maximum in this respect, though the fact that this is the first volume of the series to be limited to the documents of a single year is due in part to the liberal policy of the editor.

Much stress has been laid in the past upon the inefficiency of colonial management in England, particularly during the eighteenth century. How far this criticism is justified can only be determined when the actual detail of management is unfolded. Burke's famous sarcasm on the costliness and inefficiency of the Board of Trade, like his equally famous remark about "salutory neglect," is not always borne out by the facts, and the evidence which these volumes present shows that we have been too much inclined to base our historical judgments upon the comments of parliamentarians and political leaders rather than upon the facts themselves. The editors' statement in the preface of the Privy Council volume that "the lack of definition of function in agencies dealing with kindred matters was often detrimental to the efficiency of English colonial administration" is undoubtedly true, but we believe that further investigation will show that this factor has been made unnecessarily prominent. There are other causes for failure which have not been given their due weight. Both the Privy Council and the Board of Trade, during the period under review, labored faithfully and well, but their ignorance was often great, the sources of their information were exparte, their sympathy with colonial points of view was undeveloped, and their methods of doing business were crude, slow, and wasteful. The range of matters dealt with by the Council was very wide: they received petitions and appeals, financial and judicial, confirmed or disallowed colonial laws, aided in the drafting of governors' commissions and instructions, controlled appointments to colonial councils, appointed commissioners of review in boundary disputes, exercised an ultimate authority in respect of royal officials in cases of controversy with the governors, considered with care and concern the proper development of the resources of the colonies and sought to protect plantation trade, and to meet as far as possible the demands of imperial defence. The intentions of the Council were honorable and their decisions generally just, but they were obliged to depend largely on the opinions of others, either from among themselves or the law officers, the departments, and the Board of Trade, and it is not always clear how far they were justified in their confidence.

The papers calendared in the America and West Indies series formed the ma-

terial upon which the Board of Trade based its representations to the Council. The Privy Council volume contains many such representations, printed in full. Few of these documents have hitherto appeared in print, though they stand among the most valuable sources of our information regarding British policy. Whether the members of the board were always careful enough in their recommendations to the Council can only be ascertained by a thorough study of these representations in the light of the materials at their command. The materials are now before us to the close of the year 1700. In the two series, the facility is now given to trace to its uttermost source the origin of an Order in Council relating to the colonies, and to judge the wisdom of the board and the extent of the council's independent activity. Mr. Headlam is proving a much more impartial and judicious editor than was Mr. Fortesque, many of whose prefatory comments were harsh and at times grotesquely unfair. He has also broken the spell that Doyle's very inaccurate work had seemingly laid upon English students of our history and has added considerably to the number of errors already discovered there. We approve highly of his defence of Bellomont against Doyle's unjust charges, though his dependence upon Bellomont's correspondence has led him also into some erroneous beliefs, as that Gov. Cranston of Rhode Island was unworthy and incapable. In fact, Mr. Headlam shows too little evidence of having used other sources of information than those that he has calendared, and in consequence he has not paid sufficient attention to the colonists' side of disputed cases. One apparently slight, but really significant slip is made in the preface, when Blathwayt is spoken of as Secretary of War. England had no Secretary *of* War during our colonial period. It had a Secretary *at* War, and a good deal of constitutional history is bound up in the distinction.

Notes.

The University of Cambridge has taken over the control and copyright of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and will publish a new and complete edition, comprised in twenty-eight quarto volumes, about the end of the present year.

Henri Bergson's "Matter and Memory" is being translated by N. M. Paul.

"Bernard Shaw as Artist, Philosopher," by Renee M. Deacon, is issued this week by John Lane Co.; also "Landscape Gardening Studies," by Samuel Parsons, who therein gives an acount of the mile of rbododendrons presented by Mrs. Sage to Central Park.

In the hands of B. W. Huebsch are: "The Sixth Sense," by Bishop Brent; "The Black Cross Clove," a novel by James Luby, and "Democracy and the Overman," by Charles Zueblin.

Fisher Unwin is issuing in the Modern Travel Series a new impression of C. Reginald Enock's "The Andes and the Amazon: Life and Travel in Peru."

Within the next few days the American Jewish Historical Society will issue the nineteenth number of its "Publications," containing a treatment of the Jews and Masonry in the United States before 1810.

The Englisb firm of Williams & Norgate is publishing "The Truth of Religion," by Prof. R. Eucken; "Tbe Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries," by Dr. Harnack, and "The Scientific Study of the Old Testament," by Dr. R. Kittel.

L. C. Page & Co. are shortly to publish the following books on travel: "Under the Roof of the Jungle," by Charles Livingston Bull; "Royal Palaces and Parks of France," by Francis Miltoun; "Bohemia and the Cechs," by Professor Munroe; "Brazil and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter, and "Panama and the Canal To-day," by Forbes Lindsay.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish on Saturday: Part i of "A Beginner's History of Philosophy," by Prof. Herbert E. Cushman; "Prose Literature for Secondary Schools," edited by Margaret Ashmun; "American and English Classics for Grammar Grades"; "Selections from the Riverside Literature Series for Seventh Grade Reading," and "Selections from the Riverside Literature Series for Eighth Grade Reading."

Among the autumn announcements of Longmans, Green, & Co. are the following: "The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland," edited by the Earl of Ilchester; "A Quaker Post-Bag: Being a Selection of Letters from William Penn to Sir John Rodes, of Barlbrough Hall, Derby, 1693-1742, with Some Others," selected and edited by Mrs. G. Locker-Lampson, with a preface by the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P.; "The First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," by the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby"; "The Rose Goddess: and Other Sketches of Mystery and Romance," by Lady Russell; "The Lilac Fairy Book," edited by Andrew Lang; "Lives of the Fur Folk: The Biographies of Redpad the Fox; Fluff-button the Rabbit; Grimalkin the 'Gone Wild' Cat; Stubs the Badger," by M. D. Haviland; "Captain Ferrercourt's Widow: a Novel," by M. F. Hutchinson; "The Little Wizard of White Cloud Hill," by Mrs. F. E. Crichton; "Clara Novello's Reminiscences," with an introductory memoir by Arthur Duke Coleridge; "In Forbidden Seas: Recollections of Sea-Otter Hunting in the Kuriles," by A. J. Snow, F. R. G. S.; "The Political History of England," Vol. VI, from tbe accession of Edward VI to the death of Elizabeth (1547-1603), by A. F. Pollard, M.A., professor of English history in the University of London; "The House of Lords During the Civil War," by Prof. Charles Harding Firth; "A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest," by John Edward Lloyd, professor of history in the University College of North Wales, Bangor; "A Soldier's Recollections: Leaves from the Diary of a Young Confederate," by Randolph H. McKim, late first lieutenant and A. D. C., Third Brigade, Johnston's Division, Army of Northern Virginia; "Franciscan Days of Vigil: A Narrative of Personal Views and Developments," by Richard De Bary; "The Cost of a Crown: a Story of Douay and Durham, a Sacred Drama in Three Acts," by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson; "Non-Catholic Denominations," by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson; "At Home with God: Prie-dieu Papers on Spiritual Subjects," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.; "An Excerpt from Reliquiæ Baxterianæ; or, Mr. Richard Baxter's Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of His Life and Times," Sir James Stephen on Richard Baxter, with a prefaee and notes on both the above by Francis John, Bishop of Chester; "Christian Progress," with other papers and addresses, by George Congreve, M.A.; "Lex in Corde (the Law in the Heart): Studies in the Psalter," by W. Emery Barnes, D.D., Fellow of Peterhouse, Hulsean professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge; and "The Development of Trinitarian Doctrine in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds," a study in theological definition, by William Samuel Bishop, D.D., professor of dogmatic theology and metaphysics in the University of the South.

A partial list of the books to be brought out this autumn by Macmillan contains: Fiction—"The Doctor's Christmas Eve," by James Lane Allen; "Jim Hands," by Richard Washburn Child; "Love's Young Dream," by S. R. Crockett; "While Caroline Was Growing," by Josephine Daskam Bacon; "A Great Treason," a story of the War of Independence, by Mary A. M. Hoppus; "Just Folks," by Clara Laughlin; "Burning Daylight," by Jack London; "When God Laughs," by Jack London; "Mr. Ingleside," by E. V. Lucas; "The Little King," by Charles Major; "Alongshore," by Stephen Reynolds; "Princess Flower Hat," by Mabel Osgood Wright. Juvenile—"The Horseman of the Plains," by Joseph A. Altsheler; "Hero Tales of the Far North," by Jacob Riis; "Two Boys in the Tropics," by Eliza Haldeman Figyelmessy; "Hearts and Coronets," by Alice Wilson Fox; "A Children's Story," by Zona Gale; "The Slowcoach," by E. V. Lucas. Illustrated Books—"The Great White North," by Helen S. Wright; "Cuba," by I. A. Wright; "Overland to India," by Sven Hedin; "Through Khurasan and Central Asia," by A. V. Williams Jackson; "Great American Universities," by Edwin E. Slosson; "Tbe Age of Mammals," by Henry Fairfield Osborn; "The Conservation of Natural Resources in the United States," by Charles R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin; "Two Centuries of Costume in America," by Alice Morse Earle; "Green Willow and Other Japanese Fairy Stories," by Miss Grace James; Peeps at Many Lands Series, new volumes: "Ceylon," "Russia," "Denmark," "Paris," "Edinburgh," "Korea," and "Spain"; Highways and Byways Series: "Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains," by Clifton Johnson; "Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely," by Edward Conybeare; The Survey of London: "London—tbe City." "London—Nortb," "London—South," by Sir Walter Besant; "St. Petersburg," described by G. Dobson; "Pompeii," described by W. M. Mackenzie; "The Great States of South America," by C. W. Domville-Fife; "The

Charm of the Road," by J. H. Hissey; "The Motor Routes of England, Western Section," by Gordon Home; "Siena and Southern Tuscany," by Edward Hutton; "Along the Old North Trail," by Walter McClintock; "In Lotus-Land, Japan," by Herbert G. Ponting; "Persia and Its People," by Ella C. Sykes; "A Year in Japan," by Walter Tyndall. History and Biography—"The Autobiography of Goldwin Smith," edited by Arnold Haultain; "Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska"; "Twenty Years at Hull House," by Jane Addams; "The Ecclesiastical and Religious Correspondence of Gladstone," edited by D. C. Lathbury; "Essays," by Charles Francis Adams; "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome," by William Stearns Davis; "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," collected and edited by Dr. James C. Ballagh, associate professor of American history at Johns Hopkins University; "Lectures on the French Revolution," by the late Right Hon. Emerich Edward Dalberg, First Baron Acton, D.C.L., LL.D.; edited with an introduction by John Neville Figgis; "The Cambridge Modern History," Volume XII, "The Latest Age"; "The Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini," translated by R. H. Cust, two volumes; "Chronicles of Pharmacy," by A. C. Wootton; "An Illustrated History of Lady Emma Hamilton," by Julia Frankau, two vols.; "Princess Helene Von Racowitza, an Autobiography," authorized translation from the German by Cecil Mar; "The Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan," by Charles L. Graves; "The Mediæval Mind," by Henry Osborn Taylor, two vols.; "Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul," by T. G. Tucker, Litt.D.; "The Sea Kings of Crete and the Prehistoric Civilization of Greece," by the Rev. James Baikie; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," to be published in three or four 8vo volumes, Volume I to appear at once. Politics and Economics—"The American Commonwealth," by James Bryce, new and revised edition in two vols; American Social Progress Series: "Governmental Action for Social Welfare," by Jeremiah W. Jenks, professor of political economy and politics at Cornell University; "Social Insurance; A Program for Social Reform," by Henry R. Seager, professor of political economy at Columbia University; The Citizen's Library: "Great Cities in America, Their Problems and Their Government," by Delos F. Wilcox; "Child Problems," by George B. Mangold, Ph.D.; "Wage-Earning Women," by Annie Marion MacLean, professor of sociology in Adelphi College; "The Conflict of Colour," by B. L. Putnam Weale; "The Income Tax," by Edwin R. A. Seligman. Literature and Drama—"Anathema," by Leonid Andreyev, translated by Herman Bernstein; "The Nigger," by Edward Sheldon; "Pietro of Siena," by Stephen Phillips; "Theft," by Jack London; "Italian Fantasies," by Israel Zangwill; "Poems," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "A History of Classical Philology," by Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., LL.D.; "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," edited by Prof. Curtis Hidden Page of Columbia University; "The Second Post," by E. V. Lucas; "Savoy Operas," second series, with illustrations by W. Russell Flint; "Works of Walter Pater," uniform edition in ten volumes.

J. M. Lear, of the State Normal School, Farmville, Va., is engaged in writing a biographical sketch of the Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer and would be glad to hear from any one who has letters written either to Mercer or by him.

Sir James Murray, editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, writes to us to say that about 1890 there was sent to him a cutting from an American journal, containing a humorous poem on the different pronunciations of depot, ending somewhat thus:

> So all the quarrel about depot
> Was but a tempest in a teapot.

This cutting has unfortunately been mislaid, and Sir James begs that any one who can will send him a copy of the poem, and the date of its appearance. He would also be glad of any early example of the phrase "tempest in a teapot" (for which the British equivalent appears to be "storm in a teacup"). Address Sir James Murray, Oxford, England.

C. N. Kendall has made a volume of selections which he entitles "Travels in History by Mark Twain" (Harper). The book is designed for "home and supplementary reading in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades." We are not at all sure that Mark Twain should be introduced into any course of school reading, but for voluntary pleasure he is excellent, even when he writes history.

"The Health of the City," by Hollis Godfrey (Houghton Mifflin), is a scientific consideration of problems of city life, such as the quality of food, water, and ice supply, disposal of wastes, protection against infection, adequate provision of sunlight and air, the suppression of unnecessary noise, and the maintenance of cheerful and healthy living conditions. The book is the outcome of several years of study in this country and in Europe, which have evidently been well bestowed. A suggestive and inspiring feature is the account given of what European cities are doing to improve living conditions.

"The Dethronement of the City Boss," by John J. Hamilton (Funk & Wagnalls), is an enthusiastic and uncritical account of the commission plan of city government, as modified by provisions for the initiative, referendum, and recall. Mr. Hamilton exhibits a striking record of good results, but his praises are somewhat too much in the style of panegyric employed in the proprietary medicine trade, and the work is chiefly useful as a collection of data. It gives a list of sixty-seven cities which have adopted the commission plan, or, like Buffalo, have expressed by popular vote a desire to do so. An appendix gives the text of the Des Moines charter, and a text of the judicial decision upholding the charter as constitutionally valid.

In "The Russian Road to China," by Lindon Bates, jr. (Houghton Mifflin Co.), history and travel are linked together. At the beginning we are told how the Cossacks during the past five centuries blazed the way across the Urals and over the Siberian steppes to the point east of Lake Baikal where the ancient post road starts for the frontier of China. Then follows a description of life on board the Siberian express, in which are given some interesting conversations with fellow travellers, former convicts, contractors, Russian officials, and engineers. A stop was made at Irkutsk, and in a chapter devoted to incidents of the visit there is an entertaining account of the home and family of the leading banker. As it was the winter time, the journey from the railway to Urga in Mongolia was taken over a snow-covered country by sledge and tarantass, and from the description of this part of the trip one gets a most realistic impression of life in the village homes of the Russians, and the tents of the Tatars, as well as of many customs of the people. At the frontier is the unique trading city, Maimachen, "the unguarded back door to China"—unique because it is womanless. 'It is the sentence passed upon the generations of Chinese who have gone to Mongolia that no woman of their race shall pass the Wall. And so it must remain, for never a home will be founded till China, the unchanging, shall change." The narrative part ends with Urga, "the Holy City of Mongolia," the reason for which title is shown by the following incident. In a Russian droshky, preceded and followed by a body guard of horsemen, is seated "a clean-shaven, silk-robed man with puffy cheeks and tired eyes. The European watch which he carries hangs in anomalous awkwardness at the breast of his robe. Most turn their backs to him in Oriental honoring; many prostrate themselves in the snow; every horseman in the square has dismounted. . . . 'Who is it?' we ask, as the last galloper rides by. The Russian looks at us as an old Roman might, if in the Forum we had not recognized Cæsar. 'That! That's Gigin, the Living God! That's Buddha come back to earth—Gigin!' " The closing chapters are historical, in one of which there is a brief account of the recent evolution of Russia, especially as shown in the rise of the Duma. In others there are the story of the Mongol hordes from earliest time, and a sketch of some of the present conditions in China. There are forty-six illustrations, including a picture of the Buddha and a map of Asia. But there is no index, which is strange, considering the numerous references to noteworthy facts and persons in history.

Under the title of "The Cell of Self-Knowledge" (suggested by St. Catherine of Siena's *la cella del cognoscimento di noi*) Edmund G. Gardner has edited Pepwell's seven early English mystical treatises for the New Mediæval Library of Duffield & Co. The original was printed by Henry Pepwell in 1521, but contains material of a considerably earlier date. The first of the seven treatises is a translation and paraphrase of a minor work of Richard of St. Victor's of the twelfth century. This is followed by a set of devotional sayings from the life of St. Catherine, a fragment from the life of Margery Kempe, Walter Hilton's "Song of the Angels," and three other mystical letters which Mr. Gardner attributes "to an unknown writer of the second part of the fourteenth century, who 'marks a middle point between Rolle and Hilton.' " The text is largely and wisely modernized, though the editor has left enough of the old forms to preserve something of mediæval quaintness. He has, too, adopted occasional readings from earlier manuscripts in place of those of Pepwell, taking in this, perhaps, an unnecessary

liberty with his material. As for the substance of the book, with its strange sound of forgotten, or almost forgotten, emotions, we reckon it something more than quaint. To turn from our present bustling optimism to Margery Kempe's belief "that thinking, weeping, and high contemplation is the best life in earth"; or from our absorption in humanity to St. Catherine's saying that "a soul which is verily united to God perceiveth not, seeth not, nor loveth not herself, nor none other soul, nor hath no mind of no creature but only on God"—is, at least, to be shocked for a moment out of a narrow self-complaisancy, even if the reader feels nothing of Richard of St. Victor's "homeliness" between God and a man's soul. Withal there is a touch of Aristotelean moderation in most of the treatises, especially in the "Epistle of Discretion," with its careful advice to a troubled inquirer:

> For silence is not God, nor speaking is not God; fasting is not God, nor eating is not God; oneness [solitude] is not God, nor company is not God; nor yet any of all the other such two contraries. He is hid between them, and may not be found by any work of thy soul, but all only by love of thine heart.

The third and fourth volumes of Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life" (Scribner) have not the dramatic interest of their predecessors. There is nothing in them equal in interest to the earlier vivid reminiscences of Napoleon, nothing so important as the discussion of Byron's character, and of his relation to Lady Byron. Of Byron, indeed, we still see something in the third volume, which contains numerous reports and memoranda in regard to his Grecian expedition, and death; and at the end there is an appendix giving a narrative of "The Destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs," which was written down by Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) in 1825, immediately after the event, and which represents Moore as shuffling and tricky and really forced to burn the document against his desire. The heart of the present volumes is in the years of the Reform Bill. From his first entrance in Parliament Hobhouse had concerned himself with various measures of reform, such as universal suffrage, the ballot, short Parliaments, hours of infant labor. He was for the most part allied with the Whigs, but in his aspirations went far beyond what the leaders of that party desired, and indeed could on occasion declare emphatically that he "was no Whig." Those who know the history of the Reform Bill will find much to interest them in his notes on the men and measures of those years. There is in his memoranda no considerable addition to our information in regard to the larger aspects of the movement, but the ejaculations and criticisms of the writer seem sometimes to bring us into the very midst of the contest. Thus we see Hobhouse refusing to attend the funeral of Canning, because he was unwilling to honor a man "who a little before his death said that he would, as he had always done, oppose Reform of Parliament to the last"; and, as late as February 9, 1832, we hear Lord Grey exclaiming, "D——n Reform! I wish I had never touched it"—whereat one of the stalwarts remarks: "A fine fellow, whom we are trying to make a great man of against his will (*bon gré, mal gré*)!" Hobhouse was a good hater, and he is never more vivacious than when he has an enemy to deal with. Thurlow he particularly disliked, and this is how he reports the Holland House character of that tyrant of the bench:

> Both Tierney and Lord Holland said he was the grossest impostor and greatest humbug that ever lived: no lawyer, no scholar, not a well-read man, and with no intellectual quality, but a humorous turn of mind, which he employed in browbeating and sarcasm. His large eyebrows made him look awful, and Charles Fox used to say: "To be sure, no man was ever so wise as Thurlow looks." He was, they said, a complete charlatan, and always studied effect. When at Woburn he wore a large broad-brimmed hat at breakfast, under pretext of fear of catching cold.

The great Library of Congress edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Government Printing Office) passes, with its sixteenth volume, under the editorship of Gaillard Hunt, the successor of Worthington C. Ford, the editor of the previous volumes, as chief of the manuscripts division. Happily, the change means no alteration of editorial method. The period covered by the present volume, January 1 to May 5, 1780, is rich in historical material, though the more important achievements come later in the year. Throughout the year, the shortage of supplies and money was acute. In January there was no money for clothing, notwithstanding the necessities of the troops; two months later the supply of bread was nearly exhausted; while on April 4 a committee reported an empty treasury, "and scarce any provisions in the public magazines." A renewed attempt in January to control prices, of course, failed. To add to the burden of anxiety, Luzerne, the French minister, on January 28, warned Congress that armed intervention to end the war was threatened, and that Spain would claim the exclusive right of navigating the Mississippi, and a right to acquire, in whole or in part, the territory between the river and the "proclamation line" of 1763. Nevertheless, Congress pushed on its work of national direction and military and financial reorganization. In January a court of appeals for admiralty cases was established. On the 18th of March provision was made for issuing "new tenor" bills in place of the worthless continental currency; a difficult and delicate operation, which was eventually carried to success. On the 27th of March Congress received an elaborate report on the reorganization of the Quartermaster Department, and in April appointed a committee to plan with Washington a general reconstitution of the army. Charles Lee was finally got rid of on January 10, after addressing to Congress an insulting letter, an act for which, however, he later apologized.

The annual congress of the National Society for the History of the Italian Risorgimento will be held in Venice September 25-28.

The Italian Society for the Progress of the Sciences is now arranging for its fourth annual reunion to be held in Naples October 16-22, under the presidency of the celebrated professor of chemistry, Senator Giacomo Ciamician of the University of Bologna. The primary aim of the society, which was incorporated by royal decree in 1908 and numbers in its membership all the ablest scientists of Italy, is to be found in the subject of Senator Ciamician's inaugural address, "The Co-operation of the Sciences." Foreign scientists are cordially welcomed at the meetings.

The 10th of August was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Count Camillo Benso di Cavour, Italy's great statesman, perhaps the ablest of the makers of the Europe of to-day. As in the case of Mazzini's anniversary in 1905 and Garibaldi's anniversary in 1907, the day was decreed a national holiday and there was the usual abundant speech-making, inauguration of tablets, and illumination throughout Italy. Unfortunately the commemorative character of the day was marred by some orators, who sought to make political capital on the occasion by discovering their own pet policies in the mind of Cavour; even the prime minister Luzzati, in his speech before the king in the historic chamber of deputies in Turin, found opportunity for a fling at the Italian middle class of to-day, who have been annoying him of late by claiming adequate government protection in the agrarian strikes of the Romagna. In Turin it seemed as if the capital had returned to take up there its abode, such was the concourse of senators, deputies, and court functionaries. In Rome, on the contrary, little was done; a manifesto of the liberal societies there was prohibited because it contrasted the government of Cavour with the conduct of the present government, to the detriment of the latter. The customary quantity of commemorative articles have not been wanting; for weeks past the newspapers and reviews have been filled with them, some of which contain new documents of historical importance—notably the *Gazzetta del Popolo* of Turin. The Turin committee of the National Society for the History of the Risorgimento has commissioned Count Sforza of the Royal Archives of Turin to prepare a volume from unpublished material in the archives, which will undoubtedly be of great importance for Italian history, and the life of Cavour from 1858 to 1861. And Francesco Ruffini is, bringing out a valuable volume of essays upon the earlier years of Cavour, with about forty unpublished letters.

Dr. Fredrich Giesebrecht, professor of theology at the University of Königsberg, died about a week ago in his fifty-ninth year. He was the author of "Der Wendepunckt des Buches Hiob"; "Kommentar zum Propheten Jeremia"; "Friede für Babel und Bibel," etc.

Amand von Schweiger-Lerchenfeld, who died recently at Vienna and who was the editor of *Der Stein der Weisen*, is best known for his books on travel, which include: "Von Ozean zu Ozean," "Von der Donau zum Kaukasus," and "Im Reiche der Zyklopen."

Science.

Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens. By Helen R. Albee. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

Among School Gardens. By M. Louise Greene. New York: Charities Publication Committee. $1.25.

At this time of the year, when flower gardens are in full bloom in northern

latitudes, many an amateur wishes souvenirs of favorite beds and corners. How best to obtain them is explained in the chapter on Photography of Flowers in Helen R. Albee's book, whose advice is based on three years' experience, and who presents nearly seventy illustrations as specimens of her work. They are good of their kind, though some are rather vague, in spite of her having doubtless followed the fundamental principle that "crisp details add beauty to a flower photograph, and these demand a long exposure and a small diaphragm."

Some gardening books are for beginners, others for those who have had experience. "Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens" contains much that will help both classes of readers. The seed catalogues say, for instance, that poppies cannot be transplanted; but the author of this book transplants anything that comes along, including poppies, and seldom loses a plant. Her secret lies in pouring water at once into the hole into which the plant has been placed, thus making the ground wet down to the very tip of the roots, which is not the case if the earth is put back first and watered afterwards. She also describes a plan of her own for starting annuals, which insures plants that are more vigorous and better able to withstand drought than those started in hot-house or cold frame, and quite as early in coming into flower. She explains why perennials should be started in May instead of, as usually advised, in August. She discovered a way of coping with hollyhock rust (washing the leaves with soapsuds) when Bordeaux mixture had failed. She found out that ferns do not object to sun. She came to the conclusion that the flaming red foliage of the Virginia creeper is more decorative than any flower. Of her many failures she tells frankly and with touches of humor, as when she tried massage and absent treatment on one crippled plant; and she does not deny that she has been guilty of a thousand floricides. An amusing chapter tells of the vices of certain plants—their rapacity, improvidence, caprice, selfishness, sloth, arrogant self-seeking, and profligacy; while another chapter relates how she dealt with her enemies, among them cutworms, insects, moles—the last, she discovered, could be driven away by dropping a moth-ball in each hole. She loves to "groom" plants, and weeding is to her "a glorious waste of time." In short, her book is one of exceptional value and interest to all who like to take care of flowers.

The number of such is likely to be increased enormously within the next decade, thanks to the school gardens which are multiplying nearly everywhere at a surprising rate. In Cleveland alone, according to the author of "Among School Gardens," there are more than 50,000 home gardens due to the influence of the school garden and the efforts of the Home Gardening Association. Cleveland and Philadelphia are in America the leaders in this movement; they have placed special curators and supervisors in high official positions, with suitable appropriations for their work—work which, in the words of W. J. Spillman, is "of national importance, . . . destined to have a profound influence on educational thought and educational method in this country." The author herself names and describes in five pages eleven advantages that follow from these gardens. She might have added as a twelfth that they breed cheerfulness; for, as one little girl said in her answer to the question why she liked to work in the school garden: "We don't mind if it rains because it makes the plants grow."

The school garden has won the children wherever it has been tried. It freshens the wearisome tasks of the schoolroom and brightens the dullest pupils. The joy of individual ownership is taught in some varieties of these schools, and much is gained by "placing responsibility on the child, without which character is not developed." But it must always be borne in mind by the teacher that "a child gets profit out of the garden in direct proportion as he puts himself into it." The government has recognized the importance of this movement by publishing a large number of bulletins on school gardens and allied topics. A list of these and other pertinent publications takes up the last 32 pages of this timely volume.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the following books in science: "Glaucoma, an Inquiry into the Physiology and Pathology of the Intro-Ocular Pressure," by Thomson Henderson, M. D.; "Fractures and Separated Epiphyses," by Albert James Walton, M.S., F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.; "The Principles of Gynæcology," by W. Blair Bell, B.S., M.D.; "The Essentials of Morbid Histology," by Albert S. Grunbaum, M.A., M.D.; "Dental Surgery and Pathology," by J. F. Colyer; "The Practical Design of Motor Cars," by James Gunn, lecturer on motor-car engineering at the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College; "Practical Photo-Micrography," by Edwin Barnard, lecturer in microscopy, King's College, London; "An Introduction to Bacteriological and Enzymo Chemistry," by Gilbert J. Fowler, D.Sc., lecturer in bacteriological chemistry in the Victoria University of Manchester; "Lectures on the Chemistry of Paints," by J. Newton Friend, Ph.D.; "Hereditary Characters and Their Modes of Transmission," by Charles Edward Walker, M.Sc.

The present existence of the beaver, or "castor," in France has a pathetic interest from the history of this animal in our own northernmost States and Canada. In the time of Julius Cæsar Paris had its "beaver meadows"; and its Beaver River—La Bièvre—has but lately been reduced to a sewer and covered over where it passes through the Gobelins quarter. Beavers were plentiful to the end of the Middle Ages, but the demands of luxury for their skins, chiefly for the hats and coats of fashionable men and women, led to their wholesale destruction. It is centuries since a beaver has been found in the valley of the Seine. In the valley of the Rhone, near Avignon, there are still a dozen or so beaver villages, but the animal has adapted himself to changed circumstances. It would be impossible for him now to cut down the young trees and build beaver dams. He has learned to burrow in the bank, and beats the mud into shape for his home with his tail, just as he used to plaster his dams. Count Potocki has set some of these overcivilized beavers free in the forests of his Polish estates, and they have resumed their building habits of three hundred years ago. It seems difficult to explain this inherited instinct, so long unexercised, by physiological nerve processes only.

New light on Mars is always welcome, when it comes from trustworthy sources. M. Antoniadi of Paris is everywhere recognized as an authority, from his long years of critical observation and rational interpretation of the things he has seen—and not seen. He reports in the last *Astronomische Nachrichten* his conclusions from inspection of the latest French and American photographs of Mars, directed toward a solution of the long-disputed question of the darkish streak that has been thought to surround the shrinking polar cap. Professor Lowell and his coterie of observers have always drawn this line unmistakable and of considerable breadth; invariably fringing the polar cap, no matter what its dimension. Also they have described it as bluish in tint. This, Professor Lowell boldly asseverates, is water, released from the ice-bound snows of the Arean arctic; and the shrinking fringe of sapphire conducts it into the radiating canals; and the radiating canals in turn scatter it in all longitudes equatorward. Among the astronomical fraternity generally there has always been grave doubt about the reality of these canals newly announced at Flagstaff with every returning apparition of Mars. There yet remain very excellent reasons for skepticism as to the existence of water on that palpably desert planet. In the first place, so trustworthy a spectroscopist as W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, on repeated occasions and under exceptionally favorable conditions, fails to find any evidence whatever of water vapor in the atmosphere of Mars. There is evidence, too, that the surface temperature is low enough to prohibit the liquid state of water; there are not enough clouds ever seen in the act of carrying moisture poleward to supply the supposed canals by the melting of whitish polar caps, supposed to be snow and ice. Now come the photographs which M. Antoniadi has scrutinized at length, and from which he is obliged to conclude that the darkish blue fringe round the polar cap does not exist in the photographs at all. Clearly, therefore, its seeming visibility to observers at the telescope is a purely subjective phenomenon.

Prof. Paolo Mantegazza, an anthropologist and popular writer on science, died a fortnight since at Spezzia, aged sixty-four.

The death is reported from Halle, at the age of seventy-two, of Dr. Hermann Schwartze, an aurist of wide reputation. He was editor of the *Archiv für Ohrenheilkunde* and had distinguished himself also as an author on medical subjects in his field.

Drama and Music.

Cassell will soon publish Sir Herbert Tree's book, "Henry VIII and his Court," in connection with the revival of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII" at His Majesty's Theatre.

Admirers of the descriptive writings of the distinguished poet and critic, William Winter, will welcome the latest and final edition of his "Shakespeare's England," which has just been published by Moffat, Yard & Co. The essays have been so carefully revised and enriched by so much fresh material that they might almost be described as new. Moreover, the order of them has been changed, as the author's preface says, in order to make them suggestive of a practical, pleasurable line of travel. The rearrangement will enhance the value of the book to the tourist, while it in no way diminishes the potent charm of Mr. Winter's sympathetic scholarship, poetic feeling, and graceful diction. No better equipped or more interesting guide than he could be desired amid the Shakespearean memories either in Warwickshire or old London. The illustrations in which the volume abounds are admirable. It is good news to hear that supplementary companion volumes of Mr. Winter's later sketches, dealing with historic scenes and places in Scotland, Ireland, and the United States, are in course of preparation.

"Chantecler" in English—translated by Gertrude Hall (Duffield)—makes better sense than was generally to be expected. Not that the protagonist himself was untranslatably Frenchy. Nearly every one has felt, we believe, that except for his "cocorico," which, fortunately, has here been rendered by "cock-a-doodle-doo," Chantecler would fit well enough in any barnyard the world over. But the outward trappings of the play were so complete, apparently so meticulous, even—for instance, the stage directions in sonnet form—that it seemed hazardous to exploit such a *tour de force* in another language. But that this has now been done, and in a way that is likely to prove satisfactory to English and American audiences, speaks much, both for the play itself and for the translator. Miss Hall has, except in rare instances, avoided verse, which would have made an un-English hodge-podge of language often so technical, and in dealing with strictly French wit, of which there is so much in the play, has sought for American equivalents. The result is that much of the lyric intensity has disappeared and that lines have repeatedly been blunted, just as the colloquialisms of Aristophanes have often gone awry in English garb. And yet, even as it stands, the play is remarkably lyric and remarkably witty. The first is due to the fact that the central idea—Chantecler's belief in the power of his voice to rouse the day—lends itself inevitably to poetic treatment, whether in verse or in prose. We give a few examples of Miss Hall's workmanship. For Rostand's:

Toi qui sèches les pleurs des moindres graminées
Qui fais d'une fleur morte un vivant papillon,
Lorsqu'on voit, s'effeuillant comme des destinées,
  Trembler au vent des Pyrénées
  Les amandiers du Roussillon,
Je t'adore, Soleil!

the English reads, very successfully:

O thou that driest the tears of the meanest among weeds
And dost of a dead flower make a living butterfly—
  Thy miracle, wherever almond-trees
  Shower down the wind their scented shreds,
  Dead petals dancing in a living swarm—
  I worship thee, O Sun!

Perhaps the most successful of Miss Hall's renderings where she attempts verse is a song in the last act:

[The Nightingale and the Toads, *alternately*]
I sing! for Wind, that harper free,
And music bubbling from the well—
—We welter in malignity!

And fragrance floating from the lea,
Of meadow-sweet and pimpernel—
—The Toads, croak! croak! the Toads are we!—
  etc.

Each successive "all star" performance is an object lesson, illustrative of the progressive decadence of contemporaneous acting. The revival of Sardou's "Diplomacy" in the Maxine Elliott Theatre on Tuesday evening was no exception to this rule. The cast, judged by existing standards, was of uncommon excellence. Several of the individual impersonations were exceedingly good. The representation considered as a whole, however, was of second rate quality only. Often effective in critical situations, it was markedly deficient in that intelligent coöperation which can only be secured by training in a genuine stock company, in delicacy of by-play, and especially in cultivated diction and distinction of manner. "Diplomacy" is not a great play, but it is an extraordinarily deft and ingenious piece of dramatic mechanism, made by a master craftsman for the use of accomplished comedians, and it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to organize a scratch company to-day capable of doing it full justice. In any case long rehearsal and competent supervision—both lacking in the present instance—would be indispensable. But even a second rate performance of a really clever and constantly interesting drama is a rare phenomenon in this degenerate period of the stage and doubtless will command public attention. A word of special praise is due to the refined and virile Orloff of Thurlow Bergen, the vital characterization of Baron Stein by Theodore Roberts, and the sympathetic embodiment of Dora by Chrystal Herne.

The death is reported from Paris of Arthur Coquard, musical critic, and the composer of many songs, orchestral music, and pieces for separate instruments. His most notable work as a critic is his "Histoire de la musique en France," which was crowned by the Academy. He was born in 1846, and was a member of the Legion of Honor.

From Regensburg comes news of the death, at the age of seventy, of Franz Xaver Haberl, an authority on ecclesiastical music. His early training was prophetic of his later attainments, since he prepared himself for the priesthood, and at the same time to become a musician. Having gained a reputation as choirmaster at the cathedral in Passau, he soon became organist of the Santa Maria dell' Anima at Rome. Later he devoted himself to investigations in sacred music, for which he was made a doctor of theology by the University of Würzburg, and he founded at Regensburg a school of church music. Chief among his publications is a complete edition of Palestrina's works in thirty-three volumes.

Art.

Cylinders and Other Ancient Seals in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan. By W. Hayes Ward. New York: Privately printed.

The Seal Cylinders of Western Asia. By W. Hayes Ward. 428 pages, 1,315 drawings. Washington: The Carnegie Institution. $7.

The two works recently published by Dr. Ward on seal cylinders represent the result of long labor. In fact, for the past twenty years and more, Dr. Ward has spent all the time that he could spare from his editorial labors as editor of the *Independent* on the study of the thousands of seal cylinders of all kinds and all ages scattered in the museums and private collections of this country and Europe. Mr. Morgan is, therefore, doubly fortunate in having so valuable a collection of these objects—nearly 300 cylinder seals, carefully selected—and in securing the services of Dr. Ward in the preparation of the catalogue of his collection.

The volume is far more than a mere enumeration and reproduction of the seals themselves. Dr. Ward has made a division of the subjects represented on the seals, as only he, through his long experience, could do. In addition to an introduction on the general character and the various classes of cylinders, he has added a careful description of each specimen and well-executed reproductions in a large series of plates. With Dr. Ward as our guide in a survey of Mr. Morgan's valuable collection, we can, in fact, follow the views held by the Babylonians, Assyrians, and Hittites in regard to the gods and goddesses worshipped by them, and can also trace in outline the development of the most important Babylonian and Assyrian myths.

To an even larger extent we are enabled to do this through the elaborate work on seal cylinders in general, for which the Carnegie Institution has stood sponsor. There need be no hesitation in saying that Dr. Ward's volume represents one of the most valuable contributions to science made by the Institution. It is a work of the first order, and will long hold its place as the standard book on this subject. The 1,315 drawings, made from originals or from casts, represent virtually the entire material

so far accessible. Not that Dr. Ward has reproduced every seal cylinder known, but all the types and all important variations of the types are represented. In the case of his larger work, he has preferred the reproduction by the human hand, because in so many cases the cylinders are so worn, or the engraving is so superficial, that even by the best process the necessary details could not be brought out. To be sure, in many cases even the draughtsman has failed to see all that Dr. Ward's practised eye descried, so that at times there is a discrepancy between the description of an object and its reproduction. A defect of the reproductions, which must be noticed, is the frequently inadequate manner in which the inscriptions on these cylinders have been drawn. In both works, in fact, more attention should have been given to these inscriptions, which are always interesting, and even of great importance from various points of view. Professor Price of the University of Chicago has given translations of many of them, but a number have unfortunately been left untranslated. The inscriptions, it should be added, are often very difficult both to read and to interpret, so that in many cases corrections are needed. We hope that Professor Price, well qualified by his long experience, will take up this part of the study of seal cylinders in greater detail than was possible in Dr. Ward's two volumes, and give us an exhaustive study of the subject.

Dr. Ward's introduction to the Carnegie volume is of special interest. For the first time, we now obtain a complete survey of the extensive field covered by these curious objects, which, from serving a practical purpose as the identification of an individual's signature to a document, developed into amulets. It will come as a surprise to many to learn of the various materials of which these cylinders are made—shell, marble, bone, and all kinds of stones. Dr. Ward distinguishes more than twenty shapes, and incidentally shows how the seal cylinder developed into the seal ring.

Attention should also be directed to the chapters on the representations of the Sun God, and on the two chief figures in the national epic of the Babylonians—Gilgamesh and Eabani—whose adventures were a particularly favorite design among the cylinder engravers.

In the closing chapters, the general bearings of the seal cylinders on the Babylonian culture, and on the origin of the civilizations that grew up in the Euphrates Valley, are set forth. Dr. Ward believes he has found evidence, especially in the animals represented on the seal cylinders, that this culture originated in a region to the east of the valley. The force of his argument that the non-Semitic population of Babylon, known as the Sumerians, came from a mountainous region to the east or northeast will be admitted. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the Babylonian culture is essentially hybrid in character, representing a blending of elements contributed by Semites and non-Semites. The coming of the Sumerians furnished a stimulus to a culture that must already have existed, though, perhaps, in faint beginnings, before these foreigners invaded the land. Dr. Ward himself emphasizes the strong influence exerted by Hittite conceptions on the art and the designs represented in the cylinders, and we now know from other sources that this Hittite influence began as early at least as 2,000 B. C.; the Assyrian Empire appears, as a matter of fact, to have been founded by a branch of the Hittites. We have, therefore, in this case another factor that must be taken into consideration in accounting for the development, and perhaps even for the rise, of the Euphratean civilization. The Amorites, coming from the north and northwestern sections of Syria, represent another factor whose importance has only lately begun to be recognized. Until we know more about these Amorites and who they were, and above all until Hittite inscriptions shall have been definitely deciphered, it is impossible to reach satisfactory conclusions as to the origin of the Babylonian-Assyrian culture. Dr. Ward's work, however, represents an important contribution also to this problem, and it is safe to predict that in the future phases of the question the material from the seal cylinders so admirably put together by him will play a considerable part.

Measures are being taken to prevent the decay of several important Roman monuments. The wild fig-trees, which were menacing the structure of the Arch of Titus in the Forum, have been removed. Portions of the preserves in the Church of S. Maria Antiqua will be moved an inch or two from the walls and a space left behind the pictures, to insure dryness. The frescoes of the House of Livia on the Palatine are receiving careful attention. That of Io Guarded by Argus, has become warped and is to be flattened out, while the others have been relieved from the coating of wax which had been applied to them.

William Holman-Hunt, the painter, who, with John Everett Millais, started the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, died last week in London, at the age of eighty-three. As a youth his fondness for drawing was discovered by his father, and he was sent to an auctioneer's office, where he made a poor clerk. Not for three or four years was he allowed to enter upon his real vocation. He tried three times at the Academy before he got in as a student, and the father, who had only timidly consented to the experiment of art, became more anxious than ever. At the Academy Hunt first met Millais, who was only fifteen, two years younger than Hunt, but who had already won the principal medal in the antique. The two soon became impressed by the purity of Pre-Raphaelite art, and the Brotherhood resulted from this conviction. The list of Holman-Hunt's paintings includes: Hark, the portrait of a child and his first picture to be exhibited at the Royal Academy; The Light of the World, at Keble College, Oxford; Christian Priests Escaping from Persecution of Druids, London Bridge, Nazareth, Egyptian Girl, St. Swithin, all in the Taylor Buildings Museum, Oxford; Shadow of Death, Fine Art Gallery, Manchester; Finding of Christ in the Temple, Valentine and Sylvia, in Fine Art Gallery, Birmingham; The Triumph of the Innocent, Fine Art Gallery, Liverpool; Isabella and the Pot of Basil; May Morning on Magdalen Tower; Holy Fire in Church of the Sepulchre, Jerusalem; The Lady of Shalott; a life-sized version of The Light of the World in St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1905 he published his "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood."

A dispatch from Paris announces the death of the sculptor Emmanuel Frémiet, on Saturday. He was born in Paris on December 15, 1824, was a grand officer of the Legion of Honor and a member of the Institute of France. He is probably best known to the general public through his equestrian statue in gilded bronze of Jeanne D'Arc in the Place de Rivoli in Paris. He gained a great reputation as a modeller of animals. One of his pieces was the sensational Gorilla Carrying Off a Woman, but his finest work is the Wounded Dog Running, which is in the Luxembourg.

The death is announced of Prof. Johannes Niessen, an historical painter and for many years curator of the Städtische Museum at Cologne. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine. Religious pictures, portraits, and landscapes are included in his works.

Finance.

"APATHY."

When the long decline on the Stock Exchange ended, towards the close of last July, in a violent spasm of demoralization, recovery began which retraced, within a month, perhaps one-fourth of the preceding loss in prices. This upward movement was in turn succeeded by a somewhat abrupt reaction; and then the stock market seemed to go out of business. During the three or four past weeks, it has stood practically motionless. On one day, a week or two ago, total transactions on the New York Stock Exchange were the smallest of any day since the panic of 1907. Where "million-share days" were commonplace incidents, not so very far back, there has come a long succession of days in which 300,000 shares were above the average. Wall Street described the market, in its own vernacular, as "dead."

But even a "dead" market has by tradition the habit of responding with receding prices to distinctly unfavorable news, and it was therefore with a

good deal of interest that the Stock Exchange was watched at its opening last Tuesday, when the morning newspapers contained the extraordinary figures of the Maine election. It had been financial expectation and prediction that a real political upheaval in the November Congressional elections—a genuine "landslide" to the Democratic party—would excite in conservative financial circles uncertainty and perhaps misgiving, and here was the Maine election, a familiar omen of the country's November vote, giving the State to the Democratic party for the first time in thirty years, and placing in that party's hands the choice of United States Senator from Maine. It was open to any one's conjecture what the stock market would do. What it actually did, on the first day after this surprising news, was to advance with a more positive display of activity than it had shown in many days, and it continued to advance the next day.

No doubt it would be premature to assume that this is to be the continuous attitude of financial markets towards the politics of the coming autumn. Wall Street declared, this week, that markets were welcoming the prospects of a Democratic House and a Republican Senate, as a check upon hasty legislation. Perhaps this is so; perhaps not. But there is this much at least to say—that the stock market has not responded as was expected to what it had put on its calendar as unsettling news. Mr. Roosevelt would make a radical speech; the Stock Exchange would declare, in its private exchange of views, that it ought to be alarmed, that it was alarmed. But it turned out, apparently, to have been more alarmed than was the market. The Vermont election figures, with their rather emphatic indication of a general reversal of majorities in November, appear in the morning papers. Professional Wall Street asks itself, Is not this disturbing? and promptly answers that it is. But the stock market refused to be disturbed. Now comes an actual advance on the news from Maine. On the whole, then, the present experience would seem to indicate, either that the autumn's financial terrors had been overdrawn, or else that the market, with all its apathy, has developed very respectable resisting powers.

It is not alone the stock market which has failed to realize recent expectations. There has been more or less wonderment in financial circles, during several weeks, as to why the Bank of England did not advance its official discount rate, or why the New York money market did not somehow or other tighten in response to the excessively rapid fall in the surplus bank reserve September 3—as to why, in short, the long-predicted autumn stringency in money did not materialize. Some people said the stringency was slow in coming because everybody had expected it. There is something in that, no doubt, but not much more than is involved in the familiar principle that what every one fears, every one prepares for.

But of one thing we may be reasonably certain. If the financial history of 1910 to date had been what a good part of Wall Street, in December, 1909, expected it to be, we should have had all the tight money this September that anybody wanted, and all the Wall Street agitation over the news from Vermont and Maine, that the most confirmed alarmist could have expected. Subsequent developments showed on what very thin ice the conductors of the spectacular boom of 1909 were skating. The New York banks were not in a wholesome situation; their own resources, even to the eye of the Stock Exchange, were overstrained with their efforts to support the Wall Street speculation. They had invoked the aid of London, and the Bank of England had interfered, quite unmoved at the accusations of silliness and hysteria which were flung at its head from irritated Wall Street.

Nobody repeats those charges now, because every man of sense and observation has discovered, from the later history of the London company flotations and the London "rubber boom," that the stolid bank directors had their eyes open, after all. Similarly, our own interior banks were not enthusiastic about assuming Wall Street's burden, after their habit of 1906 and 1905. There were those who reproached these institutions with timidity, but the much later reports of the country's national banks to the comptroller revealed what a crushing burden of their own home obligations must have been piling then on the shoulders of our inland banks. Wall Street, in fact, was the one locality which failed to see the truth, and the fact that it so long refused to see or recognize it doubtless explains why its own particular reckoning was so violent when it came.

But speculative Wall Street eventually put its own house in order more thoroughly than either London or the West, and the sequel of that seven months' season of liquidation was the present easy money market. Any one who talks, in London or New York, of the Bank of England's singular failure to apply the lessons of last autumn, when it waited so long with a 2½ per cent. bank rate that it had to double the rate within fifteen days, when Wall Street descended on it, must have failed to recognize just what has happened since that time. One does not often see high rates in a great money market of the world with the Stock Exchange all but out of business.

There is, no doubt, the possibility of poor business this autumn, and some necessary readjustment of the finances of a few unlucky corporations. But we had a pretty startling chapter of that sort of thing in the autumn of 1903, and money was very cheap throughout the season. There is politics, and politics causes fright. But politics excited considerably more serious alarm in the autumn of 1900, and the money market hardly moved. The explanation was the same on both occasions; Wall Street speculation had descended to earth; values were on a reasonable level; speculators had no demands to make from the money market. It is a safeguarded situation of that nature for which the Stock Exchange was unconsciously preparing in last summer's prolonged decline.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alcott. The Louisa Alcott Story Book. Edited for schools by F. E. Coe. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents.

Ames, F., jr. By Reef and Trail: Bob Leach's Adventures in Florida. Scribner.

Bazin, R. The Barrier. Trans. by M. D. Frost. Scribner. $1 net.

Bond, A. R. The Master Preacher. Amer. Tract Co. $1 net.

Broadhurst, C. N. Wireless Messages: Possibilities through Prayer. Revell. $1 net.

Coal Report. (28th annual.) Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics. Springfield.

Cooper, E. H. My Brother the King. Lane. $1.50.

Cunnington, S. Stories from Dante. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Deacon, R. M. Bernard Shaw. Lane Co. $1 net.

Dumont, H. A Golden Fancy and Other Poems. Boston: Chapple Pub. Co.

Eaves, L. History of California Labor Legislation. Berkeley: Univ. of Cal.

Gibson, C. The Refugee. Century Co. $1.25 net.

Golden & Silk's First and Second Year in Hebrew. New York: S. Druckerman.

Grey, Z. The Heritage of the Desert. Harper. $1.50.

Hall, E. C. Sally Ann's Experience. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents.

Homer's Iliad. 2 vols. Translated by P. Cummings. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Howells, W. D. My Mark Twain: Reminiscences and Criticisms. Harper. $1.40 net.

Hunter. W. C. Brass Tacks, "Capsule Optimism." Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.

James, G. W. The Grand Canyon of Arizona: How to See It. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

Lee, A. The Border of the Lake. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

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McDowell, W. F. In the School of Christ. Revell. $1.25 net.
Mason, A. E. W. At the Villa Rose. Scribner. $1.50.
Mayer, A. G. Medusæ of the World. Vol. III. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.
Menander. Four Plays of Menander. Edited, with introduction, notes, critical appendix, etc., by Edward Capps. Boston: Ginn.
Monroe, W. S. Bohemia and the Cechs. Boston: Page. $3.
Muckensturm, L. Louis' Every Woman's Cook Book. Boston: Caldwell Co.
Nash, L. L. Early Morning Scenes in the Bible. Revell. $1 net.
Paine, R. D. A Cadet of the Black Star Line. Scribner. $1.25.
Rice, A. L. Sun-Ways of Song. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Seitz, D. C. Elba and Elsewhere. Harper. $1.25, net.
Serviss, G. P. Round the Year with the Stars. Harper. $1 net.
Shaw, B. Socialism and Superior Brains. Lane Co. 75 cents net.
Stephenson, G. T. Race Distinctions in American Law. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Surface, G. T. The Story of Sugar. D. Appleton $1 net.
Van Peyma, P. W. The Why of the Will. Boston: Sherman, French. 80 cents net.
Waller, M. E. Flamsted Quarries. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Wedgwood, A. F. The Shadow of a Titan. Lane. $1.50.
White, A. D. Seven Great Statesmen, Century Co. $2.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1910.

The Week.

"Treason successful is no longer treason." That is the moral which stands out on the face of the President's letter announcing that he will not hereafter discriminate against insurgent Congressmen in the matter of patronage. They have triumphed in spite of the fact that the other fellows had the offices, and now there is nothing left to do but give them their due share. The President's statement has been described as an unblushing going over to the spoils system, and a complete break with the principles of civil-service reform. It is not so bad as that. The offices in question are those not covered by the rules, not in the classified service. These have been filled by all recent Presidents—by Cleveland as by Roosevelt—on the recommendation of Congressmen. So that President Taft is making no new departure, except in the matter of recognizing Trojan and Tyrian alike in the distribution. This must be said in fairness, but the fact remains that the President's letter is one that should never have been written. It is humiliating as a confession of failure on the lines of policy before followed, while as an effort to placate opposition it will almost certainly prove to be another failure. What Mr. Taft doubtless had in mind was the desirability of conciliating Republicans whom he had antagonized, and inducing all factions to work together for success in the coming elections. But it must be confessed that he has gone about the business with the same lack of political sagacity that has marked his dealings with the insurgents from the beginning.

If, as now appears, Gov. Hughes's speech at Syracuse last week should prove to be his last as Governor, there will attach a melancholy interest to it in addition to that awakened by its statesmanlike quality and its many earnest recommendations. As the day for Gov. Hughes's retirement approaches there must be greater and greater regrets at the loss of so sane, conservative, and wise an administrative force. Some of his last recommendations, that the State set up an annual budget that is really a budget, place its administration on a business basis, and reform its legislative procedure, are of the highest importance and must sooner or later be acted on. One does not need to be committed to the four-year Governorship plan to realize the many arguments in its favor, or those that are on the side of making the incumbent ineligible for reëlection. But on these questions, too, no one can gainsay the force with which the Governor speaks out of his now rich experience in the Capitol. Every Governor has, for instance, been overwhelmed by the thirty-day bills that have been laid upon his desk by the hundreds. For a conscientious man to go through this mass intelligently is enough to break him down physically, if not mentally. The odds are all against there being adequate consideration of what the Governor rightly describes as a heap of undigested, half-formed legislation. Fortunately, there is nothing to prevent Mr. Justice Hughes from giving valuable aid to the cause of State governmental reform, about which no one can speak with greater authority.

Congressman Ernest W. Roberts of Massachusetts, a standpatter, a Cannon man, and a cog in the Lodge machine, has blurted the truth right out in meeting. In an interview given to the Milwaukee *Journal*, he declares that "Massachusetts is seething with Republican insurgency, which threatens to turn the State over to the Democrats in November, repeating the performance in Maine." Mr. Roberts's daily mail, he complains, is full of letters demanding to know where he stands on Cannon, and "asking other pertinent questions." Hence, while ready to defend Cannon to the last ditch and never to deny him, he tearfully asserts that Cannon owes it to his Congressional friends to declare himself out of the race for the Speakership. More than that, Mr. Roberts feels that a Democratic landslide, involving a Democratic Legislature and a Democratic successor to Lodge, is not improbable. Here is treachery to the Nahant statesman in his own camp. Certainly, worn and anxious as Mr. Lodge is, this can only add to his embarrassments, for, even though few as yet hold Congressman Roberts's view, there are those who believe that a combination of Democrats and anti-Lodge Republicans is not impossible.

Results of the Illinois primaries show good and evil strangely mixed. Twenty-two of the thirty-two Lorimer Democrats with the stigma of party disloyalty and the implication of something worse upon them, won renominations. One of these was Browne, the recently acquitted minority leader against whom several indictments still stand. Shurtleff, the Republican Speaker who engineered the bipartisan conspiracy and whose defeat was urged by Gov. Deneen on the ground that he had betrayed his party, was among the Republicans successful in obtaining a renomination. More satisfactory were the results in the Republican Congressional primaries. Cannon won as it was expected he would; so did Moxley of "butterine" fame. Mann won easily, and Foss by a rather narrow margin. Yet in every district where a contest was made on progressive lines, the progressives won. Progressives, if elected, will occupy in the next Congress the seats now filled by such strong standpatters as Boutell and Lowden. There will be seven progressives in the next delegation; there is not one at present. And there is one consolation for those who looked for a greater triumph for the moral principle involved. The vote at the primaries was unusually light, and there will be another opportunity in November to pass judgment upon the men with clouded reputations.

The action of the Independent Democratic convention in Tennessee in endorsing the candidacy of Ben W. Hooper, the Republican candidate for Governor, is an interesting demonstration of the strength of a political movement with a strong moral issue involved. The independent revolt was organized for the purpose of eliminating Gov. Patterson from the Democratic leadership, as well as from the office of Governor. When he withdrew from the contest for the latter, however, the movement had acquired such impetus that there was

apparentiy no serious thought of turning back. Whether the independents distrusted his professions and his friends, or whether they were held in line by binding agreements with the Republiican leaders or by the simple logic of the situation, their decision apparentiy was that neither Patterson nor any compromise candidate named to run on his ticket wouid bring about the sort of house-cleaning in the Democratic organization which they seek. That could best be achieved by the election of a Republican whose success would be a rebuke to Patterson and ali he stands for. Should Hooper be elected, however, his choice could in no way be considered a "break in the solid South" which the Republican press already foresees. The "gentleman's agreement" with the Republicans provides for no contests on minor officers in districts already conceded to either party. There was no endorsement of the Republiican ticket as a whole or of the Republican platform. If Hooper wins, it will mean only that the Tennessee electorate has set moral considerations above partisanship.

Gov. Harmon's course during the Columbus strike has been absolutely impartiai. He has made every effort to induce both sides to come to a friendly agreement. It has been well known from the start that he favors arbitration, but to the request of hot-headed labor leaders that he should publicly denounce the attitude of the street railway managers and thus attempt to force them to arbitrate, he gave the dignified and unimpeachable answer that his sole function is to maintain law and order, and not to take sides with either party to the difficulty. A few politicians who have hoped for some chance wind to turn the current against the Governor before November, imagine that the strike situation is just what they have been looking for; but it is a safe prophecy that they are doomed to disappointment. If it is an offence to the striking unionists to employ the legal power of the State against the villains who have repeatedly assailed with dynamite, stones, and bullets car after car containing innocent men, women, and children, so much the worse for the strikers. If the particular organization involved should be guilty of such folly as to make an open fight on that basis, it is not conceivable that it could carry with it any considerable proportion of the organized labor of the State. Even on the improbable supposition that it should do so, the reaction among fair-minded Republicans of other classes would be enormous. Republican leaders unwise enough to attack the Governor on this score are likely to be called emphatically to their senses by Candidate Harding himself.

A notable event in the history of reform was foreshadowed in New York by Mr. Mitchel's reception of the delegates to the International Prison Congress. This meets in Washington from October 2 to October 8, as a result of an invitation extended in 1905 by the President of the United States in response to a resolution of Congress. Nor could Mr. Mitchel exaggerate the cordial welcome awaiting the delegates. A true source of pride for this country has been the devoted, unselfish labors of many persons in this field of penology—the name of the late Samuel J. Barrows inevitably suggests itself for one—and the real advances achieved, such as the devising and putting into effect of the courts for juvenile offenders. Not in all sections of the country, of course; in the South, for instance, the horrors of the barbarous and unenlightened chain-gang remain—they gave a white woman prisoner over one hundred lashes in Georgia just the other day. But, on the other haud, there come from the West reports of successful experiments with unguarded prison camps, and of prisoners going to jail without guards. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that this country affords to the visitors from foreign shores actual illustrations of about every kind and degree of unenlightenment or progress in the treatment of criminals.

In the main, however, the humanitarian spirit controls in the treatment of prisoners, and there is a rapidly growing civic consciousness on this and other social reforms that makes certain more telling progress in the next decade than in the last two. That the path to be followed has not yet appeared quite clearly out of the mists of ignorance, superstition, and the desire for vengeance is naturally apparent. Were everybody agreed as to just how far the policy of corrective punishment may be followed without endangering the deterrent quality of imprisonment, there would be removed a chief cause for the gathering at Washington. That the number of those who believe nearly every form of crime a kind of disease is growing is as true as the increasing of those who think that all crime would disappear if only the teachings of Socialism were to be put in force. Yet, with all the divergences of opinion, there is at every such gathering a more and more humanitarian as well as a more scientific spirit.

The Prohibition candidate for Governor of Connecticut is reported to have doubled the demand for his campaign button by hitching his "white steed" to a fire-truck, in the absence of the fire-horses from the hose-house, and driving the firemen to the blaze in little more than the customary time. Without minimizing the resourcefulness of Mr. Hohenthal, we ask what it is that instinctively causes us to associate the word "popular" with some act that, whether merely sensational or downright vulgar, is a departure from the normal course of conduct. Why should not the term suggest some action graceful rather than awkward, delicate instead of rude, quiet and not noisy? Perhaps the reason lies in the persistent confusion between what is admired and what is only wondered at, a confusion reaching back into the etymology of the word. This confusion is increased by the fact that our expression of wonder is not unlike our expression of admiration, a phenomenon of which we are all glad to take frequent advantage in the perilous passages of polite society. To a child, wonder and admiration are often enough inseparable, but he is a rash suitor who thinks them identical in men and women.

Some Western railways might take a lesson from the East. Hereabouts we find one railway establishing model farms, where neighboring private farmers can see in operation the latest devices for intensive culture. Another publishes the results of expert investigations going to show how dairy herds can be made more profitable. A third is advising its patrons about the forestation of waste lands. In the West,

however, the railway bulletins seem chiefly designed to lure readers in one region to pick up their household gods and move into another. As a rule, the farmer who has made two or three such shifts, staying in each new home only long enough to endure the settler's without enjoying the agriculturist's life, becomes a blind corporation-hater, attributing his failure always to the deceitful and oppressive carriers. Would it not pay the Western railway managers, for a while at least, to devote a little more attention to the development of the districts in which they are already doing an assured business, than to the settlement of the wilds into which they are building spurs?

The magazine publisher in politics is by no means so successful as the author in politics. New Jersey has shattered the political aspirations of two magazine publishers standing at the very tip-top of circulation and uplift. It is sad to contrast the fate of the proprietor of *Everybody's* with that of one of his best-known contributors, Mr. Charles Edward Russell, whom the Socialists have made their candidate for Governor of New York. It is even more sad to contrast the fate of Mr. Harold J. Howland, who did not secure a Congressional nomination in New Jersey, with that of the *Outlook's* Contributing Editor, who, by common agreement, can have anything he wants in the way of nominations. Both magazine gentlemen are now the richer in experience. The former has discovered the well-worn truth that the man who sways the opinions of several hundred thousand subscribers may fail very conspicuously to sway the opinions of his neighbors. Mr. Howland has discovered the somewhat more specific truth that the Roosevelt atmosphere does not necessarily mean political salvation, nor the Roosevelt O.K. command a majority of votes. Several candidates bearing the Contributing Editor's brand have lately come to grief.

In the celebration of Mexico's centennial of independence which began last Friday on an elaborate scale, Porfirio Diaz has probably attained the spectacular climax of his career. The Paris Exposition of 1867 preceded Sedan by less than three years. What would come to Mexico within the next year or two if the iron hand that has long ruled its destinies should be removed, it would be unsafe to predict. Yet in the nature of things, the hand of Porfirio Diaz must soon be relaxed by a greater power. Herein consists the weakness of a man to whom it would be idle to deny greatness in many respects. Spanish-American capacity for self-government is not so utterly proven and Spanish-American dictatorships are not so rare as to make the one-man rule in Mexico an unmitigated evil or offence in itself. The evil is that Diaz has not seen fit to use his absolute authority to educate the Mexican people toward self-government. President Diaz might well have tolerated an Opposition party without endangering his own position. As time went on, he could well have afforded to allow more breathing space in politics and the press. With many of the attributes of an enlightened ruler, he seems to have been too much contented with the policy of "after me the deluge."

The destruction of the Zeppelin VI appears to have been in no wise due to any defect of construction, but merely to carelessness on the part of a machinist who placed an open can of benzine near a motor. A spark from the latter did the mischief. But the blow to Count Zeppelin is none the less severe. Save for one airship now under construction, there survives only one other, the oldest, which belongs to the army. Months must elapse before the new one can be placed in service; and as these aircraft are presumably not insured, the financial loss from the three wrecks must be very great. Nevertheless, the experiments ought to be carried on, even though the heavier-than-air craft are at present having everything their own way. It is to be hoped that the much-vaunting Walter Wellman will really accomplish something with his dirigible in his proposed transatlantic flight; for this would stimulate the construction of similar craft in this country. If the dirigible does not soon achieve a transatlantic passage, the monoplane will—at least this is Moissant's view, after his flight from Paris to London. His opinions expressed on his arrival in the latter city are the most encouraging and apparently the best-founded that we have yet seen as to the practical future before the aeroplane.

The Australian Commonwealth is only twelve years old, yet already there is much dissatisfaction with the Constitution of 1898. Like the Constitution of the United Sates, it represented a compromise between the national principle and home rule under State governments; and it has not in all respects worked well. The result is that, behind the political parties and blent with them all, there is forming a division into a States'-right party and what may be called a unification party. That is to say, there is a tendency, in which the Labor party strongly shares, to subordinate the States to the Commonwealth in an increasing number of legislative matters. On the other hand, the representatives of the State governments and those who sympathize with them in the Federal Parliament, are contending that the metes and bounds marked out in the Constitution must be sacredly observed. It is not denied that, if the Federal power is to be heightened, as many desire, amendments of the Constitution will be necessary. The subject most in debate just now is financial. Federal revenue is to be distributed among the States, and the dispute is upon what basis this is to be done.

The sedition trials that have been under way in Bengal for many weeks show that while there has been a lull in the anarchistic methods of anti-British agitation, the nationalist movement as a whole has remained virtually unaffected by the drastic press laws recently enacted. Secret and silent resistance is a mode of campaigning to which the Hindu caste system, with its facilities for exercising social and religious pressure, peculiarly lends itself. A striking instance is found in the resignation of the well-known native lawyer, Mr. Sinha, who was recently appointed to a seat in the Viceroy's Council. This was the first time in the history of British India that a native had been admitted to the very citadel of the British power and to a share in the framing of the most intimate policies whereby the Englishman keeps his hold on India. That Mr. Sinha, after a few months in office, should have laid down the highest position that has ever fallen to a native of India under the British rule, is generally ascribed to the working of public opinion among the distinguished Hindu's countrymen.

HIDING BEHIND LINCOLN.

It was an unusual sensitiveness to criticism which Col. Roosevelt betrayed in his speech at Syracuse on Saturday. He must have heard a good deal about what the *Outlook* calls "misconstruction and misapprehension by friends," in connection with his reckless language about judges and his loose and misleading references to decisions of the courts. Hence he took occasion to assure the astonished farmers who listened to him that he had a "profound respect for the Supreme Court." Yet he asserted the right of private citizens to comment freely upon the findings of judges, and to express dissent from them—a right which nobody seriously questions. He also cited some of the strictures upon the Dred Scott decision made by Lincoln, and concluded triumphantly: "If I have erred, I err in company with Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Roosevelt has got a good deal of comfort, at one time and another, out of these comparisons of himself with other great and good men. One of his last utterances in the White House was a timely reminder to the people that Washington had been attacked, and so had he. But it is Lincoln who now serves him at Osawatomie and Syracuse. The logic runs: Lincoln and I have both been charged with criticising the courts; Lincoln was a patriot, a saint, and a hero; therefore, I am—what I leave you to infer. This reasoning is not of the most conclusive sort conceivable. It is too easily reversible, as thus: Roosevelt and Aaron Burr were both attacked as lawless and unscrupulous politicians aiming to change our form of government; but Roosevelt was in reality an unselfish and high-minded statesman; therefore, Aaron Burr was an exemplar to all American youth.

Leaving the fantastic logic which would put Lincoln and Roosevelt in the same category, let us ask what are the facts which show the radical difference between the two men in the matter under inquiry. There is on the surface one important difference. It is that of tone and manner. In Lincoln's public discussions of the Dred Scott decision, we have the measured utterance of a lawyer accustomed to weigh his words. There is not in them a trace of that explosive and inflammatory quality which appeared in Mr. Roosevelt's Colorado speech. It is not possible to conceive of Mr. Lincoln calling the judges of the Supreme Court "fossilized." That word is a mild one for Mr. Roosevelt. He has expressed before many witnesses his contempt for certain judges in much more offensive language. Now, it is an old saying that in affairs of state it is the tone which makes the song, and it is this violent tone of Mr. Roosevelt which not only puts him at a wide remove from Lincoln but alarms his friends and makes sober men dread the effect of his attitude.

Still sharper will the divergence between Lincoln and Roosevelt appear when one turns to the speech of the former on the Dred Scott decision and contrasts it with the ex-President's outbursts. The two things are as different as the reasoned protest of a grown man and the pettish outcry of a child. Mr. Roosevelt exclaims that a certain decision which he dislikes is "against popular rights"; and that another is "against the democratic principle of government" and not in accord with the spirit of the times. It never occurred to him to ask what the law was, what the judicial precedents were, and what, then, was the duty of the court. Mr. Roosevelt is, of course, not able to approach the question as a lawyer. But Lincoln was; and it is only necessary to take a few of his sentences to show the folly of the Colonel's attempt to hide behind him.

Said Lincoln on June 27, 1857:

> Judge Douglas does not discuss the merits of the decision, and in that respect I shall follow his example, believing I could not more improve on McLean and Curtis than he could on Taney.
>
> He denounces all who question the correctness of that decision, as offering violent resistance to it. But who resists it? Who has, in spite of the decision, declared Dred Scott free, and resisted the authority of his master over him?
>
> We believe as much as Judge Douglas (perhaps more) in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government. We think its decisions on Constitutional questions, when fully settled, should control not only the particular cases decided, but the general policy of the country, subject to be disturbed only by amendments to the Constitution, as provided in that instrument itself. More than this would be revolution.

But Lincoln then went on to point out with much care and sobriety why he thought the Dred Scott decision was "erroneous," and would be in time overruled. He explained that the alleged "historical facts" put before the court were not "really true"; and that it had not given due weight to the implications of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. In other words, Lincoln made a studied and deferential plea for a reargument of the case, on the ground that it could not fairly be regarded as having "established a settled doctrine for the country." Between this and the position taken by Mr. Roosevelt there is a great gulf fixed.

A REAL SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

President Wilson's nomination for Governor of New Jersey is one of those electrifying events which make politics seem worth while. It left the Republicans absolutely stunned. They never thought it possible that the despised Democrats would select so distinguished and inspiring a leader, and were aghast as they looked over their own list of mediocrities, one of whom they finally nominated. They knew of the announced readiness of thousands of Republicans to vote for the President of Princeton. The independent voters, who swarm in northern New Jersey, are sure to go the same way almost in a body. Hence even before the Republican Convention, the frank opinion of all frank members of that party was that Wilson will sweep the State.

Certainly, if New Jersey does not rise to the great opportunity of putting such a man in the Governorship, she will get a worse name among the States than she has ever had for creating and harboring offensive corporations. For Woodrow Wilson is a man of varied and singular fitness for high office. A genuine scholar, his main studies have been in the science of government; and his teachings have been filled with the aspirations of a thorough believer in the great democratic movement of the age. From the day of the publication of his book on "Congressional Government," which showed a keen mind piercing behind political forms to realities, he has applied himself not merely to university problems, but to a close and intelligent observation and analysis of the political activities going on about him. Those Republicans who have spoken of him patronizingly as a cloistered figure, living in an ideal world and thinking in a vacuum, must have had their eyes opened by his speech accepting the nomination. It was dignified in manner and elevated in style,

but there was not a trace of academic abstractness about it. An intense political realist was speaking. President Wilson went directly to the topics about which all New Jersey is concerned, and handled them with a force and pungency that set his audience applauding enthusiastically, and that will impress the whole State with the appearance of a new force in its public life. Cumbrous and extravagant administration of the State's affairs, the need of radical reform in the methods of taxation, a real public-service commission—these were the subjects to which Mr. Wilson addressed himself with vigor and incisiveness. It is a refreshing advent of a scholar in politics who knows books but who also knows men and government.

The Republican argument against Wilson is already indicated. All that is said of his ability and high character will be admitted, but the voters will be sorrowfully asked to consider the bad men and the wicked machine that are behind his candidacy. We understand that more than one Republican who has been a part of the machine of his own party, that has commercialized the politics of New Jersey for fourteen years and been the beneficiary and tool of corporations, will be ready to take the stump and shed tears over the prospect of the Democratic organization becoming strong once more. There will also be the charge that Wilson's nomination was brought about by "special interests." Senator Kean is prepared to maintain up and down the State that no man who knows a railway president by sight, or is acquainted with a director of a corporation, is fit to be trusted. And if the "special-interests" attack shows signs of failing, ex-Senator Dryden can be asked to explain to large audiences how intense was his antagonism, and that of the party which honored him—or, at least, honored his checks—to anything like favors to corporations. New Jersey voters have many faults, but they have never been accused of being without a sense of humor; and the spectacle of Republicans arraigning Wilson for subserviency to a political machine and to special interests will be sure to provoke a guffaw from Cape May to Deckertown.

All these puny Republican weapons, President Wilson really broke and brushed aside in his speech. He had taken the nomination without a single pledge; nobody had even ventured to ask him for a pledge on any subject. He stands his own master. All that he seeks is an opportunity to serve the State to the best of his powers. In consenting to leave the work to which his manhood has been devoted, and to enter official life, he is but acting up to his own doctrines of the duty of a citizen under a republic. He has told his students that when the State calls them, it is for them to obey. The State has called him, and he obeys.

CUTTING OFF BOUNTIES AT OTTAWA.

The trials of the Canadian Premier are never-ending in these days of political insurgency in the Dominion. No sooner was Laurier again in Ottawa after his interviews with the associated grain-growers of the prairie provinces, who are clamorously insistent on an immediate lowering of tariff duties, than he was confronted with a problem in the iron and steel industry, due to the fact that bounties must come to an end in December next. Twenty-seven years ago the Dominion Government began paying bounties on pig iron. There was a bankrupt iron-manufacturing company at Londonderry, Nova Scotia; and the politicians of that province demanded that protection should be so extended as to set the furnace in blast again. The industry has since had the indirect bounty of the tariff; while $17,000,000 has gone direct from the Treasury to some half-dozen iron and steel companies in the provinces of Nova Scotia and Ontario. More than $16,250,000 has been paid out under acts of Parliament passed since 1896. For these enactments Laurier is responsible.

At last, however, the bounty law is to expire. The Government dared not renew it at the 1909-10 session of Parliament because of the vigorous protests of the granges and grain-growers' associations. The melancholy announcement that the law could not pass again was conveyed to the iron and steel men with many expressions of regret. It was indeed sad news for Sydney, Londonderry, Hamilton, and Sault Ste. Marie—all centres of the iron industry. The iron and steel men had always been working on the pleasant assumption that bounties, like high duties in the tariff, were to go on forever. They had consequently capitalized bounties, municipal bonuses, provincial and municipal tax exemptions, cheap freight rates on the Intercolonial railway, and all other miscellaneous largesse, easily making (exclusive of tariff protection) a total of twenty million dollars bestowed on the industry since the Londonderry furnace was relighted by bounties in 1883. For much less than these twenty millions it would be possible to-day to duplicate the equipment of all the primary iron and steel plants of Canada. But most of the companies are heavily over-capitalized, and the outlook for dividends will not be promising when bounties cease.

Yet the men most concerned have persuaded themselves that there is a way out; and that if they are to be disconnected from the Ottawa pipe line they can cajole the Laurier Government into starting some new and indirect rivulets. They are now pleading that the industry is "still in the gristle," still in need of more aid than is given by the tariff of 1907; and they are asking for increases in the duties in the British preferential tariff, and in the general tariff on pig iron and other iron and steel products going into Canada from England and Scotland and from the United States.

Laurier and Fielding, the Minister of Finance who represents Nova Scotia in the Cabinet, would undoubtedly like to accommodate the iron and steel men. One reason is that the industry has always been a pet with Ottawa politicians. Another reason is that the Liberal party lost more ground in Nova Scotia at the general election of 1908 than in any other province, and another general election must quickly follow the Dominion census, which will be taken in April, 1911. But to add to the duties on pig iron and steel would increase the price of the raw material of the manufacturers of farm implements at Toronto, Hamilton, and Brantford. This would hardly be possible just at the time that farmers and grain-growers in the four provinces west of the Ottawa River are perfecting an organization to send a delegation of five hundred men to Ottawa to demand that the duties on farm implements shall be materially reduced in accordance with the old pledges of Laurier and the Liberals.

The revolt in the four farming provinces would alone prevent Laurier from

complying with the new demands of the iron and steel men. But in addition to this the iron and steel men themselves have created difficulties. Two years ago the largest concern in the Dominion was glorying in the fact that it was selling rails by the ten thousand tons in India and Australia at prices that could not be met by English and Scottish rail-making companies. Within the last two years, also, no industry in Canada has been more affected by the Trust movement than the iron and steel industry. Moreover, to comply with the new demand would be another inroad on Laurier's much boasted British preference. There have been twenty or more such inroads since the preference first came into full operation in 1900—all at the instance of Canadian manufacturers. This is fully recognized both in England and Canada; and another serious curtailment of the preference at the instance of the iron and steel men would strengthen the revolt in the farming communities, where the preferential tariff of 1897 is the one item in the legislative record of the Laurier Government that has had popular approval. It will be difficult for Laurier and Fielding to shake off the iron and steel men—to tell them that $17,000,000 in direct government aid, plus protection for their products, ought to suffice to help the industry beyond the "gristle" stage. None the less, the shaking off will have to come; for never since Laurier came into office fourteen years ago was there more discontent with his Administration, or more indignation at his betrayal of Canadian Liberalism, than on the eve of the assembling of the Dominion Parliament for the session of 1910-11.

CULTURE UNDER FIRE.

The status of culture as a worthy object of effort and devotion has been subjected to vigorous and many-sided attack in recent years. This attack has come not only from enthusiastic educational reformers, but also from the preachers of humanitarian doctrines, and especially of the doctrine of social service as the only fit object of high endeavor. We have been told, in more than one quarter, that the laying up of knowledge or the developing of fine tastes and appreciations is mere selfish luxury if it is not made the basis of benefit to the community, of the achievement of some concrete outward end more or less commensurate with the time and energy that have been expended in its acquisition. Besides this, we have heard the more familiar and commonplace question whether the higher education is desirable to the individual under the tremendous stress of present-day competition in all callings. In the face of these questions, the cause of culture for its own sake has held up its head pretty well, and, indeed, within the last two or three years, it has shown signs of new strength in the reaction against the free elective system in our American college world; and President Lowell's inaugural address at Harvard a year ago was in large part a vigorous affirmation of the value of culture.

An article in the current issue of the *Popular Science Monthly* opens up the prospect of an attack on traditional ideas of education and culture along quite a different line. It is from the standpoint of physiological psychology that the desirability of such training and development as are given by the study of Latin and mathematics is to be challenged; and the challenge is to be more aggressive than any of those with which we have become familiar, not only because it is conveyed in the dogmatic tones of Science, but also because it goes farther than any other in its accusation. Culture studies like Latin and mathematics, if not followed up by use of them in after life, are, according to this view, worse than useless, they are actually injurious; they result in a permanent drain upon the whole mental organism, with consequences that may be of the most disastrous character. This is not absolutely asserted by Dr. George E. Dawson, in his article entitled "Parasitic Culture," but it is spoken of as a doctrine in a fair way of being established through the researches of experimental psychology. It is a consequence of the doctrine of the localization of functions in the brain, coupled with the general doctrines of physiology. What is asserted as at least probable, if not proved, is that the cultivation of certain mental powers not afterwards utilized results in the over-development of parts of the brain which afterwards become a drag upon the whole nervous and psychic economy; as in the case of the over-athletic young man excessive muscular development has meant the weakening of heart or lungs. Dr. Dawson says:

> What is the effect upon the girl's life of having to support an elaborate nervous mechanism for dealing with mathematical symbols and concepts which she never has occasion to use? What is the effect upon the boy's life of having to support a nervous mechanism for declining Latin nouns and adjectives, conjugating Latin verbs, and construing Latin sentences, which he never has occasion to use? May not these unused nervous organs become parasitic upon the nervous vitality, just as the unused muscles of the athlete become parasitic upon the general organic vitality? It may seem to some little less than fantastic to suggest such a result. And yet, if we believe that life is a biological unit, and that the laws controlling it are identical in nature and operation, there is no escaping this conclusion.

We shall probably be hearing a good deal of this in the near future; and we would not be understood to say that there is nothing in it. But there may well be something in it, yet nothing like so much in it as those who put it forward imagine in the enthusiasm of discovery; there is room for a world of difference here. A characteristic of this class of scientific agitation is an almost invariable absence of that essential mark of scientific thinking, the sense for quantitative distinctions. Assuming that all Dr. Dawson asserts is qualitatively true, we get not the slightest indication of the degree in which the alleged drain of the unused "cortical neurones," "association fibres," and the rest, exhausts the resources of the active organism. Unless that degree is serious, upholders of the old traditions may well rest content with the feeling that the injury thus done is of slight weight in comparison with those subtler but, as they believe, infinitely important benefits which they have always claimed for their discipline. And as though to emphasize this deficiency in the argument, that portion of it which rests not upon theoretical science, but upon familiar experience, is flagrantly vitiated by the same defect. For the experience of the overtrained athlete, which is obviously due not to the nature of his training, but to its excess, is all along set down as though it proved a case against moderate as well as excessive athletics. For overstudy or excessive concentration, the most old-fashioned of educators is not saying a word.

Nor is this the only way in which Dr. Dawson's article—although well worth reading and considering—shows that tendency to pseudo-scientific inference

which is so seldom absent when the specialist makes an incursion into the broad questions of human life. Let us take but a single example:

> Intellectual culture, not being transferable, must become parasitic and a cause of mental disorganization when it fails of application and usefulness in the life of the individual. Illustrations are to be found in the over-refinements of culture in academic communities, in the nervous instability frequently met with among educated men and women, and in the religious and social vagaries and perversions that crop out in the older and more highly cultivated centres of population.

Surely, it can but have been absorption in a preconceived conclusion that led the writer to imagine "religious and social vagaries and perversions" as belonging particularly to the "more highly cultivated centres of population", and if intellectual culture is not "transferable," and therefore "must become parasitic and a cause of mental disorganization when it fails of application and usefulness in the life of the individual," the physiological psychologists will have a hard nut to crack when it comes to explaining the splendid efficiency of the Oxford and Cambridge men who have, generation after generation, grappled with the administrative problems of the British Empire. If that be the kind of "mental disorganization" that is bred of classical and mathematical training, we cannot but feel, like Lincoln in the matter of Grant's whiskey, that many of our statesmen would be the better for some mental disorganization of the same brand.

MOVING-DAY.

One of the inalienable rights of the free American is the privilege of insuring his domestic tranquillity by leaving a domicile before it has become too familiar. An annual moving-day fits nicely into our practice of the restless life. A shorter period would not be sufficient to enable us to decide upon our next stopping-place, and a longer would give us *ennui.* It is not that we lack the home-feeling; we are at home anywhere. Indeed, it might be not unplausibly argued that an abnormal love of home drives us to seek as many homes as we can. If we do not carry our houses upon our backs, it is because we are certain of finding at nightfall suitable habitations still warm with the home-life of recently departed nomads like ourselves. A September Labor Day on which no manual labor is performed is less characteristic of us than our October moving day, unhonored and unsung, to be sure, but not without its realistic exhibits and its impressive parade. We are a nation of climbers, anxious not to miss anything; and each successive autumn brings with its brilliant leaves renewal of hopes and fancies of wonders to be ours under another roof.

To a sensitive spirit there may, indeed, be something disagreeable in this easy, automatic adoption and occupation of vacant quarters, as if house were identical with home. No doubt a new place, even the smallest of apartments, may be home from the first, or may speedily become home. There one builds for himself, without precedent or predecessor, free to plan as he will and under no necessity of conforming to lines already laid down and virtually unchangeable. But to set up Lares and Penates amid departing wreaths of alien smoke, with deserted embers sinking sullenly into silent ashes, is not only to receive inhospitable welcome at the threshold, but to render the new home a mere continuation, in some sort, of the old, and thus to preclude that individuality which, however crude or conventional, is the finest element in the home-fabric. It is not that one objects to ghosts. If only they would deign to haunt the scientific arrangements of a modern dwelling, from which, along with children, dogs, and chimneys, they have been ruthlessly banished! But stranger ghosts, spirits of the unknown dead, spooks not in one's set—who can abide these? Better no ghosts at all than those whose unfamiliar presence causes such mutual embarrassment.

This ready breaking of home ties, together with the overlapping and consequent blending, to some extent, of home-atmospheres, also plays its part in the disintegration of the family. For at each abandoned home-spot something of the home is left behind. Every family is a part of wherever it has lived. Mobility of the whole begets restlessness of the parts, and the cords of union are too delicate to stand the strain of frequent upheaval. The result is deplorable. The school and the church are vainly taxed with the attempt to perform the functions proper to the home, but neglected by it—possible to it, indeed, only as it preserves for a connected period of considerable length the character of an unbroken circle. It is both pitiable and ludicrous to listen to the thoughtful and animated discussion of the great modern pedagogic problem, How shall English be taught? A great step toward its solution will be taken when the question is re-stated: How shall the school manage to do the work of the home or how shall the latter be made—forced or induced—to perform its proper tasks? A similar re-statement is at least as necessary in the case of moral training. Abdication does not lift burdens; it only shifts them.

Considerations such as these, often only half-defined, lie at the basis of our envy of that golden mean of English society which for generations has combined progress with stability. To be born and grow up, not simply in a family but in a house rich with memories of ancestral exploits, to be surrounded from infancy to manhood, if not to old age, with walls whose echoes are mellow with time, to be unable to turn without seeing or to walk without touching objects whose intrinsic value, however great, or whose beauty, however rare, is trifling when compared with the priceless train of associations that has ennobled them with sacred emblazonry, is to receive, decently and in order, and long before college age, an education, a personality, and a character beside which our careful and exact entrance requirements are the meagre and hurried babblings of a child. We may as well recognize at once that no professional programme of education can do more than make a noise and keep up appearances while the real programme, unwritten and incapable of formulation, is slowly coming into being. When that perhaps far-off, certainly divine, event occurs, professional programmes will begin to find their use and to be successful. Meanwhile, one discovers now and then a group of Americans who have determined, grimly enough, to be so un-American as, like Napoleon, to be ancestors in lieu of having them; to give up the annual jaunt from one eating and sleeping place to another; to curb the instinct for adventure and new things; and, choosing finally for all the long future, to be content to give up novelty for growth, to substitute for the habitual mover's airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The death of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") has served to increase the interest in first editions of his books among collectors, and a bibliography of his writings is now promised. This will be published by the Harpers this autumn. It has been compiled by Merle Johnson, a San Francisco artist now living in New York, who has been for several years bringing together and studying the books of Mark Twain. He has gone at the work in a most careful manner, and has made a number of important bibliographical discoveries.

Beginning with "Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain's books were for many years published by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., who were at the time the largest publishers of subscription books, and who had hundreds of agents in all parts of the country. Stereotype plates were made and copies printed off as the sale demanded. As the first issue was small, in some cases only a few hundred, and as later issues from the plates generally carried the same date, and were, for the most part, indistinguishable, collectors have, through want of information, been satisfied oftentimes with a later issue of several of the books. Mr. Johnson's bibliography will give the typographical points by which the correct first issues can be distinguished. He has procured, so far as the records at Washington can give them, the actual dates when copies were filed for copyright. Then, by wide searching and examination of copies on the market, he has made efforts (and with considerable success) to find copies bearing a manuscript date of purchase or presentation, inserted by a former owner, as nearly as possible to the actual copyright date. Having thus fixed the first issue he has, by examining other copies, discovered points of difference. In a few cases, though thousands of copies were printed, no distinction can be found between early and later issues other than possibly broken or injured type, but often important variations have been brought to light. Mr. Johnson's set, from which his bibliography has been prepared, and which will, in the language of the bibliographer be known as the "type" set, has been sold by him to a firm of book-sellers in this city, and, by their courtesy, and with Mr. Johnson's consent, we are able to give particulars about a few of the more important books.

Mark Twain's first book was "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches," published in New York in 1867. His second book, "Innocents Abroad," was published in Hartford in 1869. Of these two books Clemens wrote about the end of 1870, as follows:

> I fully expected the "Jumping Frog" to sell 50,000 copies & it only sold 4,000; & I only expected the "Innocents" to sell 3,000 copies, but it astounded me by selling 85,000 copies within sixteen months—which, I am told, is the largest sale of a four-dollar book (price is $3.50 to $5.00—$4.00 about the average) ever achieved in America in so short a time.

Now, it is not probable that the publisher was much more sanguine than the author as to the sale of the book, and it is not likely that the first printing exceeded one thousand copies; but, as the above letter shows, 85,000 were sold "within sixteen months." As these were all printed from the same plates, and, for the most part, at least, if not entirely, dated 1869, the problem has been to identify that first printing. The book was printed hastily, and in the earliest copies no page numbers are given in the Table of Contents for chapters xlvi to lx, although the proper page numbers of the earlier chapters are given. At the bottom of p. xviii also the word "Conclusion" in the summary of the contents of the chapter was omitted. These omissions were afterwards supplied, that page being reset, probably in the second printing. Besides these errors which are in the preliminary leaves, an equally important variation is found in the text. The lower portion of p. 121 is, in the earlier copies, blank, while in later copies a portrait of Napoleon III is printed in the space. This made the number of illustrations actually 235 (if our count of them is correct) instead of 234 called for on the title-page.

In "Sketches New and Old" (1875) the first edition contains at bottom of page 299 a short sketch headed "From 'Hospital Days.'" In some copies there is found an errata slip, pasted on this page: "By an error of the publishers the above sketch 'From "Hospital Days"' was inserted in this book. It should not have been, as Mark Twain is not the author of it. It will not appear in any future edition." In later editions the lower half of this page is blank.

In the first edition of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (Hartford, 1876) there are sixteen preliminary pages, pp. ii, iii, x, and xiv being blank. In later issues, in order to save a half sheet of paper in each copy, the frontispiece was printed on the reverse of the half-title, and the Contents begins on the verso of the Preface, making twelve preliminary pages only in the book. The page-numbers were, however, not corrected.

Equally interesting points about "The Gilded Age," "A Tramp Abroad," "Life on the Mississippi" (1885), and "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (1885) will be given in Mr. Johnson's bibliography, as well as variations in several of the less important volumes.

John Camden Hotten, the English pirate, early began reprinting books and magazine articles by Mark Twain. "The Innocents Abroad" was issued by him in two parts, the first with this title, and the second with the title "The New Pilgrim's Progress." "Screamers" and "Eye-Openers" were two volumes of selections from Mark Twain's contributions to the *Galaxy*, issued in 1871 by Hotten. Several of the authorized English editions were actually the first. Thus "The Tramp Abroad" was published in two volumes by Chatto & Windus in London on December 13, 1879. The American edition, in a single volume, was not copyrighted until March 13, 1880. Both are dated 1880 on the title-page. Several Canadian editions also are of first edition value. "Old Times on the Mississippi," published in Toronto in 1876, contains the larger portion of "Life on the Mississippi," not published in book form in the United States until 1883.

Many books of humor contain one or more sketches by Mark Twain, some being often repeated. Mr. Johnson has endeavored to procure and describe all containing the first appearance of any sketch in a book.

No extended set of first editions of Mark Twain has ever been catalogued or sold at auction. The copy of "Mark Twain's Memoranda," Toronto, 1871, in the Johnson set, is the one which brought $33 at Anderson's in March, 1909. This is, we believe, the highest price so far paid for a Mark Twain item at auction, but many rarities have never come upon the auction market.

In "Extracts from Adam's Diary" (New York, 1904) the author says: "I translated a portion of this diary some years ago, and a friend of mine printed a few copies in an incomplete form, but the public never got them." So far as can now be traced "Adam's Diary" was first printed in "The Niagara Book" (Buffalo, 1893), filling pp. 93-109, and in this form it went through several editions. Was there a privately printed edition, or had the author's memory failed him when he wrote this note in 1904?

Especially during his later life, Mark Twain was often called upon to speak at annual dinners of societies and other gatherings, political or social. Many of these speeches were extemporaneous, and very few were ever published by him. Mr. Johnson has gathered newspaper reports of a large number of these speeches, and it was from his collection that the volume of Mark Twain's "Speeches," just published by the Harpers, was mainly compiled. He has also gathered, as excerpts from periodicals, a large collection of magazine articles by Mark Twain, some of which have never been collected, and a mass of newspaper anecdotes, reports of interviews, etc.

Correspondence.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND THE CABINET.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your comment on Dr. Elroy M. Avery's seventh volume ("History of the United States and Its People," *Nation*, August 25) you call attention to his mistaken view that the attorney-general became a Cabinet associate first in 1870, the year in which the Department of Justice was organized with the attorney-general at its head. As you say, truly enough, "that officer was in practice a member of the Cabinet from the beginning." The fact was clearly recognized on April 28, 1870, when, in the course of the debate in the House of Representatives on the proposed Department of Justice, one speaker (Hon. William Lawrence of Ohio) declared that "since the establishment of the office of attorney-general the attorney-general has been a member of the Cabinet by usage just as much as any head of a department" (*Globe*, 41st Congress, 2d sess., pt. iv, 3067). There is a good deal of scattered evidence on the point. I am not aware that it has ever been briefly summarized.

The first clear record of what we term "Cabinet meetings" is given by Thomas Jefferson ("Jefferson's Writings," ed., P. L. Ford, I, 165, V, 320 ff). From this it appears that on April 11, 1791, in accordance with Washington's instructions of the previous April 4, the Secretaries of the three departments (State, Treasury, War) and Vice-President John Adams met to discuss various problems concerning the government. Washington himself at the time was absent from Philadelphia, the seat of government, and Edmund Randolph, attorney-general, was not at the meeting. On March

31, 1792, there is record of another Cabinet meeting, held this time at the President's. The three Secretaries and the attorney-general were present (*ibid*, I, 189). In 1793, a year notably full of difficult problems of administrative policy, Cabinet meetings were frequently called, and it is probable that, as a rule, Randolph, as attorney-general, attended these meetings. According to Timothy Pickering's memory, Washington once declared in Pickering's presence that he had made Randolph a member of his Cabinet "from the first" (C. W. Upham, "Life of Timothy Pickering," III, 226). In December, 1816, Monroe thus stated his view of the usual practice to William Lowndes: "The attorney-general has been always, since the adoption of our government, a member of the Executive Council, or Cabinet" (*Annals of Congress*, January 21, 1817). In 1818, while Richard Rush was in England, he was impressed by the fact that the English attorney-general was never a member of the English Cabinet: "In the complicated and daily workings of the machine of free government throughout a vast empire, I could still see room for the constant presence of the attorney-general in the Cabinet" ("Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London," 2d ed., 1833, p. 63).

For many years after 1789 the attorneys-general were not as frequent and regular attendants at Cabinet meetings as the Secretaries. The office was below that of the Secretaries in dignity, as well as in compensation. The salary of the attorney-general was only $1,500 at the outset, and was not made equal to the salaries of the other principal officers until 1853, when all the members of the Cabinet were paid $8,000. Many of the early attorneys-general down to Caleb Cushing (1853-1857) were engaged in private practice while serving the government as Federal officers. A few of them, notably William Pinkney (1811-1814), actually lived away from the seat of government. There was a vigorous movement in Congress in 1814 to make a statutory residence requirement, which would compel the attorney-general to reside at the seat of government during the session of Congress. The increased duties of the office inevitably enforced the residence obligation, as time advanced. In 1830 Webster expressed himself as favoring private practice for an attorney-general so far as leisure allowed it. Caleb Cushing, on the other hand, took a strong position against it in 1856. I am informed on excellent authority that the attorneys-general up to very recent years have engaged to some extent in private practice. I should be interested to know whether to-day, in case the attorney-general found his salary of $12,000 inadequate and decided to take a small amount of private practice, he would be violating any custom or rule of honor in doing so.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

Cornwall, Conn., September 12.

THOREAU'S KNOWLEDGE OF BIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The review of Thoreau's "Notes on New England Birds," in your issue for August 11, makes so many criticisms of Thoreau's ornithological abilities that I am moved to arise in his defence, even though I may seem to be putting myself in the position of the wife who permits no one but herself to find fault with her husband. For I really thought, and still think, that I said in my Preface almost all that need be said in adverse criticism of my author's ornithology, and I hoped that reviewers and other readers would devote themselves to appreciation rather than detraction! But let us take up the reviewer's charges *seriatim*. (First, however, I will mention that the statement in the second sentence that "the text of the book has been drawn from the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's Journals, and from six of his formally prepared works" is only partly correct, since, as is plainly stated in the Preface, only the Journal is drawn upon.) After saying that "the index of the present volume shows that about 140 different species of birds are treated specifically or incidentally in the text"—120 would be nearer the actual number—the reviewer goes on to remark that "probably not less than 250 species were Thoreau's neighbors or visitors during the two years he lived on the shore of Walden Pond." These figures will, I am sure, strike most ornithologists as unwarrantably large. For more than thirty years, for instance, I have been observing birds rather carefully in an inland town not many miles from Concord, and my list at present numbers 155 species. I should like very well to meet the additional 95 species that "probably were Thoreau's neighbors" during those two years, but I cannot imagine what they could have been. Of the species particularized by the reviewer as "strangely enough" unknown to Thoreau, the yellow-breasted chat and the orchard oriole are very rare in eastern Massachusetts and it is likely that neither of them ever visited Concord; the house wren, even before the advent of the English sparrow, was only locally common in eastern Massachusetts, and, according to Mr. William Brewster, was rare in Concord; the crested flycatcher, according to the same authority, is one of the rarer birds of Middlesex County; the piping plover was known to Thoreau, who found it on Cape Cod, but was not included in this volume because the references to it in his Journal were slight and of no particular significance; the night heron, though abundant on the coast, is not a particularly common bird inland; the yellow-billed cuckoo is at Concord near the northern limit of its range and doubtless much less common than the black-billed; and the Virginia rail is included in the book (on page 80); while the various shore-birds and ducks named have until within the last dozen years or so been considered as belonging exclusively to the province of the hunter and not to be observed by mere "observers."

The reviewer gives illustrations of "incompleteness" and "inaccuracy." It may be admitted that "bar" would be a better word than "spot" for the white on the nighthawk's wing, but let me point out that Thoreau was recording an *impression* of the bird as seen in flight, and was not giving a scientific description of its markings. As to the two habits of the nighthawk which apparently escaped his attention, can we be sure that he really did omit to notice them? It is hardly fair to take it for granted that Thoreau recorded in his journal *everything* he knew about birds. Again, in the scarlet tanager passage alluded to, Thoreau was not *describing* the bird, but merely contrasting it with the red-winged blackbird, and had no occasion to mention the color of its tail. The entry for March 10, 1852, which recorded hearing "for the first time" the chickadee's "phœbe note," evidently meant the first time that year, for, as appears on the preceding page, he knew that note as early as 1838. Thoreau's confusion of the hermit and olive-backed thrushes with the wood thrush is well known. It seems curious to us to-day, of course, and yet by no means unaccountable when we consider that the olive-back was entirely unknown to Nuttall and that Wilson supposed the hermit to be songless! As stated in a foot-note in the book, Thoreau knew the hermit thrush by sight and detected it occasionally during the migrations.

The reviewer also seems to think it strange that Thoreau did not know that "the Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk, because of their industrious destruction of game birds and song birds, are not entitled to the admiration which he expresses for hawks in general." To this it may be replied that the facts in regard to the food habits of the several hawks were unknown to science till the government ornithologists reported the results of their investigations some twenty-odd years after Thoreau's death. But how little appreciation of Thoreau's attitude towards nature is shown by one who imagines that his admiration for the hawks could have had the slightest connection with their economic value!

Let it be understood that I am not complaining of your reviewer's treatment of the book itself or its editor. I owe him hearty thanks, rather, for his generous commendation of the plan and execution of the volume. This letter is simply a reply to what seem to me to be unwarrantable strictures on Thoreau's ornithology.

FRANCIS H. ALLEN.

Boston, August 26.

[The statement in the Preface concerning the source of the text is that "these notes are from Thoreau's Journal," not "only" from the Journal. Elsewhere in the Preface it is said that "the matter included in Thoreau's more formal works . . . is not inconsiderable, though it amounts to less than one-twelfth as much as that contained in the Journal. For the convenience of readers a full index of it is given in an Appendix to this volume." Hence the confusion. But it does not seem grossly unjust to estimate Thoreau's knowledge of birds from more than eleven-twelfths of all that he wrote about them. We did not say that the birds which "strangely enough" Thoreau did not mention, were *common* about the shores of Walden Pond; but none of them, we believe, is unknown in the region with which Thoreau was familiar, and each of them is described by Wilson, upon whose "Ornithology" (together with that of Nuttall) Thoreau "chiefly relied," according to Mr. Allen. We were not aware that "the various shore-birds and ducks named have until the last dozen years or so been considered as belonging to the province of

the hunter and not to be observed by mere 'observers,'" nor does Thoreau seem to have regarded this restriction, according to the contents of the first four chapters of Mr. Allen's book, whose headings are "Diving Birds," "Gulls, Terns, and Petrels," "Ducks and Geese," and "Herons and Rails." The comparison of the scarlet tanager with the red-winged blackbird (p. 325) is not the particular mention of the former bird to which we referred. On the next page Thoreau refers to the tanager as "the surprising red bird," and twice more on the same page as "the red-bird," and again (p. 327) as "bright scarlet with black wings, the scarlet appearing on the rump again between wing-tips," and yet again (pp. 328-9), "a deep scarlet, . . . in the midst of which his pure-black wings look high-colored also." And never a mention of the black tail. As to the chickadee's "phœbe note," the entry reads as follows: "March 10, 1852. Heard the phœbe note of the chickadee to-day for the first time." The reference on the preceding page, "Dated only 1838," does not seem to make it clear that he was referring definitely to the chickadee.—THE REVIEWER.]

PROFESSOR LAMBERTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On Thursday, September 8, William A. Lamberton, senior professor of Greek at the University of Pennsylvania, died at his summer home at Mount Pleasant, New Jersey. For several years he had had trouble with his heart, but the end came after a very brief illness. He was born in Philadelphia sixty-one years ago, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of master of arts in course in 1867. The year following he was instructor in mathematics and then went to Lehigh, where he was successively instructor in mathematics, professor of Greek and Latin, and professor of Greek. In 1888 he returned to the University of Pennsylvania as professor of Greek, a position which he held up to the time of his death. During these twenty-two years Professor Lamberton had an important part in the administrative work of the university. At one time or another he was chairman of every important committee in the college, as well as dean of the college and of the Graduate School. He was especially well fitted for administrative work, where his knowledge of precedent and his great memory stood him in good stead, and it is here that the university will feel his loss most keenly. He was a great reader but published comparatively little. He was especially interested in Thucydides, bringing out editions of the sixth and seventh books (1886), and of the second and third books (1905). In 1894 his alma mater honored him with the degree of Litt.D. He was a man of keen perception, of sane judgment, a thorough scholar, and a true friend. WILLIAM N. BATES.

Philadelphia, September 16.

THE COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Trent's article in the *Nation* of September 8 deserves to be widely read. It is especially timely in view of the attacks on the colleges that are now so much in fashion, and which for awhile will be the more popular as a result of the ill-considered and vicious character of some of the assaults made before the National Education Association at its recent meeting in Boston. Ill-advised people are likely to attribute to these assaults, seemingly sanctioned by the association, greater value than the character of the critics warrants. It therefore behooves the broader-minded and more conservative members to appear before the public in their true light.

The colleges, it is true, have been—passively, if not actively—responsible for the objurgations now hurled at them; and a few no doubt deserve all that is said. But these few are not, and never have been, representative. The most violent of the critics of the colleges denounce them for not doing what they were not created to do, and what they have never tried to do—give a "practical" training for the ordinary man's life work. It may be that the "American college," with its "impractical" cultural courses, has had its day, and must be supplanted by an institution more in keeping with the present American spirit. But to forget what it has done, and to denounce it for what it is not doing, is like turning upon one's mother and rending her because the milk which nourished the child no longer flows for the man.

GEORGE S. WILLS.

Baltimore, Md., September 14.

"SOUTH" OR "SOUND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent's letters on South or Sound in "Twelfth Night" call to my mind Wordsworth's poem, "Michael," published in 1800, though, of course, Wordsworth may have had Pope's emendation of the First Folio directly under his hand. The words beginning at line forty-six are as follows:

> And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
> And watchful more than ordinary men.
> Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
> Of blasts of every tone: and oftentimes,
> When others heeded not, he heard the South
> Make subterraneous music, like the noise
> Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
> The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
> Bethought him, and he to himself would say
> "The winds are now devising work for me"!

GEO. G. KENNEDY.

Readville, Mass., August 23.

"HEART OF HEART."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The fact that I have been a reader and subscriber to the *Nation* for above a quarter of a century speaks for my appreciation of the welcome weekly. It is not often that I find a slip, but may I draw your attention to the first column in yesterday's *Nation*, when in speaking of Mr. Taft you say, "in heart of hearts"? The phrase is derived from Shakespeare ("Hamlet," act iii, scene ii):

> Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
> As I do thee.

Strange to say, I found that Bartlett's "Concordance to Shakespeare" has omitted this under "Heart." OTTO KLOTZ.

Ottawa, August 20.

Literature.

COLONIAL VIRGINIA.

Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century: An Inquiry into the Religious, Moral, Educational, Legal, Military, and Political Condition of the People. Based on original and contemporaneous records. By Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.

In the volumes which Mr. Bruce has written on life in Virginia in the seventeenth century we have an encouraging sign of the passing of the old-fashioned local history. Mr. Bruce is not only a local antiquarian, but also a student with an eye to the larger aspects of his subject. He is familiar with the methods of the scholar and aims to apply them in handling even the smallest details of county and parish life, and he never loses sight of the general in dealing with the particular. Until similar work has been done for all sections of the colonial area, generalizations on colonial psychology and institutions will be but tentative.

In the volumes before us Mr. Bruce includes all subjects that he could not bring into his former books on economic and social life. These subjects are religion and morals, education, legal administration, military system, and political conditions, including taxation, and all are presented with skilfulness of treatment, vividness of description, and excellence of style. Some confusion results from the absence of a chronological arrangement of the matter, and at times one wearies of the frequent repetitions as the author runs back and forth over the same field; but the text is generally interesting, the pictures presented by the minute details are always realistic, and the information with few exceptions is new and valuable. Sometimes Mr. Bruce adds unnecessarily to the length of his volumes by passages where the dim and silent shades, and the pulse of the ocean tides, get inextricably mixed with dragons and other mythical beasts. Sometimes, also, in his loyalty to his State, he allows the Virginian to overshadow the historian, and forgets that the scholar has no right to be either cavalier or roundhead; but the bias is too evident to be harmful, and the reader can generally determine the truth for himself.

The facts for his history he has drawn, in largest part, from the records of the county courts, hitherto imperfect-

ly known. Unfortunately, the great bulk of these records for the seventeenth century have been destroyed, largely through the ravages of war. Only about 130 volumes remain intact, where originally there were probably not less than 500, or even 1,000. With two exceptions, no records of the counties lying along the east bank of the James below Richmond have been preserved, and even in one of these instances they are complete only for the last few years of the period. That these official and semi-official records prove all that Mr. Bruce thinks they do, is not so clear; some of the evidence seems to be insufficient for the assumptions based thereon, while in other cases, such as the keeping of the Sabbath, it seems to show that the law was honored rather in the breach than in the observance. Certainly, among the body of the people there was no very high order of morality or religion. There was a great amount of bastardy, slander, and drunkenness, and the very frequency of the charges and the heaviness of the punishments only serve to show the prevalence of the practices. On the other hand, Virginia can take a just pride in the fact that, unlike Massachusetts and Connecticut, she never hanged a person for witchcraft. Credulity and superstition existed commonly enough among the lower classes, but flogging and ducking were the only punishments for so-called sorcery. The fact that in some instances the accused was fined for defamation bears witness to the intelligence of the colonial justices. What Mr. Bruce has abundantly proved is that, among those who made the laws and sought to enforce them, a high sense of right and justice everywhere prevailed.

The chapters devoted to education, libraries, and culture are illuminating. Mr. Bruce shows that there was plenty of education in Virginia, and that Berkeley's famous remark thanking God that there were no free schools in Virginia is false if applied to schools in general. One is inclined to wonder, however, whether Berkeley was not thinking of public schools, such as existed in the municipal towns of England. Virginia had no schools maintained at the public charge. Her children were educated in England or by private tutors and private schools in Virginia. When Berkeley made his report there were two private schools, the Symmes and the Eaton, less than a day's journey away from where he lived, and it is hard to believe that the old Governor would have deliberately lied about the matter. Mr. Bruce is very hostile to Berkeley, the Stuarts, and the Restoration generally, and uses language that is almost as intemperate as that of Berkeley himself. The old Governor was irascible, dictatorial, and a bully, but he was not a liar, and his remark may mean nothing more than that he was opposed to popular education, either through public schools or the printing press.

Mr. Bruce has a great deal to tell us about wealth, culture, and intellect, but he does not make it sufficiently clear that these characteristics were confined to the few. His tables determining the degree of illiteracy deal only with the capacity to write, and prove nothing as regards the extent of education. That one woman in three could sign her name and three men out of five could do the same does not prove that half the white population were educated or were habitual readers. Probably not a tenth of the whole had any adequate learning, and the evidence presented is conclusive that wealth, knowledge, and power were in the possession of only a hundred or two heads of families in a population of from twenty-five to fifty thousand inhabitants. Many of these planters were more highly cultured than any but the very best in New England, but it is equally clear that the generality in the North were better educated than the generality in the Southern colony.

A large part of Mr. Bruce's volumes is taken up with minute descriptions of the clergy and the parishes, the law courts, militia and defence, and the political organization. His descriptions of buildings, procedure, officials, and the habits and customs of daily life and practice are always good. His chapters on lawyers and physicians are likely to lead to some revision of opinion regarding the practice of law and medicine in the colonies in the seventeenth century, and the inventory that he gives of a law library (Spicer's) shows a collection of legal works that probably could not have been duplicated anywhere in the colonies at that time. The fact that many of Virginia's leading men were educated or trained in England and had to know English law, in order to practice in the Virginia courts, undoubtedly led to a higher development of legal knowledge in Virginia than was customary elsewhere. Mr. Bruce is justified in his high opinion of the county courts and of the justice dispensed there. Of his account of the military system and its operation only praise can be given. In fact, wherever he is dealing with institutions that do not involve his prejudices or his political views, he is at his very best. It is only when he treats of the Stuarts, of popular liberties, of the tyranny of taxation without representation, and of like shibboleths of the older historians, that he loses control of his pen and sinks both the Virginian and the historian in the rhetorician.

To write authoritatively of the larger aspects of his subject, Mr. Bruce should have made a more adequate preparation. His failure to do so is manifest, and some of his omissions seem unpardonable. In his preface he says that he has personally examined all the original documents in England; in point of fact, he has not done so, having confined his attention to a few leading collections. Toward printed authorities his attitude is even more striking. He seems to assume that for Virginia history only Virginia writers are to be trusted, and for other history any writer will do. How else can we interpret his omission of every modern authority on English constitutional history and his citation of Blackstone as his only source of information? What can we say of a writer on early colonial history who has made no use of Fitz Roy's "Acts of the Privy Council," the "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic" and "Treasury," the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commissions, Beer's "British Colonial Policy," Andrews's "Guide," and "British Committees, Commissions, and Councils"; who prefers Brock's "Abstract" to Miss Kingsbury's complete text of the proceedings of the Virginia Company; and who, though mentioning Osgood's "American Colonies" in his bibliography, has manifestly made no use of it in the body of the work?

The result is inevitable. The treatment of English history and of England's government of the colonies is characterized by a looseness of phrase and a want of precision that are very unfortunate in a work of such high quality and so many excellencies within its own field. For example, Mr. Bruce tells us that in 1606 the local units in England were the "Town or Tithing, composed of ten families, and the Hundred composed of ten times ten," and that the Hundred was the unit for judicial, military, and political purposes alike (II, 287-8); that "the members of Parliament in the seventeenth century were drawn only from the highest social class" (II, 435); that "In England, government by an Assembly was fully tested between 1649 and 1651, and ended in failure" (II, 263); that no import duty on liquor was imposed until after 1671 (II, 581); and that in 1832 the House of Commons became a body in which the whole population was represented (II, 632). Not one of these statements is correct. The further statement that "down to the reign of Queen Mary the imposition by the King of a new duty on imports and exports without the consent of Parliament was illegal" (II, 235), while it may be justified, according to Hallam, in reality deals with a question that is far too uncertain and complicated to be dismissed in so abrupt a manner. The control over indirect taxation in England was not determined until the seventeenth century. An occasional minor error discloses itself, as in the statement that the Puritans rejected the sacrament of baptism (I, 260), and that Charles II, who died in February, 1685, complained of the acts of an assembly sitting in Virginia the

same year (II, 328). Possibly, Mr. Bruce in the one instance was thinking of the Quakers, and in the other of Charles's successor, James.

Of all Virginia's external relations those with England were the most important. Mr. Bruce fully recognizes this fact, and frequently refers to it, devoting one entire chapter to the "English Board of Control." The subject had already been dealt with by Beer, Osgood, and Andrews in the works mentioned, the last named particularly describing the system from 1622 to 1696 in his "Colonial Self Government" and "British Committees, Commissions, and Councils." To none of these works does Mr. Bruce refer, although Beer and Andrews have drawn on sources of information in England of which Mr. Bruce is not aware. Inasmuch, therefore, as he has contented himself with such documentary evidence as he happened upon in his search for Virginia material, his account is meagre in the extreme and wanting in accuracy and precision. In the score or more of places in which he refers to the board of control, hardly any of the terms are correct for the date given. He uses "Council," "Commission," "Committee," "Board" indiscriminately, and, on one page (II, 362), uses three different terms for the Board of Trade, two of which are wrong and the third unusual. One would suppose, also, that Mr. Bruce would have thoroughly familiarized himself with the provisions of the Navigation Acts, but from two or three references to the penny-a-pound duty on tobacco (II, 588, and elsewhere) we infer that he has not connected it with the well-known "plantation duty" imposed by 25 Charles II, since he deems it a purely Virginia matter, levied as a substitute for the ten shilling colonial duty of 1660. In many other instances, as well, Mr. Bruce betrays the insufficiency of his knowledge of the connections with the mother government, and unfamiliarity with sources of information that were quite accessible to him. His work marks a splendid advance in the method of treating local history, but he has not kept abreast of the work of others in the larger field.

CURRENT FICTION.

An Affair of Dishonor. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Alas, for the "new De Morgan book," for which an affectionate public has been so impatient! "An Affair of Dishonor" would never have won that public, and will hardly restore the enthusiasm dampened a trifle, it may be, by the cool prosing of "It Never Can Happen Again." Other "Joseph Vances" and "Alice-for-Shorts," we might have done without; there was a touch of archaism about them that gave one second thoughts. But "Somehow Good" was different: "Victorian" still, no doubt, on the surface, but essentially fresh and modern in plot and character. It seemed to open a field for the new old romancer. Then came the record of those protracted and inconclusive philanderings of a distinguished author and his aristocratic flame—put an end to in a way which surely "never can happen again." The wholesome, nice, simple-hearted middle-class people who are good enough for the foreground of the earlier tales here took a second place; and Blind Jim, lineal descendant of Christopher Vance, became a mere instrument of fate. He did not accept the rôle without a struggle, and his little daughter is the most moving of all De Morgan's child-heroines.

There is no child-heroine in "An Affair of Dishonor," no group of simple, breathing, lovable people, even in the background. It is a Restoration romance, not better than its kind—beginning with a duel, and ending with an appropriate end for the villain. The plot is simple, even meagre. A country gentleman's daughter is betrayed by a court wit and blade. He is already married; she becomes his mistress. He is challenged by the father and deliberately and unfairly kills him. He (the villain) whisks her away and conceals his deed. When she finally discovers the fact, she tries to hate him and to leave him, but can do neither. A duel with her brother has no direct result; the villain is finally got out of the way by accident, or fate; and we have no inkling as to what is to happen to the heroine after that. We do not greatly care; for this Lucinda Mauleverer, mistress, and later wife, to the wicked Sir Oliver Raydon, is not of that charming sisterhood which Mr. De Morgan has begotten—she bears, at most, a dim and ghostly resemblance to them. Her beauty, her devotion, her piteousness, do not come home to us with a pang—she is one of the romantic, pathetic Lucies of fiction, and nothing more. As for Sir Oliver, he is a straight descendant of Orlando's uncompromising brother—before the conversion. He is such an unmitigated rascal as stories are made on. Before the end, we are assured that something human has come into his character, but we do not feel it: he remains a chimæra, a bogey. The original thing is that no hero is offset against him; there is no knightly one for the fair Lucinda to meet late, but not, in the event, too late. Her black Oliver remains the one man for her.

In the background of the action is an element of the mysterious and the supernatural, such as existed in "Alice-for-Short." Sir Oliver is haunted by a dream, and killed by its apparent realization. Mesmerism plays a part in the story, under the name of witchcraft. Pathology has also its share. A man stricken blind is restored to sight by a sudden shock. Sir Oliver himself is an epileptic, and has a fit for every crisis in the action. Yet more characteristic of the author is the continual play of minor mystifications in the dialogue. Difficulties are cleared up by a piecing together of details in themselves petty. It is all very ingenious; but unfortunately one has in this instance, even more strongly than in connection with "It Never Can Happen Again," the conviction that the game is not worth the candle—for Mr. De Morgan, at least. We can but hope for a return from this invented matter and artificial style to an unabashed "Victorianism," from which, it should appear, the author is trying to escape. Better far the manner of Dickens than that of S. R. Crockett!

One Braver Thing. By Richard Dehan. New York: Duffield & Co.

In spite of certain crudities and banalities, this book is one of interest and even of distinction. Its chief merit lies in its vivid narration of the siege and relief of Ladysmith, thinly disguised as "Gueldersdorp." The account is written entirely from the English point of view, but it is difficult for a description so graphic to escape the touch of partisan bitterness. One seldom finds absolute and impartial justice save in the passionless columns of statistics, and it is by balancing the evidence of those of each side who have written it in their own blood, that we come near to the truth. There is some fine character-drawing in the book, and one familiar with the personnel of the English army in South Africa can recognize a few salient portraits. As regards the plot, one is occasionally driven to marvel at the appalling denseness of those good people in crises of the affections. Tradition, however, forbidding the course of true love to run smooth, it is out of the question that the author should permit it, though he be compelled to wrest his characters to his will by sheer force.

The Varmint. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Mr. Johnson has caught the high spirits of boy life and is able to express them in a volubility of amusing slang that would bring a blush of envy to the most high-spirited youth of his beloved Lawrenceville. His theory of style is expressed in the very modern epigram of Dennis Finnegan: "The Superiority of the Superlative over the Comparative." Dennis, when he utters this rhetorical doctrine, is coaching Dink Stover, the varmint, in the secrets of successful school conversation:

> "Try me again," said Stover, laughing. "Say, Dink, did your mamma kiss you good-by?"
>
> "Sure, Mike," said Stover instantly;

"combed my hair, dusted my hands, and told me not to talk to fresh little kids like you."

"Why, Dick, come to my arms," said Dennis delighted. "A No. 1. Mark 100 for the term. That's the trick."

"Think I'll do?"

"Sure pop. Of course, there are times when the digestion's jumping fences and you get sort of in the thunder glums. Then just answer, 'Is that the best you can do to-day?' or 'Why, you're a real funny man, aren't you?' sarcastic and sassy."

"I see!"

"But better be original."

"Of course."

"Oh, it's all a knack."

There is good fun in the book, not without manly sentiment at the end, but one wonders at times whether, to be funny, it is necessary to make a jest of class-room cheating and of swindling imitations of stock-jobbery. And after all, however hot ginger be in the mouth, there is something honorable and interesting in life, even school life, besides "seeing red" on the football field. One compares Mr. Johnson's boys with the boys of Hughes's Rugby, or, to take a modern instance, Mr. Vachell's Harrow, and asks whether the lower moral and mental tone of Lawrenceville is due to its situation in America or to its portrayer. Mr. Johnson would probably call such a question priggish.

Mad Shepherds, and Other Human Studies. By L. P. Jacks. Henry Holt & Co. $1.20 net.

Among the points of superiority which honesty must compel the patriotic observer to note in current English fiction, is the greater freedom of method employed. Almost without exception the American writer seems to think he must convert his material into something unrecognizable. He is so much afraid of being accused of photography or phonography that he strains a point to disguise beyond possible recognition his sources and his models. In a finished work of art mere material must suffer some sort of sea-change, but, in fiction certainly, there is no set rule by which that change is governed. And the unfinished or casual sketch has its own merits: it is a pleasure for the patient novel-reader to be permitted to escape now and then from the tyranny of the plot. The English are less afraid to let themselves go in this respect than we; consequently we get from them every season a number of books which are all the more refreshing because their category must remain a trifle in doubt. Glanced at superficially, the book in hand would be disposed of as a series of anecdotes about a number of real persons in a rural English community. But a proper reading shows them for studies in a worthy sense. No doubt the persons and incidents involved are real; but they are presented by means of a sympathetic imagination which lifts them above mere fact. Whether one uses the word sketch or story in connection with them is a matter of indifference.

The book, with its compound of rustic portraiture and mysticism, has something approaching the flavor of Hawker's "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall." Three persons are chiefly concerned: a parson's wife, a shoemaker, and a shepherd. These three the writer celebrates as the notables among a parish of four hundred. Their graves, he says, are worthy "to be counted among the resting-places of the mighty." The parson's wife, Mrs. Abel, is, the writer confesses, "too great a subject for such humble portraiture as he can attempt," but her presence in the background, a figure strong, beautiful, and subtle, has much to do with the impressiveness of the book. It is she who, almost alone among human beings, has power over Shoemaker Hankin, atheist and ranter, and over the yet more difficult "Snarley Bob." The latter was a breeder of prize rams, a misanthrope, and a mystic. The larger part of the sketches are given to the delineation of his strange character, and, as we have intimated, the result has an effect of portraiture rather than of the mere accumulation of "human documents."

GREEK RELIGION.

Cults of the Greek States. By Lewis Richard Farnell. Vol. V. New York: Henry Frowde.

The publication of Dr. Farnell's fifth volume completes what will probably long remain the fullest and the most sane treatment of its theme. The general characteristics of the work have been considered in previous reviews in these columns. The present volume deals with the cults of Hermes, Dionysus, Hestia, Hephæstus, Ares, and the minor deities. It follows the scheme of its predecessors: the entire evidence for the history and diffusion of each cult and for the character of its ritual is collected; speculative hypotheses concerning its origin and ultimate meaning are passed in review and soberly judged; and the testimony of the monuments is studied in amply illustrated chapters dealing separately with the cult images and the more ideal representatives of artistic sculpture.

The student of literature will be chiefly interested in the considerable part of the volume that is concerned with the cult of Dionysus, "one of the most attractive in the whole investigation into the religion of Hellas." Dionysus was not originally the wine god, but a Thracian divinity of vegetation whose worship penetrated into Greece after the main order of the Olympic hierarchy had been fixed. Homer mentions him but four times. The story of Lycurgus in a late stratum of the sixth book of the Iliad does not symbolize the resistance of skeptics to the new religion, but is, like the tale of Pentheus in the "Bacchæ," a primitive passion play, in which the priest embodies the deity. The pursuit of the "nurses of Dionysus" by Lycurgus is ritualistic. The cult contained chthonian and ecstatic elements from the beginning, and took on further traits of mysticism and enthusiasm, beautifully described by Pater in his "Study of Dionysus," as the god became in the imagination of his worshippers, more specifically associated with the vine. He was received into fellowship with Apollo at Delphi as the god of poetic inspiration and to some extent of prophecy, though he had no direct part in the oracle. He entered Attica by way of Icaria and later Eleutheræ, and became the patron of tragedy. But the fundamental, older qualities persisted. The wild trieteric festivals on Mount Parnassus and elsewhere could not have symbolized the *annual* death of vegetation. Mr. Farnell offers the ingenious new suggestion that they typify the rotation of crops in two-year cycles. However this may be, they did not preclude other, annual rites designed to awaken the god of vegetation from his wintry sleep, or to celebrate the reappearance and renewal of his gifts.

The four Athenian festivals are now recognized as distinct, though Mr. Farnell thinks that the Lenæa is merely the Athenian equivalent of the rural Dionysia. These midwinter festivals could not stand in relation to the wine as such, but were a survival of rites devised to strengthen the failing spirit of vegetation. The word Lenæa is derived, not from ληνός "the wine-press," but from Λῆναι, "the wild women." The Anthesteria, on the other hand, is a celebration of the date when the new wine became drinkable. The first two days were devoted to popular revelry, and the festival, as a whole, therefore, cannot have been originally a mournful all souls' feast, as Miss Harrison fancies. But the primeval ghost-ceremony called the χύτροι, or "pots," "became attached to the Anthesteria as a mournful *finale*."

The great spring Dionysia in honor of Dionysus Eleuthereus was probably established in the sixth century, when the town of Eleutheræ came into the Athenian state, perhaps making the acceptance of its cult one of the conditions of annexation. Tragedy, which properly and originally belongs to the Lenæa, was transferred to this joyous spring festival by Peisistratus for reasons of policy and convenience. Tragedy did not originate in the dithyramb, which was not dramatic; nor can it have been at the beginning essentially satiric. The

note of wailing and lamentation must always have predominated. This would seem to make plausible the theory that tragedy originated in funeral chants and mourning for the dead. But this view fails to account for the name. It is the "goat song," or song of the "goat man," "for the obvious etymology is sometimes the true one." The rustics of modern Thrace still perform a rude passion play in which the participants wear goatskins. This survival, Mr. Farnell thinks, points back to an "old Thraco-Grecian mummers' play, in which a divine figure in a black goatskin kills another divine figure who is the fair or bright god." Originally a sad, winter rite, it could easily be transferred to spring "for convenience," and the substitution of other heroic personages for the principal figures would yield the beginnings of tragedy. Its service of purification and delivery from evil influences through mimetic song and dance, relieving pent-up passion, is the original function of *catharsis*, whose primary religious significance Aristotle's secular thought tries to define as merely medical.

We cannot here discuss the treatment of the other deities studied in this volume. The final chapter on minor cults is excellent, but all too brief. And, indeed, we could wish that in the compass of so large a work Mr. Farnell had found space to tell us more of the higher religious aspects of the Greek cults, and also of the development of the more personal and exotic religions. But it is idle to quarrel with an author's delimitation of his own subject.

The most learned scholar will sometimes slip, as Homer is said to nod. And we may conclude with two slight instances in which Mr. Farnell's erudition seems to us in fault. Speaking of the so-called stones of insolence and shamelessness in the court of the Areopagus, Mr. Farnell suggests that the idea may be that the insolence and shamelessness of the denial of the charge infected the stones. But surely it is only the stone of insolence (ὕβρις) which belongs to the defendant. The accuser took his stand upon the stone of "shamelessness," which is not shamelessness, but ruthlessness—the refusal to listen to the appeal for pity or pardon. Again, we cannot believe that in the hymn to Hermes, l. 572, there is a satiric intent, or that the meaning is that he, "even without a bribe, will give man a gift, by no means the least of gifts, the gift of release from life." That seems too modern an idea for an Homeric hymn, though, to be sure, it is found in Herodotus. The gift of honor which Hades gives is the honor bestowed upon Hermes, and ἄδοτος "though he receives no gifts," merely expresses the thought of the great line from Æschylus's "Niobe":

Of all the gods, death only loves not gifts.

Memoirs of Gustave Koerner, 1809-1896. Life-Sketches Written at the Suggestion of His Children. Edited by Thomas J. McCormack. Two volumes, xvi+628 and x+630 pp. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press. $10.

The great German emigration between 1820 and 1850 brought a new order of settlers to our shores, an order of patriots and thinkers fresh from the halls of German universities, and inspired with republican ideals. In the early years of the Reaction came Carl Postl (Charles Sealsfield), Carl Beck, Carl Follen, and Franz Lieber. The Revolution of 1848 sent us Carl Schurz and men of kindred spirit. The lives and times of Sealsfield, Follen, Lieber, and Schurz have become familiar to American readers through their biographies. But the middle stage of these thirty years of unrest, namely, the July revolution of 1830, with the events growing out of it, has not been hitherto so graphically presented to the American public in the biography of a great German American. This gap is now well filled by the Memoirs of Gustave Koerner.

The long lifetime of Koerner, extending from 1809 to 1896, embraced most of the stirring events of the nineteenth century. Born in the free city of Frankfurt-am-Main, three years after the battle of Jena, he witnessed, as a boy of four years, the entrance of the Allied Monarchs with their armies into Frankfurt in 1813; he entered the Musterschule at the age of seven, and later the Gymnasium, where he had as his companions Heinrich Hoffmann, the author of "Struwwelpeter," and von Leonhardi, the philosopher and interpreter of Krauss. In his school days came the Philhellenic enthusiasm of 1821, during which his father was chairman of a patriotic Greek society in Frankfurt, and his brother Fritz enlisted to join the Greek patriots. His life at the university of Jena, which he entered in 1828, was a barometer of the political feeling of the time. The new patriotic ideal of the Burschenschaft, which was active in Jena while Koerner was there at the university, enlisted his interest more than did his studies. The new ideal was highly national, whereas that of the old Landsmannschaften was provincial; the motto now was not Bavaria, Prussia, or Saxony, but a United Germany. The favorite authors of the Jena period were Börne, Heine, Alexander Everett, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Byron, with "Faust" as the student's Bible.

After he had entered the University of Munich Koerner's studies were interrupted by the famous *Emeute* of Christmas Eve, 1830, in consequence of which he was arrested and spent four months in prison in Munich. Koerner turned his steps, in 1831, to the old Ruperta Carola Heidelberg, the university of his first love, where he took his degree in jurisprudence the next year. The Burschenschaft was still active in aiding the refugee Poles who passed through after the fall of Warsaw. Revolution was in the air; in May, 1832, came the famous Hambach Festival, in which some 30,000 or 40,000 enthusiastic German Liberals participated. From the ruins of the old castle, demolished in the Peasant Wars, sprang, phœnix-like, the free spirit of the ancient Germans, and it seemed for a moment as if the great Völklerfrühling had dawned upon the slopes of the Haardt. The revolutionary propaganda went on in the Liberal newspapers, until it broke out afresh in the Frankfurt Attentat, April 3, 1833. Koerner had meanwhile begun the practice of law at Frankfurt, but his old patriotism made him one of the chief actors in the Attentat. Further stay in Frankfurt was impossible, or at least unsafe, and Koerner, finding his way to France, embarked at Havre for New York.

Then comes the new epoch of the German refugee in America—a long and deeply interesting story of the journey from New York to Albany, from Albany to Buffalo by canal-boat, around the lake to Cleveland, and from Cleveland to the Ohio by canal, thence down the Ohio to St. Louis. This region had but recently been made famous through the travels of Gottfried Duden, and many Germans had settled in St. Louis and in Belleville, Ill. Having selected Shiloh, a small place under the influence of the "Latin Farmers," Koerner prepared to practise law. Notwithstnding his Heidelberg doctorate, he attended the Transylvania University at Lexington, Ky., to prepare for admission to the bar. His first case against Capt. Snyder showed him to be a peer of his opponent, and won for him later the confidence, co-partnership, and friendship of Snyder, and thereby opened to him the political avenue through which he rose to the Supreme Bench and Lieutenant-Governorship of Illinois.

The war clouds of Secession were already gathering. In 1837 Koerner entered practical politics, gained his first lessons in American finance in the great crisis of 1839, took part in the Presidential campaign for "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," was electoral messenger to Washington in 1841, member of the Illinois Legislature in 1842, and, having taken his seat upon the Supreme Bench, participated in the discussion of the Fugitive Slave Law, of the Mormon question, the questions arising out of the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico, the German agitation of political reform, and the secularization of American institutions by Carl Heinzen. He was made Lieutenant-Governor in 1852, prepared the bill to prevent treason and sedition in 1861, organized a German

regiment at the outbreak of the war, succeeded Carl Schurz as Minister to Spain in 1862, was appointed on the Railroad and Warehouse Commission in 1871, took an active interest in the Tilden campaign, and celebrated the golden Jubilee of his Heidelberg doctorate in 1882.

In many respects these memoirs form a notable, if not the most notable, German American biography. They were written in hours of leisure, when the memory was free to pick up minute incidents of earlier years, and they offer a wealth of descriptive and personal details to the history of that great century of German culture which transformed American educational ideals under the touch of German spirit, and brought the German and American peoples into close cultural kinship and international accord. Apart from a few trifling inaccuracies in names of societies and a certain paucity of dates, there is little to criticise in the Memoirs. The criticism of Grant's generalship in the war and of his winking, or supposed winking, at the sale of arms to France during the Franco-German war, will be easily understood.

Mysticism in Heathendom and Christendom. By Dr. E. Lehmann. Translated by G. M. G. Hunt. London: Luzac & Co.

"If all that is mystical were mysticism, who, then, could write a book about it?" This is our author's very sensible question. And after asking it, he proceeds to write a book of 293 small pages with the prodigious title quoted above. In a general way, the greater part of the vast field indicated is covered. Thus there are chapters on primitive mysticism, Chinese mysticism, Indian, Persian, and Greek mysticism, mysticism in Greek Christianity, in the Roman Church, in Protestantism, and recent undenominational mysticism. It could hardly be expected that all these chapters would be equally good. And as it happens, the treatment of what are perhaps the two most important types of mysticism—the Indian and Roman Catholic—is particularly poor; our author's enthusiasm over Protestant evangelical theology preventing him from entering into the spirit of the Upanishads or seeing any good thing in the Catholic Church. Plato and Plotinus also suffer —"pagan speculation" being almost as severe a reproach as Roman superstition. There is no chapter on Hebrew mysticism, for the Old Testament worthies were too good and evangelical to be mystics. On the other hand, a whole chapter is devoted to "Luther's Mysticism"—apparently because Luther was *not* a mystic.

The chief value of a book of this kind should be to give the beginner a clear idea as to what mysticism is. Indeed, a book that should do that would be a decided desideratum to others than beginners, for few words in our careless language are so over-used and so misused as "mysticism." In fact, it should seem as though a conspiracy had been formed by all sorts and conditions of men, from the ward politician to Professor Münsterberg, to deprive the word of all its meaning by seeking to make it mean everything. The first few pages of Dr. Lehmann's book lead us to hope that here we are to have an antidote to this loose and indiscriminate use of the term, and that some definite and appropriate meaning is to be given it and maintained consistently throughout. But before many pages, the word acquires so many inconsistent but "essential" characteristics that almost anything may be said of it. We cannot here even enumerate the points on which such conflicting statements are made, but one or two of them must be mentioned. Thus, on page 7, it is said: "The mystic knows no personal God. Personality has limitations, therefore away with personality, both in God and in man." This assertion is many times repeated. In fact, there is perhaps only one other thing in the whole book that comes out so clearly—namely, that the "true" mystic knows a personal God and knows Him very personally. The conclusion of the book is:

> There is but one faith and it must be personal; and there is but one truth and it must be apprehended personally. This is the last word and essence of all mysticism, proclaimed throughout the ages with no uncertain sound (p. 292).

Such inconsistent statements are made, often on the same page, that it is difficult to discover whether Dr. Lehmann thinks mysticism a good thing or a bad thing. "True Christian mysticism," we are told on page 152, "is an inner life lived in Christ; it is one of the greatest things in Christianity." Yet the true characteristics of mysticism cannot grow on Christian soil (p. 106); Jesus was in no sense a mystic (p. 102); and mysticism is repeatedly identified with magic, asceticism, ecstasy, abstract thought (!), "intuition," formalism, Roman Catholic superstition, and pernicious Greek philosophy. Since the time when Luther said the last word on all the important questions of theology, "not much remains of the imaginary God and the imaginary relationship to God which has been the life of mysticism. . . . Together with *intelligence* and *ecstasy*, *asceticism* also vanishes, that last remnant of the mystical inheritance cherished by the mystics of all ages."

When the gentle reader who has hopefully read up to the last page closes the book, he is likely to feel that mysticism may indeed be a very wonderful thing, but that neither he nor Dr. Lehmann has any clear and exact notion as to what it really is.

L'Anima di Francesco Crispi. Carteggio intimo sulla politica del risorgimento italiano con proemio e note biografiche di G. Pepitone-Federico. Palermo: Ant. Trinarchi.

A decade has not yet passed since the death of Francesco Crispi, but if one may judge by the public conscience of Italy, his place in history is as securely established as that of Mazzini, who was his early master in politics, or that of Garibaldi, whose administrative right hand he was in 1860, or that of Cavour, among whose successors he alone stands out as capable of strong government. He and Zanardelli were the last of that picturesque line of Italian ministers born of the revolution and educated in conspiracy whose high patriotism was above question, but whose claims to leadership were frequently based rather on prominence in past sufferings in prison and exile than on mental superiority or preëminence in the science of government. For the purely revolutionary period Crispi's work, though important, was secondary; but for the period of national education and reconstruction that followed, his record of virile statesmanship is very different from the easy mediocrity which in Italy, as in most countries, has characterized the increasingly democratic parliaments of the last half century. His services to Italy are far, however, from having been exactly defined; the materials by which they must be judged lie largely buried in state and private archives, and notably among his own voluminous papers, for the purchase of which the Italian government has been carrying on lengthy but as yet unsuccessful negotiations. During Crispi's life a single stout volume of his collected political writings and speeches was published. At the death of parliamentary leaders it has been usual, recently, for the Italian government to print their collected speeches; but in Crispi's case no such publication has been made. Nor has any volume of his correspondence appeared until now.

Pepitone-Federico's volume is an unpretentious but important publication of 250 pages, containing nearly one hundred of Crispi's letters, all of them abundantly annotated and the greater number addressed to Baron Vincenzo Favara between the years 1861 and 1867. Favara was an old anti-Bourbon conspirator of the city of Partanna, in the province of Trapani, republican in political creed, and therefore a supporter of the Italian parliamentary Left, a close friend of Crispi, and the one to whom more than to any other the latter owed his first election as Italian Deputy, from Castelvetrano, in 1861. The letters are intimate, to a limited extent re-

lating to private interests of Favara with which Crispi was entrusted, but for the rest given up almost exclusively to politics. They belong to a period of Crispi's life, which, while not embracing that in which he attained the supreme power of the state, is yet of the first biographical importance; it is the period in which his own parliamentary character was formed, and in it he figures as the leader of the parliamentary Left, and, as vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies; the statesman is revealed here in his earlier political battles, with the characteristics and motives which were exhibited throughout his public life.

What first impresses the reader of the letters is Crispi's moderation and sound political sense. Frequently characterized as violent and revolutionary, he is seen here in the rôle of a conservative among the politicians of the Left, preaching union and concord, recommending patience, and imposing respect for law and order upon turbulent partisans who are, at times, eager for the barricades. He is a good hater, but his is a sober hatred. As a member of the Opposition, he is consistently hostile to the measures of the Governments which rapidly succeed one another. They are all "ruining" Italy. But his oft repeated remedies are patience and the ballot. In 1862, he writes: "Ministers go, and with them disappear the evils which they have caused. The country remains, and we should work, that it may strengthen itself and become powerful." And again in 1865: "I can only censure the Italian Government. It has been stupid and wanting in foresight, and the people have reason to protest. Nevertheless while we have a right to better the government, it is not politic to destroy it." He dwells particularly upon the melancholy events and deplorable conditions in Sicily, whose two most critical moments were those of the abortive campaign of Aspromonte in 1862, and of the insurrection of Palermo of 1866. He was expected to participate in the former, but waited; at its abrupt close, its promoters hoped that he would encourage riotous protest, but instead his letters contain such counsel as this: "I must write to you that it is necessary to be calm, and to prevent the least tumult from breaking out. In constitutional governments, reactions are precarious: ministries are not eternal, and with their change, their policy is altered and liberty returns in honor." If Crispi's statesmanship has led critics to term him somewhat of a Jacobin himself, it is clear that he was earnest and judicious in restraining Jacobinism in others.

He necessarily discountenances the mad attempt at revolution engineered by roughs and hot-heads in Palermo in 1866, but when the rest of Italy indulges in indiscriminate vituperation and defamation of Sicily in consequence, his voice is raised in dignified defence of his native island. He is seen as a loyal Sicilian, but is free from Sicilian sectionalism, repeatedly denouncing as absurd all thought of Sicilian autonomy. His great passion is the welfare of *united* Italy and to it he has sacrificed his Republican theories. His affirmation "The republic divides us, the monarchy unites us," became a patriotic slogan. Writing in April, 1862, he declares:

> Having accepted the monarchy, so as not to foster dualisms, and to have unity, it is just and expedient to be Royalists and good constitutionalists. And I will say to you that I shall remain such frankly, loyally, so long as the King shall be for Italy. Should he desert the national cause, should the monarchical principle fail in its mission, then I should have the right to abandon the monarchy from the same motive from which I have accepted it.

It was Crispi's moderation, his loyalty, and good sense, his immovable Mazzinian faith in the potential greatness and glorious future of Italy—these qualities abundantly illustrated in the letters—which, united with a strong will and firm political convictions, won for him wide popular respect and support throughout Italy, and enabled him in his leadership to pursue a vigorous and definite policy. These same qualities eventually carried him to the highest office in the state, in which his administration of both foreign and internal affairs was memorable. Pepitone-Federico's preface offers a fair appreciation of the letters; his notes, which give sketches of the various men referred to, are most useful, but the editor's judgments are too prejudiced and too superficial to be of historical value.

Notes.

The great Centenary Edition of Dickens, which Chapman & Hall of London have been publishing, is now to be issued in this country by Scribners. Three volumes, containing "Oliver Twist" and "Sketches by Boz," have already appeared, and other volumes will follow at the rate of three a month. In completeness of text and illustration this edition is in a way definitive.

Charles and Marie Hemstreet, who have already written several books on Old New York, now have a volume on "Nooks and Corners of Old London," which will be issued this autumn by James Pott & Co.

"A Dictionary of Oriental Quotations" and "A Dictionary of Abbreviations" are to be added to Swan Sonnenschein's books of reference series.

Late in October the Century Company will bring out a new volume by Charles H. Caffin giving "The Story of Spanish Painting." The same house is preparing a new library edition of Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," to be in four octavo volumes, with seventeen maps and thirty-two illustrations. The text will be increased by new matter to the extent of more than a tenth.

"Christ and His Critics," by the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, is in the hands of Robert Scott. Dr. Max Nordau is publishing with Rebman "The Meaning of History," which contains chapters on Society and the Individual, Eschatology, and the Psychological Roots of Religion.

"The Passing of Empires, 850—330 B. C.," or Vol. III of "The History of the Ancient Peoples of the Classic East," by Sir Gaston Maspero and edited by Professor Sayce, has been translated by M. L. McClure and is to be issued by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, which has also, among its announcements, a work on the beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, entitled, "The Book of the Dead," by H. M. Tirard; "Messianic Interpretations, and other Studies," by Canon R. J. Knowling; "An Introduction to the History of the Assyrian Church," by Dr. W. A. Wigram, and "The American Church," by Archdeacon Dowling, with an Introduction by the Bishop of Salisbury.

Scribners have in their list of books for September: "The French Revolution: A Political History," by A. Aulard, professor of letters at the University of Paris. Translated from the French of the Third Edition, with a Preface, Notes, and Historical Summaries, by Bernard Miall; "Popular Law-Making: A Study of the History and the Tendencies of English and American Legislation," by Frederic J. Stimson, professor of comparative legislation at the Harvard Law School; "A Motley," by John Galsworthy; "Mr. Dooley Says," by the author of "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War"; "The Old Virginia Gentleman, and Other Sketches," by Dr. George W. Bagby; "A Painter's Progress," by Will H. Low; "The Town Down the River," a book of poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "The Blue Arch," by Alice Duer Miller; "Open Water," by James B. Connolly; "The Spread Eagle, and Other Stories," by Gouverneur Morris; "The Star-Gazers," by A. Carter Goodloe; "Lady Good-for-Nothing," by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch; "The Boy's Drake," by Edwin M. Bacon; "By Reef and Trail, Bob Leaches' Adventures in Florida," by Fisher Ames, jr.; "A Cadet of the Black Star Line," by Ralph D. Paine; "Cupid's Cyclopedia," compiled for Daniel Cupid by Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay; "Argentina," by W. H. Hirst, with an introduction by Martin Hume; "Tramps in Dark Mongolia," by John Hedley, F.R.G.S.; "Madame De Montespan and Louis XIVth," by H. Noel Williams; "The Romance of a Medici Warrior: A Study in Heredity," by Christopher Hare; "The Gun and Its Development," by W. W. Greener, new and revised edition; "The True Chatterton," by John H. Ingram; "The Dogaressas of Venice" (the wives of the Doges), by Edgcumbe Staley; "Turner's Sketches and Drawings," by A. J. Finberg; "The Story of Old Japan," by Joseph H. Longford, professor of Japanese at King's College, London; "A Voice from the Congo," by Herbert Ward; "Peter Pan," by J. M. Barrie; "The New Gadshill Dickens"; "Romantic California," by Ernest Peixotto; "The Great Pacific Coast," by C. R. Enock; "The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton," by Dr. A. McL. Ham-

ilton; "The French Renaissance in England," by S. Lee; "Turkey of the Ottomans"; "Original Narratives of Early American History," published under the auspices of the American Historical Association; "Mediæval Italy, from Charlemagne to Henry VII," by Prof. P. Villari; "France Under the Republic," by J. C. Bracq; "Morituri" (three one-act plays), by H. Sudermann, translated by A. Alexander; Sudermann's "Roses," translated by Mrs. T. Frank, and "The Joy of Living," translated by Edith Wharton; the Poems of Eugene Fields; "The Conflict Between Collectivism and Individualism in a Democracy," by C. W. Eliot; "What Is Art?" by J. C. Van Dyke; "Soul and Circumstance," by S. B. Stanton; "A New Shakespearean Dictionary," by R. J. Cunliffe; "A Defence of Prejudice, and Other Essays," by J. G. Hibben; "Privilege and Democracy in America," by F. C. Howe; "Rest Harrow," by Maurice Hewlett; "Tales of Men," by Edith Wharton; "The Finer Grain," by Henry James; "The Barrier," by René Bazin; "Philippa at Halcyon," by K. H. Brown; "The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls," by J. L. Williams; "The Fugitive Freshman," by R. D. Paine; "The Silent Call," by E. M. Royle; Robert Louis Stevenson's Works (popular edition).

"The Letters of Elizabeth Cady Stanton: An Epistolary Autobiography" is under preparation by Theodore Stanton and Mrs. Stanton Blatch, who will be glad to receive copies or the originals of any of Mrs. Stanton's letters. Any communication on the subject should be addressed to Mr. Theodore Stanton, Rue Raynouard, Paris. The book will be published in the spring by Putnams.

Harry Peyton Steger of Doubleday, Page & Company is literary executor of W. S. Porter ("O. Henry"), and would be glad to have the use of any documents bearing on the writer's life or work.

A fourth volume of Macmillan's new Library Edition of The Works of Walter Pater brings to our table the "Imaginary Portraits," not the best work of Pater, unless we except from that criticism the clear beauty and fine analysis of the study of Watteau in "A Prince of Court Painters." The edition, when complete, in ten volumes, will leave nothing to be desired in the way of type and page, although the paper might be of a harder texture.

In a long series of chapters, Miss Florence MacCunn has sketched the lives of "Sir Walter Scott's Friends" (Lane). She has already to her credit what many readers have thought the most interesting brief life of Mary Queen of Scots, not to mention her study of John Knox, and the present volume shows the same skill, turned now to lighter uses, in gathering anecdotes and pointing a moral. Occasionally, it is true, she is forgetful of the probable ignorance of her audience, assuming for instance that all her readers will be familiar with the details of the great Douglas trial, and at other times jostling together the names of cousins and aunts and uncles of a family in a way to throw any but a Scots genealogist, that is to say, any but a true Scotsman, into gasping bewilderment. But these blemishes are few, and indeed the charm of the book for the most part is that it brings us into familiar friendship with a host of old Scottish ladies, Edinburgh advocates, antiquarian lairds, and great folk, whom we had got to know, but not so well as we should like, in Lockhart and other writers of memoirs. Some of the material is from printed sources, but a good deal of it Miss MacCunn has drawn from stores of unpublished correspondence. Great names occur. In the first chapter we find Mrs. Cockburn writing of Hume: "But the reason David did not know he was a Christian was a total want of fire—ethereal fire. He was phlegmatic, material, and, I daresay, will now wonder he is alive and to know (*sic*) what nonsense he wrote"; and the last chapter deals with the friendship of Scott and Wordsworth. But the lesser names, with the exception of the always delightful Lady Louisa Stuart, afford, if anything, more amusement than the greater. Scott himself appears, of course, continually. Beyond its burden of entertainment the chief merit of the book is the light it throws on the genesis of Scott's poems and novels. His was the guiding genius in their production, and without him nothing like them could have appeared, but it is true also that without this society and this atmosphere of romance and antiquarian research about him his work would have been incalculably poorer. There is some meaning in the humor of Miss Grant of Rothiemurchas, who, being for some reason splenetic on the subject of Sir Walter, used to read the Waverleys in order "to find the anecdotes and 'good things' purloined from William Clerk and Sir Adam, and to complain peevishly that there was no acknowledgment to these old friends."

The Old Testament volumes of the International Critical Commentary (Scribner) which have so far appeared (those on Genesis, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Judges, Samuel, Amos and Hosea, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Esther) illustrate a change of attitude in orthodox scholars, English and American, that has been going on for a generation. Almost all the writers of the Old Testament commentaries in the series are members of orthodox communions; they are drawn from all the leading Protestant bodies in this country and England, and, whether orthodox or not, they all agree in their general critical views. The old "apologetic" tone has disappeared; nothing is said of "inerrancy"; the method and content of inspiration are held to be determined by the facts, if historical errors and legendary and mythical narratives are recognized the conclusion of these orthodox scholars is that the Holy Spirit has chosen to employ just this vehicle to convey instruction. It is not that there is less reverence—there is only freedom from hampering theories. At the same time these volumes are marked by careful attention to the Hebrew text, and by the use of all literary and archæological aids for the explanation of the material.

Dr. John Skinner has dealt ably with the numerous perplexing questions connected with the book of Genesis. Recent publications on this book abound in theories, historical, ethnological, mythological, and to thread one's way through the maze of hypotheses and possibilities requires a cool head as well as much labor. Dr. Skinner does not pretend to have solved all the problems that arise, but he states them clearly, gives the various considerations that have been offered on one side and another, with references to authorities, and makes judicious comments on the arguments; his volume is thus an excellent summary of the views held on Genesis at the present day. His own conclusions are presented so forcibly that they must command the respect of the reader. In general he holds that Genesis is not literal history. The mythical material in chapters i—xi, he thinks, was derived from Babylonia, even though in some cases, as in the story of the dispersion at Babel, no Babylonian parallel is known. He admits the possibility of an historical kernel in the legends of the patriarchs, though this, he adds, is not proven. In regard to the persons of the patriarchs he properly makes a distinction between Abram and the others—the latter are tribal names, but Abram is doubtless a real person, though it is impossible to construct him historically; Dr. Skinner goes beyond the record and the probabilities when he regards him as representing "a decisive act of the living God in history." Among many admirable sections in the volume special mention may be made of the discussions of the cosmogonies, the site of Eden, the Cain legend, the flood, and the fourteenth chapter. Here and there, as in the comments on the temptation in the garden and on the dispersion-story (chap. xi), modern religious ideas are read into the text. Dr. Skinner upholds the division of documents into Yahwistic and Elohistic against recent objections based on the discrepant employment of divine names in the versions.

In company with the majority of recent critics Prof. Edward Lewis Curtis, who edits the volume on Chronicles, regards this book as an imaginative recasting of the material of Samuel and Kings from the point of view of the later ritualism (about 300 B. C.); he distrusts the analyses that seek historical sources outside of our canonical books, and he thinks it probable that the book of Chronicles is the work of a single author. He does not find that it adds genuine historical material. The questions involved are discussed fully and fairly. Professor Curtis having been disabled by illness and a partial loss of eyesight, some of the work of the commentary was undertaken by Dr. Madsen, who has performed the task excellently.

Up to now no Arabic text of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" has been known to scholars, and it has even been suspected that none such existed and that Galland made up the story. Now, however, Prof. D. B. Macdonald of Hartford has been fortunate enough to unearth a Bodleian manuscript (noted in Ethé's catalogue, which is still unprinted), and has published it in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for April of this year. It appears to be a relatively modern redaction of a genuine folk-tale, not free from colloquialisms and queer constructions, and not the manuscript from which Galland translated, though allied to it. Professor Macdonald has wisely given the text intact, only correcting a few glaring errors. It is satisfactory to have what appears to be a genuine Arabic text of this famous story, with peculiarities of vocabulary and grammar that may furnish a contribution to the history of the Arabic language.

Interesting reminiscences of Bismarck's youth and valuable records of his early development are given in Hedwig von Bismarck's "Erinnerungen aus dem Leben einer 95 jährigen," just published by Richard Mühlmann in Halle. The author was a cousin of the celebrated statesman, and both spent their childhood together at Castle Schönhausen and were very fond of each other. She speaks of herself as an extremely prosaic character, but adds that this trait did not prevent her from being as a child a favorite playmate of Otto, who was so strongly attached to her that if she had measles, whooping-cough, or any other contagious disease, he wished to catch it and share it with her. She also sought to imitate the conduct of the wild and foolhardy boy, and was told by her mother that if there was any folly of which she was ignorant she would soon learn it from Otto.

Frederick Meakin fringes the audacious when, in the preface of "Function, Feeling, and Conduct" (Putnam), he boldly confesses that ethics can never be younger than Aristotle. Such radical conservatism is a rare novelty among Harvard doctors, of whom Mr. Meakin is one. His book, however, is better than its promise. It attempts "a fresh statement of the philosophy or general basis of morals as grounded in human nature." It moves from the universe to man, in quite the Aristotelian spirit, though more openly than the Stagirite. The world is one; every effect has infinite causes, and every cause infinite effects; final causes are everywhere, and matter itself is at heart organic in some occult manner. Such considerations, with which the author is prodigal, give us our hearings in the ethical situation. There is just enough of contemporary psychology mixed in here to suggest subjectivism; as, for instance, when Mr. Meakin defines an ultimate end as one which is not consciously chosen as means to any ulterior aim. As a critic of hedonism, however, he succeeds in escaping the psychologist's pet error. Here he is at his best. Altogether lucid and convincing is his demonstration that neither feelings nor ideas can serve as the exclusive guides of human conduct; less forcible but attractive is the positive phase of the critique, namely, the contention that not only the goal, but the criterion, of life is "the completest satisfaction of our nature conceived as a composite tendency, in which each constituent has its recognized place." Such a view may, of course, be made much or little of; just how significant Mr. Meakin renders it appears in his conclusion that, after all, virtue is its own reward. "Where the virtue is complete there doubtless its compensation is without hazard or qualification complete." "The moral life is so far justified by its effect in the feeling of the moral agent that we cannot say, speaking of the ordinary social unit, that the virtuous choice is ever, from the hedonic point of view, a mistaken choice." Surely, a broad thesis, this! And one, too, which raises the suspicion that the theorist may be darkly begging the question when "speaking of the ordinary social unit." How do we define this individual, the average or normal man? Had Mr. Meakin given more thought to this and spared himself the hours spent over the oneness of the universe, his defence of the ancient doctrine about virtue would have been much stiffer.

Under the general direction of the Consiglio degli Archivi and the immediate supervision of Cav. Eugenio Casanova, director of the State Archives at Naples, a manual with the title, "L'Ordinamento delle carte degli Archivi di Stato italiani," has been prepared by order of the government. It contains a general description of the material existing in the score of state archives and of the methods of classification and arrangement employed in each. Prof. Pasquale Villari, who is president of the Consiglio, has written the preface, and explains that, although this volume was originally suggested to those preparing for the competitive examinations of candidates for employment in these special libraries, its usefulness is obvious for all having occasion to consult Italian records. With the exception of those at Naples and Palermo, the archives of state are all in northern and central Italy. The scheme excludes the provincial archives which, found only in the south and established under the French occupation, are often of great importance.

Hormuzd Rassam, the Assyriologist, died at Brighton, England, last Friday, at the age of eighty-four. He was born in northern Mesopotamia, opposite the site of Nineveh, in 1826. He joined Austin Henry Layard as assistant in his Assyrian researches in 1845, and lived with him for more than two years. When Layard returned to England Hormuzd Rassam accompanied him to complete his studies at Oxford. The trustees of the British Museum sent Rassam with Layard in a second undertaking in 1849, and Rassam was placed in charge. In 1864 he went to Abyssinia and was made a prisoner and kept in chains for nearly two years by order of King Theodore. He conducted Assyrian explorations again from 1876 to 1882, and at the time of the Turco-Russian war was sent by the British Foreign Office on a special mission to Asia Minor, Armenia, and Kurdistan to inquire into the condition of the Christian communities. He was the author of "British Mission to Theodore, King of Ahyssinia," "Ashur and the Land of Nimrod," "The Garden of Eden and Biblical Sages," and "Biblical Lands."

The Rev. Edward Warren Virgin, author and editor of religious, historical, and geological works, and a Methodist clergyman for half a century, died at his home in Dedham, Mass., last Sunday, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Virgin was a delegate to the first world's school convention at Paris. He served on the United States Christian Commission during the civil war and was at the siege of Chattanooga. He was a graduate of Wesleyan University, class of 1857.

The death is reported, in his sixty-seventh year, of Dr. Joseph Ulhrich, who was professor of Austrian public law at Prague. Of his numerous writings may be mentioned: "Lehrbuch des österreichischen Staatsrechts" and "Grundzüge des österreichischen Verwaltungsrechts."

The death is announced, at the age of eighty-four, of the Most Rev. William Dalrymple Maclagan, until last year Archbishop of York. He was joint editor of "The Church and the Age," two volumes, 1870, and published also a volume of "Pastoral Letters and Synodal Charges."

John Ernst Matzke, professor of Romanic languages in Stanford University since 1893, has just died, at the age of forty-seven. He was the author of various text books on French and Spanish.

Science.

COL. ROOSEVELT'S NEW BOOK.

African Game Trails: An Account of the African Wanderings of an American Hunter-Naturalist. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Beside the actual accomplishments of Col. Roosevelt's "great adventure," his written record of it is of secondary importance. Even to-day there are probably a million Americans who still think of the trip as one for "sport"; and many writers of letters to newspapers have said "butchery." As a matter of fact, at the time Col. Roosevelt planned his expedition, the United States National Museum at Washington, in which every loyal American citizen should feel a personal pride, was very poorly provided with specimens representing the African fauna. And now, by one great forward thrust, the African section of that museum is placed in the front rank of zoölogical collections. It is to the credit and benefit of this nation that at last we do not need to apologize to the South Kensington and Berlin museums for our national poverty in important African forms. It must be understood that scientifically the Roosevelt expedition was one of conquest rather than discovery. The measure of success in its real purpose is set forth modestly in the volume before us, but the extent of the scientific discoveries made are as yet only partly known. In due time, Mr. Heller's patient and careful studies of the specimens collected will reveal to us the exact number and character of the species now gathered for the first time by scientific hands; and there is good reason for the belief that among the 6,000 specimens many species new to science will be found. Meanwhile we know that the grand total of mammals was 164 species (not individual specimens), representing six different orders. Of hoofed and horned game, 57 species were obtained and preserved, among which are to be found 9 white rhinoceroses, 11 elephants, 11 common rhinoceroses, 17 lions, 7 cheetahs, 3 leopards, 12 warthogs, 9 giraffes, 10 buffaloes, 10 Grévy zebras, 19 common zebras, 3 giant eland, and 2 bongos. Of antelopes, gazelles, and their allies, 40 species were collected, represented by 305 specimens.

Zoölogically, the most dramatic event of the expedition was the quest for the "white" or square-mouthed rhinoceros. To many naturalists the report that Major Powell-Cotton had

found that virtually extinct animal alive in the Lado country seemed fairly incredible. In all America there were but two specimens: one skull in the American Museum, and a fine, completely mounted animal in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh. In its South African home, below the Zambesi, it had for about fifteen years been extinct, save for a dozen individuals in a carefully protected area. Its discovery in the Lado Enclave, on the left bank of the Upper Nile, is almost as if our bison never had been known within historic times except in Texas and Ecuador. Like everything else attempted by that phenomenally lucky expedition, the hunt for the square-mouthed rhinoceros was crowned with an abundant measure of success. Nine specimens were taken, of which one pair goes to the American Museum, a head has been given to the National Collection of Heads and Horns in the New York Zoölogical Park, and the National Museum retains a matchless series of six specimens. Col. Roosevelt says:

> It is a curious animal, on the average distinctly larger than, and utterly different from, the ordinary African rhinoceros. The spinal processes of the dorsal vertebræ are so developed as to make a very prominent hump over the withers, while forward of this there is a still higher and more prominent fleshy hump on the neck. The huge, misshapen head differs in all respects as widely from the head of the common or so-called black rhinoceros as the head of a moose differs from that of a wapiti. . . . The muzzle is broad and square, and the upper lip without a vestige of the curved, prehensile development which makes the upper lip of a common rhino look like the hook of a turtle's beak.

The excellent photographs of living "white" rhinoceroses taken by Kermit Roosevelt, six of which are reproduced, are the most valuable pictures of the book. Altogether the illustrations of the volume are abundant and well chosen, constituting an admirable presentation of the wild men, wild beasts, and scenery observed by the great safari.

Col. Roosevelt's observations on the temper and mental traits of large African animals of many species are a source of constant entertainment. Most interesting of all, temperamentally, was the black rhinoceros, whose abounding curiosity led him to charge the hunters nearly a hundred times, but only once, to an absolute certainty, in downright anger. At long range, the eyesight of the rhinoceros is poor, and he does not in the least mind the trouble of charging up to and through a line of porters or hunters, in order to get a good near view of the strange-looking bipeds that so freely invade his domain. This curiosity renders the rhinoceros both disagreeable and dangerous; but the elephant, buffalo, and lion are dangerous because of their bad temper.

The chapter in the appendix on the real merits and demerits of the much-overworked theory of protective coloration, is of keen interest. The author is at some pains to demonstrate, once for all, that "protective coloration" as a deliberate intention on the part of nature, and as a means by which to accomplish a definite purpose, is chiefly theory. In other words, Col. Roosevelt found that, so far from being protectively colored, the greater part of the hoofed and horned game of Africa, as he saw it, is destructively colored. The color patterns of such species as the zebra, giraffe, topi, hartebeest, gnu, and many others tend to render their wearers more conspicuous to their enemies than would have been the case had they been clad in neutral gray or russet brown. Among American hunters of big game, there are few who will dispute the author's conclusions on this subject.

Rebman is bringing out Dr. Berry Hart's "Phases of Evolution and Heredity," and Dr. C. A. MacBride's "The Modern Treatment of Alcoholism and Drug Narcotism."

Prof. H. F. Newall has written for the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge "The Spectroscope and Its Work," and Prof. J. H. Poynting "The Pressure of Light."

The various theories in regard to the glacial erosion of the Alpine valleys are discussed by E. de Martonne in the *Annales de Géographie* for July. In another article he hopes to show that since the beginning of the Quaternary Age this erosion has been more than one thousand metres. This is followed by a study of the "Profiles of the Rivers in France," with especial reference to developing their irrigation and power supply. There is also an extended notice of an extraordinary "Geographical Dictionary of Switzerland," just completed, in six volumes, of five thousand pages, containing 5,181 illustrations and 150 maps, together with lists up to date of post-offices, railways, tramways, steamboats, telegraph and telephone stations.

An important contribution to our knowledge of the formation of coral reefs has been made through the investigations of an island in the Indian Ocean by J. C. F. Fryer, a research student of Caius College, Cambridge, whose report to the Royal Geographical Society is published in the *Geographical Journal* for September. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper a glowing tribute was paid to the late Prof. Alexander Agassiz, "whose loss to oceanography has been of such serious moment." It was said that he took an extraordinarily keen interest in this expedition, and wrote that Mr. Fryer had "got results of great value." Capt. J. Tilho, head of the French mission to study the difficult geographical problems presented by Lake Chad, gives an interesting account of its condition in 1908 as compared with that in 1904. Parts which were navigable then are caravan routes now, the drying up being so rapid in some parts that "large areas are covered with dead fish." There is no reason, however, to suppose that the lake is likely to disappear, he adds. Referring to the slave trade, which still exists in this region, he says that a thorough coöperation between England and France is absolutely necessary to suppress it. Among the other subjects treated is the Mongolian expedition of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, in the course of which excavations were made in a "dead town" which yielded a large collection of books, rolls, and manuscripts in six of the languages of the Chinese empire and in an unknown tongue. Prof. E. J. Garwood of University College, London, gives strong reasons, drawn mainly from features of Alpine scenery, to believe that the erosive power of running water and air combined is greater than that of moving ice, which may be protective. This is contrary to the theory maintained by such authorities as Professors Penck and W. M. Davis of Harvard.

A good many points relative to the care of trees cannot be answered by reference to any of the numerous works on forestry. Trees in a city demand treatment which is quite different in some respects from that which is needed in a woodlot or a forest. The serious problems arising from the escape of illuminating gas from the pipes in the street, and the more perplexing inquiry regarding the placing of asphalt or other pavement over the bases of the roots, belong to the city, and not to the country, and the city street commissioner must take them into account. Again, the conflict with pests, both insect and fungal, is rather different in the city from that which goes on in the country; and it is more difficult to spray the trees. In fact, while a treatise on forestry might aid in some ways, it would fail short in many directions. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we welcome a timely work on that special phase of tree culture which concerns our shade and decorative trees. Prof. B. E. Fernow of the University of Toronto has suggested solutions to some of these problems in a handy treatise, entitled, "The Care of Trees in Lawn, Street, and Park" (Holt). There are few persons who can bring to the study of these problems a more thorough or varied training than Professor Fernow, or who have such helpful suggestions to offer. While we cannot agree with him in all of his advice as to the selection of decorative trees, we can assent heartily to all of his counsel as to the treatment of trees which have come to grief in the city. His explicit directions for the employment of insecticides and fungicides leave nothing to be desired, and he utters a word of much-needed caution against one of the worst tree pests now afflicting mankind, namely, the tree quacks of all kinds. In a future edition, Professor Fernow will correct a few infelicities of expression.

The Vienna Academy of Sciences has one of the largest, if not the largest, collection of phonographic records in the world. One of its main objects is to secure a complete collection of dialects, for which purpose expeditions are constantly sent out, the latest being to Nubia. Original work has been done in making use of the phonograph as a sort of acoustic mieroscope, sections of the records being enlarged a thousandfold. The croaking of a frog, on being thus magnified, was found to differ from the utterance of a human vowel in not

being a continuous sound, but one with minute interruptions.

Dr. Friedrich von Recklinghausen, whose death is reported from Strasburg, where he was professor of anatomy, had made many discoveries in his field, and written extensively. "Die Lymphgefässe und ihre Beziehung zum Bindgewebe" and "Handbuch der allgemeinen Pathologie des Kreislaufs der Ernährung" are well-known works.

William Harmon Niles, a professor of geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, died last week in Boston at the age of seventy-two. He was born in Northampton, Mass. For many years he occupied the chairs of geology at Boston University, Wellesley College, and at the Institute of Technology. He was a member of several scientific bodies and contributed much to scientific literature. He was a graduate from the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. He was president of the Boston Society of Natural History in 1864, was three times president of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and was president of the New England Meteorological Society for twelve years. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Geological Society of America and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of the National Geographic Society, and corresponding member of the New York Academy of Sciences.

Drama and Music.

Edward Sheldon's play "The Nigger" has been printed in book form (Macmillan). A perusal of it confirms the opinions expressed after its first stage representation. It is a clever juvenile work, but too artificial, violent, and indefinite, both in spirit and aim, to have any value beyond that of melodrama.

"Decorating Clementine," the English version of "Le Bois Sacré" of Armand Caillavet and Robert de Flers, made by Gladys Unger and produced in the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, proved a disappointment. The original ran for many months in Paris, and was described as a wicked, potent, and witty satire on the French Department of Fine Arts. The New York piece is called a translation, and there is internal evidence that much of the dialogue has been copied literally and skilfully, but the spirit of the representation, probably, has been greatly changed. Comedy has become burlesque, and although there may have been some gain on the score of propriety, the force of the satire has been much diminished. Clementine is a successful novelist and happy wife, who has been content with profit without personal notoriety. When she hears that a rival female writer is to receive the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, she is crazed temporarily by jealousy, and in the effort to procure the honor imperils her own reputation and happiness. Fortunately, she learns her lesson in time and willingly sacrifices her newly born ambitions in order to recover her lost domestic peace. There is the making of a good comedy in all this, but at the Lyceum the acting throughout is conceived in a spirit of burlesque, which destroys all sense of definite purpose or sincerity, while it emphasizes all the inherent weaknesses of the story itself. But there is some clever individual work by G. P. Huntley, Ernest Lawford, Hattie Williams, and others, while the ridicule of the secret social and political wirepulling, which is supposed to account for the distribution of many otherwise unaccountable honors and rewards, is pungent and amusing.

A military drama entitled "The Deserters," produced in the Hudson Theatre on Tuesday night, deserves a note—not at all on its own account, being a machine-made theatrical piece of the poorest sort—but for its introduction of a new star in the person of Helen Ware, of whom a good deal is likely to be heard in the future. Her part, that of a female detective, is worthless in itself, but enables her to display an amount of varied histrionic resource which is uncommon in these days, a genuine sense of acting, a notable power of self-restraint, and a wide range of emotional expression. Her treatment of one scene, in which, amid an accumulation of harrowing circumstances, she has to confess her seemingly base betrayal of the man she would give her life to save, was remarkable for its artistic simplicity and its true eloquence of passionate feeling. There can be no doubt that she possesses natural qualifications of a high order, but she has a good deal to learn yet, especially in the matter of vocal intonation, before she can establish herself in the first rank. It is to be hoped that she will soon find a play more worthy of her abilities.

J. E. Vedrenne starts his new season in the Queen's Theatre, London, this week, with W. J. Locke's play, "The Man from the Sea." Robert Loraine, Arthur Lewis, and Nina Boucicault have important parts.

Gertrude Kingston's new London playhouse, the Little Theatre, which has been built upon the old site of Coutts's bank, in the Strand, will be opened next month with two plays, the longer an adaptation of a comedy by Aristophanes, period B. C. 411, and, as a sharp contrast, a short piece dealing with radio-telegraphy as a detector of crime, A. D. 1910.

Miss Lena Ashwell is to return to America for a season under the management of Liebler & Co. She has agreed to act the part of Judith Zaraine, in a play of that name, by C. M. S. McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna." She will come to the United States in November, and "Judith Zaraine" will have its first New York hearing in Christmas week.

Ellen Terry will sail from Liverpool on October 19 on the Oceanic, arriving in New York on October 26. On this, her ninth tour of this country since 1883, when she came for the first time with Sir Henry Irving, she will give a series of Shakespearean entertainments, or acted discourses, in the Hudson Theatre, beginning November 3. The titles and the scope of these discourses have been considerably changed by Miss Terry since the first announcement of her farewell visit was made. As now planned they are as follows: "The Heroines of Shakespeare—Triumphant," "The Heroines of Shakespeare—Pathetic," "The Letters of Shakespeare," and "The Children of Shakespeare." After the New York engagement, Miss Terry will make a short tour of the larger cities. Her addresses will be accompanied by illustrative acting, and she will wear Elizabethan costume.

It is plain that in his recent production of "Henry VIII" at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, Sir Herbert Tree has allowed no consideration to interfere with the demands of spectacle. He has provided, it is true, an excellent cast, but the text has been treated ruthlessly in order to save time for the stage show. In itself, of course, the play is invertebrate, more akin to chronicle than to drama, while there are grave doubts concerning the authorship. At all events, it is not especially sacred as a Shakespearean masterpiece. Nevertheless it contains much noble verse, many vital characterizations, and some magnificent situations, and there was a time—in the days of Macready and Phelps, not to speak of the Kembles—when these qualifications, with the addition of fine acting, were deemed sufficiently attractive without the extra bait of kaleidoscopic splendors. It was Charles Kean who first taught how feeble playing might derive reinforcement from the bravery of its scenic surroundings, and his illustrious example has had disastrous consequences. But beyond all question Sir Herbert has composed a superb panorama.

The London critics are very severe—and apparently with good reason—upon Rudolph Besier's adaptation of Pierre Berton's "La Rencontre," which he calls "The Crisis." This is one of those pieces which, manifestly built around a scandalous situation, make an immense pretence of proposing deep moral enigmas. Why a man of Mr. Besier's ability and accomplishment should waste his time in adapting such unhealthy rubbish as this is not apparent. Not even the acting of Evelyn Millard as the self-sacrificing Camille could save the piece from general condemnation. He deserves some commendation, however, for not following the French original all the way through. M. Berton provides a happy ending in which the guilty wife goes off with her lover, leaving her husband to Camille.

Dr. Wilhelm Henzen, who died recently at Leipzig at the age of sixty, though a musician of note, was best known as a dramatist. For many years he was actively connected with the Stadttheater at Leipzig, and his numerous plays, written over the name of Fritz von Sakken, achieved in Germany considerable success.

"The Romance of the Fiddle" is a history of the instrument from earliest times, by E. van der Straeten, which is to be brought out by Rebman.

The "American Musical Directory," compiled and published in New York by Louis Blumenberg, affords a bird's-eye view of musical activity throughout this country and Canada, which is surprising as well as gratifying. It gives the names of musical societies, instrumental as well as vocal, in the cities and towns of all the States, arranged alphabetically, with the names and addresses of the directors, presidents, and other officials, and is therefore invaluable, particularly to singers and players who desire to make engagements for tours. The vocal societies still far outnumber the instrumental, chamber music clubs being particularly scarce; but symphony orchestras and bands abound, and, as regards the

sexes, one finds in scanning these lists that men play a more active part in musical life than one would imagine from the insignificant number of them in the average concert audience.

Oscar Hammerstein has begun his season of comic opera at the Manhattan Opera House Tuesday night with an elaborate production of Louis Ganne's "Hans, the Flute Player," which was first heard at Monte Carlo, and is now having a run in Paris. The title part is sung by George Chadal, a leading baritone of the Opéra Comique in Paris, for whom the part was originally written, but who was engaged at the time and could not sing it. Miss Sophie Brandt, well known here, returns to sing the part of Lisbeth, the Burgomaster's daughter. Frank Doane, Frank Pollock, George W. Callahan, Alice Gentle, Olive Ulrich, and Blanche Lipton are other members of the company. Jacques Coini, stage manager of the grand opera season last year, is in charge of the production, and the orchestra, chorus, and ballet are those seen last winter. The scenery includes many novel spectacular features.

Myron W. Whitney, one of the most popular singers in the country twenty years ago, died on Monday at Sandwich, Mass. He was born at Ashby, Mass., September 5, 1836. He did not commence the study of music until he was twenty years of age, but made such rapid progress that two years afterward he sang the bass solos in a performance of the "Messiah" at the Tremont Temple in Boston. After singing in oratorios and concerts for ten years with success, he went to Italy and studied with Luigi Vanuccini, director of the Royal Pergola Theatre in Florence. After completing his Italian course he went to London and made a special study of oratorio with Randegger. His great triumphs in this country were made at the concerts and festivals of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, the New York Oratorio Society, the Cincinnati Festivals of '73, '75, '78, and '80, the Harmonic Festival at Cincinnati in '74, the Harmonic and Männerchor Festival of '75, and the Sängerfest of '80 in the same city, and the recent New York Festival.

Art.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE.

A History of Painting in Italy. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, edited, by Langton Douglas. Six volumes illustrated. Vol. I, Early Christian Art; Vol. II, Giotto and the Giottesques, Vol. III, The Sienese, Umbrian, and North Italian Schools. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: John Murray. $6 net each.

A New History of Painting in Italy. From the II to XVI Century. By the same authors. Edited by Edward Hutton. Three volumes, with 300 illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London. J. M. Dent & Co. $5 net each.

The expiry of copyright on this famous book has brought about two new editions, one a complete revision, by Langton Douglas, under the care of the original publisher, John Murray, the other a literal reprint of the original edition with additional annotation by Edward Hutton. For years the old "C & C" was only to be had second-hand and at a high price, now students have the embarrassment of choosing between two editions of this indispensable work. One's prepossessions naturally go to the authorized revision, in spite of the fact that the original three volumes will have begotten six. It is, as the editor declares, virtually a new work. The editor himself is a well-known connoisseur whose specialty is the Sienese school, while the editor of the three-volume reprint, a scholarly writer on Italian matters generally, makes no pretension to expertness. On the side of the reprint evident advantages are the small bulk and price and the larger number of illustrations obtained by grouping small prints on the plates. Before carrying the comparison further the general issue, How should a classic work in erudition be edited? is worth our attention. In the present case, we have illustrated the extremes of doctrine and practice. Mr. Hutton asserts that the chief merit of an editor is "to have no opinions" and merely registers briefly in footnotes whatever may serve to correct or explain the original text which is printed *literatim.* These new notes are plainly indicated by square brackets. They digest intelligently the relevant literature of the past forty-five years. Mr. Douglas, on the contrary, constantly passes upon disputed points, interpolates the original text freely—for a part of the text this work had been done by Sir Joseph Crowe himself—marks his notes with an asterisk, and as we have seen has added as much matter as there was originally. One editor believes that as much as possible this sort of a scholar's classic should be let alone; the other that it should be thoroughly overhauled in the interest of usefulness. Mr. Hutton carefully tidies up about a monument, the palings of which have fallen into disrepair; Mr. Douglas effects a scientific restoration after the manner of Viollet-le-Duc. We hold emphatically that the conservative way is right. The other course may be judged by its fruits in the case, say, of "Warton's History of English Poetry," which has been three times refurbished in a century and a quarter. In each revision it has lost something of its integrity as a classic of eighteenth century criticism and research; in each improvement, it has been more difficult to read and more confusing to consult. In fact, this disastrous process of accretion, which may also be excellently studied in the annotators of Vasari, is insidious. The first revision may have a specious look of usefulness, the second is distressing, the third appalling. It is only impersonal works, bibliographies and the like, that can safely be revamped in this manner. Moreover the editor who is really capable of bringing "C & C" to date is wasting his time and ours. His true course is to write a new history. For a thoroughly renovated edition of "C & C" there may have been sound business reasons. All scholarly considerations, however, not to mention those of sentiment, make for the other course. Unless there were a marked superiority of editorial efficiency involved a student would naturally prefer the convenient reprint of this famous work to an apparently overswollen revision.

As a matter of fact, if editorial comparisons were to be made, Mr. Hutton would come off very well. To one who believes in specialism, it is a positive chagrin to find that the impartial man of letters has done his work so much better than the expert. The advantage of Mr. Douglas's voluminous addenda is frequently very slight, he lacks all sense of proportion, his omissions are of an ominous sort. From every bibliographical point of view, Mr. Hutton's notes are more complete and trustworthy than Mr. Douglas's. It was a profound misfortune for Mr. Douglas to lose by death his associate, the late Arthur Strong. His taste was central, and his judgment would doubtless have restrained the aberrations of the versatile junior editor. Mr. Douglas's course has been an erratic one. His predilection is for a provincial school, the Sienese. About his only contribution to central Tuscan problems, aside from an excellent study of Fra Angelico, is a bit of journalistic paradox in which he attempted to reduce Cimabue to the status of a patriotic myth. It is disconcerting to find this vagary elaborately exploited in the first volume. Naturally Mr. Douglas should have recorded his opinion, however bad, but respect for his predecessors would have dictated a businesslike statement of utmost brevity. His failure to give credit to the studies of contemporary critics is fairly disconcerting. Only in the case of Italian contributions can one count reasonably upon his vigilance. And as one reads on, the lamentable conviction grows that Mr. Douglas's silences are not capricious, but purposeful. He has constantly used other men's results, while studiously avoiding acknowledgment. A more painful discovery is that he has used the biographical notices of his authors, a great gentleman and a great scholar, as the vehicle of innuendo against professional rivals. A trickle of such imputation runs disgustfully though the notes of these three volumes. No one will suspect the *Nation* of wishing to limit the scope or vehemence of legitimate controversy, but we are forced in simple duty to our readers to say that an editor who could soil a classic with his private animosities evinces a mental and moral perversion that is simply inexplicable and inspires fundamental misgivings as to his competence. The

issue is quite as much one of utility as of professional ethics. By deliberately suppressing scores of discussions, which are duly epitomized by Mr. Hutton, Mr. Douglas has by so much impaired the scholarly value of his revision.

In order to make the comparison between the editions concrete, let us take the life of the Fabriano master Allegretto Nuzi, concerning whom considerable information has accrued since the original edition. To this artist the Murray-Scribner revision gives five pages, the Dent-Dutton reprint four. To the credit of Mr. Douglas is to be set one picture otherwise unregistered, the correction of the date of another, an account of changes in the Sacristy of S. Domenico at Fabriano, and a somewhat explicit statement of Allegretto's Sienese affinities. This relationship is so obvious that Crowe and Cavalcaselle merely treated it in general earlier in the chapter. Mr. Douglas omits, while Mr. Hutton records, Suida's and Perkins's discussions of Allegretto's Florentine relations, Mr. Perkins's service in locating an altar-piece at Apiro, and the interesting opinions by Perkins, Sirén, Venturi, and Hermanin on the enigmatical frescoes in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, at Tolentino. For the student it is certainly more important to be put on the track of this discussion than it is to learn that Mr. Douglas recognized a fragment by Allegretto in the shop of a Roman dealer, or that one of the Fornari pictures, is possibly misdated by a year. In short, there is no substantial contribution to our knowledge of the master justifying the additional page of matter in the authorized revision. The case is typical. General readers and the average student will sensibly prefer the reprint in three volumes; specialists cannot ignore the revision in six, but since it must be supplemented both by Venturi's History and Mr. Hutton's edition, the bulkier edition must be regarded as a sort of necessary evil, and its use will be accompanied by constant disappointment and tribulation. In the remaining three volumes Mr. Douglas will touch matters in which he is more versed, but also in which the giving of due credit to fellow critics is more important. He will therefore have an opportunity to recede from that policy of slur and suppression which disfigures and cripples his three volumes already at hand.

While Mr. Hutton's editorial task has been admirably conceived, the proof-reading of his notes is faulty, and his bibliographical broom has not swept quite clean. German sources are too often taken at second hand. In the case of such authors as Baldovinetti and Botticini the latest literature has not been consulted. Dr. Bode's important studies of Verrocchio are not cited. The whole treatment of Verrocchio's school is defective. Muntz's and Müller-Walde's opinions as to the Baptism should have been given. The document which accredits the Madonna of Pistoia to Verrocchio is ignored; also the views of those critics who accept it as authoritative. Nearly all the students of Leonardo da Vinci, Horne and Gronau among others, have made relevant comments on the Verrocchian pictures, but no trace of this appears in the footnotes. The charming Annunciation by Piero Pollaiuolo in the Berlin Museum is omitted. Such are some penalties of haste in a complicated and most exacting task. One is led to fear that generally the files of such important series as the Prussian *Jahrbücher* and the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* have not been systematically consulted. This gingerly attitude towards northern critics characterizes both Mr. Hutton and Mr. Douglas. Mr. Hutton's list of Lorenzo Monaco's works, for example, might have been greatly enlarged if he had really used the important monograph by Sirén, which is casually cited. It may possibly, like certain of Venturi's volumes, have come when the printing was far advanced. Venturi adds to both these editions of "C. & C." an important discussion of the Cavallinesque frescoes in Sta. Maria Donna Regina, Naples. In fact, the rehabilitation of the early Roman school is likely to continue apace. Since Venturi's History very interesting frescoes of vaguely Cavallinesque type have been discovered at Amalfi. Such addenda could be made indefinitely. In all broader regards the three-volume reprint is satisfactory and should win favor.

It is pleasant to turn from these tedious but necessary considerations and recall that gallant brotherly pair who wrote the History. Both hardened in peril, but of opposite temperaments, Crowe and Cavalcaselle were the Artagnan and Aramis of art history. Brought up in the ateliers of Paris, Joseph Archer Crowe soon turned from the practice to the criticism of painting. Adversity overtook him, and journalism tided him over as it has so many ready talents. Whether taking notes in the holy calm of some frescoed chapel or writing dispatches at Inkermann or Solferino, Crowe was equally at home. He was one of those efficient cosmopolitan English gentlemen who are predestined to live distinguished and die knights. Crowe could have been anything, Giovanni Battista Cavalcaselle only what he was, a passionate and indefatigable student of the art of his fatherland. True, he had been a revolutionary agitator in his native Lombardy, a political prisoner, and but for the opportune outbreak of the revolt of 1848 at Piacenza would have faced an Austrian firing squad. When his property was confiscated after Austria resumed control, in pitiful need he reached Paris, where Crowe, whom he had met in 1847, succored him and brought him to London. Yet Cavalcaselle was primarily the savant, combining in a remarkable degree the plodding and perceptive qualities, while Crowe remained essentially a superior journalist with the executive quality and the discursive intellectual curiosity that in its higher ranges the profession implies. Cavalcaselle was a student of profound and specialized acquirements, Crowe a versatile and sympathetic critic. Both had begun as painters, and a keen interest in technic was a bond that united aspects of art otherwise diverse. Of the chance meeting in a Westphalian post-chaise and of those few hours in the Berlin gallery that initiated the friendship of a lifetime, Sir Joseph Crowe later told charmingly in his autobiography. From him, too, we know of those months of privation the pair endured together in their shared lodging in Silver Street, London, Cavalcaselle working at the bothersome details of Crowe's first undertaking, now done in partnership, "The Early Flemish Painters," while Crowe threw off the text amid the interruptions of war correspondence and domestic journalism. The last day of 1856 the book appeared, and a New Year dawned with better prospects for our Artagnan and Aramis.

No mountainous task of mere writing appalled the seasoned journalist, and soon the partners were preparing their most famous work, "A New History of Painting in Italy," the first volume of which appeared from the house of Murray, in 1864. It included the painters of central Italy, Raphael being reserved for a later elaborate biography in two volumes (1883, 1885). With amazing speed, for this time the authors were following unbeaten tracks, the "History of Painting in Northern Italy," the first volume of which bears the date 1871, was completed. Again the greatest artist of the region, Titian, was honored by a bulky biography (1877). Such was the life-work of the partnership. It is possibly the most remarkable instance of literary collaboration on record. More scholarly readers soon divined that the views and the rhetoric were usually Crowe's and the facts Cavalcaselle's. Both as criticism and as a compendium the work was remarkable; but, on the whole, the value of the discovered pictures and the new attributions far outweighed that of the new points of view. Accordingly, it has become the fashion to take Crowe rather lightly, and impute all the good in the book to his Italian associate. This is something less than fair. It is true that without Cavalcaselle Crowe would surely have written no history of permanent value, but it is equally true that, without the encouragement of Crowe and his substantial aid, Cavalcaselle would probably have accumulated prodigiously and produced next to nothing.

Let us recall that his revision of the still incomplete Italian edition of the "New History" took more time than the writing of the original work. The fact sets in proper relief the executive merits of the less learned partner. Let us recall, too, that it is very doubtful if such a work could have succeeded, or even existed, in any country but an England already half-Ruskinized, and that Crowe's injection of a certain journalistic vivacity into the scholarly texture of the book gained for it paradoxically something like popularity.

As for the "New History," it opened an epoch. It was the first time that a substantial portion of the history of painting had been treated with the thoroughness that Tiraboschi devoted to Italian literature, or the French Benedictines to French literature. Through French, German, and Italian translations the "New History" became a cosmopolitan institution. It was easy to jibe at certain peculiarities of "C. & C."—in fact, its pedantries and vivacities were equally condemned—the work set a standard and raised the history of art out of dilettanteism to the level of a science. If the merit of this was largely Cavalcaselle's the moving cause was Crowe.

After a generation of eager research and criticism it is easy to see the defects of the "New History." The taste of Crowe was by no means impeccable. Giotto he treated by simple dilution of Vasari. The finer qualities of such bizarre geniuses as Pollaiuolo and Botticelli quite escaped him. Ghirlandaio, who at bottom was merely a weakened reincarnation of Masaccio, he could regard as the culminating point of the Florentine renaissance. Cavalcaselle habitually evinced an undue distrust of Vasari, and in several cases documents have confirmed statements of the Aretine which were branded as fictions. In the broader matter of development it was unfortunate to treat the early work of Leonardo, so pregnant of influence, merely incidentally and with uncertain touch. In general the treatment of the fifteenth century was, if an enormous advance over previous work, tentative and unsatisfactory. It was in the treatment of the great mural painters of the fourteenth century that the authors built their enduring monument, or to be more accurate, Cavalcaselle built his.

He must have had simply the finest visual memory ever granted to mortal man. To-day the student of so-called Giottesque painting may whisk about Italy in trains and motor 'buses. One can now see Giotto in the morning at the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi, correct the impression at Sta. Croce, Florence, in the afternoon, and complete the survey in the Arena Chapel, Padua, the next morning. Or, short of such touristic feats, one may sit quietly in his study and compare minutely admirable photographs of all these frescoes. Cavalcaselle travelled slowly the powdery roads of Italy in carriage or on foot; in comparing master with master he had little aid to memory except those swift and profusely annotated sketches of which he made thousands. Then think of the inherent difficulty of his task. To the average intelligent traveller these level-browed, earnest folk that people the Giottesque compositions look precisely alike. Most persons, even though somewhat experienced, and of good natural taste, would hesitate before the elementary discrimination whether a wall-painting is Florentine or Sienese. Moreover, tradition had for centuries worked havoc with the facts. There are probably fifty chapels in Italy where the sacristan still murmurs the name of Giotto. Generally speaking important mural painting had been ascribed either to Giotto or to the nearest great master of repute. It was a question of ascertaining the few cases in which tradition or documents had actually given us the work of a master, and then of proceeding cautiously outwards in the train of subtle stylistic identities. This exceedingly delicate task Cavalcaselle achieved faithfully; in fact, where he found complete disorder he left an order so generally well established that most subsequent criticism has merely followed up his leads. The chapters on the Giottesque painters and their Sienese contemporaries remain to show what can be achieved against all odds by simple intelligent, affectionate intentness. Other men have studied these works with equal fidelity. No one has looked at them with that concentrated vision which implies possession so masterfully as that modest scholar Giovanni Cavalcaselle, and no one, we think, ever will again. As we admire the stately monument which through patient pilgrimages and vigils he built up for himself, piece by piece, let us not forget that, but for the efficient friendliness of his English co-worker, we should seek that monument in vain.

Among the finely illustrated books on the autumn list of Scribners are "The Art of Northern Italy," by C. Ricci; "Art in Great Britain and Ireland," by Sir Walter Armstrong; "Pictures in Color," by Harrison Fisher, and "Girls," by Henry Hutt.

A committee of specialists appointed two years ago by the Italian government reports that, although the stability of the leaning tower of Pisa is in no wise in danger, means must be used to remove all uncertainty. This tower does not rest on the broad and massive foundations which tradition claims, but upon a hollow ring, corresponding exactly to the cylindrical superstructure, which has a depth of not more than three metres and an inner diameter of seven and a half metres, or the width of the interior of the tower. References to the construction and history of this tower, which dates from 1174, are scanty, and are well presented in a July issue of the *Marzocco*. The commission holds that its deviation from the plumb may not be due to a gradual, progressive giving way of the soil, but to exceptional, independent causes, although the contrary opinion finds many able supporters. Some investigations made in 1829 by Edward Cresy and G. L. Taylor, representatives of an unidentified English society, are regarded as probably the most reliable basis for comparison with actual conditions. Their measurements are known in Italy only at second hand, through a pamphlet, "Fabbriche principali di Pisa," published in 1831 by Ranieri Grassi. Other measurements were published in 1859 by a French nobleman, Fleury de Rohault, but are regarded as less trustworthy, and at intervals within the last ten years by a Brooklyn architect, W. H. Goodyear (the *American Architect*, October, 1909, and "The Architectural Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum," p. 168). Grassi is said to have attributed the leaning to the "virtuosity of the architects," just as Mr. Goodyear takes issue with Vasari's statement that the tower's inclination was accidental, and asserts that the builders used delicate horizontal curves and slight departures from the vertical to counteract distortions of perspective. If the English measures are reported correctly, the deviation from the plumb increased thirteen centimetres between 1829 and 1859, and seven centimetres in the last fifty years, or from 86.5 mm. in 1829 to 92 mm. in 1910, that is, about 5.5 mm. for every metre of height. Contributory causes are found in the earthquake at Pisa in 1834, the most violent ever known there; in excavations made in 1835 to uncover some of the lower columns of the tower, and in drainage basins which were built in 1839. The fact, however, remains true that at least three other Pisan towers also lean, a strong argument for the effects of the character of the subsoil. The planes of the stairs of the lower stories of the campanile incline with the tower. The level of the ground on which it stands is lower than that of the neighboring monuments, the soil is composed of sand and clay, and is full of springs, which, if closed, open new ways, even through the foundations. As early as 1573, a cement was used to prevent this filtration, an operation which covered a part of the lower story for over two hundred years. But if Antonio Veneziano's fresco in the Campo Santo, which was painted in 1384, and showed the campanile in about its present condition, gives some debatable basis for the argument of artistic intention, there is also Vasari's comment that the architects had primitive ideas of drainage, and did not know how properly to build the foundations, sinking piles over the area. The tower was constructed in three periods, with long intervals between, and it is probably true that then, as now, a subterranean current of water, tending northeast, slowly wore away the soil and caused the original sinking on the southern side, when the building had reached a certain height.

Prof. Adolf Cozza met his death recently at Rome by falling from a scaffold in the International Agricultural Institute, where he was painting the frescoes on the ceiling. He is remembered for his history of the port of Ostia, but chiefly for his work in connection with archæology.

Finance.

LOOKING AHEAD.

When financial markets are genuinely perplexed about their own condition they seek, with more humility than usual, the diagnosis of high financial experts, and sometimes learn something of real value. They have vicariously buttonholed, so to speak, all American financiers lately returned from Europe; but the result has been, on this occasion, a series of more than usually Delphic deliverances.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania pointed out that "business is just marking time," and that he did not "look for any great change until several things are out of the way." But the Stock Exchange had already recorded its own opinion to that effect at least. George Gould reassuringly observed that "the present inertia and dulness, from whatever cause it may arise, cannot continue forever"—which everybody knew before. Even Chairman Gary of the Steel Corporation, usually ready to let the public know his independent judgment, last week vouchsafed only the assurance that "there is no trouble in the business world, and there will be no trouble whatever in America, unless it is caused by political influences, changes, or unrest."

But that "unless" was just what Wall Street wished to see disposed of. When to these replies are added such disappointingly ambiguous remarks as James J. Hill's comment that the need of the situation is "conservation of common sense"—which might be a fling at Congress, or at Wall Street, or at the people at large—and the Illinois Central vice-president's assurance that a boom would instantly return "if the demagogues could be squelched," bewilderment as to what really is to happen becomes reasonably complete.

It is barely possible that the reserve or ambiguity of these prophecies arises from the fact that the prophets themselves are in the dark. This has been a curious year, in which high financial oracles have found a new explanation almost every month, as to why things happened as they did; and the stock market which, at the end of August, seemed to give the conundrum up, was perhaps the embodiment of the expert state of mind. Wall Street, the stock market, and the rest of us could also prophesy what might happen if there should be no political unrest this autumn, or if Roosevelt should stop making speeches, or if every one should be sensible as Wall Street and the Stock Exchange understand the word. But people are trying to discover what will happen, supposing (as every one supposes) that things will in these respects go on pretty much as they have done before. This is a question on which the oracles do not as yet appear to have thrown much light.

In all the comparison and reminiscence evoked by the rather remarkable twelvemonth past, there have been two analogies which occurred to the observant mind—the story of 1895 (with its sequel in 1896) and the story of 1903. In a general way, it has been conceded by the financial community that our case resembled that of 1895 and 1896 in that a premature after-panic expansion, in trade, in commodities, and on the Stock Exchange, broke down when it was realized that the country had not yet fully recovered from the financial depression of a very few months before. It resembled the case of 1903, in that an enthusiastic boom among promoters, stock speculators, and operators in commodity markets passed into a stage of severe readjustment and compulsory liquidation when it was found that the whole community's capital resources were tied up.

The total inertia of the present month's markets—this in the face of a familiar tradition, that September is the month when security and money markets are expected to show their true colors, under the influence of autumn conditions—makes it somewhat interesting to inquire what occurred in the corresponding month of the other two years in question. As a matter of fact, September of 1896, of 1903, and of 1910, affords a singular contrast. In September, 1896, we were within two months of a highly critical election—a fact which may seem to suggest the present year. Every one professed uncertainty and misgivings; the Stock Exchange in particular was in a constant shiver of apprehension. Yet what happened in that month of 1896 was a demonstration of great strength in financial markets, with a rise of 9 or 10 points in many stocks, on great activity.

September, 1903, had an oddly different history. August of that year, like August of the present year, had been a month of decided recovery on the Stock Exchange—10 to 12 points in many shares—and, although the iron market continued to decline, Wall Street at least had begun to hope that the worst was over. It was not; September brought a budget of most disquieting news regarding the industrial situation which had been watched so anxiously at intervals, all summer. The price of iron broke with great violence; the $100,000,000 Consolidated Lake Superior Company went down; it became quietly known that the Steel Corporation's earnings had been cut down 12 per cent., and that its quarterly dividend would have to be reduced; prices on the Stock Exchange broke 10 and 15 per cent., and by early October the financial demoralization of the hour had brought about the bank suspensions at Baltimore and Pittsburgh.

It would be difficult—thus far at any rate in the present September—to draw analogies with the corresponding month in either 1896 or 1903. The country has an exciting election on its hands, as it had in 1896; it has a perplexing and disturbing industrial situation, as it had in 1903; and it has reflected both phases of the situation by exactly such a prolonged mid-summer break in stocks as occurred in each of the two years. Yet it resembles neither in the market's altogether apathetic behavior at the autumn's opening.

Here is an opportunity for the ingenious and imaginative mind to draw conclusions. There will be those who prefer to rest their judgment on the presumption that our industrial situation is so much better than in September, 1903, that we could not reasonably repeat that year's stock market demoralization, and on the further supposition that the political skies have not yet cleared up as they had by September, 1896, so that prices cannot logically rise as they then did. This balancing of opinion might explain a market which does nothing. But there would still remain a portion of the community who would stubbornly insist that the market has been refusing to move this month because it really could not guess, any more than the eminent financiers just cited, how the financial situation was itself most likely to turn out.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. I. L. Photographing in Old England. Baker & Taylor. $2.50.

Ashmead-Bartlett, E. The Passing of the Shereefian Empire. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.

Atkinson, G. F. Botany for High Schools. Holt. $1.25.

Aulard, A. The French Revolution. 4 vols. Scribner. $8 per set.

Baedeker's Berlin and Its Environs; Belgium and Holland; Paris and Its Environs. 3 vols. Scribner. 90 cents, $1.80, $1.80, net.

Barclay, F. L. The Wheels of Time. Crowell. 50 cents net.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Works. Vol. VIII. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Bishop, C. McT. Jesus the Worker. Revell. $1.25, net.

Blanchan, N. The American Flower Garden. New edition. Doubleday, Page. $5.

Bronson, E. B. Reminiscences of a Ranchman (new, revised ed.); The Red-Blooded. 2 vols. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 each.

Browning's Pippa Passes and Men and Women. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Bunker, A. Sketches from the Karen Hills. Revell. $1 net.

Burnham, C. L. Clever Betsy: A Novel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Burroughs, J. In the Catskills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Burton, C. P. The Bob's Hill Braves. Holt. $1.50.

Butler, A. J. The Forerunners of Dante: a Selection from Italian Poetry Before 1300. Frowde.

Byington, E. H. The Children's Pulpit. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

Carleton, M. G. Autobiography of a Disembodied Soul. Vrecland Pub. Co.

Casson, H. N. History of the Telephone. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.

Century Readings for a Course in English Literature. Edited and annotated by J. W. Cunliffe, J. F. A. Pyre, and K. Young. Century Co.

Chambers, G. F. The Story of the Comets. Second ed. Frowde.

Donworth, G. Down Home with Jennie Allen. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Duncan, N. Billy Topsail & Company. Revell. $1.50.
Enock, C. R. The Andes and the Amazon. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Flnberg, A. J. Turner's Sketches and Drawlngs. Scribner. $4 net.
Fletcher, B. F., and H. P. The English Home. Scribner. $4 net.
Gardiner, E. N. Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Grenfell, W. T. A Man's Helpers. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Grenfell, W. T. Down to the Sea: Yarns from the Labrador. Revell. $1 net.
Guyot, Y. Socialistic Fallacies. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hall, T. C. History of Ethics within Organized Christianity. Scribner. $3 net.
Hartmann, S. Landscape and Figure Composition. Baker & Taylor.
Haydon, A. L. The Riders of the Plains: Adventures and Romance with the North-West Mounted Police, 1873-1910. Chicago: McClurg.
Hazard, D. L. Coast and Geodetic Survey at Baldwin, Kan., 1905 and 1906; at Vieques, Porto Rico, 1905 and 1906. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Hedley, J. Tramps in Dark Mongolia. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Hirst, W. A. Argentina. Scribner. $3 net.
Home, G. The Romance of London. Macmillan. $1 net.
Hone. The Dairy of Philip Hone, 1828-1851. Edited, with intro., by B. Tuckerman. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Ibáñez, V. B. La Barraca. Edited, with intro., notes, etc., by H. Kenlston. Holt. 90 cents.
Jelfs, G. F. Commentaries on Sln. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Jordan, W. G. Little Problems of Married Life. Revell. $1 net.
Ketler, I. C. The Pilgrims. Revell. $1.50 net.
Knowles-Favard. Perfect French Possible. Boston: Heath. 35 cents.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1910.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's renewed pledge that he will veto any River and Harbor bill hereafter if drawn in the old-fashioned log-rolling style is most welcome. If he really ends that mischievous "pork-barrel" style of internal development of the nation he will merit the hearty praise of his countrymen; for, we believe, one veto will end it forever. Next to conservation of our resources comes in order of merit their orderly and economical development and the business-like erection of public buildings and works necessary to the carrying on of the public business. No President ever had a greater chance to make memorable reforms than Mr. Taft; certainly, no one can assert that his predecessors have left him nothing to do. To take the postmasters out of politics and make service in the post offices a life-career for American citizens as it is abroad; to extend the civil service; to take the consular and diplomatic service entirely out of politics; to end some of the pension abuses—if Mr. Taft will but devote himself to constructive work of that kind he may yet win the affections of the American people to the degree his friends desire for him.

One the eve of the Republican Convention the *World* of New York printed the facts as to the tremendous bills for Mr. Roosevelt's travelling expenses incurred by the Pennsylvania Railroad during his Presidency. They amount, according to this report, to no less than $100,000 for transportation, Pullman cars, food, wines, and cigars for himself and his travelling companions. For this the company received not a cent from Mr. Roosevelt or from the Government. For weeks past it has been known that the Pennsylvania Railroad would be challenged for its failure to enforce payment of these bills, as soon as Mr. McCrea returned from Europe. He arrived last week, and a stockholder has now written to him asking if there is any reason why this debt of $100,000 should not be collected. On the face of it, it is a gross injustice to the stockholders that such costly services should be given free of charge even to the President of the United States. It is a difficult question the Pennsylvania Railroad is compelled to answer. Ought it, from any point of view, to give favors to a man in the highest office when that man is in a position to do it very great harm? As for ourselves, we sincerely hope that the day will come when there will be a President in the White House who will attend to his business and travel little. When he travels, we trust such a man as we have in mind will be enough of a Jeffersonian to travel in a Pullman car, or at most in a private car attached to a regular train, without any uniformed attendants, save on occasions of state, and quite free from newspaper correspondents to exalt and advertise him wherever he moves.

Tuesday's final and crushing defeat of the Old Guard at the Saratoga Republican Convention was merely the climax of a series of blunders committed by men whose boast it has been that they were the greatest political experts living. Their strategy this year began with a trick and ended in a rout. The thing which they most chuckled over as a supreme proof of their astuteness—the voting down of Roosevelt in the State Committee—is now seen to have been an act of sublime folly. It at once forced an issue which they had not the strength to fight through. If they had been wise enough to let Mr. Roosevelt's name go through the Committee without a contest, they might have been able quietly to rally their followers and to control the Convention; instead of that they had made their attack gratuitously and ostentatiously. And as a crowning evidence of their masterly tactics they put up "Abe" Gruber, with his Bowery eloquence, to make their final appeal! Gruber vs. Roosevelt—this was the high-water mark of political adroitness! No wonder that it was a Waterloo for the Old Guard.

Presently, what may come to be called the "Rhode Island experiment" may challenge the general attention. The death of "Boss" Brayton at Providence has given the electors of that State an opportunity to make an essay in self-government. So accustomed had they become to his domination that even in his broken old age his control was not questioned. His death takes from the political stage the last of the old-time "bosses" of the type of Buckley and Ruef in San Francisco, "Ed" Butler in St. Louis, McLaughlin in Brooklyn, Quay in Pennsylvania, and Croker and Platt in New York. None of these went about the routine of their business so directly, so simply and without pretence, as the purposeful and resolute old blind man who for so many years ruled Rhode Island as an absolute autocrat. There was never any secret about his power or its sources. While the Legislature was in session, he went to the State House each day and personally told it what it might and what it might not do. As the Governor had no veto, Brayton exercised the functions of both Governor and Legislature. He debauched the rural voters, and made Rhode Island's shame and corruption a by-word. He was merely amused at the sporadic denunciations of his rule not followed by any efforts to overthrow him. There was no "insurgent" spirit among Rhode Island Republicans, while he lived and Aldrich was in the Senate. What will the people of the State do when bereft of both their rulers?

Republican progressives in Illinois are planning changes in the rules of the House at Springfield to prevent the smothering of bills in committee, by providing that the bills not reported in a certain time may be brought directly before the House. They also propose to limit the number of employees of the House by a rule that no janitors can go on the pay-rolls except by resolution. Other States might well take similar action. There is also the custom, which is observed in Maryland at least, of increasing the legal pay of legislative employees by a series of bills rushed through at the end of the session granting special compensation to the various grades of scrubwomen, janitors, doorkeepers, etc., not forgetting so high-placed an officer as the reading clerk, for "extra services." It is probable that many far greater reforms will have become the accepted order long before these insidiously petty irregularities have succumbed.

The "greatest sensation" in the history of the Cincinnati police department is said to be impending as a result of charges of the exaction of "tribute" in return for protection to saloons in the lowest districts. The Director of Public Safety, Mr. Small, at once began a personal investigation, which is said to have resulted in a mass of evidence confirming the charges. James Mulligan, owner of a small saloon and hotel, furnished the most direct testimony, naming Inspector Casey as personally receiving money from him for a period of five years. At first the money was paid irregularly, but finally Mulligan was informed that Casey wanted a stipulated sum weekly. Unable to pay the amount named, Mulligan replied that he would give what he could spare. As a result, he says, "I kept open every night in the five years I paid Casey money. Before that, I was arrested repeatedly. If any one doesn't believe what I say, look over the police court docket." The inspector denies the charges, and George B. Cox, the Republican boss, declares that the organization will not cover up anything. Meanwhile, two rules have been added to the regulations of the police department, one providing that the Mayor or the police director may at any time instruct the chief of police to bring charges when the occasion seems to warrant it, and the other, that either of the two officials may transfer policemen at will.

Last Sunday's decision of the four leading organizations of railway employees to back up the campaign of the railways for higher rates is, no doubt, important, but the weight to be attached to it is uncertain. These railway unions do not and cannot profess to have gone into the question with the minute analysis of economists, or even of the lawyers employed by shippers who are stoutly contesting the proposed advances and asking the Interstate Commerce Commission not to allow them. The employees appear to go blandly upon the theory that whatever is good for the railways will be good for them. So far as their action implies a readiness to coöperate with their employers, it is welcome. If they have in mind to ask higher wages for themselves after the increased rates for transportation are in force, their move is clearly tactical. But, in any event, they do not speak as experts in the matter of the proper charge for carrying freight and passengers. That has to be decided by other tribunals, and upon evidence which is statistical and financial, rather than emotional.

The invariable desire for more pensions has again marked the annual gathering of the Grand Army of the Republic at Atlantic City. Not satisfied with the general service pension for cowards, bummers, and brave men alike, there was voiced a demand for a dollar-a-day pension. This was too much, however, for the Pension Committee, which is reported to have declared it to be wholly without reason. As a compromise, however, there is a plan to urge a much larger pension for veterans seventy-five years of age or over than they are now receiving. Again, there is a plan to let down the bars in regard to soldiers' widows. The present wise provision of law that no woman who was married after 1890 shall receive aid is to be changed to read that any widow who was married to her husband three years before his death shall go on the pension-roll. But this would open the doors wide to some of the worst pension abuses the country has heretofore seen. The marrying off of senile veterans of the Revolutionary and Mexican wars, and of the Civil War as well, to young women was a regular business at one time, the object being to assure a life's pension to the woman. The present law ended that; it should never be touched. The annual spectacle of the rapidly thinning hosts of the men who wore the blue uniform is pathetic enough. It ought not to be made more so by further demands on what is and has been the most generous country on earth to its old soldiers.

Automobile owners everywhere will read with interest the news that a certain company which manufactures automobile parts and accessories has made net profits of 300 per cent. a year for the last three years. They have known that the rubber tires they are compelled to buy show an enormous profit, and they feel sure that cars which now sell for $4,500 or $5,000 and cost the makers only $1,800 when they leave the factory, could be retailed for $3,000 to the advantage of purchaser and seller, if the big agents' profits were cut down and less money spent on costly buildings. Gradually there will be a readjustment in the automobile world, which has had a tremendous inflation similar to that which went on among bicycle-makers when the bicycle craze was at its height. Low-priced cars are certain of a steady market, for the automobile has come to stay; but the higher-priced cars have not quite so plain sailing before them, if one may judge by certain signs of the times. Already, for instance, tops and other appurtenances are being given without extra charge, thus reducing the price of the car by perhaps $200. When still further reductions are made, the trade will profit by it and reach a normal permanent basis.

The annual sophomore-freshman clashes have begun with the usual amount of excitement, determination, and bruises. To the uncollegiate outsider, these performances at times seem somewhat inharmonious with the advertised atmosphere of the institutions at which they flourish, so that now and then an ignorant policeman gets himself into trouble by interfering with what looks to his unsophisticated eyes like a fight. But the phenomenon is only a strange phase of college loyalty, plus its natural corollary, class spirit. Here is a band of barbarians with the audacity to invade our sacred campus and our classic halls, even to aspire to be in a fleeting twelvemonth what in the same time we ourselves have become. Shall the door automatically swing open—especially now that we are in, and more especially that we got in only at the price of various humiliations which can be conveniently avenged only upon the new-comers? And so individual and class spirit blends with love for alma mater in a beautiful ideal that exists nowhere else about the quadrangle, except, of course, upon the gridiron.

One of the results of the "Osborne Judgment" by the House of Lords, holding that trades unions could not use their funds to pay members of Parliament, has been to revive the agitation for the payment of salaries to all members of Parliament, out of the Exchequer. Curiously but characteristically, this proposal is favored by several of the true-blue Conservative newspapers. Although they have long denounced the payment of members of the House of

Commons as a sure step toward its degradation, and a menace to the state, they now see in it a clever electioneering move, and are urging their party leaders to be first in the field with an endorsement of the plan. Both the *Observer* and the *Morning Post* have taken this line, and the Tory *Standard* goes even further, declaring that "the solution lies in the payment of members of Parliament out of public funds, and—within reasonable and restricted limits—the payment of their election expenses also. The member's stipend should be no larger than would compensate a superior artisan for abandoning his employment and enable him to discharge his public duties in comfort."

The meat question in Germany has become a grave political issue. It is not merely that the prices are so high as to be prohibitive for the poorer classes, or that the present emergency is temporarily acute. There is an actual dearth of meat. The high prices were bad enough in 1905 and 1906, when there were debates in the Reichstag and many legislative bodies, and protests and resolutions from all over the country. On the 30th of November, 1905, the then Prussian Minister of Agriculture, Herr von Podbielski, actually declared that the high prices were "merely a passing phenomenon"; but where there was then discomfort, there is to-day a real crisis. What angers the Liberal press in Germany is that much of the resultant suffering is quite unnecessary. By means of laws drawn by and passed by the Agrarians, all sorts of unreasonable restrictions upon importations, and too severe quarantine regulations, imports of cattle from the Argentine Republic, and from Denmark, Holland, and France, are virtually prohibited. The Government could help at once by lowering the duties and the freight rates on cattle, and by being less rigorous about the exclusion of cattle for medical reasons, while still protecting the country from animals suffering from tuberculosis. But it does nothing, because it is controlled by the Agrarians and the protectionists. Quite recently the city fathers of Berlin and Frankfort-on-the-Main have protested officially to the Government; the large cities are suffering the most.

General Botha's decision to remain at the head of the Government of the South African Union, despite his defeat in the elections to the Parliament, is what might have been expected of that doughty leader of the Nationalist party. He was beaten in the constituency of Pretoria East by Sir Percy Fitz Patrick, but can easily find another seat. Four members of his Cabinet were returned unopposed; and while the Nationalist majority in the Parliament will not be so great as was expected, it will be fully adequate to carrying on the Government. The recent electoral campaign followed pretty closely the old lines of political division in South Africa. The Nationalists still represent most strongly the Dutch element, though the Unionists have drawn away to themselves many Dutch votes, particularly among the commercial and industrial classes. The Boer farmer, however, has stood firmly by the Boer Premier. Dr. Jameson is singled out as the predestined leader of the Opposition, having won for himself a high place in public confidence since his return to public life ten years ago. Next to Gen. Botha, he is said to be to-day the South African statesman "most widely trusted by South Africans of either race." This is a surprising achievement after the intense bitterness engendered by the Jameson Raid. But it is equally surprising to read the high praise which the London *Times* gives to Gen. Botha, along with Dr. Jameson, concluding that "South African politics is safe in the hands of two such men." Surely time does bring its revenges.

The little flurry about the Turkish loan of $30,000,000 recalls to the European stage the shadowy figure of "the balance of power." That once familiar actor has not been often seen in recent years. The events of 1870 and succeeding years caused a complete derangement of all the old ideas about the proper "equilibrium" of Europe. Then came new adjustments and alliances, to play off one against the other—the Triple Alliance against the Dual, and so on. But that "balance," too, got badly upset by the blow to the prestige of Russia in the Japanese war, and later by the success of England in coming to a good understanding with France, and afterwards Russia, besides establishing herself securely in Spain and practically detaching Italy from the *Dreikaiserbund*. Germany, however, has recently, with Austria, been strengthening herself in the Near East; and a diplomatic and international question of great importance has been whether Turkey, under her new régime, would cast in her lot with the Central European Powers. Having to pay for ships and military material, mostly bought from Germans, she went to her old borrowing markets, Paris and London. But her proposals have been rejected in both places, and rejected, it is pretty well understood, on account of government pressure. If Turkey is to side with Austria and Germany, those countries, not France or England, must supply her the money. They could easily do it, one would suppose, considering the object; and if they do, we shall again see diplomacy concerning itself actively with "the balance of power in Europe."

After languishing for two years, the project of an English university at Hongkong seems about to be realized. The minimum sum regarded as necessary, £100,000, has been virtually raised, and the promoters now appeal to the British public to add enough to make the institution worthy of its title. Just at this point, however, a plan is announced for another university in China, under mission auspices. Among the 400,000,000 of Chinese even two universities would hardly be too many, but a supporter of the Hongkong idea is at some pains to point out in the London *Times* the advantages of this scheme. Its location in a British colony, he thinks, will promote continuity of policy, besides assuring exemption from Chinese official interference, especially in the department of medicine. A second point of difference lies in the fact that the proposed Han-kau University adopts Chinese, the Hongkong University, English, as the medium of instruction. But the crucial point, in the opinion of the *Times* correspondent, is the hope of affiliating the Hongkong University with some British university, for the purpose of giving weight to its degrees with the Chinese. This, the writer argues, the degrees of a purely Chinese university could not have, even though its standard was identical with that of Europe, or, he is kind enough to add, America. Both universities have for their main object the developing of a moral discipline strong enough to withstand the prevailing corruption.

DEAR MARIA AND THEODORE.

Mrs. Bellamy Storer's return to her controversy with Mr. Roosevelt in 1906 is marked by the publication in the Springfield *Republican* of fresh documents. Into the subsidiary questions we will not here go. We will not ask whether President Roosevelt's treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Storer was such as his deep personal obligations to them made either generous or honorable. We will say nothing of the propriety of the President of the United States meddling in Vatican politics, and seeking to influence the choice of a Cardinal of the Catholic Church. We wish rather to focus attention upon the comparison of Mr. Roosevelt's deliberate and written assertions with the contemporary and also written evidence supplied by the hitherto unpublished letters of Archbishop Ireland. It is easy to challenge the veracity of a newspaper, it is easy for some men to accuse a woman of untruthfulness, but a Catholic prelate is not to be so lightly disposed of.

In order to make the issue sharp and clear, we shall print what Mr. Roosevelt wrote and what Archbishop Ireland wrote, side by side. Mr. and Mrs. Storer had asserted that President Roosevelt had given Mr. Storer verbal authority to use his good offices at the Vatican in behalf of Archbishop Ireland's elevation to the Cardinalate. Of this President Roosevelt, in his public letter to Secretary Root, December 2, 1906, made the flattest possible denial. The parallel follows:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.	JOHN IRELAND.
As for Mr. Storer's assertion that I authorized him to make such a statement as he says he was authorized to make to the Pope, it is untrue. I gave him no such authorization.	The President also told me that he had commissioned Mr. Storer to speak for him *viva voce* at the Vatican. He seemed rather proud of having done so. The President said to me: "Mr. Storer has told you what I said to him about you, archbishop?" "Well," I replied, "I do not remember." "About his going to Rome?" the President then asked. I said "No." "Well," he said, "I told him I would not write a letter to the Pope, asking for honors for you; but I said that he could go to Rome and say—*viva voce*—to the Pope, how much I wish you to be cardinal, and how grateful I personally would be to him for giving you that honor." I am most clear in my memory as to every word. . . .

At the time of Mr. Storer's intercession at the Vatican, some wind of the affair got into the dispatches. We subjoin what President Roosevelt wrote and what Archbishop Ireland wrote about that matter:

ROOSEVELT TO MR. STORER.	IRELAND TO MR. STORER.
The mere fact of the report in the newspapers about your calling at the Vatican has had a very unfortunate effect. . . . Think of the effect if your letter were made public.	Your two letters were read and burnt. . . . However, you need have no anxiety whatsoever about the whole affair which was the chief subject matter of those letters. . . . The President had no occasion to feel ruffled in the least, but you know his impulsiveness. When I saw him he of his own accord told me of his writing to you, and asked me how publicity was given to the matter. . . . I said the Scripps-McRae agency had merely made a guess (as to Mr. Storer's coming to Rome), and that the few unfavorable comments that followed amounted really to nothing. . . . He calmed down completely; remarked that he had every confidence in you, and hoped that the outcome of your mission would be what all desired. . . .

To complete this confrontation of witnesses, we add a parallel on another subject. In his letter to Secretary Root, President Roosevelt referred to the expectation of the Storers that he would send them to the Embassy at London or Paris. His own account and the Archbishop's account follow:

ROOSEVELT.	IRELAND.
Sho [Mrs. Storer] wrote me on October 17 suggesting the embassies at London and Paris. . . . There is a certain element of the comic in their attempt thus to get me to remove Mr. Choate or Mr. Porter.	I have had two most pleasant meetings with the President at the White House. He is decidedly your friend, and resolved to give you the best there is. "Even," said he, "if Berlin comes first, and Bellamy wished it for a little while, pending Choate's retention of London, I would give it to him and change him shortly afterward to London. Let him trust me." . . . He promised me that the next ambassador to Paris would be Mr. Storer, and furthermore expressed the belief that Gen. Porter would soon retire.

We merely remark that this is a fearful showing for a man who has recently been so free with his epithets of "liar" and "peculiar baseness" and "mendacious journalism." Any journalist who should be caught in the coils of such peculiarly deadly parallels would feel like hanging himself. He would certainly go out of business—or be put out. And this leads us to ask the immediate and serious attention of the *Outlook* to the plight of its Contributing Editor. It was credulous enough to say that Mr. Roosevelt had never asked for any office, except that of lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders. When it reads his pleading letter to Bellamy Storer, written in 1896, asking his help with President McKinley in securing the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, it will get needed instruction. But that is a trifle compared with this new and terrible impeachment of Mr. Roosevelt's veracity. Mr. Roosevelt himself declines to have "any further controversy with Mrs. Storer." He speaks of the letters published four years ago as making "a record against which no recollections of verbal conversations can stand." Hence, he says, "the question of veracity cannot be raised." But this is to dodge the issue as now made by Mrs. Storer. She publishes *new* letters by Archbishop Ireland, absolutely confirming what she had before asserted on her own word, and absolutely destructive of Mr. Roosevelt's public statement when he was President. For a man so directly impeached merely to say now that he will not "reopen" the case, is in reality a confession that he is unable to meet the damaging charges.

VOX POPULI.

There is a strain of sadness, almost of bitterness, in the comments of the Chicago "Progressives" on the disappointing results of the recent primaries in that city and in Illinois. Such high-minded men—*pace* the *Inter Ocean*—as the leaders of the Legislative Voters'

League, while keeping within the bounds of respect due to the Sovereign Voice, are unable to keep out of their comment that note of pained surprise with which we greet the imperfect manifestations of the training we have so carefully given to an apparently impressionable child. The issues seemed clear-cut. Other States had spoken with emphasis upon such as were common to them. And yet the Lorimer bi-partisan machine was merely jostled. It is incidents like this that lead to our contradictory estimate and dictum upon the finality of the public judgment. To-day we are ready to subscribe to the motto of Vox Populi Vox Dei. To-morrow, in our wrath, we shall write it Diaboli. While complete analysis and understanding of popular opinion are impossible, they are also unnecessary. The trouble is not so much our inability to comprehend the phenomenon, puzzling as its operations often are, as it is our half-views of it when we are laboring under blinding disappointment and despair over its faulty working.

In the first place, we all recognize that there are matters for the masses and matters for the experts. We know, when we stop to think, that there is a large field of human interest open to us all which only a few really enter into and possess. Art and science are realms which we penetrate in varying degree, and certainly there is no obligation resting upon us to explore completely or not at all. Yet, partly because of the easy humor of it, partly because of the serious need, critics more or less competent make it one of their regular tasks to point anew to popular shortcomings of taste, of knowledge, and of judgment in these matters. They do it, moreover, with an air of half-amused, half-bored hopelessness that suggests and is meant to suggest the worthlessness of popular notions about anything. Now, it is well to insist that art and science must be approached seriously, and that one cannot precipitate himself into the midst of their oceanic vastness. It may also be true that the general opinion, if there is any, in these matters will always be negligible, except as an item in the history of culture. But all this proves absolutely nothing regarding the worth of the public judgment in other fields.

But, however it may be in things intellectual, it is not lack of ability that disheartens one in the public's handling of affairs more suited to it. Its critics do not weep over its native political incapacity; they scold it for its indifference, its tardiness, its careless and criminal stupidity. One day the great beast is afire with a well-directed energy that removes mountains. The next it is sunk in lifeless torpor. It is necessary for the impatient observer to hold fast to two considerations if he would rightly understand the prodigy. One is that the public consciousness is not simply a weighing-machine. It is, on the contrary, a huge personality, an immense bundle of nerves, responsive in varying degree to a multitude of influences, and, in our present state of psychological knowledge, to be prophesied about only with the greatest presumption. It is suspicious of professions of disinterestedness in its behalf, and an enthusiastic worshipper of a long succession of heroes. It is subject to moods, has its political fads and fashions, and is, altogether, anything but a sober, steady, mechanical shopkeeper. Nevertheless, its heart is in the right place, a balance-wheel that controls, with whatever imperfections of adjustment, its short-sightedness, its impulsiveness, and its inertia.

A consideration equally important is that the fallibility of the popular judgment is not utterly condemnatory of it. In our endless seeking for a sign we have, naturally enough, elevated the voice of the people into the place of an oracle. Some one must speak the final word, and how can it be final unless it is correct? Such a test applied generally would destroy confidence in the value of all authority. Our longing for the absolute, essential as it is to progress, must not be allowed to tempt us to depreciate the worth of the relative and the finite that is within our grasp. The voice of the people is neither the voice of God nor the utterance of Belial—it is simply the cry of man. Sometimes it is muffled by weakness, sometimes rendered inarticulate by artificial barriers, raised sometimes in misapprehension and sometimes clearly for wrong. But always it is the cry of imperfect, struggling, divine-human man, and, like him, the most puzzling, the most irritating, and the most hopeful phenomenon on the planet.

COURAGE IN ATTACK.

A current periodical gives a stirring account of the way in which a certain progressive minister succeeded in filling his church by denouncing the criminally rich. It was apparently a good "stroke of business," as business is commonly defined, and from that point of view is not to be criticised. The striking thing about the article is, however, that instead of commending the minister for his shrewdness, the author praises him for his superlative courage. It certainly is not the highest form of courage for a minister to do the thing which everybody knows will fill his church and increase his income, or for an editor to fill his paper with what he thinks the people desire and will pay for.

If some minister, or publicist, or ex-President really wishes to display a high type of courage, he has a splendid opportunity. Let him begin denouncing the criminally poor. There is not the slightest doubt that there are more criminally poor men than criminally rich men. One does not have to go very far to find men who are poor through wasted opportunities, through dissipated energies, through all sorts of irrational and immoral conduct. It is, of course, certain that such a preacher of righteousness as this would be misinterpreted and maliciously misquoted. He would, for example, be charged with saying that poor men are criminals; but it is the common fate of all men of courage to be thus misquoted. Besides, has any one ever hesitated to denounce the criminally rich, even though he was regularly understood to mean that the rich were criminals? Doubtless there are many who hesitate on that account, but, from the nature of the case, we do not hear much about or from them.

If it is too severe a test of courage to ask our preachers of righteousness to talk once in a while to the criminally poor, we certainly can ask them to be a little more specific in their charges. The socialist goes so far as to assert that all private property in the means of production is wrong, and all wealth derived from these sources is criminal wealth. He, at least, has the merit of being definite in his statements, though not so rational as might be desired. The single taxer is even more definite, and considerably less irrational, when he points out that private property in land is wrong and that wealth derived from

that source is criminal wealth. It does take a certain amount of courage to make either of these definite attacks, because they hit real individuals.

Every one, in a general way, disapproves of the criminally rich, because no one believes himself to belong to that class. But when you assert that every receiver of ground rent belongs to that class, you are certain to hit a considerable number of real individuals, and they are certain to hit back. You may be wrong in making such an assertion and deserve all the pummelling you will get, but you will at least have shown some genuine courage. Or you may be making a great fool of yourself, as the socialist certainly does, but you will have the satisfaction of having hit somebody, though this satisfaction is lessened by the fact that those whom you hit will not take you very seriously. It would serve a much better purpose if our preachers of righteousness, instead of indulging in general attacks upon a class which has no self-conscious existence, would point out to us with some degree of particularity just what methods of acquiring wealth are moral and what are immoral or criminal. Then every man would know just where he stands, and whether he is in the possession of criminal wealth or not. Incidentally, this searching of hearts would give a new impetus to the study of economics, an impetus which is much needed, both within and without socialistic circles.

"DOMESTIC" ARCHITECTURE.

We readily admit that a man should be the architect of his own fortune; but that he should also be the architect of the house which is the external sign or symbol of that fortune, will bear debating. There are no laws save those of intelligence and honesty governing the making of one's way in the world. In architecture, as in all the arts, it is different. Here is a field of activity and expression which is governed by an elaborate system of special laws inherent in the very nature of the materials employed, and imposing themselves despotically upon the individual. In short, the very qualities that make one a good business man or financier, tend to make him a bad architect. Yet there seems to be something in the blood of the average American which convinces him that he is a born builder. The Athenian cobbler in the days of Socrates had no deeper conviction of his aptitude for the affairs of government.

The results of this attitude toward the business of house-building everywhere confront us. Our cities and country districts are crowded with houses and villas that reflect, in endless and bizarre confusion, the capricious ignorance and fantastic bad taste of their owners. Something of all this must, it is true, be attributed to the professional architects who mingle styles or invent manners of their own, in the excessive search for originality. One has, however, but to reflect upon the position held by the average architect in this country, to realize how little, after all, his responsibility amounts to, compared with that of his employer. For the former is, too often, a mere instrument in the hands of the latter. Who does not recall Silas Lapham and the miserable life he leads the young architect he employs to build his Beacon Street house? Unfortunately, we have not yet passed the Silas Lapham stage in our civilization. The architect must still consent to see his carefully constructed plans ruthlessly changed to allow for the excrescence of a porte cochère or a sleeping balcony that was not originally considered in the scheme, and that must now be added without reference to their fitness. What we want is a house for comfort, not for looks; and the American householder feels a certain glow of satisfaction whenever he can air this ancient axiom of his ineptitude.

Artist though he be, and a Beaux-Arts man into the bargain, the architect must bow to the business exigencies of his situation. His lot is hard, and the alternative with which he is confronted is humiliating to his self-respect. Either he must reject a commission when he finds that his ideas do not coincide with those of his prospective employer, or he must consent to violate the dictates of his artistic conscience. Nor does the evil end here. For if, in pursuing the latter course, he could conceal his identity, and consider his job purely in the light of a piece of hack-work, it would not be so bad. But this he cannot do. The writer may publish his novel under another name, and the painter may refuse to sign his picture. But the architect works in complete publicity, and is known by the building which he erects and which, rightly or wrongly, is taken as the expression of his personal taste. Thus a bad house or two built under duress may seriously compromise his artistic career. The minority of wealthy patrons with sound taste will pass him by. Nor can he expect his employer to shoulder the responsibility. As soon as he has discovered the extent of his own mistake, he will blame everything upon the architect with a perfectly easy conscience, since he will have paid that functionary, and, therefore, remains under no more obligation to him than to the stone-mason or the carpenter.

On the other hand, let the house be the architect's own conception in every detail, let it be successful and admired; then the proud owner will modestly admit that So-and-So is a clever young chap, who was able to supervise the work with considerable taste and intelligence, but that, of course, the whole idea of the thing was his own. On a par with this is the ordinary method of choosing an architect. One always selects his clergyman, his doctor, his banker, on the basis of recognized ability. He does not have his appendix removed by X because he was a classmate, or deposit his funds with Y because they live in the same street. But this is precisely the order of reasons that determine many in their choice of some one to build the house in which they are to live. It is some consolation to reflect that such arrangements not infrequently break friendships.

It is no wonder, in view of the existing situation, that so much of the domestic architecture in this country, however well adapted to domestic convenience, is, from an artistic point of view, beneath contempt; and that many a small city, pretty hill-town, or seaside resort is ruined as an abode of taste. To put the responsibility for this state of affairs squarely upon the individual is impossible. "What," cries the successful business man, "shall I not be allowed to build the kind of house I like, since I made the money to build it with, and since I own the land on which it is to stand? Besides, you are mistaken. I have employed the best architect in the country—a fine fellow, I knew him at college—to carry out my ideas." My ideas! Perhaps you have happened to see him reconstructing the blue-prints with a pencil, or, surrounded by his whole family, engaged in lay-

ing out the plan of each floor on the lawn with tennis tapes, so as to determine whether the kitchen will coördinate with the dining-room through the butler's pantry, or whether Mary Jane's bathroom will be large enough to accommodate a six-foot tub. If not, in either case merely bulge out the tape to indicate a bay-window, or an ell, or move a partition, obliterating a window, and you will have solved the problem. But if the individual is not to be reached, public opinion has not yet arrived at a point where it can impose restrictions and assume authority to pass upon all plans before the builders are permitted to proceed. Perhaps in democratic America we shall never come to it, and shall have to wait until each individual is imbued with a sense of his own responsibility, and until a little diffidence and a dawning self-criticism begin to undermine the foundations of his shallow self-complacency. There are signs here and there that a humbler state of mind is slowly gaining ground. So many who built in the transition stage of their rise are obliged to live sadly, forever after, in the shadow of their magnificent failures or sordid little mistakes, that the country, as a whole, has benefited somewhat by their shame and penitence. Still, it will doubtless be long before any profound impression is made upon the boundless optimism of those who are ready to build in haste and repent at leisure.

LITERATURE AND THE WEEK-END.

The continued existence of readers who "prefer the real and living work of the great writers to the literature that perisheth" may well challenge our respectful attention. They have been discovered by a lucky Englishman who tells about them in the September *Book Monthly*. One is hardly taken by surprise to hear that among them are not many wise, not many learned, not many counted great in this world, but rather men and women who, deprived by the exacting daily routine of their work of the energy to read in the evening, "build themselves in literature a shadowy isle of bliss" in the week-end gap between toil and toil. The serious aspect of the discovery is one that concerns publishers rather than the rest of us, but perhaps we may be pardoned for suggesting some considerations that may possibly be of assistance to our over-worked literary speculators, and that, at least, can do no harm.

In the first place, we do not feel at all sure that our own week-end readers are of the class identified abroad. Indeed, we are quite certain that they are not. American publishers, therefore, have a totally different problem before them from the one that confronts their British brethren. All that the latter need do is to ascertain the best-sellers upon which the copyright has expired and which are now issued in expensive library sets for purposes merely of decoration or presentation, and put them into cheap form. But for American week-enders this would not do at all. However it may be in the outworn system of education still admired in the old country, over here we finish with the classics and governesses and marbles and short dresses together. As we become men and women, we demand the hereditary right of reading what is suited to men and women instead of what a hundred preceding generations have thought was suited. And in this spirit of independence, none, we are sure, are more firmly set than our week-enders.

The most valuable hint which we can give our American publishers in reference to reaching this unconventional class of readers, now for the first time in the entire history of literature distinctly marked off and analyzed, is to consider the nature of the week-end itself. Tell me how you spend your week-end, and I will tell you what you are, is as true as if it had been solemnly uttered by some ancient sage to his wondering disciples. It is when one is at play that he reveals his real self. His work may or may not be of his choosing; his play is his own. Now, the American week-ender has never shown any marked predilection for spending his bit of leisure seriously. What he seems to want is simply some way of keeping his mind too busy to think. And while he may use his brief holidays in rushing over the roads in a motor-car or through the water in a motor-boat or in the excesses of a house-party in what his host calls the country, still we think that he will not fail to warm up to reading of the right kind. Just what that is, we cannot presume to say. We can, however, as we gladly do, give the opinion of what we take to be an authority in matters of this nature. We quote from the advertisement of one of our literary publications which we judge to be especially adapted to satisfy the literary cravings of the typical week-ender: "Every month we must find from fifteen to twenty of the greatest stories written. For any masterpiece in fiction we will outbid all others. We want thrilling stories. We want heart-touching stories. We want adventure stories. Every month we must fill 192 pages with such masterly stories and pictures." A few magazines like this, a package of books on the same order, and, we dare to believe, all but our most voracious book-devourers might be fairly satisfied once every seven days.

At the same time one's mind reverts to those other week-end readers in their prosaic English cottages. For them the breathing-space means no change of scene, no relief from the grinding restrictions of their humble lot. The whole extent of their recreation is a walk through highly-cultivated fields and a pilgrimage through the familiar pages of some thick volume. Here they lose themselves and the consciousness of their lowly condition in the gorgeous pageantry of the Elizabethan revels at Kenilworth, the varied doings at Castlewood, the curious mysteries of the Interpreter's House, the quaint simplicity of Wakefield, the stirring words of Latimer at Oxford, the capricious occurrences in the wood of Arden or in that near Athens, the assembly, one memorable night, in the Tabard, or, finally, in that last, tense moment on the swollen Floss. How poor they are! What is a week-end to them? And yet it was just for them that Stratford gave her greatest, that Caxton cut his magic wand, that Avon made quiet music, and Camelot and Colchis and Mandalay were built in the near or the long ago. Let them have their harmless outings in these out-of-the-way paths. Few will disturb them in their enjoyment of what may easily come to be, to their untravelled experience, the richest portion of the great world.

ITALIAN FICTION AND OTHER BOOKS.

Florence, September 16.

Few recent Italian novels have been so much discussed as Enrico Corradini's "La Patria lontana" (Milan: Treves). It is unquestionably a remarkable book; but the interest it has aroused is perhaps more due to its political ideas than to its qualities as a work of fiction. The

leading note is Italian nationalism, and the book appears at a moment when nationalism in Italy is in everybody's thoughts, and when a reaction against the socialistic and international cosmopolitanism of the past few years is in full swing. The story is of Pietro Buondelmonti, a young Italian writer of strong nationalist views, who after failing to convert the Italian crowds from socialism goes to Brazil to keep alive the feelings of Italian patriotism among the emigrants. Interwoven with the account of his propaganda is the story of a love intrigue neither very elevating nor very interesting. Most of the characters, however, are well drawn, and the Brazilian *milieu* and the tropical atmosphere are admirably suggested. We should have preferred a more detailed picture of the life of the Italian emigrant in Brazil. We have, to be sure, occasional glimpses of it, vivid and genuine, and Signor Corradini has published some good newspaper articles on the subject; but he has missed his opportunity of presenting a finished picture. An interesting episode is the conversion of Giacomo Rummo, an Italian socialist journalist, of bourgeois origin, as indeed are nearly all the socialist leaders in Italy, who has been imbued with a theoretical but genuine enthusiasm for what he believes to be the elevation of the working classes, but is really nothing more than a propaganda of class hatred and social violence. He hates and despises Buondelmonti for his principles, but when he finds his adversary lying at death's door, wounded by the husband of the woman he (Buondelmonti) loves, he becomes his devoted nurse, and the patient's influence, as he gradually recovers, wins over the ardent demagogue. The story ends with the declaration of war between Italy and a neighboring empire, and the enlisting of volunteers among the Italian emigrants, including Rummo, to go and fight the enemy. The book is by no means without faults, especially as regards technique; but it breathes throughout a sense of strong patriotism. The style is curious, almost Biblical at times, at others rough and unpolished, but always simple and direct.

With Italy's immense variety of local types, dialects, and customs, one would expect the provincial novel to flourish, and several authors have indeed won fame by describing scenes and characters of some particular district. Of these Grazia Deledda is one of the best known, and she now brings forth a new tale of Sardinian life, "Il nostro Padrone" (Milan: Treves). The story is not cheerful; it tells of two ill-assorted couples in the little town of Nuoro, in one of which the husband is a time-expired convict who had been condemned for murdering a brutal stepfather, and has become a religious mystic, and the wife is a pretty, light-hearted girl, much his junior, whom he had been driven to marry by her virago mother. She had early fallen in love with Bruno, the Tuscan woodman, who had married Marielene, the discarded mistress of a rich lumber merchant, because she had money. The affection remains purely Platonic, and ends with the death of Bruno. The idea of the book is that everything depends on Providence (*Il nostro Padrone* is the Deity), and that, whatever we may do or wish to do, we are in his hands to be fashioned as he wills. But by adopting this theory the author feels entitled to disregard the necessity for any logical sequence of events, and the story drags on, the incidents succeeding each other without any obvious connection. Everything is gloomy and uncomfortable, and we see nothing of the usually attractive and joyous side of Sardinian life. On the whole, it is a dull book, and were it not for the picturesque scenery which is described with feeling, and the *milieu* which to most readers is novel, we doubt if it would achieve much success.

Very different and far superior is Luigi Siciliani's Calabrian story "Giovanni Francica" (Milan: Quintieri), a wonderfully vivid picture of life in that interesting country. There is no plot at all, but we really live among the people in a small Calabrian town, where we see and feel the traditions of an age-long civilization, side by side with more recent developments and the fermenting of new ideas among a primitive but highly gifted people. The author does not spare his compatriots; he displays their faults and weaknesses, their ignorance, imperfect moral sense and irresponsibility, and their lack of public spirit; but he also shows how these defects are due to centuries of misgovernment, above all to the Spanish-Bourbon domination, and he believes that the many sterling qualities of the people will come to the surface again under improved conditions. Incidentally, we see the demoralizing effects of emigration among the rural classes, in the weakening of family ties and domestic affections, which has been so striking a characteristic of South Italian society. The hero, who is the author's mouthpiece on the problem of regenerating southern Italy, is a student and a practical man at the same time, and, while awake to the difficulties of his task, is filled with an inborn love for his native province and a determination to devote his life to its regeneration. The local types are all cleverly drawn—the semi-feudal magnates, the small proprietors, the ladies with their old-fashioned views and scanty education, but admirable domestic qualities, the officials, the politicians, the peasantry. It is a book that any one who wishes to know something of life in Calabria should read, but it is marred by a certain want of taste, and several incidents of a very unsavory character might well have been omitted.

Another "provincial" novel is Virginia Guicciardi Fieschi's "Da opposte rive" (Modena: Formiggini), which takes us to central Italy, and more particularly to the province of Reggio, where the struggle between Socialism and Clericalism, or rather Christian Democracy, is the predominant note. The tone of the book is not polemical, but conciliatory, and both socialists and Catholics are exhibited in the best light. The manners and customs, scenery, and religious processions of the country are described, as well as the socialist meetings and the work of the various political organizations.

A new novelist of whom more will, I believe, be heard is Paola Stafenda. Her first attempt, "La diritta via" (Milan: Baldini & Castoldi), is a story of fashionable life in Florence, interwoven with discussions of the social question and with psychological problems. A young woman brought up among aristocratic surroundings, but of thoroughly sound feelings, Grazia Frascara, falls in love with a clever and honest, but insolent, young Southerner, who cannot find the energy to put his talents to good use, and who, although not indifferent to her, does not propose, because he does not think himself rich enough. Many others desire to marry Grazia, but she ends by bestowing her affections on the blind socialist, Giorgio Amedei, out of pity for his affliction, rather than love. He is poor and in wretched health, and although Grazia is not wholly in sympathy with his views and his circle, she adapts herself to the situation and makes his last hours happy. After his death, she retires to Fiesole, where she turns her villa into a convalescent home for the poor. There her former admirer, no longer indolent, but plunged in the vortex of local politics, comes and proposes to her; but it is too late, and Grazia refuses him, although there is a suggestion that later she may change her mind. The style is not polished and will not commend itself to purists, especially on account of the large number of foreign expressions. But Paola Stafenda's merit is her great simplicity and unaffectedness and the general tone of straightforward honesty which pervades her story.

Among new books of general literature Mario Borsa's "Il giornalismo inglese" (Milan: Treves) will prove of interest to many readers besides journalists. The author, who for twelve years has been the London correspondent of the Milan *Secolo*, gives a lucid account of the British press in all its aspects. We see how a London daily is made up, who are its makers, how its news is obtained, and what its character is. The author dwells at some length on the great importance which English editors attach to mate-

rial accuracy and to the proper arrangement of the various items of their papers, and his tribute to the obscure, anonymous sub-editor is certainly well deserved. He is much impressed with the gentlemanly tone of most of the English papers and the courtesy and good feeling which exists among journalists, even if of opposing parties. The weekly, provincial, and colonial press are also described, and the book deals with many other matters besides journalism, expanding at times into a general essay on English manners and customs, both social and political; Signor Borsa is almost invariably accurate, readable, and not without a keen sense of humor

Another journalistic essay is Vico Mantegazza's "Agli Stati Uniti" (Milan: Treves), a volume of impressions of America. It is a collection of somewhat disconnected articles, of hardly more than ephemeral value, on such subjects as the wealth and lavishness of the upper classes, the railway system, the administration of justice, Imperialism, the South, the agricultural possibilities of Texas, etc. L. V.

REFORM AT OXFORD.

London, September 17.

Whatever the faults of the University of Oxford, no one can justly accuse her of stagnation. You may say that her zeal has sometimes been reactionary, as in the case of the ecclesiastical revival known especially as "the Oxford movement," but if she has moved backward, at any rate she has moved. And in the main her tendency has been progressive.

Just now another reforming agitation is coming to a head. One of the chief agitators is the chancellor of the university, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. His predecessors in that office were little more than figureheads. They represented the university with dignity on state occasions, and were content to leave the administrative side of academic affairs to the men on the spot. But the present chancellor is what Mr. Barrie would call a "magerful" person. On laying down the responsibility of governing nearly 300,000,000 of his Majesty's subjects in the East, he found a new field for his active spirit in his election to the Oxford chancellorship. No doubt many Tory members of convocation preferred him to Lord Rosebery through supposing that, as a Conservative in politics, he would do nothing to interfere with the *status quo*. By this time they must have found out their mistake.

About sixteen months ago the new chancellor issued, under the title of "Principles and Methods of University Reform," a memorandum which proposed several sweeping changes. His proposals have since undergone a thorough investigation by the Hebdomadal Council, the supreme governing body of the university, which has now published its own recommendations in a volume of a hundred pages. An introduction by Lord Curzon commends it to the other administrative bodies of Oxford as "a positive and coherent plan of action" representing "a conscientious attempt to satisfy the principal existing needs of the university." It will depend on the reception given to this scheme, whether the next stage in reform will be completed by the spontaneous action of Oxford herself, or whether the outside pressure of a royal commission will once more be needed.

The main object of the recent proposals is to accelerate the liberalizing process which has made such a notable advance during the last half-century. One necessary means to this end is the modification of the present administrative machinery. In certain notorious instances a crowd of country parsons and country squires, entirely out of touch with modern educational conditions, has outvoted in convocation the men whose daily experience of work at Oxford has made them alive to the need of readjustments. There is now proposed a reconstitution of the governing bodies of the university which will increase the power of the actual teaching staff, and will secure that, in the case of its practically unanimous concurrence in favor of any new statute, the mass of Oxford men who have long since "gone down" shall have no authority to interfere.

Of more general interest is the desire of the reformers to widen the constituency from which Oxford draws her students. In one sense Oxford and Cambridge are the most democratic institutions in England. There are no places in the world,—not even Kansas or Nebraska—where distinctions of rank and wealth count for less. In the miscellaneous comment on the establishment of the Rhodes scholarships there was nothing more amusing than the fear expressed in some quarters lest the "aristocratic spirit" of Oxford should corrupt the democracy of young Americans. Alike in the lecture-room, in the examination "schools," at the Union, on the river, and in the social life of his college, an undergraduate is measured according to his own qualities, whether he be "duke's son" or "cook's son." One of the charms of Oxford is the free intermingling of men of a great variety of antecedents, to say nothing of "race, color, and previous condition of servitude." At the same time there is an inevitable limitation.

Estimates vary greatly as to the cost of a university course, for one man's necessity is another man's luxury. But no one, however skilled in the art of doing without, would be well advised to enter Oxford unless he can afford to spend at least $300 a year if he is a non-collegiate student, or twice that sum if he lives in college. Scholarships and exhibitions open the way for a considerable number of impecunious lads of ability, especially among the sons of ill-paid professional men. But the door is shut against boys of the same type who are below the scholarship standard, and also against boys from the working classes, except the fortunate few whom County Council scholarships have kept at school until they have reached the academic age. On this difficult question of financial adjustment the Council has not yet given a clear lead. It has done well to reject Lord Curzon's plan for the establishment of a special Working Men's College, or College for Poor Men. Such an institution might be a college in Oxford, but it would not be an Oxford college. Another suggestion is that the present minimum cost of living in college might be reduced if the financial independence of the colleges were limited by the control of a board representing the entire university. This, however, would mean such a constitutional revolution that it scarcely deserves present consideration.

The situation in this respect would be eased if another proposal of the reforms were adopted, and a larger proportion of scholarships were allotted to non-classical subjects. This would give a better chance to clever boys from the less expensive schools of the more modern type. Closely associated with this is a proposal which is one of the most remarkable of all, as coming from a body like the Hebdomadal Council; namely, that Greek shall be made an optional instead of a compulsory subject at "Responsions." Any intelligent discussion of the pros and cons of so startling a change would require so much space that one must content oneself with a bare mention of its inclusion in the new scheme. Something is said, too, of the institution of a special commercial curriculum, with the object of attracting young men who are intended for a business career.

On the whole, the scheme of the Council has evidently been drafted with a singular freedom from narrowness and prejudice. Even a Royal Commission could hardly deal with the problem in a more public-spirited temper. While these proposals are under advisement, there are certain considerations which some friends of Oxford, not by any means obscurantists, will wish to emphasize. In the first place, no centralizing process must be permitted, however laudable its object, which will impair the vitality of the college system. The value of the present system of government at the older English universities—comparable, as is well known, to the combination of Federal and State government in America—is perhaps most highly appreciated by those who, know-

ing Oxford or Cambridge, have had experience of the working of other systems elsewhere. Further, nothing must be done that will seriously alter the character of the contribution Oxford has traditionally made to the national life. To regard a university as a shop for the sale of universal knowledge, is bad educational science as well as bad etymology.

The application to Oxford of the department-store theory of the functions of a university would nowadays be the less excusable, inasmuch as the institution of the newer English universities has made admirable provision for both training and research in technical subjects. It would be the height of folly for Oxford to attempt to rob Leeds of its students of leather industries or Birmingham of its students of the chemistry of brewing. One may doubt even whether in an attempt to prepare directly for the daily tasks of the "city man" she will quite be turning her resources and opportunities to the most profitable account. In her eagerness to disclaim Matthew Arnold's description as the "home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs," Oxford must beware lest she forfeit her title to the boast that she has never given herself to the Philistines. "Steeped in sentiment" she may still lie, and yet continue to mould, as she has done for generations, the minds and characters of the men on whom England has depended for leadership in affairs of church and state alike.

At this moment, many of the most influential men in both Houses of Parliament, in the permanent civil service both at home and in India, and in journalism, are men who bear the stamp of Oxford, and especially of the training they received in her honors course of Litteræ Humaniores—a course that is by no means confined to the interpretation of classical texts, but includes fruitful studies in history, philosophy, and literature.

The familiar statement that Oxford trains the governing classes of England is sometimes misunderstood to mean simply that she controls the adolescent years of the scions of the big houses. It really means far more. Among her alumni are not only the Cecils, the Greys, the Curzons, and the Brodricks, but the Morleys, the Bryces, the Asquiths, the Milners—men who "come up" from undistinguished homes and unfashionable schools and are fitted by her discipline to play a great part on a larger stage.

The "scrapping" of the old apparatus is not without peril when the possible surrender of such a treasure as the traditional Oxford *ethos* is involved. The new lamps may tempt the eye with the brighter sheen of their metal, but some of the old lamps have not yet been excelled for the steadiness and clearness of their flame. H. W. H.

Correspondence.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND SWEET REASONABLENESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to call your attention to what appears to me to be the unfortunate spirit which the *Nation* has recently displayed in dealing with certain speeches of Mr. Roosevelt, notably in an editorial last week, entitled "Whither is Roosevelt Drifting?" There are many men in this country upon whom the spectacle presented by our present social and economic conditions has produced and continues to produce a profound impression. This country is in name, at least, a democracy "dedicated" in Lincoln's phrase to the belief that all men are created free and equal. What such institutions mean has been beautifully expressed by Mr. Lowes Dickinson in his "Justice and Liberty." Human institutions, he says, make or mar the fate of man:

> For they are the channels to carry the sacred fire when it springs, to foster or smother, to husband or to waste it, to lead it to a million exits, lambent and bright and gay, or to choke and obstruct it, or let it idly escape, to waste its heat and light where none can profit. And human institutions, all through history, have thwarted rather than aided the conjuncture of genius with chance. From the beginning the mass of men have shared the fate of brutes. They have been slaves and serfs, as now they are wage-laborers. Whatever fire may have slept in their souls, it has found no channel of hope, of opportunity or of ambition, to guide it to the place where it may serve. Not only the caprice of nature, but also the stupidity or iniquity of man has intercepted the currents, the shock of whose meeting is an idea. From before the dawn of history the faculties of the human race have been stunted and thwarted and repressed by the customs and laws under which they have lived. That heavenly visitant, the "chance," has knocked in vain at gates bolted and barred by poverty, servility, and fear. Human institutions have sealed the reservoir of the human spirit. Only here and there a jet escaping from an unguarded aperture has hinted at the huge force impotently pent within.

Whether or not the ideal of such a democracy has any chance to be realized or is a mere vision to be regarded as beautiful but hopelessly impossible, depends upon what our attitude of mind toward that ideal is or can be made to be. If no appreciable body of men care for such an ideal, or can in the future be made to care for it, it cannot be realized. Whatever is done or said or written to make men desire it with all their hearts and with all their souls helps by so much to bring it about. No one who contemplates the grinding toil, which amounts to virtual slavery, of the millions of our wage-earners to-day, and sees how utterly our institutions have failed to realize this ideal, can doubt that there is no work comparable in importance to the work of changing all this. To make this change, it is quite as important that the "ancestral blindness" of the so-called upper classes should be lifted from their eyes as that the so-called lower classes should be restrained from employing hasty and ill-considered and disastrous panaceas. If half the people in this country who have more wealth than is good for them could be induced to believe, heart and soul, in the worth of our ideal democracy, what practical results toward that end could we not reach? The problem is how to make them see it. It is the rich who need conversion quite as much as the poor.

Now I find fault with your article because it is more concerned with showing inconsistencies in Mr. Roosevelt's previous statements (an easy but a useless feat, for, thank Heaven, we all grow) than with a serious and broad-minded discussion of the vast extension of governmental functions which Mr. Roosevelt says he thinks is necessary. It is not a very impressive argument, it seems to me, to say that the "average American" would pooh pooh Mr. Roosevelt's notions if presented in the abstract, even if such an argument were now true or likely to remain true, which may well be doubted. May not the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's hold on the "people" is so strong, be itself significant to prove that the Rooseveltian views are really and vitally and not apparently entertained by the "average American"? Perhaps—who knows?—it may be the *Zeitgeist* again at work quite as much on the "average American" as upon Mr. Roosevelt himself. And if that is so, would it not be more—let me say, effective, if your editorials should proceed to explain by some method more nearly approaching sweet and convincing reasonableness why Mr. Roosevelt's proposals to broaden the functions of the central government and so to approach the ideal which we all cherish are so preposterous and likely to do such "immeasurable mischief"?

The attitude which I criticise is well described by Mr. Lowes Dickinson's professor, when he says:

> Well, it seems to me—I don't know whether I exaggerate—that all the possessing classes, financiers, capitalists, manufacturers, lawyers, professional men, in political issues are singularly uninstructed and unimaginative; that they are as blind to the great equity as they are tenacious of the little, as unintelligent of the whole movement and onward sweep of society as they are intelligent of those little ripples on its surface, wars and crises, out of which they make their gains and losses. And seeing, in that immense phenomenon called Socialism, which is as much the essence of our age as Liberalism was of the last, nothing but the greed of the poor, the folly of sentimentalists, or the wickedness of adventurers; camping on their possession, like Fafner on the hoard, in reliance on that enchanted ring, established law and fact; they may indeed, by sheer obstruction, provoke a revolution, in the sense of disturbance, disaster, and ruin for them and for all society.

I am not a Socialist. I do not approve altogether of Mr. Roosevelt's views. I do not think he lays enough stress upon the necessity that men should make themselves honest rather than that they should be prevented by law from being dishonest. And many of his remarks about the wealthy can hardly be thought to show a sweet reasonableness. But these are his personal limitations. It is because I think he is a practical man who sees the cruel muddle of a society in which so many of us are hopelessly wallowing, and cares about it, that I admire him. I gravely doubt the wisdom of trying at the present time to realize by the extension of Federal powers the ideal of the Osawatomie speech—sound as that ideal certainly is. But its impossibility of attainment is quite as much due to the narrow and unfair attitude of mind in which many men who could give powerful aid approach this whole subject, as to any other cause. That attitude of mind, it seems to me, is just exactly what your

editorial article is adapted to foster, and it is because I hate to see it spread, especially through your agency, that I regret the tone of your article.

FRANKLIN T. HAMMOND.

Boston, September 19.

THE RIGHT TO PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 15 you speak of permitting people to gain money only so long as the gaining is a benefit to the community, and to retain it only if honorably obtained and well used, as moonshine. You infer that nine out of ten Americans do not believe in such a limitation to the acquisition and retention of wealth. Is it not possible that the mad rush for money is the cause of our national unrest? What will our country come to unless a halt is called? Where can we get a better principle to govern our gains than that which you censure?

H. C. CALDWELL.

Ridgeland, Wis., September 17.

IDIOM VS. GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: M. Ferdinand Brunot of the University of Paris, in his comprehensive "Histoire de la Langue Française," gives an interesting history of *c'est moi* and similar locutions (Vol. II, 154), which, up to the publication of Ramus's grammar in 1572, were condemned by the grammarians. Ramus himself in the first edition (1562) was content to follow tradition. Of this work Brunot remarks:

C'est ainsi que Ramus condamne, après Meigret [1550], les tours *c'est moi, c'est nous*, pour *ce suis-je, ce sommes nous*.

In commenting on the edition of this grammar issued ten years later Brunot remarks:

Parmi les secondes [corrections notables], on peut remarquer un changement complet de doctrine au sujet des tours *c'est moi, c'est toi*, que Ramus, entraîné d'abord par Meigret, avait commencé par condamner.

It is interesting to note the ground on which Ramus justifies his change of doctrine:

Selon le jugement de Platon, Aristote, Varron, Ciceron, le peuple est souverain seigneur de sa langue. . . . Lescolle de ceeste doctrine n'est point es auditoires des professeurs Hebreus, Grecs et Latins en luniversité de Paris comment pensent ces beaux etymologiseurs, elle est au Louvre, au Palais, aux Halles, en Greue, à la place Maubert.

And he adds:

Et si quelque grammarien vouloit despouiller nostre langue de tels ornemens, *Est-ce moy? Est-ce toy? C'est moy, C'est toy*, ce seroit comme desgainer lespee luy tout seul à l'encontre de toute la France.

"The allusion to the master whom he abandons," says Brunot, "is evident."

An exact parallel to the history of this change of construction in French is seen also in Danish. Professor Jespersen ("Progress in Language") says:

But even where there is no inducement of that kind to use *me*, this form will occur after *it is* by the same linguistic process that has led in Danish to the exclusive use of *det er mig*, where some centuries ago the regular expression would have been *det er jeg*.

That a similar change is now taking place in our own language must be evident to all who read with an observant eye. Professor Sweet of Oxford, an acknowledged authority, says in his "Primer of Spoken English," representing the speech of the educated class of London and around:

The nominative *I* is only used in immediate agreement with a verb; when used absolutely *me* is substituted for it by the formal analogy of *he, we, she*, which are used absolutely as well as independently: *it's he, it's me; who's there? me.*

It may be said in passing that in a later work ("New English Grammar") he explains the objective forms as due to position after the verb. "It is only the influence of ignorant grammarians," he says, "that prevents such phrases as *It is me* from being acknowledged in the grammars." Alford ("Queen's English," 1889) says:

It is me is an expression which every one uses. Grammarians (of the smaller order) protest; schoolmasters (of the lower kind) prohibit and chastise; but English men, women, and children go on saying it.

Grammarians of the higher type simply record the usage—which is all the grammarian can do—as a fact of language: "Objective forms used as [predicate] nominatives" is Maetzner's way of putting it.

That this usage is extending among cultivated speakers and writers is plainly evident. President Roosevelt, in his Asheville, N. C., speech (see Smith's "Studies in English Syntax"), said: "The government is us, you and I; we are the government." Now imagine the Colonel of the Rough Riders saying "the government is we"! It is too weak, even for the man who is not like Frederick the Great *supra grammaticam*. So, too, Dr. Lyman Abbott, who is not a rough rider, writes in the *Outlook* (April 30): "She looked out through the eyes, but the eyes were not her; she spoke through the lips, but the lips were not her." Translated into "grammatical" English, it would read: "She looked out through the eyes, but the eyes were not she; she spoke through the lips, but the lips were not she." It is presumed Dr. Abbott knew what he was doing when he wrote what he did.

Some months ago I published in the *Nation* (February 24) a brief defence of the harmless idiom (*it's me*), citing examples of its use from Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, Shelley, Byron, and Thackeray. Newspaper critics, far and wide, took up the cudgel. One critic maintained that Emerson in the line,

So like the soul of me! What if 'twere me?

and Shelley in the line,

Be thou, spirit fierce, my spirit! Be thou *me*, impetuous one!

were simply guilty of a solecism, of a violation of the laws of language. He failed to say who makes the laws of language. The prevailing idea seemed to be that our speech came down from heaven, amid the thunders of Sinai, as it were, ready-made, a fixed and perfect form, and that it behooved all good men to guard its purity. Another critic saw in it an ethical question and feared that a schoolboy who began by breaking the rules of the diagram might go on from bad to worse and end by committing the crime of whistling in the presence of an elderly gentleman or keeping his seat when a lady entered the room. In general, the protests reminded me of a "Protest against Darwinism" I read more than a quarter of a century ago, beginning thus: "The Bible says, as everybody knows, and as Mr. Darwin ought to know, that——" In short, the diagrammarian's attitude of mind towards the facts of language is that of the theologian rather than that of the scientist, who believes with Josh Billings that it isn't ignorance that does the most harm; it's knowing so much that isn't so.

In a recent number of the *Nation* (April 7) the writer of an article entitled "Confessions of a Professor" remarks:

Readers in university communities, East and West, will find themselves testifying to his representativeness by exclaiming, "That's our college through and through," "That's I" or "me," according to their grammatical faith.

Now it is certain no Englishman of the educated class would say, "That's I." There is here, however, a class of people to whom the school grammar is authority, in whose eyes "That's me" is a diagrammatical sin, the class of the half-educated who with an air of superiority say of-ten, a-pron, i-ron, fore-head, heav-en, pret-ty, and invariably give the dev-il more than his due.

Usually, *it is I, it is she*, etc., are by all odds preferable, and to know when to use the one form and when the other is a mark of a high degree of literary culture. A living language is all the time undergoing change, and the makers of usage are not the makers of text-books. This is the lesson of philology, well known to all whose opinions count in matters linguistic. It is as true to-day as when Montaigne wrote it: "Those that will combat use and custom by the strict rules of grammar do but jest."

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., September 20.

POETICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recently published essay Prof. William C. Wilkinson takes the poets to task for neglecting the human nose.

The poet has ever been ready to sing the praises of his loved one's eyes; he has not been overmodest in his efforts to describe the glory of her silken tresses; he has dwelt lovingly on her ruby lips, and he has put forth his best efforts in glorifying her swanlike neck. He has even paid tribute to her feet that, like little mice, peep in and out beneath her petticoat; and has not overlooked her ear; but he has, according to Professor Wilkinson overlooked her nose.

Nor has the poet, the essayist assures us, been negligent concerning the maiden's nose alone. He has ignored the manly proboscis, also. Why is this? Professor Wilkinson attempts to explain why the nose ought to figure in poetry. In his touching tribute to the nose he says:

Sweet scents are as poetical as sweet sights or sweet sounds. Fragrance is as much at home with the poet, as is music, or the beauty of the eye. The nose is as good a mark as any feature on the face of high blood. The nose, in fact, is the very elect feature of all for the expression of aristocratic emotions. Do we not turn up our noses, pray, when we wish to gesticulate our disdain? The nose is as supercilious as the eyebrows, for all that we derive our adjective "supercilious" from the proud Roman name for that latter feature.

We shall not attempt here to build up

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a defence for the poet, but we insist that the case, generally speaking, is not as bad as it has been made out. The manly nose has not been altogether neglected by the poets. Has Professor Wilkinson forgotten that good old poem by Holmes, in which we are told that

> He had a Roman nose
> And his cheek was like a rose
> In the snow?

And, furthermore, that

> Now his nose is thin
> And it rests upon his chin
> Like a staff?

If Professor Wilkinson will look carefully, he may find that other poets have paid tribute to the nose. In fact, we are haunted even now by the lines of one of our modern poets, who candidly declares:

> I kissed her near the woodshed
> And also 'neath the nose.

J. H. ROCKWELL.

Springfield, Ill., September 21.

Literature.

BANCROFT AND THE CHURCH.

The Reconstruction of the English Church. By Roland G. Usher. Two volumes, ix, 423; vi, 426. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

The title of this book will probably convey to but few people a correct idea of the limits of the subject with which it deals. It is virtually a history of the Church of England during the last twenty years of the reign of Elizabeth and more particularly during the first seven of that of James, into which is woven a biography of Richard Bancroft, who, as High Commissioner, Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury successively, was mainly responsible for the final definition of the position of the Anglican establishment in that period, and for the various contemporaneous improvements in the government and internal administration thereof. Bancroft's figure, in fact, is made to stand out so prominently through the entire work, and so many episodes in his life (*e. g.*, his embassy to Embden in 1600) irrelevant to an ecclesiastical history are introduced, that one wonders sometimes whether Dr. Usher did not start out to write a biography of this cleric, and afterwards change over to a larger field. Many readers, moreover, will doubtless question his wisdom in confining "the Reconstruction of the English Church" within the years 1583 and 1610, and demand either that he should begin his story earlier and carry it later, or else that he should change his title. We do not wish to press the point, though we fancy that biographers of Whitgift and of Laud, if not of Abbot, will be tempted to do so, as will possibly some of the ecclesiastical historians of the period of the Restoration.

The work falls naturally into three main divisions, or "books," entitled respectively "Preparation for Reconstruction"; "Reconstruction"; and "The Vindication of Reconstruction." The first contains a careful survey of the internal condition of the English church at the time of the appointment of Bancroft to the Bishopric of London (1597), and a thorough analysis of its past relations with Catholics and Puritans. Two excellent chapters describe the efforts of Bancroft during the last six years of the reign of Elizabeth to split the English Catholics into two parties—Jesuits and Seculars—so as to emancipate the latter from the control of the former, and make unified Catholic action against the English church impossible. The first book closes with discussions of the chaotic and nebulous condition in which the administrative constitution of the Elizabethan church had, almost purposely, been left, of the condition of the English clergy, and of the attitude of the people toward the church at the time of the accession of King James.

The kernel of the work is to be found in book ii, "Reconstruction," which covers the years 1604 and 1605 (Bancroft became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1604), and more especially in the chapters on the Canons of 1604, which followed as a result of the Hampton Court conference. These canons are described (Vol. I, pp. 401-2) as marking "an epoch in the history of the English church comparable with the divorce of Catherine of Aragon, with the passage of the Elizabethan Act of Supremacy, and with the reform of the ecclesiastical courts under William IV and Victoria. They placed the church in a new position, and although many of their provisions are now obsolete, many have been modified by process of time, by statute, or by episcopal regulation, the constitution of the church is to-day practically as Bancroft left it." They were:

> the sum of the administrative experience and wisdom of the Elizabethan Church with not a little of the heritage of the pre-reformation episcopate. Bancroft's was the mind which selected from the confused bundle of past experience the precepts which were really golden. . . . The expulsion of the Puritans from the Church, and the refusal of their doctrinal and disciplinary demands has been ratified a hundred times during the last three centuries in the hearts of the great majority of Englishmen. Bancroft's administrative regulations for the parish and diocesan officials and for the ecclesiastical courts, were found adequate for most purposes until the nineteenth century. He was instrumental in preserving intact the liturgy of Cranmer, and the Thirty-Nine Articles, and played no small part in the preparation of that masterpiece of literature and scholarship, the King James Version of the Bible.

Whether or not Dr. Usher's estimate of the paramount importance of these canons in the development of the English church, will be generally accepted, it would be hazardous to prophesy. Certainly he makes out a strong case. But, after all, were not the Canons of 1604 merely one of a long series of readjustments to existing conditions, particularly noteworthy, indeed, because evolved contemporaneously with great changes, and exceptionally successful, no doubt, because the product of a mind which, with a rare grasp of present necessities, coupled a deep comprehension of English conservatism and aversion to gratuitous innovations?

The third book, "The Vindication of Reconstruction," has considerably less unity than its predecessors, chiefly, doubtless, because of the variety of topics that came up for consideration during the last five years of Bancroft's archiepiscopate. The Catholic problem once more sprang into prominence owing to the Gunpowder Plot and the imposition of the Oath of Allegiance. These events, joined with the continued efforts of the archbishop to foster strife between Jesuits and Seculars, resulted in enormous gains to the Establishment from the ranks of the more moderate Catholics; and the presence in the church of an increasing number of quasi-converts from Romanism exercised a perceptible effect on its theological beliefs, and paved the way for "that alliance of Catholic and Episcopalian . . . which was so conspicuous a factor in the civil war." Internal administrative improvements, efforts to augment ecclesiastical livings (which had fallen so low since the middle of the fifteenth century, owing chiefly to agrarian and economic changes, that their inadequacy had become perhaps the most vital problem of reconstruction), the establishment of bishops in Scotland, the attacks on the High Commission, and the struggles with the common law which Bancroft's championing of the cause of the ecclesiastical courts had served to arouse, are the other chief topics which are taken up. The last chapter summarizes briefly the "Results of Reconstruction": it does not claim for Bancroft as large a share of glory and accomplishment as some of the earlier pages might have led us to expect, and thus leaves an excellent final impression of moderation and restraint. There are several valuable appendices, of which the most important contain a list of the precedents for the Canons of 1604, and other ecclesiastical orders and instruments of Bancroft's time, and a hitherto unpublished account of the Hampton Court Conference, which in some respects surpasses that with which Gardiner has familiarized us. A critical bibliography and index complete the work.

The merits of Dr. Usher's book are great and obvious. It is based on laborious and thorough research in all available sources, both manuscript and

print; it brings to light much new material, and utilizes much old material in new ways; it is, so far as we can judge, absolutely impartial—the sameness of the verdicts on all points at issue between the Puritans and the Establishment being especially noteworthy. It is unquestionably one of the most important contributions to English ecclesiastical history which modern scholarship has produced. The author has taken nothing for granted, and accepts no statements of previous writers without verification: indeed, he is almost too prone to act upon the dictum of one of the most distinguished teachers in this country, that the first thing the historical student of to-day must learn is "to doubt." Sometimes the conclusions which he maintains in opposition to older verdicts are not sufficiently well proved to carry conviction; and those persons (and they are many) who are naturally predisposed to think that the iconoclast must necessarily be right, should be warned to subject Dr. Usher to the same scrutiny to which he has subjected his predecessors. His map showing the distribution of Catholic laymen (Vol. I, p. 135), for instance, can never be regarded as indicating more than the impressions concerning that topic of one well versed in the history of the period: any serious student of the reign of Elizabeth might make one equally well worthy of credence. Nor is the quotation from Rivers (Vol. I, p. 178) sufficient ground for attributing the authorship of Harsnet's "Egregious Popish Impostures" to Bancroft, unless more evidence can be produced to corroborate it. And some of Dr. Usher's generalizations (which are too numerous to refer to in detail) can be challenged even more readily than his specific statements.

The book is much too long, and its excessive length is to be almost solely attributed to its redundancy. Instances of this fault appear on almost every page: some statements of fact are repeated half a dozen times in the course of the book, and frequently the same idea is twice conveyed in a single clause, as, *e. g.*, "The kirk north of the Tweed" (Vol. II, p. 154). The whole story could have been adequately told in a single volume. Even worse than this is the author's irritating habit of constantly hammering in the fact that his topic is difficult, that he has worked hard at it, that he is trying to give both sides their due, etc.; this obtrusive self-consciousness is most unfortunate, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Dr. Usher will learn that his many merits will speak for themselves. His style is at times excellent; often he relieves the tedium of administrative history with a touch of humor or a well-selected quotation. On other occasions he is very slovenly, as in the following (Vol. I, p. 281): "He knew . . . that the clergy was poverty-stricken to the last degree, and that therefore, where they were not ignorant, were pluralists and non-resident"; and sometimes positively incorrect, as "the amelioration of ecclesiastical incomes, and the consequent improvement in the character and learning of the clergy, was really effected," etc. (Vol. II, p. 269). Minor inaccuracies in the text are few; unfortunately, it is impossible to say the same for the index, which, though well analyzed, is also somewhat inadequate.

We have dealt much in criticism, the more so because we feel that Dr. Usher is a scholar of such promise that he is amply able to bear it. He has labored diligently and effectively in this field for the past eight years, and had already achieved some distinction as an authority upon it, before the present book saw the light. Those who are familiar with his earlier writings will gladly recognize that he has grown enormously, both in grace and in learning since he began. We look confidently for still further improvement in his future work.

CURRENT FICTION.

Rest Harrow. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

At the close of this chapter of the Senhouse-Sanchia romance, we are well content to take leave of that eccentric pair for good and all. Our patience with them has worn rather thin: a sickly flavor has thrust itself more and more unmistakably through the insistent piquancy of their relation. The famous episode of young Sanchia in the puddle is enlarged upon, harped upon, to the point of nausea. We are not permitted to lose for a moment the vision of that supreme proof of feminine magnanimity. One of the oddest passages in the present instalment of the tale is that in which Senhouse and his disciple and fellow-adorer, Glyde, chant responsively the glories of that memorable scene: "She was in white—white as a cloud," intones Senhouse, "——and in a wood. Her hair reflected gold of the sun. She pinned her skirts about her waist, and put her bare foot into a pool of black water. She sank in it to the knee. She did not falter; her eyes were steady upon what she did." "She could never falter in her purpose," the other celebrant takes up the strain. "She bared herself to the thighs. She went into the pool thigh-deep." Before we have done with the small exploit, we fairly begin to suspect that there must have been something odd about it. Even godlike innocence may be too much protested. So, as time passes, we find it increasingly difficult to join heartily in Senhouse's rhapsodical worship, with its symbols and its rites. There is a time for that mood in which the youthful lover adores his mistress as a superhuman being, and, as it were, wallows in the sense of his own unworthiness. But that time is short in normal cases. When Senhouse permits his life (his inner life, at least) to be ruled by such a mood for a matter of ten years, the situation becomes mawkish. He has, in short, the species of asceticism which is based upon a refinement of sensuality. If he were more healthy-minded, he would not make so much of Sanchia's mystical purity. And (Mr. Hewlett's protestations to the contrary), if he were less self-conscious, he would take care to be less extraordinary in habit and dress. Self-consciousness, for that matter, is the source of Mr. Hewlett's own weakness—as well as of his vogue. For the rest, a morbid sensitiveness to the current taste is evident in so small a matter as his choice of physical types. The day of the big blond hero is eclipsed for the nonce: we are all for the lean and swarthy. Two other persons in this narrative share these bodily traits with Senhouse—Glyde, the young gardener-poet, whose rôle might be labelled that of the sub-hero, and Prince Morosine, designing Pole and secondary villain. As if by way of recompense, the most wholesome and delightful person in the story, Mr. William Chevenix, is rosy and blue-eyed; but then, nobody is in danger of falling in love with him.

The Cradle of a Poet. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: John Lane Co.

Some of our readers will recall a book by this writer published two or three years ago—"The Winding Road," a story whose distinction lay in its feminine sensitiveness and earnestness. The present tale is by no means thrilling. The progress of the narrative is hampered by many pages of description plainly indulged in for its own sake, and of dialogue which is less the speech of human beings than the assigned utterances of puppets in the hands of a self-conscious showman. But the people are better than their talk. The author seems to have felt more than she could convey; it is clear, at all events, that she has not invented them in cold blood. Noel Harmon is that poet-hero who appeals so strongly to the minor novelists of this material age. He is the son of a quarryman in the old English village of "Stonedge." For generations the Harmons have been Freemen of the Company of Marblers—one of the few really surviving guilds in England. The father of Noel is himself a man of imagination, and has had his own dreams of poetic achievement in youth; but has denied himself the necessary training in order to be true to his inherited trust, the prosperity of the ancestral quarries. To Noel, more by fate than the father's will, come education and travel and the experience need-

ed to strengthen him for his great task. In the end, his powers are confirmed by a return to the life of his fathers, and by reunion with the maiden who in boyhood he had loved and lost. For her part, she is that priestess of the new art of dancing who is now so frequently figuring in the novel of the hour. Harmon's rediscovery of her as a famous American dancer, with the minute description of her feats behind the footlights, is already a familiar device in our fiction. But, as we have suggested, the attraction of the book lies in the sweetness and simplicity of its mood—such a mood as has made the stories of Mrs. De la Pasture refreshing to ears wearied with the petulance of the ultra-modern novel.

The Rod of Justice. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Brentano's.

The authors of "The Shulamite" have here reverted to the field which they formerly found so profitable, but their present venture shows a pitiable paucity of invention, only emphasized by the violence of expression with which a vain attempt has been made to galvanize some very dry bones. The story is one of those which are supposed to thrill the reader by exhibiting the Primal Passions at close range; if this be well done, the thrill is actual enough, but "The Rod of Justice" is one of the lamentably many instances where one is only wearied by the shriekings of a coarse hysteria. The plot is of the tritest, and the South African setting has not sufficient novelty to hold the interest alone. The characters are well-worn marionettes, whose strings become quite arbitrarily and needlessly tangled, and whose adventures and misadventures are recounted with a wealth of physical detail that fails to disguise the painted wood despite its insistence on the too, too solid flesh. Of the making of books there is no end, but is the supply not already great enough without swelling it by such a pathetic waste of time and paper as this, which is too bad even to be funny?

Half in Earnest. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Co.

Reaction is the law of life, and the pendulum of public opinion has swung from the gospel of extreme individualism to that of social service. Miss Hine holds a strong and interesting brief for the modern point of view in this book, the keynote of which is struck in a preliminary quotation from Marcus Aurelius: "That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of the single bee." The plot of the story is neither new nor expertly handled—lovely woman stoops to folly and finds too late that men betray, and the artificial complications of the present instance are all too obviously introduced to garnish the old, old tragedy. The real interest of the book—and it is a very real interest—lies in the conflict of character and will between the two protagonists. The man is an egoist, who admits no law as valid save his own impulses and expediencies. The woman voluntarily sacrifices her conscience to what she regards as the higher claims of love, to find that the altar was only that of desire, and she has stooped to baseness, not risen to superhuman heights. She gives the practical fruit of her experience in her words of farewell when she realizes at last that he will not share with her the consequences of their defiance of the Law:

"Nothing can make dishonor good or find a new name for sin. . . . I do not blame you. I still believe you are honest in your professedly 'modern' beliefs. It is I who have fallen away voluntarily from the old clean views of love and honor. . . . Even if in time you should modify your views, I would never be a drag upon your life knowing that to lay but a finger upon your freedom would be to break the last bond between us. . . . For Love is not your god. Love involves sacrifice, responsibility, and, as the years roll on, the test of fidelity. The shrine you worship at is Freedom. That is your god—the figure of Liberty. . . . I give you with both hands, in memory of all our love together, what is still dearer to you—freedom."

Arms and the Maid. By Rafael Sabatini. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The 'sblood period still holds the affections of the romancer, and presumably of a considerable audience. Anthony Wilding, hero of the present tale, is one of your pale, smiling, reckless, and imperturbable gentlemen. He is a wild dog, but unexceptionable: a gambler and ruffler and rake according to the mode. He has embarked upon the ill-fated political ship of the aspiring Duke of Monmouth, and might, we gather, have brought it safe to port if he had been allowed a hand on the tiller. But the Duke fell among evil counsellors, and his enterprise came to a bad end, and Wilding, if he had not trod his path under the ægis of romance, would have died several deaths. Mad Anthony is, of course, destined for other ends, more specially to become the husband in fact, as he has long been in title, of—never mind the lady's name. There is an abundance of incident and still more of dialogue in a story which we are fain to admit, with whatever accent of faint praise, to be good of its kind. Credit is due to the incidents for their simple impossibility when preposterousness is the order, and to the dialogue for its freedom from that salt of modern slang wherewith the ordinary historical romance is salted.

PROFESSOR MAITLAND.

Frederick William Maitland, Downing Professor of the Laws of England. A biographical sketch. By H. A. L. Fisher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.55 net.

Fisher's welcome memoir of Professor Maitland raises an interesting question: Why is it that every man who cares for the law and the history of England feels that Maitland, though his invaluable labors were cut short by premature death, will always occupy a high, even a unique, position in the English world of letters? The answer to this inquiry in the most general terms is, broadly speaking, that Maitland both formed an original and true conception of the relation between English law and the development of the English people, and was also endowed with the rare qualities needed for forcing this conception or idea upon the attention of English readers. Each of these statements needs justification.

Every man who claims a high rank among historians does so by virtue of having grasped more firmly than his predecessors some aspect of a nation's development. The discovery of unknown facts is, of course, a matter of immense value, but the power to add to historical knowledge is a very different thing from the display of historical genius. The best and most trustworthy of moralists falls very far short of the attainment of the highest historical fame. A real historian is the man who elucidates bygone events, and drives home new and true ideas as to the way in which one ought to regard the whole or some portion of a nation's progress. Take as illustrations of what is here meant two writers of well earned eminence, but of widely differing genius, Alexis de Tocqueville and Bishop Stubbs. Tocqueville never, to the end of his life, acquired anything like the erudition which is possessed by many German professors. But in his work on the "Ancien Régime" of France—a far more remarkable book than his "Democracy in America"—he not only revealed facts unknown to or unnoticed by other writers, but placed them in an entirely new light. Some of his conclusions are open to just criticism or censure; nevertheless, he revolutionized the discussion of the whole subject with which he deals. A possibly too severe critic of this distinguished French author has said that Tocqueville began to think long before he began to learn. It might not, perhaps, be unfair to say of Stubbs that he began to learn somewhat too long before he began to think. Historical investigation certainly with him preceded historical speculation; the keener insight into events, the larger view of life he acquired later. But this view, once obtained, he never ceased to enforce. He makes the reader see on every page that the vices and the virtues of particular

men had a direct effect on the course of English constitutional progress.

No man entertained or expressed a more profound admiration for Stubbs than did Maitland, yet Maitland, just because he was a thinker of marked originality, developed an idea to which the learned Bishop of Oxford naturally enough had not given adequate attention, and which, more oddly, was hardly understood at all by so distinguished and so preëminently English an historian as Freeman. This idea is that the growth of law formed an important feature in the history of all civilized countries, but that it formed the essential characteristic of the history of England. English law is the most original creation of the English intellect and will be the most lasting monument of England's greatness. It is, also, as Professor Vinogradoff first revealed to Maitland, the portion of English history whereof the records are most complete, and have been the least studied. No doubt the conception of the inseparable connection between the legal ideas and the general history of England was gradually dawning upon the world before it arrested or engrossed the attention of Maitland. Yet it somehow or other had never been fully developed. His originality consisted in seizing hold of, and giving expression to, the best and newest thought of the time. Although his labors were cut short, he established once and forever that English law lies at the basis of English politics, and at the centre of the development of the English constitution.

For giving expression to the legal aspect of English history Maitland was equipped with every possible qualification. He was born with that passion for research which is a characteristic rather of the present age, and no labor daunted him. As if by instinct, he knew how to wring from the most crabbed manuscripts their real secrets. When he turned to writing history, his friends were astonished at the rapidity with which he made himself at home in the period of his particular study. His historical insight was equalled by his mastery of legal principles. The lawyer in whose chambers Maitland read for the bar pronounced him, when merely a student, "a consummate lawyer," and said that "his opinions, had he suddenly been made a judge, would have been an honor to the bench." One feels, as one reads the account of his genius, as if one had been introduced to a youth who united Eldon's profound mastery of law with Gibbon's subtle and wide knowledge of history. In Maitland we observe for once the union of talents which it is generally felt can hardly co-exist—the logic of law and the spirit of historical investigation. These were needed to reveal to Englishmen the inseparable connection between the law and the welfare of the English people.

But Maitland possessed at least one further talent which is essential to the great historian. He had the keenest insight into human nature. In his picture of the Elizabethan age are expressions which elucidate and summarize the character of the Queen and her statesmen. Some persons may have regretted that much of the last year of Maitland's life was spent in writing the biography of one of the most remarkable of his friends. The regret, if natural, was absolutely unfounded. The time bestowed upon biographical study was not long enough to have enabled Maitland to carry materially further his work of legal or historical research. The days given by him to a labor of love were not in the least thrown away. They gave to modern Englishmen a portrait of Leslie Stephen, the most honest, the best, and assuredly the best loved of English critics and thinkers. These hours of biographical labor conclusively proved that Maitland, among his many qualifications for elucidating a neglected aspect of English history, possessed to perfection that gift of personal portraiture without which no man can become a truly great historian.

Questioned Documents: A Study and Analysis of Questioned Documents with an outline of methods by which the facts may be discovered and shown. By Albert S. Osborn, with an Introduction by Prof. John H. Wigmore. Rochester, N. Y.: Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Co. Pp. xxiv+501. $5.25.

This book is by far the most valuable contribution to the subject which has appeared in English. The effort throughout is to state as clearly and simply as possible the specific problems which face an investigator of a forgery and the methods which can be used to expose and demonstrate it. Celebrated cases and mysteries are simply used as illustrations and not for the purpose of advertisement. Any work in a legal field which bears an introduction by Professor Wigmore, author of the most scientific law book of recent times, must command respect, and this work is highly praised by Professor Wigmore in his Introduction. The chief value of the book must be for the lawyer, and yet there are many chapters which are interesting to a layman.

Any one who reads this book attentively will be convinced that the handwriting expert cannot now be omitted from any trial involving questions in regard to genuineness of documents. At the same time, no one can read the book without obtaining sufficient knowledge of what can and cannot be done by a handwriting expert to enable him to detect the pretender and charlatan. The most valuable result of this publication ought to be the improvement in the standard of the handwriting expert.

It cannot be too often asserted that the handwriting expert differs from other experts in one important respect. In the case of the handwriting expert the tribunal has before it the very material upon which his opinion is given, so that the opinion may be tested by the reasons which the expert is able to advance, whereas other experts testify not merely to their opinions, but to the facts also upon which they base them. For example, the chemical expert who has examined the stomach contents to determine whether there has been poisoning, destroys the organs in the very process of making his experiments, and his testimony must include the facts which he observed, as well as his conclusions. On the other hand, in the case of a questioned document, the document is there before the court, and the expert merely calls attention to various things which would not be observed by those who have had no experience in the matter, and upon these things he bases his conclusion. To take a specific illustration, a case which has frequently come into the courts is one where a person has obtained the signature of another and written above the signature a receipt or a note, or something of the sort, and the question to be determined is whether the note is genuine or not. In this case the signature, of course, is genuine, but if it can be shown that the writing which appears above it was written after the signature, it is a fair inference that the document was forged. In most of these cases some of the lines of the signature cross lines in the other writing. By examining these lines under a microscope it is often possible to determine which of them was written first. Experiment shows that where one line crosses another the ink from the line last written will flow over the other line in such a way as to give a characteristic appearance. When this is once called to your attention you do not miss or forget its significance, and after having examined a line under a microscope you can afterwards determine without the aid of a microscope whether it was written before or after another one. An idea of the spirit of the book may be obtained from the paragraph discussing this question. The author observes:

> As with nearly all the specific questions discussed on preceding pages, it seems necessary to say plainly that while it is true that the problem treated in this chapter can sometimes be definitely solved, it is also important to remember that under some circumstances it is impossible for anyone to tell which of two crossed lines was last made, and in every such inquiry the evidence upon which a positive opinion is based should be clear enough so that with proper assistance and instruments even an unskilled observer can see for himself. A few easy tests will expose the assumption of one who claims to be

able to determine under any and all conditions which of two lines was last made. When one claims to see in a disputed document what, with the best assistance, judge, jury, or opposing counsel cannot see, it is safest to assume that that thing does not exist.

It is of these matters that the book treats. The methods advocated are scientific in this, that they require the observation of a great many details in the admittedly authentic work of the supposed author of a questioned document, and a comparison of these details with similar observations of the questioned document. When the divergencies are so great that they cannot be otherwise accounted for, the forgery is insisted on as a fair inference. At the same time, as the author himself says:

> Forgeries vary in perfection all the way from the clumsy effort which anyone can see is spurious, up to the finished work of the adept which no one can detect. The perfect forgery would naturally be successful, and might not even be suspected, but experience shows that the work of the forger is not usually well done and in many cases is very clumsy indeed.

Though by far the larger part of the book is devoted to questions of handwriting, other topics, such as the age of documents, ink, paper, and typewriting, are not neglected. Perhaps the most original chapter is that on typewriting. The author has devised a number of instruments for determining whether two pieces of typewriting were written on the same or different machines, and whether, if on the same machine, at the same time or different times. To-day it is possible, perhaps, to determine these questions with more certainty than similar questions in regard to handwriting.

Mr. Osborn's style has none of the graces of literature, but is in general clear and simple, although there are occasional passages where the sentences are awkwardly involved. There are a number of excellent illustrations that help to elucidate the text.

Lord Glenesk and the "Morning Post." By Reginald Lucas. New York: John Lane Co. $6 net.

This is a combined biography and history of a newspaper, in which each part suffers somewhat from the blending. We neither get as much as we should like to know about the editor, nor is the development of a feeble and struggling journal into a powerful organ of the press given us as clearly in its progressive steps as we could wish. And the author's numerous but brief excursions into contemporary history and politics further detract from the unity and movement of his book. Yet there is much of interest in the material he has brought together. Son of that Peter Borthwick who first made the *Morning Post* a serious competitor of the London *Times*, and who broke himself down with overwork and financial worry, Algernon Borthwick began his career as Paris correspondent, in which capacity he rendered service often brilliant and always painstaking. Succeeding to both editorship and proprietorship of the newspaper, he made of it a stout supporter of Tory policies. Indeed, he was more Tory than the Tories, since he clung to the doctrine of protection even after they had abandoned it, and naturally felt that the Golden Age was being led back by Joseph Chamberlain, although he died before getting even a sight of the promised land. Created Sir Algernon and afterwards Lord Glenesk for party services and for distinction in journalism, the editor of the *Morning Post* played an honorable part in his profession, was a useful member of either House of Parliament, the friend and confidant of Palmerston and Salisbury and later statesmen; but his writings quoted in this volume—mostly letters and diaries—do not show him to have been a man of commanding intellect or even of unusual political acumen.

The Islands of Titicaca and Koati. By Adolph F. Bandelier. New York: The Hispanic Society. $5 net.

For ten years, ever since Professor and Mrs. Bandelier spent so many months excavating and investigating on the shores and islands of Lake Titicaca, we have looked forward with the keenest interest to the time when the results of their researches might be read. It has been a long while to wait, but the outcome, as was to be expected, fully justifies our hopes. Mr. Bandelier's latest volume maintains the high standard of scholarship which he set for himself in his earlier works.

It is eminently fitting that the dean of American archæologists should be the first to publish a scientifically accurate account of the central shrine of the leading civilization in South America. Few subjects have been more widely talked about and more misunderstood than that of the Incas. No one else knows the native races of North and South America so intimately as does Mr. Bandelier, whose scientific researches have embraced in a remarkable degree both the mass of evidence in the early chronicles and the actual facts to be gained only from close and long-continued intercourse with the Indians of the present generation. Prescott, who is responsible for the interest which most Americans take in the Incas, was obliged to rely entirely on the written reports of others, of Spaniards who cared as little for exact facts as do the Turks, and of authors like Garcilasso de la Vega, who sought to surround the Inca Empire with a glamour that should command the respect and admiration of sixteenth-century Europe. E. G. Squier, whose excellent book on Peru still ranks high and deserves to be better known, gives an attractive picture of the remains of Inca civilization as he saw them, but his view was colored with romance and he was not familiar with the best contemporary evidence. His plates, also, are frequently misleading, and give the impression of greater height, more beauty, and considerably more rectangularity than actually exist. He was over-fond of bestowing high-sounding names upon the various ruins. In a word, his imagination was not controlled by long actual residence among American Indians.

It is precisely in these points that Professor Bandelier excels. Even his photographic reproductions have the very atmosphere of the plateau, where, as he truly says, "Nature is mostly cheerless. . . . Dismal monotony reigns all around. . . . The climate is as monotonous as the landscape, . . . cold, moist, and abounding in threatening phenomena, dangerous to man directly or indirectly." His drawings, also, are exact in angle and detail. They may not be so clear to the uninitiated as the more diagrammatic plans of Squier, but they tell the story much more accurately. And Mr. Bandelier has made himself thoroughly conversant with all written evidence of any value.

The mass of facts he has collected is all the more noteworthy because of the frightful obstacles which, as Sir Martin Conway found to his cost, the plateau presents to scientific investigation. Notwithstanding climate, nature, and man, all of which "conspire to impede, annoy, and obstruct," Mr. Bandelier succeeded in overcoming the inborn hostility of the Aymará Indians, persuaded a "Medicine Man" to reveal many of his secrets, and even managed to witness remarkably interesting ceremonies of invocation, sacrifice, and witchcraft.

There is little romance about the Aymarás. "Cupidity, low cunning, and savage cruelty" are the marks of their character. On occasion they are still cannibals. Furthermore, as Mr. Bandelier points out, "these traits are not, as sentimentalists would have it, a result of ill treatment by the Spaniards, but *peculiar to the stock*, and were yet more pronounced in the beginning of the colonial period than at the present time." Another important and revolutionary conclusion is that the Indian population "has not diminished since the early times of Spanish colonization, but has rather increased." This "shows how unjustified is the hue and cry about the extermination of the natives of Peru by the Spaniards." (How this would have delighted the late Professor Bourne!) Many travellers have observed the large number of unused terraces or *andines*, and have supposed that they proved the

existence of a former dense population. Mr. Bandelier finds they are due to a "time-honored system of rotation observed by the Indians."

We cannot even indicate the many other results of this study. Mention, however, must be made of the well-known and often depicted "Fountain of the Inca," first drawn by Squier and copied by many later writers, which now turns out to be "simply an arrangement for draining the declivity in its rear. Were it not for this drain the soil would turn into mire and eventually be washed away." It should also be noted that Mr. Bandelier has been obliged to discredit the sumptuously illustrated volume of Ch. Wiener on Peru and Bolivia. Henceforth all unsubstantiated statements of Wiener's must be accepted with suspicion.

The only fault which the present reviewer has to find is in the printer's arrangement of the notes and plates. The former are placed at the end of each chapter. Such a practice might be justified in a pseudo-scientific work, a majority of whose readers would be dismayed by masses of footnotes; but in a standard anthropological monograph of this character the case is different, especially as the notes are replete with interest. The eighty-five plates, too, are not inserted near the passages which they illustrate, but are scattered through the volume after the fashion of artistic bookmakers generally, although, with the maps, they are absolutely essential to a clear understanding of the text.

It hardly needs to be added that there is a careful and exhaustive bibliography. It is most devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Bandelier will be able to publish the results of his other South American studies.

Notes.

Volumes V and VI of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," the publication of which has been somewhat delayed, are now promised by Putnams for October. They deal with the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama.

Holt & Co. have ready for publication in October an illustrated edition of "The Last of the Mohicans." This will be followed by similar editions of "Two Years Before the Mast," "Treasure Island," and "Tom Brown's School Days."

"The Autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt" will be brought out this season by B. W. Dodge & Co.

Wessels & Bissell Co. announces the following books for this autumn: "Oxford and Cambridge," by Hanslip Fletcher; "Sir Walter Scott Studied in Eight Novels," by the Hon. A. S. G. Canning; and "People of Position," by S. P. Hyatt.

Among the new editions of old books listed for autumn publication by Macmillan are: "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," "Friendship Village," and "Friendship Village Love Stories," by Zona Gale; "A Wanderer in London," "A Wanderer in Holland," and "A Wanderer in Paris," by E. V. Lucas; "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning"; "The Book of Christmas," with an introduction by H. W. Mabie; "The Book of Friendship," introduction by S. M. Crothers; "The Story of the Year," by G. D. Hammond; "Silas Marner"; Juliana Horatio Ewing's "We and the World"; "The Water-Babies," by C. Kingsley, and "The Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll. Among the new publications are the Peoples of Many Lands Series: "The People of Egypt," painted by Lance Thackeray; "The People of Holland," painted by Nico Yungman; "The People of India," painted by M. Menpes; Home Life in Many Lands Series: "Home Life in Spain," by Samuel Bensusan; "Home Life in America," by Katherine Busbey; "Home Life in Holland," by D. S. Meldrum; and "Home Life in Japan." Religious and philosophical: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," by A. T. Robertson; "Dogmatism and Evolution," by T. and G. A. de Laguna; "The Building of the Church," by C. E. Jefferson; "The World a Spiritual System," by J. Snowden; "Building a Working Faith," by N. D. Hillis; "Unitarian Thought," by E. Emerton; "Missions and Modern Thought," by W. O. Carver; "The Basal Beliefs of Christianity," by J. Snowden; and a revised edition of "History of New Testament Times in Palestine," by S. Mathews.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" is one of the first of the holiday publications this autumn, and it will remain, if simple neatness is the test, one of the best. It contains a photogravure frontispiece of the author, and for the rest the attraction is due to type and paper. It is printed at the Riverside Press for Houghton Mifflin Company.

The excellent reprint of Beaumont and Fletcher, edited by A. R. Waller for the Cambridge English Classics (Putnam), has reached the eighth volume, leaving only two more to complete the edition. The present volume contains five plays: "The Woman's Prize," "The Island Princess," "The Noble Gentleman," "The Coronation," "The Coxcomb." For those who are not troubled by the old spelling and punctuation, no better text could be desired.

The Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell, youngest son of the sixth son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, has enough of the right blood in his veins to write of Whiggery and its men as only one on the inside can write of that great but now ruined institution. "I have always maintained," he says in his "Sketches and Snapshots," just published by Duffield & Co., "I have always maintained, that Whiggery, rightly understood, is not a political creed, but a social caste. The Whig, like the poet, is born, not made. It is as difficult to become a Whig as to become a Jew. Macaulay was probably the only man who, being born outside the privileged enclosure, ever penetrated to its heart and assimilated its spirit." And what a picture our still living Whig gives of Devonshire House, the very centre of the "Sacred Circle of the Great-Grandmotherhood," when "Poodle Byng" was young and visited its halls: "The Duchess was usually stitching in one corner of the room, and Charles Fox snoring in another." There are no more entertaining chapters in Mr. Russell's book than that on "Freddy Leveson," and others of the same kind, in which these mysteries of Whiggery are unfolded. But all the chapters, short or long, whether bits of biography or reviews of books, are full of pleasant anecdotes, although the humor is never so broad as in his "Collections and Recollections." Occasionally these reminiscences really add to our comprehension of a character, as in the statement that Purcell in his "Life of Cardinal Manning" suppressed one of Manning's "Hindrances to the Spread of the Catholic Church in England," the Jesuits, but printed the section privately and showed it, among others, to Mr. Russell. There is no more affectionate sketch in the book than that commemorative of the death of Matthew Arnold, from which we quote this closing paragraph:

> In 1868, Matthew Arnold lost his eldest son, a schoolboy at Harrow. It was the present writer's privilege to be with the bereaved father on the morning after his boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius. Readers of the "Essays in Criticism" will remember the beautiful panegyric on that great Seeker after God, and will, perhaps, feel that, in describing him, the friend whom we have lost half-unconsciously described himself—"We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond—*tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*"

Such samples may give a notion of a book of much quiet and agreeable entertainment.

"Along the Trail of the Friendly Years," by the Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher (Fleming H. Revell), is the record of a Baptist clergyman whose memories go back to war times. Incidents of the pulpit, of revivalism, of negro believers, of astonishing conversions, make up what we may call the professional part of the book. Dr. Hatcher's service was chiefly rendered at Richmond, Petersburg, and Baltimore, and his recollections furnish, with oddities and humors, a few incidents of historical import. There is a vivid account of the final retreat of Lee's army, and of the anarchy that supervened at Richmond. We liked, too, the character study of "The Incomparable Jeff," a poor white mountaineer, who got and held religion with Franciscan fervor and simplicity. The book contains much superfluous matter for the average reader, but its tone is hearty, and good gleanings are afforded. The motto of the work is perhaps the following observation made apropos of Dr. Hatcher finding himself more or less a foreigner in Baltimore: "A Virginian is a stark fool to everybody else except to Virginians. Other people may feel as they please, but only a Virginian knows how a Virginian feels."

"Britain Across the Seas. Africa" (London: National Society's Depository), by Sir Harry Johnston, is intended mainly for the use of the young men who in the future will aid in framing the policy of the British Empire, and from this point of view it is an admirable text-book. For the writer is one who has taken an active, and, in some instances, a prominent part in the upbuilding of the empire in each of the great divisions of the African continent. With the knowledge derived from the study of the records of early days, and from personal observations, he describes as few others could the different peoples, their peculiarities of appearance, customs, and lan-

guages, such of their early history as is known and their relations with the white man, trader, missionary, and official. And his aim is to do this truthfully, and not to hide the mistakes, the blunders, the faults, and, in some cases, mostly in the distant past, the cruel actions of his countrymen. Grateful and willing testimony also is borne to the excellence of much of the colonial work of the French and Germans, and, to a certain extent, of the Belgians and Portuguese. After a brief sketch of the physical characteristics of the continent and its early history he tells at some length —half the volume is devoted to this subject —the story of the various events, including many wars, which have led up to the present unification of South Africa. The west coast history is next taken up, and it is interesting to note that the inducement which brought the first English adventurer to this part of Africa was the search for pepper. The closing chapters contain a too brief account of the manner in which the Egyptian Sudan and parts of East Africa came under British rule.

"Sikhim and Bhutan, Twenty-one Years on the North-east Frontier, 1887-1908," by J. Claude White, C.I.E. (Longmans, Green & Company), has a twofold value. It contains much information in regard to some obscure Himalayan countries, their physical characteristics, the peculiarities and history of the heterogeneous people. It is also practical illustration on a small scale of the upbuilding of the present Indian Empire. Mr. White was the first representative of the British raj sent to reside in Sikhim, and his first duty was to learn to know the natives so as to be able to deal with them wisely. In the first five of his twenty years of service he visited every corner, even the most remote, of the country, and became acquainted with every head man. To open up a region in which there were no roads, only a few bad and difficult tracks, was his next duty. Before he left it was possible to ride from one end of Sikhim to the other, and a carriage road had been built from a railway terminus sixty-four miles to the capital. Then new industries were introduced, such as apple-growing, cloth-weaving, carpet manufacture, and a development of the mineral wealth began. His devotion to the interests of the people had its reward, for when the time of retirement on account of age drew nigh, the Maharaja and his wife went to Calcutta and begged the Viceroy, unsuccessfully, to lengthen his term of service. The people of every village, passed on the homeward journey, came out to kiss his feet and weep over him. With Bhutan his relations were different. He only visited the country three times, twice as representative of the British government to present the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire to a leading chief for services rendered at the time of the Lhasa mission, and later in the same capacity to assist at his installation as Maharaja. He gives a detailed account of these expeditions, as well as a brief sketch of the history and foreign relations of the country; and it is to be hoped that his warning of the danger that China may take possession of it will be heeded in time. His recreation seems to have been mountain climbing and exploration, on which he gained much geographical knowledge of importance. Occasionally he justly criticises the Indian government for its lack of interest in frontier countries, but he is hardly justified in the assertion that, while an insuperable barrier has been raised against Englishmen who may desire to travel in Tibet, "foreigners, whom they are powerless to keep out, are given every possible assistance and help." Yet he manages to give some very attractive descriptions, especially of the wonderful beauty and variety of the flowers, of these "two most delightful countries," and this assertion is fully borne out by the forty-one admirable pictures, mostly of scenery, which illustrate his text. There is also an excellent map.

Prof. W. R. Liefmann's "Kartelle und Trusts" (Stuttgart: E. H. Moritz) is a second and enlarged edition of the volume published by him under the same title in 1905. The little book is an excellent survey of the movement in Germany, and has summary chapters on other countries also. After the methodical fashion of the Germans, the author examines successively the effects of the Kartelle on manufacturers, middlemen, laborers, buyers of materials, ultimate consumers, and proceeds finally to questions of legislation. In all this there is a bit too much of the trees, and too little of the forest. The essential question as to combinations is whether competitive conditions in industry have been replaced by monopoly (qualified or unqualified), and around this the discussion should centre. The German Kartell is a very different thing from the American Trust, but none the less presents the same fundamental problem. It is an iron-clad pool, enforced during the agreed term by the courts; for, under Continental law, such contracts "in restraint of trade" are not *per se* void. Professor Liefmann believes the Kartell does not really lead to monopoly prices; the attempt to secure these always brings back a revival of "independent" competition. Yet he says the profits of producers are substantially increased, and the market quotations of their securities notably raised; which, it should seem, indicates that after all there is some accretion of gain through at least a quasi-monopoly. Our American Trusts also seem to him not to have secured monopoly prices. Their real evils he finds chiefly in stock-jobbing and financial manipulation. "Dumping" seems to him unobjectionable, on similar grounds. It causes no higher prices, or at least no prices unduly high, within the country; and why object to the foreigner's getting the dumped article cheap, if we at home still get it at a "fair" price? The argument seems to us not conclusive. It holds only for sporadic dumping, not for sustained and systematic selling at lower prices in foreign competitive markets. The German Kartelle, it is fair to say, in the main have done their dumping hitherto sporadically. For all the general optimistic trend of his analysis, Professor Liefmann still advocates public supervision and control, through a proposed Imperial Kartell-Amt which is to supervise and regulate the combinations. He thus reaches in the end much the same recommendations for legislation as sober thinkers have come to in this country.

A Latin concordance to the *De Imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis has been carefully prepared by Rayner Storr and published by the Oxford University Press. The text of Hirsche is followed with a very few exceptions. The context is quoted liberally for the more important words; with entire sentences or long clauses before him, the reader can study the meanings of a word with ease. The quotations rarely run over a line; in most of the cases where they do, they might readily have been shortened. The editor might also have gained space by combining in one quotation two or more adjacent occurrences of a word. For certain words of secondary importance only numerical references are given. Here, by an unfortunate device, a Roman numeral stands for the number of a book, a number above a short mark for a chapter, and a number below for a line; a page of *omnis* thus done looks like an unpleasant example in compound fractions. Certain other minor words—there is no fixed principle—are not quoted at all. An unnecessary and unavailing conscientiousness is shown in the marking of vowel quantities in the head-words; for who knows that Thomas à Kempis followed classical usage, for instance, in the varying quantity of *pro* in compounds? But whatever its eccentricities, any concordance is a boon, and we are grateful for what is offered here.

Dr. Albert Hale's "Practical Guide to Latin America" (Small, Maynard) may prove to be of some use to the inexperienced commercial traveller (if there be any such) on his first visit to the southern republics. Even he, however, will be annoyed by its many shortcomings and inaccuracies. Fortunately there are in existence excellent guides to Mexico and the West Indies, although there is none as yet to South America. Dr. Hale has only served to call attention to the need. His arrangement is haphazard, his information with regard to railways and hotels is neither specific nor practical, while his errors, both typographical and otherwise, are legion. The dry season in the Peruvian Andes does *not* "correspond to our winter months," but just the reverse. The distance from Corumbá to Puerto Suarez is not "eighty-one miles," but only twelve. And from Puerto Suarez to Santa Cruz is not "eight hundred miles," but a little above 400. The average time for the trip from Panama to Valparaiso is not "twelve to fourteen days," but twenty-one to twenty-five days, etc. Such phrases as "extensive railroad system radiates into the interior," and "there is a trunk line from north to south on the highlands," are misleading and out of place in a "practical guide," although they may be tolerated in the literature of the "boosting" propaganda now being distributed by the Pan American Bureau, of which Dr. Hale is a "special compiler." Railway taxes, hotel rates, boat tariffs, and clear directions for reaching any given point are conspicuous by their absence. Those persons who have neither school-geography nor gazetteer at hand or accessible will find in this book popular paragraphs concerning the principal towns and cities. Business men, however, will find the Exporter's Encyclopedia far more useful and reliable; and intending travellers will still find Prof. W. R. Shepherd's excellent article on "Travel Conditions in South America," published in the *Bulletin*

of the American Republics for May, 1908, the best and most "practical" aid. There is no map.

Among the humors of the new rhetoric should be included the second edition of "Short Themes: A Freshman Manual for the First Semester," by A.H. Nason of New York University (published by the author). Objurgation, cajolery, sarcasm,—every whip, prick, and spur available are employed to worry the reluctant student into literary production. Alternately the author pleads, scolds, wheedles—he is pragmatic, facetious, aneedotal, familiar, oracular in turn. Above all, he is full of occasions and instances from "real" life, the raw material of "literature—and college themes," as he puts it. His story of "Bucks Ticket Office" is a veritable gem of illustrative exposition. Nor has he disquieted himself wholly in vain, if the specimen "themes" scattered through the text are the work of his own pupils, as is to be supposed. In fact, it would be hard to imagine anything more effective for its purpose than the first part of his volume on the Practice of Composition—dead, indeed, would be the soul that failed to respond to its eloquent solicitations.

"The First Grammar of the Language Spoken by the Bontoe Igorot" is the work of Dr. Carl Wilhelm Seidenadel (The Open Court Publishing Co.). His material he got from a group of Igorot who were at Chicago in 1906 and 1907. With these Philippine people he spent six or eight months, and he appears to have exercised care and patience in taking down words and phrases from their lips; he also revised his collection with the help of a native who spoke English. The grammatical material is arranged according to modern philological principles; the rules and usages are given clearly and are illustrated by an abundance of examples. Igorot is a Malay-Polynesian tongue, and the author has wisely avoided following the rules of Malay grammar; he seems to have gathered his rules wholly from Igorot usage as he understood it. While it would be too much to expect a complete or perfectly accurate description of the language from such opportunities as he had, his volume is a conscientious and intelligent study, and will further the investigation of Philippine dialects. He has added an English-Igorot vocabulary and a small body of texts—modern narratives, mythological material, folk-stories, and songs.

Leonard P. Ayres, who is the associate director of the department of child hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation, gives us in a volume, entitled, "Open-Air Schools" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) a knowledge of what has been accomplished up to the present time with this new type of school. Beginning with a description of the first schools of the kind in Germany, the author describes the experiments made in several English cities, and in those cities of the United States in which the work has been begun. Full details are given as to cost, equipment, and results, as far as such information is available. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs. The wide interest which has attached to the establishment of these out-of-door schools, and especially in connection with the anti-tuberculosis campaign in this country, makes this a very timely book.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for September will be found some information as to the present conditions of Liberia taken from the report of the recent commission to that country. The other noteworthy contents are the account of some experiences in Asia Minor by E. Huntington, the curious customs of the Chinese by Dr. K. F. Junor, and the value of phosphorus, our greatest plant food, by G. E. Mitchell. The illustrations, especially those of the great Mexican volcanoes, are of unusual interest.

The August Index to the London *Times*, an octavo pamphlet of 144 pages, is an invaluable source of information on current subjects and events. So broad is the field of the paper that everything of general interest in history, politics, literature, science, and religion happening in any part of the world is recorded in its pages and finds a place in the monthly index. The subject treated at greatest length in this number is aeronautics, nearly four pages being given to it, while half a page is devoted to Col. Roosevelt's month's work. Such an index to one or more of our leading journals would prove most useful to writers and students, and we trust that the example of the *Times* may be imitated in this country.

The Rev. Louis Lambert, editor-in-chief of the *Freeman's Journal* of New York city, and author of "Notes on Ingersoll," "Tactics of Infidels," "Thesaurus Biblicus," "Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason," and a few other volumes, died last Sunday at the age of seventy-five.

James Lyman Whitney, who died in Cambridge last Sunday in his seventy-fifth year, had been connected with the Boston Public Library for more than forty years, and had been its head librarian from 1899 to 1903. As chief of the catalogue department, he edited the Ticknor Catalogue of Spanish Literature and many other documents.

From Edinburgh comes the report of the death, in his seventy-second year, of J. Campbell Irons, an eminent lawyer. Among his publications are "Leith and its Antiquities," "Manual of Police Law and Practice," "Manual of the Licensing Laws," and "Manual of the Dean of Guild Law and Practice."

Louis Boussenard, the French author of romances, has died at the age of sixty-three. One of his books has been translated into English under the title of "The Crusoes of Guiana; or, The White Tiger."

Science.

Fossil Plants. By A. C. Seward F.R.S. Vol. II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

He would have been regarded as a rash prophet, twenty years ago, who should have dared to predict that, within two decades, the whole field of plant-relationships would be resurveyed by palæontologists. At that time there were many ardent students of fossil plants who did their best to unravel the tangles presented by the scanty vestiges of plant remains in certain localities. There was a vast amount of earnest work and of honest conjecture, but the testimony of the fossilized plants was regarded by general botanists as hardly worthy of a place on the records of the court, and hence most of the conjectural evidence was ruled out. But by the introduction of new methods of investigation the whole subject assumed a different aspect, and while some of the former guesses were seen to be pretty near the truth, a few of the old results had hit the truth exactly. Of course, a great deal was found to be worthless, and it was promptly laid aside. The most interesting feature of this application of new methods was the ready acceptance of the new results by persons throughout the entire field. And thus it has come to pass that not only has there been a complete reconstruction of the former imaginative pictures of early plant life, but there has gone hand in hand with this a radical readjustment of ideas in many fields where fossil plants were previously thought to have no place or influence.

A large part of this extraordinary development of vegetable palæontology is due to a few active English students, who have been untiring in their application of the new methods. In our own country there are a few who are devoting much time and energy to the subject, and all of them are obtaining good results. The field is so large and the results so striking that many other laborers are called for. To all such investigators the work by Professor Seward is simply indispensable; but it is very interesting, also, to the general reader who desires to discern the bonds which fasten all plants together in a genetic unity. It is in this work that one sees how easily erasible are many of the old lines which we fondly used to draw to separate one group from another. Many of these artificial barriers have given way never to be reëstablished. How they have been removed, and why they ought never to have had a place in science, can be well seen by a study of Professor Seward's treatise.

A third, and concluding, volume is promised by the author. This is said to be very nearly ready.

Macmillan has the following titles on his autumn list: "Electric Motors," by H. M. Hobart; "The Grammar of Science," by Karl Pearson; "Milk and Its Products," by H. H. Wing; "Text-Book of Operative Surgery," by T. Kocher; "The Practice of Midwifery," by A. L. Galabin and G. Blacker; "Veterinary Studies for Agricultural Students," by M. H. Reynolds; "A System of Medicine and Gynæcology," in twelve volumes, by many writers; "Dry Farming," by J. A. Widtsoe; "Rural Hygiene," by H. N. Ogden; "The Physiology of Plant Production," by B. M. Duggar; "Diseases of Economic Plants," by F. L. Stevens; "Laboratory Exercises in Farm Management," by G. F. Warren, and "Poultry Laboratory Guide," by H. R. Lewis.

"Theoretical Mechanics" (Ginn), by Percey F. Smith and William R. Longley, is a new volume of the mathematical series, edited by Professor Smith of Yale. The treatment requires a knowledge of calculus, and is adapted to students of engineering. The most noticeable thing in the book is the arrangement of its material. In order to continue without a break the students' practice in solving problems in the integral calculus, moments of mass and inertia are treated first, and then the more natural subject of kinematics of a point. The plan hardly seems wise, for what is gained in analytical efficiency is lost in the logical development of the science of mechanics, which is, after all, the subject in hand. Nor should too much consideration be given to the student who is incapable of remembering the formulæ of calculus for a few months without constant practice. Otherwise the book is useful enough.

Drama.

Louis N. Parker is at work upon the play on the subject of Benjamin Disraeli, in which George Arliss is to appear. Except as a minor figure in "The Last of the Dandies," this extraordinary and in many ways picturesque personage has not been seized upon for stage purposes. There will be general curiosity to see what phase of his character or what part of his career Parker, the pageant master, will select for illustration.

Among the new English plays announced are a dramatization of "The Garden of Allah," by its author, Robert Hichens; "Gentlemen of the Press," by H. M. Richardson, a Manchester journalist, to be produced by Miss Horniman's company at Manchester, and "The Casting Out of Michael Whelan," a drama of bush life by R. J. Ray, to be produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore are once again acting in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" at the London Criterion. The former threatens to beat the record of the late Charles Mathews as a septuagenarian juvenile.

Dr. Martin publishes an interesting paper in the new issue of the "Surrey Archæological Collections" on the site of the Old Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare. It is apparently intended to be a vindication of the action of the Shakespeare Reading Society of London in placing last year a commemorative bronze upon the wall of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins's brewery, Southwark, approximately marking the spot where it is believed the "Old Globe" stood. Dr. Martin sets forth all the evidence he has been able to collect both for and against his theory. He divides this into three classes, viz.: (1) Documents of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; (2) printed and oral accounts which, purporting to describe the position of the Globe Playhouse, were not in general of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; and (3) sixteenth and seventeenth-century map-views and plans of London and Southwark. In all this he goes over old ground, but he has a postscript dealing with information given him while the paper was in the press. It relates to a discovery made in 1891 which is said not to have been published. When one of the cellars of the brewery was being lowered, a semi-circular staging of wood about forty feet long by thirty feet wide was discovered at a depth of about four or five feet from the ground level. It was not the support of a vat, says the brewery clerk of the works, and it had nothing to do with brewing operations. Dr. Martin suggests that this was the stage of the Old Globe Theatre.

Percy Mackaye's new skit, for it can scarcely be called a play, which has just been produced in the Comedy Theatre, proved somewhat of a disappointment. As a bit of literary satire, ridiculing some of the least intellectual of modern social theories, such as free love, anarchical individualism, etc., it is often excellent fooling, but it is so extravagant in plot, so lawless in form and so inconclusive in its logic that its violently comic situations and sparkling dialogue fail to atone for its dramatic incoherence. A young married couple, whose shallow wits have been addled by the pestiferous vaporings of the advanced drama, suddenly descend upon the home of a village parson and his wife—the brother of the one and the sister of the other—and straightway proclaim themselves free lovers, pour contempt upon the slavish indecency of the marriage bond, and announce their intention of preaching in the neighborhood the new gospel of spiritual and social emancipation. The parson's wife, Mildred, a woman compact of common sense and humor, pretends to be converted to their views, and by ministering to the vanity of her brother-in-law easily convinces him that she is his true affinity. She feigns to be overwhelmed by his masterful character, hails him as the superman of his own ravings, and announces herself as the reincarnation of the heroine of the rhapsodical tragedy he is composing. Meanwhile her romantic sister is consumed by frantic jealousy in contemplating this practical application of the free love doctrines of which she had been the enthusiastic advocate. After assuming for a moment the complexion of mock tragedy, the piece degenerates into a wild burlesque of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." Declaring that her husband (throughout her accomplice) has committed suicide in despair over her loss, Mildred challenges her dupe to plunge with her into an imaginary mill race, the result being that the pretended free lovers are left to flounder in a filthy swamp, from which they finally emerge, much disfigured and humiliated, but pretty well cured of their hallucinations. Underneath all this grotesque nonsense it might be easy to discover a vein of wholesome symbolism, but it is doubtful whether the value of the discovery would repay the labor of the search. It is satisfactory to find Mr. Mackaye on the side of social sanity, but he has presented the fallacies he is dealing with in such bald and absurd fashion that they excite no dramatic or other interest. It is like tilting at windmills. Regarded simply as burlesque, of somewhat crude invention but superior literary quality, it is frequently amusing, though sorely in need of compression. It suffered much through the inadequacy of its general interpretation. Henrietta Crosman was the only one of the performers possessing the requisite skill, the combined lightness and firmness of touch, to handle successfully matters so fragile and so fantastic. Her embodiment of the shrewd and humorous parson's wife was admirable, exhibiting all the resourcefulness and tact of the thoroughly trained actress.

'The Little Damozel," by Monckton Hoffe, which has just been received with great favor at the Comedy Theatre here, was very successful also in London, where it profited, doubtless, by the popularity of Charles Hawtrey. It is an artificial and badly made piece, full of cheap and specious sentimentality and obvious, though often effective, situation, but the dialogue is bright, natural, and comparatively fresh, and most of the action is conducted in the atmosphere of that submerged theatrical Bohemia which, if non-existent in fact, has, nevertheless, a potent attraction for the crowd. The general nature of it may be indicated by the fact that the hero is a scamp who marries the villain's cast-off mistress for a price, is cast off, in his turn, by the wife, whom, of course, he has learned to love, and finally makes his peace by threatening to commit suicide. In spite of its trickiness, the piece is interesting, has some effective scenes, and exhibits flashes of humor and pathos. Moreover, it is admirably acted, especially by Cyril Keightley—a comedian with an agreeable address and manner, and finished artistic method—George Graham, Frank Lacy, and Henry Vogel.

Music.

Music in the Church. By Peter Christian Lutkin. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.

The late Charles Reuben Hale, Bishop of Cairo, Ill., bequeathed some of his estate for the establishment, endowment, publication, and due circulation of courses of lectures, to be delivered annually, forever, to be called the Hale Lectures, the subject of these lectures and publications being liturgies, church hymns, and church music, the history of eastern and national churches, and contemporaneous church history. Dr. Lutkin, whose volume includes the Hale Lectures for 1908-9, is dean of the school of music at the Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. He holds that education is needed for congregations, organists, choirmasters, theological students, and, he fears, for the ministers, too, ere the music in our churches can be made what it should be; and his book not only proves this assertion but contains many hints as to how the needed education may best be provided. The table of contents includes hymn tunes, congregational singing, the organ, the organist, and choirmaster, the vested male choir, and the development of music in the Anglican church. While the book addresses itself primarily to those concerned in the making of church music, the general reader is also kept in mind, all technicalities and discussions that would interest only the professional musician having been excluded.

The author relates that one of the foremost of American composers, when invited to contribute to the hymnal of a

leading denomination, declined with thanks, excusing himself on the ground that he would rather write a sonata than a hymn tune. The simplest is the most difficult to make interesting, and while it is true that, as Prof. Waldo S. Pratt remarks, some recent tune music is as beautifully articulated as the finest sonnets or the most exquisite miniatures, nevertheless the inspiration and workmanship of hymn tune writing in the time of Luther or Bach far excel the best efforts of to-day; which is deplorable, for, as Dr. Lutkin remarks, the tune is "the only means by which the people as a whole can be swayed by a single emotion or uplifted by a common impulse." We have progressed in so far as in the best modern examples there is a closer association of words and music; but the general level is much lower. Musicians who uphold high standards when judging the works of others perpetrate the most commonplace hymn tunes, and upstarts cater to the love of sensationalism by adopting a formula for a tune, consisting of "a jingling rhythm recurring with deadly regularity, a melody gayly moving along the line of least resistance, and a few 'barber shop' chords to help out the climax, which will be greatly heightened if some of the sopranos sustain a high tone in the refrain—for there must be a refrain!" The best of the modern American and English tunes, together with the plain song melodies and early German chorals and English hymns, are classified in the first of the six lectures included in this volume, which thus serves as an invaluable guide to those who do not trust their own taste and judgment in making selections.

As regards the hymn singing of a congregation, Dr. Lutkin considers it almost an unfailing barometer of its spiritual condition. "Good hymn singing is a sure indication of a wide-awake and energetic parish, one where the people turn out and join sincerely in the service." Yet this powerful agency for the promotion of genuine religious feeling is not systematically cultivated. The proportion of persons who cannot "carry a tune" is, perhaps, no larger than that of the color-blind, and the sensible suggestion is made that if congregations could be persuaded to attend an occasional rehearsal, wonders might be accomplished—provided there is a competent choirmaster. Such choirmasters, to be sure, are not overabundant; usually the choirmaster is also the organist, who, while he may have learned how to play his instrument, trusts to his native wit for the voice training. The complaint is also made that too many of our organists use their positions to exploit their cleverness, considering the church as primarily a place to give recitals in; but we feel sure that in this respect our players have plenty of rivals in foreign countries. Organists, after all, are human, and inasmuch as nobody listens to the opening and closing voluntaries, and set organ numbers during the service are becoming more and more the exception, they must have their chance somewhere, even though it be in those "blizzards of sound" against which the Rev. Howard Duffield has fulminated.

Liszt's "Dante" symphony is to be performed the coming season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Other notable works in the repertory will be Mahler's second symphony, Debussy's "Iberia" and "Rondes de Printemps" (first time in America), and Henry Hadley's "Culprit Fay," one of that American's numerous prize-winners. Special attention is to be paid to the English composer, Fritz Delius. His orchestral nocturne, "Paris," when played in Boston last season, created a desire to hear more of this man's music; this will be gratified by the performance of four of his pieces, all novelties: "In a Summer Garden," "Dance Rhapsody," "Brigg Fair," and "Appalachia," a set of variations for orchestra and chorus on a Mississippi slave song. Another English composer, Granville Bantock, will be represented by "Three Dramatic Dances."

The Kneisel Quartet opens the twenty-sixth season of its existence and the nineteenth season in New York in November next, announcing its regular series of concerts of chamber music to be given on Tuesday evenings, November 15, December 13, January 17, February 7, March 14, and April 4, at Mendelssohn Hall, with the assistance of Charles Anthony, George Barrere, Carlo Buonamici, Courtlandt Palmer, Arthur Whiting, and others. Among the works to be played, which include a number of first performances, are:

Quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2; quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1; quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131; septet for violin, viola, violoncello, doublebass, clarinet, fagot, and horn, op. 20, by Beethoven.

Quintet in C major, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos, by Schubert.

Quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; quartet in A major for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, op. 26; quintet in F major for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, op. 88, by Brahms.

Quartet in D major, by Cherubini.

Quartet in G major, op. 106, by Dvorák.

Quartet in E flat major (first time), by Max Reger.

Quartet in C minor, op. 6 (first time), by Frederick A. Stock.

Quartet in F major, op. 7 (first time), by Sergei Taneiew.

Suite Basque for flute, two violins, viola, and 'cello (first time), by Charles Bordes.

Sonata in D major for violoncello and harpsichord, by Bach.

Quintet in E flat major, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, op. 44, by Schumann.

Quartet in A major for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (manuscript, first time), by Rubin Goldmark.

Modern French music will be a feature of the thirty-second season of the New York Symphony Society, which begins October 28 at the New Theatre. The programmes will include symphonies by Henri Rabaud, Paul Dukas, Ernest Chausson, and a new suite by Debussy, called "Iberia." The soloists engaged include Felix Berber, a violinist; Louise Homer, Sarah Anderson, Florence Hinkle, Josef Hofmann, Sigismund Stojowski, Francis MacMillen, Henry Hadley, and Horatio Connell.

Maud Powell, queen of living violinists, will open her season on September 29 as one of the soloists of the Worcester Festival, the others being Yolanda Mérö, Nina Dimitrieff, Margaret Keyes, Florence Hinkle, Berrick von Norden, George Hamlin, Herbert Witherspoon, Frederick Weld. At this festival English music will be represented by Granville Bantock's "Omar Khâyyâm," to which a whole evening (September 29) will be devoted. Another evening (September 28) will be given to Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." In addition to these, there are to be three miscellaneous concerts, on September 29 and 30 (afternoon) and 30 (evening). Maud Powell, after this festival, starts on her seventh consecutive tour of this country.

Henry Hadley has been reëngaged as conductor of the symphony orchestra on which Seattle prides itself almost as much as on its rapid growth. Mr. Hadley is undoubtedly one of the best and most ambitious of American musicians, and there is no reason why, under his capable direction, the Seattle Symphony Orchestra should not do for the cities of the Pacific Coast what the Boston Orchestra has done for those of the Atlantic Coast. Among the soloists engaged for the Seattle season are Gadski, Josef Hofmann, Gogorza Kocian.

John Cheshire, the harpist, died at his home in New York city last Monday. Before coming to this country, thirty years ago, he had studied under the famous John Balsir Chatterton of the Royal Academy of Music in London, at which institution he also taught for a number of years, besides playing with the best-known English orchestras at Covent Garden. He was recognized as the foremost player of his day; he also composed several notable pieces, among them being the harp music for Sullivan's "The Light of the World" and a concerto for the harp, but recently completed. At the time of his death he was seventy-three years of age.

Art.

Chinese Pottery of the Han Dynasty. Publication of the East Asiatic Committee of the American Museum of Natural History. The Jacob H. Schiff Chinese Expedition. By Berthold Laufer. Leiden: E. J. Brill, Ltd., printers and publishers.

Description of Chinese Pottery and Porcelain: Being a translation of the T'ao Shuo. With introduction, notes, and bibliography. By Stephen W. Bushell, Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

The story of Chinese pottery, heretofore less explicit than that of porcelain, is coming to light. Dr. Laufer's book summarizes the results of a three years' investigation conducted in China under an endowment provided by Mr. Schiff. As hardly any Chinese glazed pottery antedates the Han dynasty, and as the Korean and Japanese potters derived their craft from China, the work is essentially a monograph of the beginnings of the fictile art in the Far East. It is certainly a timely contribution. The

richness of the recent discoveries at Hsi an fu and elsewhere in the Shensi province has interested many collectors of Chinese antiquities. Dr. Laufer's book, though devoted only to pottery, and that of a few collections, will be helpful to whoever undertakes to describe any of the objects taken from graves of northern China and reputed to be of the Han era. The alert Japanese art dealers are bringing so many of these things to the United States that the present literal accuracy of Dr. Laufer's statements concerning the rarity of art of the Han dynasty in Occidental collections might seem to be questioned.

Whether or not all Dr. Laufer's theories prove acceptable to archæologists, they are based on a good attempt to collect existing data and to interpret individual objects in the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and other galleries in terms of the great culture movements. To the general reader the most interesting chapters are those in which the relationship between early Chinese and Siberian art is traced. Other investigators have been on this trail—which naturally is broad and well marked, for to influences from the north and east Hsi an fu, situated a month's journey inland from the present Chinese capital, lay easily open. The sculptures and pottery of the sand-buried cities of Turkistan have long appeared to invite comparison with works of early Chinese art on the one side, just as, in another direction, they suggest analogies with archaic Greek art. Dr. Laufer is conservative as regards the derivation of the technical processes of the Han potters from those of any other nation, urging that "This entire pottery forms a well defined group which in its character as pottery bears no resemblance to any other known groups of ancient pottery in Asia, nor to that of Siberia or of Turkistan." Some of the ornamental motives, however, he finds to bear such a striking and direct resemblance to motives common in old Scytho-Siberian art, "that a connection between the two must be presupposed *a priori*." In support of this thesis much literary and archæological evidence is adduced, tending to prove that the ancient Turks had a rather high civilization, and that during the Han dynasty interchange of works of art between them and the Chinese must have been frequent.

An interesting and seemingly convincing explanation of the "hill censers" is offered by Dr. Laufer. These are cylindrical pottery jars with covers which invariably represent a mountain or group of mountain peaks, often with attached flora and fauna, rising from the waves. They stand, according to this investigator, for the Isles of the Blest—Peng lai, Fang chang, and Ying chou—first mentioned in literature about 210 B. C. as the abode of the immortals. This conception, it is well established, influenced history, as when the Han Emperor Wu, who had vainly tried to see the blessed isles from the seashore, returned to his capital and at his palace, about twenty miles north of Hsi an fu, constructed a lake with imitations of the insular elysium. The hill jars, Dr. Laufer believes, were put into graves for the purpose of conferring immortality on the deceased.

Each of the forms of useful objects imitated in the mortuary pottery of the Han period, such as grist mills and granary urns, cooking ranges and other kitchen utensils, draw-wells, stables, and sheepfolds—has the double interest of throwing light on the development of the potter's technique about the beginning of the Christian era and of supplying data for describing the daily life of the ancient Chinese. The derivation of objects of present-day use from the former types is entertainingly shown. A chapter on Han roofing tiles contains data that supplement Prof. Edward S. Morse's admirable monograph on the tiles of ancient nations.

Dr. Bushell's high competence as a writer on Chinese ceramics was established during the years in which he was physician to the British embassy at Peking. His translation of the T'ao Shuo, or "Description of Pottery," in six books, by Chu Yen, the first Oriental scholar to write a connected account of the development of pottery and porcelain, was made for private use prior to 1891. An independent suggestion that this classic work ought to be available to European and American collectors was made some time ago to Dr. Bushell by the late William M. Laffan of New York. The resultant book, consisting of a translation of the original, which was first published in 1774, with four prefaces by as many Chinese scholars and with introduction and commentary by Dr. Bushell himself, gives the student or collector a good chance to find out what the Chinese know about the history of their own fictile industries. The original author, a learned man, a poetaster as well as antiquarian, was appointed in 1767 by the governor of the province of Kiangsi to write this book. For seven years he lived at Ching-te Chen, the celebrated site of the Imperial potteries where, besides familiarizing himself with the traditions and technical processes of the factories, he diligently gathered quotations concerning pottery from earlier authors. The high opinion in which the work was held by some of Chu Yen's contemporaries is illustrated in a statement in the fourth preface, written by Huang Hsi-fan in 1787:

> The learned author has carefully examined the modern processes of manufacture, and made wide researches into old works, so that there is not a single name nor a single vessel that he has omitted. . . . Comparing this with the Ko ku and the other books, it stands in the proportion of a thousand basketsful of rice to one grain.

Such a work, now for the first time available in English, will be invaluable to museum curators and connoisseurs. Incidentally, it is of no little interest to the curious-minded general reader.

Autumn books on art from Macmillan include "Guide to Italian Painting," by B. Berenson; "Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture," by A. C. Champneys; "English Mediæval Architecture," by E. S. Prior; "The Art of the Romans," by H. B. Walters; "A Book of Porcelain," by W. Gibb; "Dinanderie," by J. Travenor-Perry; "Douglas Jerrold and Punch," by Walter Jerrold; and "French Portrait Engravers," by T. H. Thomas.

Finance.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

In August, according to the Government's report of a few days ago, this country's foreign trade again resulted in an excess of merchandise imports over exports. This is the eighth monthly excess of the kind in the period beginning with June of 1909; prior to which date there had been no such monthly surplus of imports since June, 1897. What attracted even more attention was the fact that, in the footing of exports and imports for all the eight completed months of the year to date, there was also an excess of importations; it is fifteen years since the reports for an equal period have shown any such result.

The essential fact about this phenomenon is that it is abnormal, in view of the past generation's experience. It has been brought about partly by restriction of certain exports, but chiefly by the unprecedented imports of the period, which for the eight months in question rose $107,000,000 over the same months in 1909, and $53,000,000 over the previous maximum, that of the eight months ending with August, 1907. During the eleven years prior to 1909 excess of merchandise exports for the period never fell below $183,000,000, and four times ran beyond $350,000,000.

Large importations are certainly not in themselves an unfavorable economic sign; they may mean nothing but growing wealth and prosperity. It is only when their abnormal magnitude appears to reflect economic tendencies which are not wholesome in themselves that experienced students of such problems look askance at them. In the present case such tendencies were rather plainly manifest in this country. Extravagance of living and artificial enhancement of prices by speculative use of credit had been among the conspicuous phenomena in this country for a year or more. At the beginning of the pres-

ent year, the London *Economist's* monthly average of English commodity prices stood more than 8 per cent. below the highest level of the period, reached in the spring of 1907; at the same date this year the Bradstreet average of American commodity prices was actually above the highest monthly figure of the decade.

Comparisons in such calculations cannot be exact; but in this special case, the presumption that our own prices had been pushed to a height where we were out of normal touch with the outside world, was very strong. Among the conspicuous increases in our importations for the year to date have been rubber, the enormous imports of which reflected the "automobile craze"; precious stones, which certainly might mean extravagance; and iron and steel, which strongly suggested that American prices were at an artificial level when compared with those of other producing nations.

It is entirely true that, although it is fifteen years since any such series of monthly "import surpluses" has occurred in our foreign trade, there have been long periods in the country's history when an excess of imports was the rule and not the exception. It may be interesting to inquire just when and how that condition of things occurred. From 1844 to 1873, inclusive, there were only two exceptions to such a yearly import surplus. The import excess for the year got above $100,000,000 in 1864 and 1869, and in 1872, after a generation in which we regularly bought from foreign nations more than we sold to them, the annual excess reached the towering figure of $187,000,000. But with the panic of 1873, it ended. Never but once since that notable economic date has the country imported, during a calendar year, more merchandise than it has sent abroad.

This succession of rather distinct eras in our foreign trade was not mere accident. It is reasonable to suppose that the habitual excess of merchandise imports during the twenty years after 1844 —as in the earlier years for which less satisfactory statistics are available— arose from the fact that the country was young and poor, but growing rapidly; that it needed foreign capital in greater amount than it could pay for by export of American commodities, and that it needed this foreign capital in the form of merchandise.

These requirements continued during the decade from 1864 to 1874. They would probably, of themselves, have prolonged the annual excess of imports over exports, but their effect on the import trade was greatly emphasized by the abnormal imports of war material, and by the utter derangement of prices caused by depreciation of the currency. In 1871 and 1872, still another influence took a hand: an era of reckless extravagance was in full swing, and there is every reason to believe that, even after allowing for the premiums on gold, American prices for commodities were higher than prices of the same commodities in Europe. It is certain, at any rate, that the merchandise imports of 1870 were the largest on record; that in 1871 they increased $112,000,000, or 26 per cent., and that in 1872 they further expanded $82,000,000, or 14 per cent. By this time, the whole position of things was unnatural, and it all had a hand in the general collapse of 1873.

The Senate investigation of 1892 (on the basis of the 1860 average for par) made the average American gold price of all articles 121¾ for the five years ending in 1874, and 103¾ for the five ensuing years. What happened, largely as a consequence of these lower prices, was an enormous forward leap in the export trade, along with a fall in imports from their abnormal volume of the five or six preceding years. By 1878, with the help of an abundant harvest, the annual excess of exports rose to $305,000,000. Not until the near approach of 1890 and 1893 was the process again reversed, and it is certain that even at that time, although prices were not high as compared with the decade before and the decade after, they were too high in America for our markets to keep normally in touch with the rest of the world. In 1890, in 1892, in 1893, and in 1895, monthly "import excesses" occurred in connection with a highly disturbed position in our home and international finances.

What followed, after the middle of 1897, was a period of economy in home production and of aggressive forward movement into foreign markets, happily supplemented by a series of abundant American harvests in the face of foreign shortage. The years of enormous "export surpluses," lasting from 1898 up to 1909, ensued.

It is these chapters in our history, and not any intrinsic evil in a country's excess of imports over exports, which have converged economic interest on the story of the past fourteen months. Different people will draw different conclusions from the changed condition of our foreign trade, during this period. The case of England is occasionally cited, in which annual merchandise imports exceed exports by as much as $700,000,000. But students of the problem are well aware that this English "import excess" is a sign of the simple trading profit on that country's enormous shipping trade; of the profits from freight and passengers consigned by English steamers, and of the annual remittances of interest against English investments in foreign countries. The United States has neither trading fleet, nor ocean liners, nor foreign investments, in such number and magnitude as to create any parallel condition. And in so far as our own experience in the "import excess" period prior to 1873 was a result of the country's relative poverty, and of its urgent need for European capital to keep the wheels of American industry moving, the most that can be said is, that the description hardly fits the present day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, E. H. Molly Make-Believe. Century. $1 net.
Altsheler, J. A. The Riflemen of the Ohio. D. Appleton. $1.50.
American Jewish Year Book 5671—October, 1910, to September, 1911. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America. 75 cents.
Ames, E. S. The Psychology of Religious Experience. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Arnold, M. Essays in Criticism. Third series. Boston: Ball Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Bagby, G. W. The Old Virginia Gentleman, and Other Sketches. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Baird, J. K. Hester's Counterpart. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Barbour, R. H. Kingsford Quarter Century. $1.50.
Bergson, H. Time and Free Will. Trans. by F. L. Pogson. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Betz, F. Die Schildbürger. Stories, selected and edited. Boston: Heath. 35 cents.
Bigelow, J., jr. The Campaign of Chancellorsville. Yale Univ. Press. $10 net.
Brahms, J. Hungarian Dances. Books I and II. Boston: Ditson. $1.50 each.
Caico, L. Sicilian Ways and Days. D. Appleton.
Chater, M. The Eternal Rose. Revell. $1 net.
Chauncey Giles Year-Book. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Chesterton, G. K. What's Wrong With the World. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Clinch, G. English Costume From Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century. Chicago: McClurg. $2.50 net.
Cole, C. G. The Poetical Elements in the Diction and Syntax of Tacitus. Stechert.
Cook, W. A. Through the Wildernesses of Brazil. Amer. Tract Society. $1.25.
Coombs, F. L. The Young Railroaders. Century. $1.50.
Crawford, J. P. W. Spanish Composition. Holt. 75 cents.
Crockett, S. R. Love's Young Dream. Macmillan. $1.50.
Cunningham, W. Christianity and Social Questions. Scribner. 75 cents net.
De Dino, Duchesse. Memoirs—1841-1850. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Du Bois, M. C. The League of the Signet Ring. Century. $1.50.
Dudley, A. T. At the Home Plate. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Dyson, C. C. The Life of Marie Amélie, 1782-1866. D. Appleton.
Earhart, W. Art Songs for High Schools. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Ebbutt, M. I. Hero-Myths and Legends of the British Race. Crowell. $2 net.
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Financial.

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Garland, H. Other Main-Travelled Roads. Harper. $1.50.
Goodrich, A. The Yardstick Man. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Vol. V, T—Z and Appendix. Macmillan. $5 net.
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Middling, T. Lincoln in the Black Hawk War. St. Louis: Sigma Pub. Co.
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Wileman's Brazilian Year Book. Second issue—1909. London: MeCorquodale & Company.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1910.

The Week.

It is a long time since there has been an item of news about the Federal civil service so important as that which is now given out concerning the Post Office Department. Not only is President Taft to put into the classified list, by executive order, between 7,000 and 8,000 assistant postmasters, whose appointment has thus far remained a matter of patronage, but he will recommend legislation by Congress putting all second and third-class postmasters into the competitive class. This will leave to the patronage system only the comparatively small number of first-class postmasterships, and a portion of the fourth-class postmasterships, and will thus mark a notable advance toward the final extinction of the spoils system in its chief remaining stronghold, the Post Office Department. But the most interesting thing about the announcement is the statement that both these reforms have been adoped by the President upon the special recommendation of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, who has been led to make them as part of his earnest effort to bring the Post Office Department up to a self-supporting basis. It is not so very long since civil service reformers were sneered at as dreamers and doctrinaires, who knew nothing about practical affairs. But here we have the man who was appointed Postmaster-General as the result of his successful management of Mr. Taft's campaign—a man who is nothing if not a politician and a practical man—carrying the civil-service system beyond the farthest point it had yet reached, so as to enable him to make the two ends meet in carrying on the postal business.

Mrs. Storer's new attack upon the veracity of Mr. Roosevelt was duly telegraphed to the London *Times*. Its American correspondent afterward cabled the surprising fact that, while many American newspapers suppressed the matter, not one had come to the defence of Col. Roosevelt. Special wonder is caused by the *Outlook's* failure even to mention the controversy. Here is one of its own employees directly charged with untruthfulness, and the documentary evidence to back it up is furnished, yet we get nothing but silence from the *Outlook*. This must be at the special request of Mr. Roosevelt, as the editors, left to themselves, could hardly have let alone such a question of public morals. They might, at least, one would think, have printed some little consolatory extract from the Bible—as, for example, that passage where Abimelech called hastily to his armor-bearer, and said: "Draw thy sword and slay me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him."

Mr. John Hays Hammond was right enough in declaring that the difference within the Republican ranks on the tariff is "a difference of opinion, and not of party principle." The principle avowed by regulars and insurgents in the matter of protection is, indeed, much the same; but it does not occur to Mr. Hammond to inquire how it comes that a mere "difference of opinion, and not of party principle," should result in such violent animosity, such heated indignation, such revolutionary explosions, as the insurgent movement has manifested. The answer to this question would, indeed, not be pleasant to contemplate. The insurgents are so hot, because, in their opinion, they, the regulars, or stand-patters, under cover of a principle—the principle of safeguarding American wages—have persistently clung to pernicious practices which have no relation whatsoever to that principle; and because the protective system as actually maintained is based on false pretences and is a cover for outrageous spoliation of the masses of the people by great capitalistic interests. Indeed, the insurgent Republican attitude carries, on its face, a far more serious indictment of the Republican party than does the Democratic. A Democrat may believe that protection is robbery and yet admit that in the eye of a straight Republican it is no such thing; while the insurgent Republican declares that protection is all right in itself, but that the masters of his own party's policy have turned it into an instrument of oppression and fraud.

All accounts agree that Woodrow Wilson is making an excellent impression as a campaigner. It is no surprise to those acquainted with him that he should have success with his audiences. His powers as a speaker have been long tested. Not all his friends were confident, however, that he could go before miscellaneous political gatherings and impress himself as he evidently has been doing in New Jersey. Personality counts for a vast deal in such matters, and Dr. Wilson's frank bearing, his good humor, his readiness and his pungency would greatly help any orator in carrying the thing off. But in addition he has put high seriousness into his speeches, and yet has been able to clothe his political thinking in such direct and clear language as to win and delight his hearers. All told, this university president turning his hand to active politics has shown how easy is the mastery of the mere forms of political campaigning, provided one has the ideas and the sincerity and the fervor to make his advocacy tell.

The insurgents of Iowa and Kansas are aghast at the performances of Roosevelt in New York. They had taken him to their bosoms in the rampant West, but now feel that they have only been warming a viper. The Des Moines *News*, which is the personal organ of Senator Cummins, comments with the utmost bitterness upon the course of the New York Republican Convention, under the domination of Col. Roosevelt. The platform's sweeping endorsement of Taft and of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and its entire omission of "progressive" doctrine, are described as "a staggering blow to the insurgent cause." Says the *News* truculently: "Roosevelt, bringing with him Taft, Ballinger, Wickersham, Root, J. P. Morgan, Tawney, Lurton, Hitchcock, and all the motley crew of plutocrats, the Hessians of privilege, cannot enlist in the army of insurgency." This is very sad, but it all rests upon a strange misunderstanding of Roosevelt. In the first place, he is not the man to "enlist" in any army, whether of insurgents or regulars. It is his mission to command them both. That is a part of his all-embracing comprehensiveness, which is the second thing that we should have supposed the Western insurgents would have grasped

before now. Having put himself at their head on his Western tour, what more natural than that he should return to put himself also at the head of the Administration supporters in the East? This is only a proof of his many-sidedness. As for the New York platform, so offensive to the West, Mr. Roosevelt could privately explain it to Senator Cummins as merely the temporary shift of a "practical" man bent on carrying his immediate point.

The most bitter enemy of labor organizations would hate to believe them directly responsible for the awful crime of blowing up the building of the Los Angeles *Times*. That the terrible destruction, with the loss of a score of lives, was due to an explosion of dynamite from the outside, appears to be conclusively established. Murderous assault by bombs was also planned at the same time, it is evident, against individuals in the city. But, although the *Times* itself had long been a non-union office, and had taken a strong position against the tyrannies of labor organizations, we are very reluctant to believe that the deed received anything like official sanction from the labor leaders. The work may have been that of some miscreant who acted on his own notion. But granting this, we cannot emphasize too strongly the duty which this frightful assassination places upon the men responsible for labor organizations. It is for them not only to disavow and denounce the crime, as they are doing, but to bend every energy to catch the criminal and make an example of him. But further than this, the appalling tragedy at Los Angeles should bite it into the minds of labor leaders that they cannot afford even to dally with talk about violence, or getting what they imagine to be their rights by force.

A contribution to the explanation of the higher cost of living has been made by the Census Bureau. Great increases in the growth of cities are reported from every section of the country. This does not mean merely that great numbers of people have flocked to the urban zone from the suburban zone, but a wide expansion of the urban zone itself. The great advance in traction facilities has enabled communities to spread over the surrounding country, providing individual homes rather than herding newcomers in already congested centres. This increase in the size of cities, territorially as well as numerically, has been the means of wiping out thousands of acres of productive land that were used as market gardens, and the men who worked them have either become toilers in the city or are taking life easy on the money paid for their farms. This has pushed the growing of market supplies farther into the country and into the hands of men new to the business. A decade ago thousands of farmers loaded their wagons at night and drove to New York with produce raised on ground now occupied by mile after mile of homes. In New Jersey hundreds of farms have been given up to the real estate men, and lie unworked while waiting for the tide of settlement to reach them. It is plain from a study of the census returns that the demand for food products has been pushing the supply harder and harder.

The article on salesgirls in the October *McClure's* is the first of a series by Mrs. Clark and Miss Wyatt on working women in New York. This series promises to be subversive of some of the stock ideas of the ultimate consumer. He knows little of the elaborate processes involved in providing him with the thousand and one articles which make up daily life, beyond the bad manners or inattention of the clerk who waits on him. It is time that he should take a look at the question from the saleswoman's side of the counter. Wages too small to admit of decent living, and fitful chances of promotion, added to nine hours of standing a day, may excuse poor service. From the fifty histories collected among stores of different grades, the authors have given the details in the lives of six of these self-supporting women whose wages range from $4 to $12 a week. The pitiful struggle of those more poorly paid to make both ends meet during health and activity leaves the reader to wonder just what becomes of them in case of illness or when they are laid off during the slack season.

Some unconscious ironies are revealed in the six stories which the authors have selected as typical. Four of the women manage to get along on their salaries by virtue of the charitable homes in which they live. Also, the benefit system very often works on lines too similar to the commercial insurance companies. The employee receives her benefit only if she is ill or injured while still in the employ of the store. If she leaves or is discharged, she sacrifices to the management the amount she has already paid in. Such questions as hours of employment too long for health and seasonal overwork at Christmas time can be wholly regulated only by law, and the Consumers' League is continually working for proper legislation. The difficulty of wages the girls may help to settle by organizing, while only a changed attitude on the part of the purchasing public can obviate certain others. For instance, it is useless for the law to demand stools behind the counters if the public will not buy from a seated clerk. And those who object to having the stores open till midnight during the week before Christmas will have a formidable opposition with which to contend just so long as an easy-going public is willing to leave Christmas shopping until the last minute.

The horrible outcome of the Vanderbilt Cup race makes it clear that our roads do not lend themselves to so dangerous and terrible a sport. For the benefits to be gained there is little to be said. It is thrilling and dramatic to see a car flash by at the rate of seventy miles an hour, with its crew in deadly peril of their lives, but the thrill lasts only an instant and it is doubtful if it is adequate compensation. More interesting is the assemblage of cars and people and the excitement of staying up all night and racing back to town the next morning. But the price is too high. If there are those who feel they must still race, let them compete on tracks.

A statement issued from the Standard Oil office intimates that the company is preparing for a war of prices in its foreign field, in view of the recent immense increase, present or prospective, in oil production by foreign companies. To people who watched the singular outburst of share speculation in London, last February, this announcement will at once call to mind the "oil boom" on which much of that speculation converged. One heard chiefly, in those piping days on London's Stock Exchange, of the "rubber mania," and rubber

shares, new and old, undoubtedly kept the centre of the stage. But the oil shares held their own; while new issues of rubber company stock, in the first half of 1910, footed up $83,000,000, as against only $4,500,000 in the first half of 1909, new issues of oil-company shares rose in the similar period from $6,500,000 to $42,500,000. Just as the rubber boom was started by an extraordinary increase in shipments of that commodity to America for the motor-car trade, so the oil boom pivoted on a sudden order for 50,000 tons of fuel oil from the Scotch refiners for the British navy. The oil craze, like the rubber mania, ran its course, and prices for the shares got down by midsummer 25 to 40 per cent. below the February price. But meantime, thanks to the British public's eagerness to place its capital at the service of the new producing enterprises, they are equipped for competition.

This phase of the trade situation the Standard Oil Company recognizes without mincing words. Its circular points out that "the level of prices for refined oil to-day in the United States is lower than at any time during recent years"; that "as a direct result of these prices, the consumption of refined oil in this country is increasing," and that the purpose of the cutting of prices in the foreign field is "to increase the world's consumption." There are several interesting aspects of the formal inauguration of such a policy. It may attract attention on London's Stock Exchange, where it could hardly be much more palatable to the "Oil Department" than the recent sudden shrinkage of orders from American tire-manufacturers was to the rubber-share specialists. But what is likely to attract the most attention is the frank recognition, by the Standard Oil, of an old-fashioned principle of trade which we have lately been assured was obsolete. No secret appears to be made of the fact that lower prices will stimulate demand from consumers, nor is any qualification applied to the theory that the way to meet aggressive foreign competition is to meet it. Since the formation of our enormous Trusts in other lines of industry—a matter, principally, of the ten past years—we have heard much of the new idea that reduction of prices brings no fresh business, and that trade supply and demand need have no influence on market quotations. The heresy of the Standard Oil, as regards this industrial philosophy, is the more noteworthy in that it not only repudiates the notion as applied to the foreign field, but plainly intimates that supply and demand are playing their usual rôle at home.

Under the heading, "A Severe Indictment," the *Educational Review* reprints from the San Francisco *Argonaut* a statement concerning the qualities of our college-bred young men which it would be difficult to match in the anti-college utterances of recent years, numerous and sweeping as these have been. "In recruiting its service," says the *Argonaut*, speaking of its own experience, "trial has again and again been made of the college-bred youth, but never with any approach to success. We have never yet been able to find a college-bred youth, without a long subsequent practical drill, who could write clean English, or who could even write a hand which the printer could read. Not one of those from Frank Pixley down, whose work in the *Argonaut* has been an element in its character and influence, has been a man of college breeding. This remark applies to other publications of the country representative of journalism in its higher rank. It is only a few months ago that there was assembled at a dinner table in the Century Club at New York a little group representing the very highest forces in American journalism—including the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, the then editor of the *Century*, and others of equal note—when, through a chance inquiry, it developed that only one present was a college-bred man." And more to the same effect. But the trouble with this sort of general denunciation is that it obviously overshoots the mark. The element of truth in the *Argonaut's* complaint would be much more forcibly brought home if presented with more balance. The fact is that neither in our colleges nor in our high schools do we insist upon habits of thorough and exact mastery of intellectual tasks as does the German *Gymnasium* or the English public school—with results that are evident in many ways, though not justifying a view so gloomy as that of the *Argonaut*.

It is a rare compliment to our all too little recognized linguistic attainments that the French have just done us. M. Damour, recent dispatches from Paris announce, formerly vice-consul at New Orleans, is on his way to these shores on "an official mission to encourage the teaching of French in American schools, especially in those of Louisiana." The gallant Frenchman, we take it, has conversed in his own tongue with some of our countrymen. He has then made inquiries, and been informed, to his great surprise, that their command of the language was unusual for Americans, the great mass of whom do not get to college or even high school, where alone the language is taught. Encouraged by the progress his informants have shown after only three or four years of French in the high school and four more in college, he naturally has become enthusiastic when he has thought of what they might do if they began six or eight years earlier. We wish him all success in his mission of encouraging the teaching of French in American schools, and merely beg to suggest the addition of the words "and colleges."

There is at least one country where "catchwords" in politics are under the ban. The Imperial Chancellor of Germany has been explaining his plan of campaign for the election of a new Reichstag next year, and the semi-official organ of the Government, the *Norddeutscher Zeitung*, in setting forth the programme of Bethmann-Hollweg, states that "we can give the assurance that in the highest responsible quarter catchwords are not being sought." What is being sought is, apparently, a catch-all. For in the announced strategy of the Chancellor, as respects the next political battle, we have one of those beautifully vague statements which defy analysis, and almost defy attack, but which are designed to attract the support of all shades of opinion. Listen to this: "The Imperial Chancellor considers it his principal task so to conduct the affairs of the Empire that everything which is necessary for the prosperity of its industrial and commercial life and for its military protection may be assured to it, and that its continued intellectual development may be safeguarded." Does it not remind you of the finest Republican definition of the blessings of protection? Such sonorous phrases are not, indeed, catchwords, but they are intended to be catch-votes.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Stimson's nomination at Saratoga for Governor was a shrewd and strong move. From their list of eligibles, the Republicans of New York State could not have chosen a more promising candidate. For Mr. Stimson is not only a man who has displayed unusual ability, with a capacity for hard work, but one whose public activity as Federal prosecutor makes him peculiarly available at the present juncture. It was his skilful weaving of the web of evidence about Morse which sent that unscrupulous rich man to jail, and his prosecutions of the Sugar Trust for stealing and of railways for rebating were equally successful, and equally impressed the popular mind. We do not know whether Mr. Stimson is a good campaigner or would, in any case, boast of his achievements, but Mr. Roosevelt is ready to do the campaigning and the boasting for him.

As an opponent to Mr. Stimson the Democrats at Rochester have found in John A. Dix a happy solution of the problem which confronted them. It was essential that their nominee should not be a Tammany man and should not be a cringer before Hearst. Mr. Dix is neither. He bears an historic name of which he has never done anything to dim the lustre. His reputation is that of a man honorable in business and clean and courageous in politics. He was too stanch a Democrat to support Hearst in 1906, when by money and fraud that adventurer secured the Democratic nomination. As State Chairman this year, Mr. Dix has been working hard and fruitfully to bring back the party to its old standards and to tone up its management. This was done without the least thought of self-seeking, and he long resisted the demand at Rochester that he should become the candidate for Governor, yielding only when assured that his nomination could best unite the party and meet the peculiar needs of the hour. He is not an orator of the impetuous kind, but is a man of positive character and convictions, and would certainly, if elected, give the State a conscientiously business-like and clean administration.

As for the platform adopted at Rochester, it is superior to that of the Republicans in precision and in vigor. It is both progressive and aggressive. In matters concerning the State alone, it crosses swords most effectively with the Republicans. But the plank which will most attract attention and which is of greatest strategic value in this campaign, is the one openly challenging and directly attacking the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt. To have shirked this matter would have been not only recreant but foolish. Roosevelt is to be the head and front of the Republican campaign in this State. He made his party ticket; he is to put forth great exertions to elect it. It is a sure political instinct, then, which prompted the Democratic leaders to point their guns straight at him. To be sure, not a word is said about this doctrine in the Saratoga platform. Not even a faint hint of the purpose to promote such a doctrine is contained in it. Such suppression, however, can only be regarded as an admission of the impolicy of attempting to force that issue at the present time upon the voters of this State, not as any ground for imagining that the danger which it portends has passed, or that it is not imminent. The doctrine so deliberately and so emphatically propounded in the Osawatomie speech is but the latest and most extreme expression of a spirit and tendency which Mr. Roosevelt has always embodied. The limits of its manifestation by him have been simply such as have been set by his opportunities, or his estimate of those opportunities. In preparing his Osawatomie speech, he felt that the time was propitious for that extreme deliverance; since then he has judged it expedient to relegate to the rear the doctrine of suppression of State functions and unlimited exaltation of executive power centralized in the President at Washington. But with that doctrine Mr. Roosevelt is indissolubly bound up; and no result of the success of his campaign in New York would be more certain than that it would immeasurably increase his power not only to advance his personal ambitions, but to promote the "New Nationalism" and all that that term, in his hands, would imply.

On the second of the two great issues, on the other hand, it is not necessary to go behind the platform itself. The Saratoga Convention puts itself squarely behind the Payne-Aldrich tariff act. It knows nothing of Mr. Roosevelt's recently discovered moral issue in the tariff, or in the recent revision of the tariff. By no sign or hint does it indicate that special interests, with an illegitimate and sinister hold on the party, dictated any feature of the tariff as it stood before the revision or as it stands now. Notorious as it is that not even the crudest attempt was made to conform with the promise of the Republican platform, the Saratoga platform has the effrontery to talk about "still more accurately" determining in the future the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. What was done in the last Republican campaign in the way of tariff-reform promises was accurately characterized by Judge Parker in his speech. "The promise of a revision of the tariff," he said, "by a special session of Congress, to be called immediately after the inauguration of the next President, was intended to hold the tariff-reduction Republicans in line, while the trick in the phraseology was to be made clear to the tariff beneficiaries." And it was because the trick thus devised was carried out according to programme that we have seen the great insurgent movement which has split the Republican party in twain. It was only after the trick had been executed that the big men of the regular Republican organization realized that the honest tariff-reduction Republicans were sufficient in numbers and importance to be reckoned with after election as well as before. President Taft's Winona speech, following on his laudation of Aldrich at Boston, was the signal for the breaking out of a storm of which the strength and volume have been made continually more manifest from that day to this. And yet the Saratoga Convention calmly goes on record as standing pat upon the Payne-Aldrich tariff and inviting its endorsement by the voters of the State of New York. Truly, the Democrats have a straight and easy path marked out for them.

"BACON IS SHAKE-SPEARE."

The Baconian incubus is always with us—ever violent, but at some times more violent than at others. Only last year there was a mighty summoning of strength, with rumors that the author of the tome had submitted his ciphers to the department of mathematics in a large Eastern university and had been assured that the laws of chance could never explain them. The public breathed more freely when it learned that the

department was in reality that of education, and when ingenious jokers begau to discover Bacon's *bona-fide* signature in "The Light of Asia," Gray's "Elegy," a Tibetan grammar, and even on the cover of a bill of fare in a German restaurant. Indeed, Bacon was everywhere, and there was an uncomfortable feeling that he might be found writ plainly even in one's most private documents. Such anachronisms, it is true, could scarcely be offset by the fact that Bacon, according to his own statement, took all knowledge for his province. It seemed then as though the death-blow to this fallacy had been administered—but only for a moment. Lovers of the under dog—and it is surprising how cheaply one can become the under dog—received romantic hurt from such trifling refutation as that just cited, and waited resolutely foi another prophet. He has now arrived in the person of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart, B.A., LL.B., etc., and from the title of his book, "Bacon is Shake-speare," to the end the reader is left in doubt concerning nelther his message nor his truculence.

The old ground is covered, to the effect that contemporary evidence exists of Bacon's powers, both as poet and dramatist, and of Shakespeare's total ignorance of such matters. Like the rest of his cult, the author attempts the twofold task of writing Bacon up and Shakespeare down. As the spokesman of his country, he proclaims:

> England is now declining any longer to dishonor and defame the greatest genius of all time by continuing to identify him witb the mean, drunken, ignorant, and absolutely unlettered rustic of Stratford, who never in his life wrote so much as his own name, and in all probability was totally unable to read one single line of print.

It would be unnecessary to reckon with such extravagance if it were not certain that this book will be read widely. For the author professes to hobnob with leading Shakespearean scholars and shows what might be taken for impressive learning; it is clear, too, that he has a large Baconian library. We may glance at his crucial test. The well-known tribute to Shakespeare in the first folio, assigned to Ben Jonson, contains, if rightly manipulated, 287 letters. This is a magic number; be patient yet a little. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the clown, we had supposed, was merely talking big when he said "honorificabilitudinitatibus," especlally as the word had been used a century or so before. Not so; Bacon is breathing his heart-secret, for the letters may be arranged into the bad Latin and bad hexameter

> Hi lu|di F|Baco|nis na|ti tui|ti orbi,
> These plays F. Bacon's offspring are preserved for tbe world.

More is coming. The initial letters of the words and the terminals, if put into numerals corresponding to their positions in the alphabet, foot up to 136, which is the number of the page in the first folio upon which the whole word occurs! The similar numerical equivalent of all the letters in the word amounts to 287! Of course, the real test of this evidence is the still more startling thought that such a discovery should have been made exactly 287 years after the first folio appeared.

The growth of Baconian literature will, we fear, never cease until legitimate scholars are willing to take the matter seriously. It does little good to show up the true meaning of any cipher, because any one who is committed to the cipher habit can easily find new combinations when old ones are refuted. What is needed is a careful comparison of Bacon's ideas and even of his style with Shakespeare's, for Elizabethan prose was in large measure poetic. For one thing, is it quite possible that one whose conception of friendship was strictly utilitarian and who insisted that the greatest men in the world never feil in love could have treated those qualities even in a fiction with what surely looks like instinctive idealism? Or the question might be fought out on the issue of humor alone. If there could be found in Bacon's known works even one really good joke, not quoted—for he attempts to be funny at times, and surely has quite as much occasion for humor as Montaigne—his claim to the plays would be greatly helped.

But, after all, to meet the Baconian problem seriously, Shakespearean criticism itself must assume a different form. Despite all that has been written on Shakespeare, ideas concerning him are still hit or miss, and largely because scholarly attention has been focussed on the formal, mechanical side. When one may read the statement in authoritative books that Marlowe, for instance, might, if he had lived, have been a formidable rival of Shakespeare, it is clear that critlcism has not progressed very far. Even at the outset, there was in Shakespeare's poems and plays alike, a quality which Marlowe never possessed—an imagination which insinuates itself into the manifold bearings of individual moments. The richly varied Richard II placed beside Marlowe's monotonous Edward II furnishes a point of departure for Shakespearean criticism which might well be used. Such a study, if sanely pursued, would serve to identify Shakespeare to such a degree, we believe, that even a Baconian here and there might give heed.

THE REIGN OF THE ELEMENTAL.

When Mr. Bryce, in his revision of the "American Commonwealth," comes to the chapter on "The Position of Women," he will find himself compelled to ponder the change that the years have wrought in the "fondness for sentiment, especially moral and domestic sentiment, which is often observed as characterizing American taste in literature." These words may have been true once, and may yet be true again, but can any constant reader of our contemporary literature uphold them as descriptive of its present phase? Is it sentiment that is displayed in the most conspicuous places on the book-stalls? Is it the gentle ripple of domestic felicity that is emblazoned in red ink on the covers of our most successful magazines? There may have been a time when we were threatened with the feminization of our culture, but that time, happily for any man who has red blood in his veins, is past. We are done with delicate touching of the outer layers of life. What we are all for now is the vital, the genuine, the wholesome, the unafraid. We want—and get—stories and articles about big-hearted men, men who have a tang, men who are always standing with one fist in the air in their hatred of sham, their devotion to justice, their scorn of a lie. We have gloriously emerged from the twilight zone of polite phrases and courteous dealing, and stand with a new bravery, trustful of no one, suspicious of everything that isn't as open as we insist every sewer ought to be, and ready to meet, "manfashion," everybody and everything.

It was time, indeed, that the change came. We were rapidly treading the way of all nations that had lost their virility. We had lost the splendid daring of our ozone-breathing forefathers.

We had lost the taste for the pathological, if we had ever advanced far enough to acquire it. It was the uncrowned poet-laureate of England that first roused us to what we were missing in the real world of masculine men and masculine deeds. From him we caught a liking for the untamed, the crude, the savage. He taught us where alone we might find the unspoiled, the undegenerate. This prepared us for a clearer call of the wild, a return to the time when man was only a little lower than the animals. To-day, it would be a brute indeed that could outdo us in robustness of temper, in freedom from squeamishness, in absorption in the elemental. The primary virtues of truth and frankness are preached in every advertisement. The brotherhood of man is assiduously fostered by magazine-editors. The federation of the world for the conservation of the primitive graces is near.

But while Kipling and Jack London must be credited with a large share in the movement of humanity towards freshness and pungency, mere letters could not have brought the revolution full. It required a more direct method, a still less restrained style, a yet further remove from the softness and convention and hesitation that had followed in the wake of good-breeding, falsely so-called, to lift us to the plane where our hatreds should outweigh our loves, our denunciations exceed our approvals, our enthusiasms overpeer our appreciations, and our outspokenness blunt our discrimination. It was Thomas F. Lawson who, in the words of an admirer, was "cheerfully willing to let literature 'go hang' for braver things," and marked out the path to the purely elemental. He was the first of the present generation to do anything "man-fashion." Before his lurid advent, people in their benightedness did what they had to do in mere gentleman-fashion or woman-fashion or child-fashion—absurd cowardly temporizings, all of them. But red-blooded human beings and all animals conduct their relations "man-fashion," and we are on the right track at last.

We have mastered a new vocabulary, in which plain-speaking and hard-hitting, without cant and without adulteration, "strike vibrantly and aggressively the note of the new Americanism," which is intensely human and intensely graphic. No person has anything to conceal from any other person. Nobody any longer lowers his voice, because tumult and shouting are provocative of larger apparent results, and, besides, low voices have "gone out." We have lifted the lid and smashed the glass that were keeping us from complete self-revelation to every passer-by.

We would not underrate the positive good in this stripping off of the clothes of civilization, but we do protest that civilization is more than a glove to be removed and turned wrong-side out at will. There is a time for gloves and a time to go without gloves, but with clothes it is vastly different. Outside of the halls of art and the hospitals, clothes have too long been considered a decent and necessary part, not simply of the body but of the whole man, to be left off now. It is a return to the elemental with a vengeance when personality can throw off the delicate draperies that its own sensitiveness has woven for it, and, with a bravery utterly beyond the reach of the physical person, count it a compliment to have it said of it that it is naked and that it is not ashamed.

WINSLOW HOMER.

The late Winslow Homer, one of the strongest marine painters of all time, was already a popular figure fifty years ago. As an illustrator of the civil war he was counted with the best, and he followed up that success with a series of admirable genre studies of negro life. A self-trained man, he was emphatically one of ourselves; his pictures needed no recondite eulogy or interpretation. He saw American themes with American eyes. That he was not contented with this easy and honorable path may be judged by the fact that in his forties he abandoned illustration, settled on a remote crag in Maine, and gave himself to the study of the life of fishermen and the moods of the northern sea.

After more than fifteen years of his seclusion, men began to suspect that a great painter had arisen. The hand of this veteran constantly gained power, his invention instinctively attained classic form. The last twenty years of his life were distinguished by a series of paintings in which was grasped, as never before in the history of art, the sheer energy of the ocean, its thunderous unforgetting onslaught against the raw edges of a continent. He treated with force and sympathy many aspects of fisher life. The weather-beaten head of a sailor shouting through night and storm, "All's well!" is representative of this side of his genius. But he is most himself in those pictures which, without conventional human interest, catch the ravening waves gnawing at the rocks, dragging the seaweed into the crevices, or exploding in clamorous geysers. It was the awful energy of such a scene that attracted him. For him the spindrift was not merely a filmy and decorative incident, but an acrid volley that cut the exposed face. Waves were not for him mere undulating forms, but active and potentially destructive masses of water, with formidable impetus and weight; and although his sense of bulk and texture was fine and accurate, he chose to emphasize in his latest work less the specific forms of rock and wave than the shock of their collision. It is this dynamic sense that gives him a peculiar eminence among the artists of his time, and this dæmonic quality in the work must condone some lack of the finest color sense and occasional crudity of execution. His subjects did not comport with that small preciousness of workmanship which was so highly prized by his contemporaries, and he willingly sacrificed epidermal charm to dynamic effect.

Yet charm and dexterity he possessed in a high degree. Only it is little in sight in his later and standard work. For many years, he made water-color studies of all conceivable subjects. There is an extraordinary series of fish leaping under the sting of the hook, there are sketches that contain the cerulean sea and sky of Bermuda and Nassau, and entrap the very sunlight of those blessed isles. Here, unlike his oil paintings, which are a bit labored, all is spontaneity and gusto. These minor sketches are miracles of execution. In them are balanced combinations of apparently incompatible colors. Work, in the sense of repeated effort, is absent; the effect depends upon some incredible simplification, both of the vision and of the creative act. Here such lightning executants as Besnard and Brangwyn are challenged in their old field. In fact, for real analogues to this joyous side of Winslow Homer's activity one must go to the wonder-working painters of Japan.

It is strange and perhaps regrettable that he never fully established a good understanding between the sketcher and the deliberate picture-maker. His larger paintings had much to gain from the slightest studies. It is possible that he suffered the inevitable penalty of devout nature worship in a certain specialization and narrowing of his gift. His theme was the eternal conflict of sea and land. May he not have feared to depict the tragedy in other than sombre colors? In any case, the suavity that accompanies the apparent brusqueness of his watercolor sketches is generally lacking in his larger marines, and his work presents a dual aspect. In an admirable simplicity, energy, and fidelity to dynamic truth, we find the unifying principle of a stalwart and purposeful manhood and an enduring lifework.

It was a resolute sense of ends that gave Winslow Homer his immense superiority over most of his contemporaries in painting. The hesitant, day-dreaming, essentially dilettante mood of many modern artists was alien to his spirit. Nobody tried harder than he, but nobody would have been more scornful of conventionally romantic notions about the unattainable and the tragedy of the artistic temperament. To the end, which came in his retreat by his dearly loved ocean, he was progressing. One life was too short for the complete unfolding of so great a gift.

For twenty years past, honors have been showered upon Winslow Homer. The other day a sympathetic British critic, estimating the American exhibition at Berlin, rightly found in Winslow Homer's paintings the authentic and valuable American note. Yet we doubt if he is esteemed according to his merits, and when his portfolios are searched there may be surprises analogous to the sensation created by Ruskin when he explored the waste papers of the recluse Turner.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

(The Philosophy of Change.)

I.

To write a history of English literature from 1837 to 1901, in all its manifold ramifications from political economy to fiction, is a task to make any but the stoutest heart quail, and, whatever else may be said of Professor Walker's volume, it bears evidence of industrious reading and patient understanding.* Like most works of its kind, it suffers somewhat from uncertainty of aim, being neither quite encyclopædic in completeness of detail nor sufficiently arbitrary in selection to deal effectively with ideas. But its arrangement by subjects and its inclusion of so much that is commonly rejected from literary history offer this great compensation that we are enabled to see the interworking of the various intellectual currents: Darwin and Tennyson, Malthus and Matthew Arnold, Spencer and Newman, thus appear as fellow-laborers, moulding and expressing that subtle, evasive thing we call the spirit of the age. Evasive in a way that spirit is, as the inner forces of life must always be, yet there is one date and one book so preëminent that no one can go astray in seeking the centre of Victorian thought. At the close of the reign—Professor Walker recalls the incident that every one will remember—a London daily paper asked its readers to send in lists of the ten books, English or foreign, which in their judgment were the greatest and most influential of the century past. The lists varied widely, save in one respect: in every list stood Darwin's publication of 1859, "The Origin of Species."

One is not inclined to take these plebiscites very seriously, yet this was really an extraordinary event. Probably not half the persons who named "The Origin of Species" had ever seriously read it, yet they all felt in some vague way that this book had struck the keynote of the century. In Darwin's hypothesis, though they may not have comprehended its full bearing, they thought the mind of man had found at last that for which it had long been seeking—the perfect scientific formula: it looked to them as if a new and everlasting basis for truth had been laid. Descartes had reduced the physical world to a mechanical system, and Newton had formulated its mathematical laws. But Descartes had, theoretically at least, separated the sphere of the human spirit from his system, and to bring the living world, exclusive of man, within its control he had denied to animals all reason and emotion and treated them as mere machines; while Newton in his laws merely ignored the whole organic creation. This extra-scientific field Darwin finally reclaimed, and, by the elimination of teleological and other foreign elements and by the authority of his vast patience, raised evolution to the side of gravitation. As an equivalent of the mechanical law of motion in the inanimate world he gave precise expression to the absolute law of change in the animate, thus uniting inorganic and organic (including all that is man) in one universal scheme of science. The new law left no place for a power existing outside of nature and controlling the world as a lower order of existence, nor did it recognize a higher and a lower principle working within nature itself, but in the mere blind force of variation, in the very unruliness to design or government, found the source of order and development. Chance itself was thus rendered calculable, and science reigned supreme through "all this changing world of changeless law." No wonder that men were a little dazed by the marvellous simplicity and finality of this formula, and were ready to exclaim, with a new meaning to the words:

> Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

II.

All this may seem rather remote from Victorian literature, but in fact it is, as the anecdote related by Professor Walker indicates, the very heart of the matter. Science has been, admittedly, the dominating intellectual force of the age, and the point of contact of science with literature is just this law of change. For it must not be forgotten that law, as it is understood in science, is a formulation of motion in the organic and of change in the inorganic realms as a power sufficient without any added principle of control to work out the ends of creation as we see them amplified in orderly recurrence and progress. Modern science and romanticism sprang up together, and have grown side by side. In one respect they have embraced diverse, even hostile, temperaments—on this side the man who deals with facts and tends to a hard materialism or a dry intellectualism, on the other the man of sentiment who dreams and loses himself in futile revery. Yet it is a notorious, if paradoxical, fact that the effect of science on art and literature has been to reinforce a romantic impressionism, and that the man of scientific training when he turns to the humanities is almost always an impressionist. The reason is plain: he simply carries into art the law of change with which he has dealt in his proper sphere, and acknowledges no principle of taste superior to the shifting pleasure of the individual. In this he is typical of the age, for if the particular causo-mechanical theory of evolution promulgated by Darwin has proved untenable, evolution itself has remained as almost the universal creed of those who believe that some such hypothesis will ultimately be found adequate to explain all the processes of life.

And it is easy to trace the working of the same belief in other regions of contemporary thought, most easy, no doubt, in philosophy, which is nothing more than the effort of the reason to interpret in its own terms the common

*"The Literature of the Victorian Era." By Hugh Walker, Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

impulse and ambition of a period. The metaphysicians of to-day are not in harmony among themselves, as they never have been. There is a respectable school of idealists who hold to a theory of absolute unity and stability in which all the diversity and motion of the world are in some transcendental way absorbed. But these are not the regnant and effective teachers; they are, so to speak, the beautiful relics of a past creed. Pragmatism is the slogan of the hour, and there is a kind of truth in the remark thrown out recently in an English review that William James was the most influential leader in the spiritual life of the present generation. Now Pragmatism is just the culmination of what may be called the central philosophizing of the past century. It has assumed many forms, and is sometimes denied by its votaries; but always it is a philosophy of the flux, and its general tendency is at once romantic and scientific, an adventurous revolt against the dogmatic intellectualism in which science has involved itself, and at the same time thoroughly evolutionary, even Darwinian, in theory. In the words of Professor Dewey*:

> When he [Darwin] said of species what Galileo had said of the earth, *e pur se muove*, he emancipated, once for all, genetic and experimental ideas as an organon of asking questions and looking for explanations.

As a result we have the metaphysical conception "of a wide open universe, a universe without bounds in time or space, without final limits of origin or destiny"—in short, to use the elegant pragmatic diction borrowed from the police courts, "a universe with the lid off." No, continues our philosophical guide,

> Nature is not an unchangeable order, unwinding itself majestically from the reel of law under the control of deified forces. It is *an indefinite congeries of changes*. Laws are not governmental regulations which limit change, but are convenient formulations of selected portions of change followed through a longer or shorter period of time, and then registered in statistical forms that are amenable to mathematical manipulation.

I am not here attempting to controvert Pragmatism, though it may be well to repeat what has been said elsewhere, that it is just as much a one-sided rationalization of the data of experience as the contrary theory of idealism which Professor Dewey brushes aside contemptuously as "intellectual atavism." To the self-sufficiency of the pragmatist and idealist alike, there is one reply: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

III.

Of the other manifestations of the law of change, I may speak even more briefly. In religion, it is exhibited in the extraordinary influence of Cardinal Newman upon Brunetière and other French modernists who see, or think they see, in his "theory of development of doctrine" a means of reconciling Christian dogma with the scientific spirit of the age. The Catholic theory of development as expounded by Newman meant the slow grasping by human intelligence of great ideas which were nevertheless "communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers"; it is a perception of change playing about a fixed basis of unchangeable truth, with a growing tendency to lay weight in this dualism upon the element of change. The so-called "new theology" of Protestantism is more thoroughgoing, and, virtually dispensing with the relation of mankind to an immutable deity, discovers all of religion that is necessary in the varying sympathy of man with his fellow man unregulated by any divine command or revelation.

Economics in its acceptance of the temper of the times has undergone a strange but perfectly logical reversal. Synchronously with the growth of the evolutionary theory arose the economic doctrine of *laissez-faire*, which held that a world of economic order would develop mechanically from the free play of individuals upon one another without the intervention of any governmental and, so to speak, external regulation of competition. It was the acknowledged source of the Darwinian notion of the survival of the fittest amidst the accidental and competitive variation of individuals. Such a theory was pragmatic with a vengeance, and brought its pragmatic penalty of social disease and rebellion. In its place has arisen the socialistic creed, which for the struggle of individuals sets up the warfare of classes. It is withal as convincedly evolutionary as was its predecessor—however much it may threaten revolution in practice—and as impatient of any law of control outside of material forces, only these forces have assumed a social instead of an individualistic form. Both self-developing individualism and self-developing socialism are the children of the law of change, and the admixture of humanitarian sympathy in both is really only another aspect of the same principle.

And the theory of education has naturally gone along with these economic and philosophic innovations. The elective system in its present form is plainly a late-born offspring of the individualistic doctrine of *laissez-faire*. The whole shift of emphasis from the classics and humanities to scientific or quasi-scientific studies is a revulsion from the old notion that the experience of life in its essential phases is permanent and has once for all been expressed, to the conception of man as completely immersed in the *indefinite congeries of changes* which we call nature. We sometimes blame the teachers of Latin and Greek for certain disquieting weaknesses that have shown themselves in the recent results of education; as a matter of fact their only fault has been the lack of sufficient insight and strength to stem the tide of custom; by endeavoring to bring classical instruction into conformity with the spirit of the age they have largely forfeited its distinct virtue and have so far rendered it superfluous. If Greek affords no discipline corrective of the influence of science and different from that of the languages in which modern tendencies are expressed, the study of it is merely an enormous waste of time.

IV.

And inevitably as science, becoming aware of the sway of change in nature, tried to formulate this power in terms of a causo-mechanical law, so poetry attempted to give it expression in human emotion. If any one thing is learned from such a survey of the poets of the past age and of to-day as we get in Professor Walker's volume, it is the constant immanence of this philosophy of change, manifesting itself in both the form and the substance of our verse. Walt Whitman is taken by many to be the most significant poet of America, not on account of his mere democracy, but because his democracy was part and parcel of his proclamation of the philosophy of change and motion. The universe to his eye was a strange motley procession of shifting forms, at which he gazed undismayed, calling upon no passing appearance to stay for an instant and deliver its meaning. To William Morris also the world was a swift-moving succession of forms, glinting now with iridescent colors and breathing entranced melodies, with always the haunting fear in the observer's mind that if for one moment they should pause in their headlong flight they would vanish irrevocably into the void: life is many-hued, intricate motion; rest is death. And the evocation of Swinburne was essentially the same unintermittent flux of phenomena, though with him it took the special form of dissolving the earth into endless impressions of blowing wind and billowing water, with no solid ground beneath the feet. In Browning the new philosophy took the disguise of a buoyant revelling in the mere conflict and tumult of life without any formal restraint upon its multiform activity. His joyous acceptance of the world and his exultant optimism that all things will of themselves work out right have passed with many for spiritual insight, whereas in reality his appeal to the present is due to his blind courage in waiving the check that comes with insight into the spirit of permanence.

There is, of course, another aspect of Victorian poetry which must not be ig-

*"The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy, and Other Essays in Contemporary Thought." By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

nored. As no age, even the most self-satisfied, is entirely itself, but carries with it the memory of all that has gone before, so these singers of the flux are troubled at times by echoes of a past experience. Now and again a line, a note, will slip in that recalls the old desire of changeless rest and of the consummation of peace. It might even be more exact to say that the poets of the century as a whole do not so much give utterance to the unhesitating acceptance of the official philosophy as they express its ever-growing predominance. And thus the most characteristic voices among the Victorians were just the two, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, who felt most poignantly and sang most clearly, though in diverse ways, the transition from the old to the new. In Tennyson the two fields lay curiously side by side, and it is the sign of a certain lack of hardness in his mental fibre that he never seemed to perceive their mutual antagonism. At one moment he is the conscious laureate of science and evolution and of a self-evolving change moving to some far-off divine event; at another he is the prophet of insight, singing the mystery of the timeless, changeless spirit. Matthew Arnold's intelligence was too well-knit to suffer any such disruption of its powers. With him the error was deeper, yet more logical. Emotionally he was about equally susceptible to the prevailing currents of his day and of the past, and their coming together produced a strange uneasiness of mind and heart, leaving him at home neither in this world nor the other. He looked abroad and saw nothing but change, and it seemed to him as if the permanent things that his soul craved were themselves in a state of transition. So it was he made his famous complaint, which is, in a way, the confession of his generation, at the Grande Chartreuse:

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.

But if this confusion in Matthew Arnold, or parallelism in Tennyson, of the past and the present is characteristic of Victorian poetry, the triumph in the end is coming overwhelmingly to the new philosophy. If any one writer represents the thought of those who are most deeply immersed in the spirit of the passing day, it is George Meredith, and there is no poet or prose-writer in English who more speaks and exalts the belief in humanity as completely involved in the process of natural growth. This, I suspect, rather than any perversity of wit, is the true reason that the few who have not yet bent the knee to the time-spirit, are at once attracted by his subtlety of superficial observation and repelled by the absence of those deep underlying emotions which they have learned to expect in great literature. He has written out his reading of life in "The Woods of Westermain," and the heart of his reading is at the end of his glorification of Change as the wondrous renovator and revealer:

Change, the strongest son of Life,
Has the Spirit here to wife.

Perhaps we do not often enough consider the profound innovation that such a sentiment indicates, nor look unflinchingly into the great gulf that is separating our little space of time from all that has preceded. Innumerable poets of the past have reflected on change and mutability and on its part and meaning in human destiny, and their testimony, until this moment of ours, has been almost universally that which Spenser sang so well in the unfinished book of "The Faerie Queene":

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How MUTABILITY in them doth play
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?

V.

No doubt there is much to admire in our modern poets, with the great name of Tennyson at their head, who have bowed down in the temple of the idol of Mutability. They have many traits of beauty and strength; they tease us with subtle appeals to the heart and brain; they write from a wide and complicated experience, and their concern over "the hopeless tangle of the age" gives them often an air of profundity; yet withal they leave us doubting whether there is in them the solid stuff to endure. Some deeper satisfaction or assurance is wanting to their work, and they themselves seem in a way transitional and transitory, as their themes and their very rhythms spring from the spirit of change. For it is certain that the quintessence of poetical emotion, the very kernel of the bitter-sweet passion of life and the world, arises from the simultaneous perception in man's destiny of the ever-fleeting and of that which is *contrary to mutabilitie*. The contrast has taken a thousand forms and concealed itself under many obscure disguises, but always, if you search deeply, you will discover its presence in the passages of verse, or even of prose, that stir in the reader's heart the lasting response of art. If illustrations are necessary, the most familiar are the best. Thus Andrew Marvell, in the poem inscribed "To His Coy Mistress," starts suddenly from the contemplation of her several charms to that never-forgotten outcry:

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

In those lines, more perhaps than anywhere else in English, the coming together of change and changelessness, the conflict between the passionate desire of ephemeral beauty and the motionless depths of man's eternal nature, rises to a sublimity that is closer to fear than to pleasure. Oftener it speaks the language of regret or wistful playfulness, as in Waller's inimitable descant on the old, old theme:

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me—

where the sting of the pathos is due to a kind of pretty condescension of the spirit to the transitory symbols of time. When I consider all the richness of emotional content that must go out of poetry with the loss in our consciousness of anything "stayed upon the pillars of eternity," I am filled with concern for the future of letters. Already the impoverishment of Victorian literature in this respect is notable, and even where the contrast between the two spheres of our nature is implied it comes generally with a significant assimilation of the higher to the lower.

The Victorian age, even more than others, was a time of transition. It has passed, and one thing at least is sure: we shall have no great literature again until we have looked once more within our own breasts and learned that there is something in human nature besides an *indefinite congeries of changes*. As it is now the very mould and *genre* of the higher emotion have been lost. It is almost inconceivable, for example, that a true tragedy should be composed to-day; for the tragic character, whether it be Antigone breaking herself magnanimously in the name of the unwritten eternal laws against the edicts of Creon, or Œdipus bruised and blinded by his ignorance of the divine purpose but caught up after years of submission into mystic fellowship with the gods, or Hamlet musing undecided while he listens to the fateful voices—everywhere the tragic mood depends on the unresolved conflict in human motives between the universal and the particular, the changeless law and the temporal passion. It even seems that, with the disappearance of the greater form, there is passing away the ambition to write greatly. And naturally. For if the permanence of a work of art is due to its fit expression of the permanent in human desire and experience, what room is there for the long hope, or what impulse to sacrifice present popularity for enduring fame, when the very notion has become discredited of any principle contrary to ceaseless change?

VI.

I have been concerned here primarily with literature, but obviously the perils of literature are bound up with those that beset the practical world. There is need of firm hearts and clear brains to

bring us out of this slough of indifference, but unfortunately the strong men are too often paralyzed by a curious superstition of words. The saying has gone abroad that strength means joy in change and that he who would question change is reactionary and effeminate; and so in the name of progress and virility we drift supinely with the current. If by reactionary is understood only the man who shudders at all innovation and who cries out for some impossible restoration of the past, the charge is well made. Such a man in the social realm corresponds to the metaphysician who would deny the existence of change and the many for an exclusive and sterile idealism of the one. But reaction may be, and in the true sense is, something utterly different from this futile dreaming; it is essentially to answer action with action, to oppose to the welter of circumstance the force of discrimination and selection, to direct the aimless tide of change by reference to the co-existing law of the immutable fact, to carry the experience of the past into the diverse impulses of the present and so to move forward in an orderly progression. If any young man, feeling now within himself the power of accomplishment, hesitates to be called a reactionary, in this better use of the term, because of the charge of effeminacy, let him take courage. The world is not contradicted with impunity, and he who sets himself against the world's belief will have need of all a man's endurance and all a man's strength. The adventurous soul who today against the reigning scientific and pragmatic dogma would maintain no vague and equally one-sided idealism, but the true duality of the one and the many, the absolute and the relative, the permanent and the mutable, will find himself subjected to an intellectual isolation and contempt as effective as the inquisition in producing a silent conformity. Submission to the philosophy of change is the real effeminacy; it is the virile part to react. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

WILLIAM JAMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All the students of Prof. William James, whether they knew him in the lecture-rooms at Harvard or in his books, and especially those to whom his gracious personality was the light of all his teaching, will be grateful, I think, to have called to their attention an article in the July number of the *Hibbert Journal* entitled "A Pluralistic Mystic." This essay is characteristic of Professor James, for, as his custom was, he speaks of the concrete, the human reality, the mysterious and unfinished world. And with habitual courtesy and generous eloquence, he writes not for himself, but for another. But I wish to call attention in particular to the closing sentences of this essay, which, as they are in one of his last publications, will have, for all who knew him, a striking solemnity:

Let my last word, then, speaking in the name of intellectual philosophy, be his word: "There is no conclusion. What has concluded that we might conclude in regard to it? There are no fortunes to be told and no advice to be given. Farewell!"

Those of us who are still leaning on the recollection of his generous and gallant life will hear in his "last word" what always thrilled us in his teaching: the call of undiscovered countries, the lure of enchanted cities, the shout of the mariner, and the cry of battle. I think in this message, as in all his life, we hear above the battle of the schools that cry of "On! On! On!"

And while we shall remember his great name and high example in many and affectionate relations, just now, I think, we shall bear him in our memory as one who was always pressing *on*, who never ventured to write conclusions and finalities, who never presumed to lock those open doors which no man may shut. There is "no conclusion" to such a life, or the nature of truth. Not unto us—*non nobis*—shall be given the divine right to say, it is finished.

Warren S. Archibald.

Pittsfield, Mass., September 28.

THE MEANING OF STYLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In tracing the sources of my discontent with usages and discussions of the word "style," some long familiar and some recent in your columns, I seem to be confronted, finally, not by a theory, but by a condition, namely, the condition of the word "style" as actually meaning more than one thing.

If it might be said that the "style" of Ruskin or Tolstoy or Arnold is good and his "manner" bad; that both the "style" and the "manner" of Newman are almost beyond criticism, and that the "manner" of Sainte-Beuve is perhaps even better than his "style"; and if I might say in illustration that while in the tendencies of my own thinking and beliefs, there is perhaps more agreement with Count Tolstoy than with Cardinal Newman, yet Newman's "manner" is so good that I sympathize while I disagree; whereas, if I disagree with Tolstoy, I am generally in a temper with him on account of his "manner" toward any one who feels competent to disagree—all this would very well define the word "manner." And this definition of "manner" would point also to the different definition of "manners" under which one may accurately say that the controversial "manners" of Milton and his contemporaries were bad—since brutal personalities are, of course, bad manners—whereas one would not go so far in expressing regret for the patronage and pedagogy of Ruskin and the superciliousness of Arnold as to say that it amounted to bad "manners."

But a definition of "style," as well as of "manner," is made by these illustrative contrasts, and this definition is open to the objection that it chooses questionably between the two meanings that especially afflict us with confusion in the usage of that word "style." "Style" in this choice meaning is that "rare gift of words, that union of simplicity and freshness, which lends a charm to writing quite independent of the ideas or images conveyed—there must be no false emphasis, no straining for effect beyond the needs of the time and place, no appearance of uneasiness, but quiet assurance and self-subordination. The law of style may be defined as the rule of Apollo: nothing too much; it is the art, first of all, of dealing frankly with the commonplace and the trivial without being common or mean." But it is easily recognized that the sense of the word "style" so analyzed is not the sense in which it is said that "the style is the man"—that is to say, a personality passed through the channel of written language, which is to the reader in some degree what the physical presence of the writer may be to those who know him. These two definitions are so far apart that, under the first, writers like Dickens or Carlyle would be said to have little or no style, and under the second, to have so much that hardly a sentence can be read without recognition; under the one definition it would be said that the great French writers have, on the whole, more style than the English, under the other, that the great English writers have, on the whole, more style than the French, a difference between French and English writers pointed out with some pains by Ferdinand Brunetière.

These two definitions, indeed, look back to, and are, perhaps, even founded upon, two literary ideals now rather vaguely defined as the classic ideal of self-control and the romantic ideal of self-expression, or the social desire for deference and restraint, and the personal desire for assertion and expansion. And this distinction in the usage of "style" is closely paralleled by the twofold use of the word "distinction" itself. For, to say that a man has "distinction" of style, or of personal bearing, would mean, in deference to etymology, that his personal bearing or literary style is marked, separate, and unmistakable; but in usage it means, also, if not rather, that his bearing or style has dignity and grace.

It is evident that to have two ideas to one word is poverty and misfortune, not so much because it renders the discussion of style difficult as that—words being the means as well as the conveyers of thought—it renders the antecedent thinking confused. Traces of this confusion are even in that fine analysis of the style of dignity and grace, which I have quoted. The "law" of even that sense of the word cannot be defined as the rule of Apollo: Nothing too much. The law must somewhere say, "There must be enough" with surely as much emphasis, and Apollo himself must hate poverty as much as he does superfluity and must love the noble generosities of language as well as its fine refusals.

At any rate, there can hardly be question that the poverty of a critical vocabulary is a darkening of counsel. No language is too rich in synonyms, in different words for associated things; and therefore another word is needed for one of the two meanings of style, and we do not know what the word should be. If we assign the word "style" exclusively to that rightness of form and freshness of phrase, and set apart by itself the meaning in which we say that anything characteristic is an element in style, and if we then assign to this latter meaning the word "character," we fall into a new family of confusions; for the word "character" is already burdened with more miscellaneous meanings than even the word "style."

Using the word "style," however, from this

point on, in the sense of character in letters, it is evident then, that not all style is beautiful or interesting any more than all human character is beautiful or interesting. But whatever the man behind it may be, if it expresses him, it expresses him as nothing else does. In all good writing that has style, that is, character, this style has been formed of constant, however unconscious, choices, innumerable sensitive gropings, instincts, suspicions, welcomes, hopes, and avoidances. It is something "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." It is the color and shape things take in the crucible and mould of the self. If we try to restate some great man's message whose works have been active for generations, to lay bare the core of his wisdom and sift out "what it was he really had to say, stripped of the glamour of his style," we shall be apt to find it either false or commonplace, or both. Whatever was impersonally true in his message has long been impersonally absorbed in the common inheritance, and whatever was impersonally false is dead. But if we turn to his written words, we shall find his message neither false nor commonplace, but still fresh and true, for he himself was that message and we had left him out. "Stripping off the glamour of his style" was taking away most of his characteristics. The question, "What in point of fact, did the man mean by it all?" is answered. "Whatever he may have thought he meant, in point of fact he meant himself, and so far as he truly expressed himself his message was true." The world does not alter so much from age to age its large features of "hunger and labor, seedtime and harvest, love and death." The variation, which saves from repetitious monotony the succeeding reports upon it, is the variation in the witnesses.

It is true that written books live on for various reasons, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, which is by nature one of the dullest and most impersonal things existing, will outlive many glittering competitors for the History of England; but the common antiseptic to the disease of time is style, because it is that which most directly conveys a person. Because it is through persons, through the separate man, rather than through organized systems or series of events, that divinity is manifested, if at all, in human affairs. The separate man is its channel of communication, its electric connection. Through him it always comes, the unstained wonder, the immortal novelty. Not in the thunder or the stars, or in the long fugue of history, but in the lonely soul that reaches upward in the dark is divinity most here and now, or whatsoever it is named which is always a problem and never an answer, and which is forever so mercifully wiser than those who seek it that it will not let them find it.

ARTHUR COLTON.

New York, September 26.

CLEVELAND'S APPOINTMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 22 you say, in discussing President Taft's promise to give patronage to insurgent Congressmen:

> The offices in question are those not covered by the rules, not in the classified service. These have been filled by all recent Presidents—by Cleveland as by Roosevelt—on the recommendation of Congressmen.

Is not this statement, so far as it applies to Cleveland, too sweeping? I am personally cognizant of a case in which his practice was the reverse of that ascribed to him. In this instance the candidate earnestly recommended by the local Congressman (the latter, by the way, was an able and influential man) was set aside because of a protest made on moral grounds by a fellow townsman, with whom Mr. Cleveland had no personal acquaintance, and who had no other means of influencing him than testimony deemed by him credible. Is it not probable that in other cases Mr. Cleveland spurned the evil unwritten law of Congressional patronage?

The question may be added: What action in a case like the above would Mr. Taft's letter lead one to expect from him?

EDWARD Y. HINCKS.

Andover, Mass., September 23.

"GOOD AND READY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter regarding "good and" and "make good" (*Nation*, September 8), which has just come to my notice, Prof. J. M. Hart asks whether "any one has discussed the phrase "good and ready" as a mere intensive="very, thoroughly." To mention only one or two works familiar to the student of English, this and allied forms of expression are adequately treated in Storm's "Englische Philologie" I (Leipzig, 1896), pp. 690-692, and in Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and Their Ways in English Speech" (New York, 1901, p. 315). While it is true that "good and" does not occur in the works of English authors, as far as one may judge from the Oxford Dictionary, other expressions of identical structure, such as "fine and strong," "nice and cool," which we are wont to use in this country, are not infrequently met with in England. Some of these are quoted from English novelists by Storm, who very properly classes them as instances of the substitution of parataxis for hypotaxis, such as we also have in phrases like "try and do," etc. In registering this construction s. v. *and* B, I, 4, (p. 316 c), the Oxford Dictionary cites a passage from Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," ii, 2, 8: "Her vestal livery is but sicke and green," interpreting it as a case in point (="pale green"). For evidence of the usage under discussion in other languages it is only necessary to cite such an expression as the Italian *bell' e detto*, or the Anglo-Saxon *come and geseoh* (St. John, I, 46), translating the *veni et vide, erxou kai ide* of the Latin and Greek.

H. R. LANG.

Boston, September 20.

NIETZSCHE'S MADNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there enough critical interest in Nietzsche in this country to warrant a correction of a misstatement in regard to him by that undeniably clever writer, Vernon Lee?

In her "Gospels of Anarchy," she has a chapter on Nietzsche, and toward the close of it she says:

> Haunted, hag ridden, by the sense of his own sore and struggling ego, Nietzsche, true to the autobiographical instincts which he discovered in all philosophic systematizing, made life synonymous with that ego's realization and assertion. "Give," he wrote in one of his latest and finest works, "Give me, ye gods, give me madness! madness to make me believe at last in myself."

Now these words occur in what might be called an historical or psychological paragraph on "the meaning of madness in the history of morality." In it Nietzsche cites Plato and his high estimate of madness (see the "Phædrus," 244), one species of it, the prophetic, being called the special gift of heaven, and the source of the chiefest blessings among men. The general problem with which Nietzsche was concerned was how, under primitive conditions of thought, one with ideas at variance with the *mores* of his community was to be assured that he was right, though all that passed as morality (*i. e.*, conformity with *mores*) was against him. In just such a situation as this the significance of madness appears. For this, which consisted in a losing of one's proper senses, was, according to early ideas, not a degrading, but an elevated phenomenon, a kind of sign of divine possession and approval. Hence it was something that an innovator in lonely, despairing moments might covet. And Nietzsche, with that wonderful power of sympathetic portrayal of the past which he possessed, pictures such an one putting forth the ejaculation or prayer which Vernon Lee quotes. But she, apparently hitting simply on the words, and disregarding their connection, makes the ejaculation Nietzsche's own! A lesser inaccuracy is in attributing the passage to Nietzsche's "latest" works, when it actually belongs to his middle period—the period in which he was skeptical, positivistic, and, according to ordinary ways of speaking, coolest. It occurs in "Morgenröthe" ("The Dawn of Day"), section fourteen. Mr. James Huneker, in quoting the passage in his "Egoists" (p. 268), is less confused as to its date, but still speaks of it as "his [*i. e.*, Nietzsche's] prayer."

The serious study of Nietzsche is apparently yet to begin in England and this country. Impressionist writers like Vernon Lee and Mr. Huneker one had better beware of.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Silver Lake, N. H., September 5.

Literature.

NEW YORK LOYALISTS.

Minutes of the Commissioners for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies in the State of New York. Albany County Sessions, 1778-1781. Edited by Victor Hugo Paltsits, State Historian. Vol. I: 1778-1779, Vol. II: 1780-1781. Vol. III: Analytical Index. Published by the State of New York, Albany.

An adequate history of the Loyalists during the American Revolution has yet to be written. The studies of Messrs. Flick, Fisher, and Gilbert have advanced the subject in certain directions, and Mr. Van Tyne has pointed out in his excellent work the direction that further investigation should take. But for an account of the Loyalist movement in detail, we have not progressed much beyond Dr. Ellis's essay in the "Narrative and Critical History," published

twenty years ago. Yet even that scholarly paper says very little of the southern Loyalists and is based on an incomplete survey of the material. The transcripts of Loyalist papers in the New York Public Library, valuable though they are and forming in a way a first fighting line of evidence, are but a part of the available material; and there are other records, once extant, but now lost, that continued search will probably bring to light. To handle all the sources and to cover every part of the field will be a hard and prolonged task, but a worthy one, for it will demand peculiar qualities of mind and body: the spirit of mental detachment, coupled with hard physical labor. Generalizations as to the social status of the Loyalists will not be safe until hundreds of personal careers are examined and much genealogical work done, after the fashion of Sabine's well known collection of Loyalist biographies. Questions of culpability, injustice, and ill-treatment can be answered only when the laws in all the states relating to Loyalists and their property are analyzed and their operation noted; when the activities of State and county inquisitorial boards, of whatever kind and wherever found, existing for the purpose of detecting and punishing disaffection, are critically studied, and an estimate formed of their character and efficiency; when the later careers of refugee Loyalists in England, Canada, and the West Indies are to a certain extent followed up; and when the work of the Claims Committee in London has been more thoroughly investigated. Even then there will be left the difficult ethical, psychological, and economic aspects of the case, all of which must remain more or less speculative even among the most impartial observers. The subject is far from simple, and it has been shamefully neglected by nearly all our students of Revolutionary history. Except for Dr. Ellis, Mr. Van Tyne is the only one who has honestly grappled with it.

The two volumes which Mr. Paltsits, the new State historian of New York, has edited as the first fruits of his office, are a valuable contribution to the Loyalist question. They contain the journal of the Albany County commissioners, 1778-1781, appointed for detecting and defeating conspiracies in the State of New York, one of the few remaining records of its kind, since none of the other minutes of the seven New York county boards are known to exist, and even these minutes are incomplete, covering only about three-fifths of the five years of the board's life. The valuable collateral papers, frequently referred to in these minutes and consisting of the accumulated files of correspondence and the like, are unhappily missing also. The board was appointed to guard "against the wicked machinations and designs of the foreign and domestic foes,' and under its instructions, it concerned itself with a wide range of activities—counterfeiting, murders, robbery and plunder, passes, prisoners, deserters, etc., but its main business was watching Loyalists. In the widest sense the term "Loyalist" included not only those who had property claims to present to the Claims Committee after 1783, but also those who suffered no loss, except, perhaps, of liberty and bodily comfort. The board looked after every disaffected person—those who drank the King's health and "damned every one who opposed the King's laws," harbored or concealed emissaries from the enemy, furnished the enemy with provisions, sought to enlist men in the enemy's service, met in suspicious gatherings, as at Livingston's Manor or "back of Cooksakie, under a pretence of religious worship," or in general did anything that placed them in the class of suspects. Even the "Shaking Quakers" came under suspicion, "as having a tendency to alienate the minds of the people from their allegiance to the State by inculcating an opinion of the unlawfulness of taking up arms in defence of the American cause." The duties of the board were very undesirable, and when, in 1782, it was proposed to abolisn it, those who were members at that time declared that they did not "wish to insinuate a desire of continuing in the exercise of the office, it being a very disagreeable task and subject to aspersions." Yet the record of their attendance shows that in forty months, they met above 650 times.

From the rather meagre entries of the journal it is difficult to form a satisfactory estimate of the attitude and efficiency of the board. Everything goes to show, however, that the commissioners sought to act honorably both in law and equity. They were governed chiefly by two laws, that of February 5, 1778, which contained the instructions, and that of June 30, 1778, which concerned "neutral and equivocal characters." A later law of July 1, 1780, required them to provide for the removal of the families of persons who had joined the enemy. Under the second law, the justice of which has frequently been called in question, they "banished," that is, sent within the enemy's lines, certain persons of prominence in the State, who, though willing to take oath not to aid the enemy in any way, would not take the oath of allegiance required, and were compelled to leave at shortest notice, with those of their families incapable of bearing arms and, if they wished themselves to bear the cost of transportation, with all their clothing and household furniture. No one will deny that this law imposed excessive hardships upon those against whom it was directed, and the well-known "Life" of Peter Van Schaack, the most conspicuous member of this group, bears witness to the sufferings endured. Whether or not the law was necessary, we may not decide; the board certainly deemed it so and interpreted it with the utmost strictness, holding many of these Loyalists as prisoners of war subject to exchange. But the number of "banished" Loyalists was comparatively small, and we hear little of the law after 1778.

The main business of the board was not with these "neutral and equivocal characters," but with persons actively disaffected and consequently dangerous to the State and to the American cause. Hundreds of such persons are mentioned by name and occupation in these records. The most incorrigible of them the board confined in jail, where they were kept at the expense of the State for varying terms; but many more were simply placed under bond, either furnished by themselves or by some good surety, preferably a freeholder. Such persons pledged themselves to be on their good behavior, to remain within certain defined limits, sometimes on a farm, sometimes in a town, or sometimes within a larger area, to serve if called upon in the militia, and to appear before the board once a month or whenever required. The amount of bail ranged from £100 to £5,000, the sum depending, not on social rank, as a "gentleman" is bailed for £100 and a "taylor" for £2,000, but on the nature of the charge. During 1780 and 1781, nearly all who came before the board were allowed to go on recognizance or on bail.

There is ample evidence to show that the board could temper justice with leniency. It inquired carefully into the merits of every case and dismissed, with a reprimand to the accuser, many a person unjustly charged. In some cases where the evidence seemed doubtful, it called for additional witnesses, giving the suspect a full opportunity of clearing himself if he could. When requested, it took measures to protect individuals and families in danger of maltreatment from their neighbors, and allowed many wives of husbands gone off to the enemy to remain in their habitations unmolested, on assurance from well-affected persons that to do so would not prove dangerous or detrimental to the American cause. During the years 1780 and 1781, many in jail were released on petitions, for one reason or another, and allowed to go at large under bond, and in cases of sickness or of family need temporary release was frequently granted. The impression gained from reading these minutes is that the board enforced the law as the times demanded, but mitigated its penalties whenever justice or humanity required.

Mr. Paltsits, as editor, has done his work in a manner that is almost faultless: the text is reproduced with great care and accuracy, as is evident from the very short list of errata given in

the third volume, the introduction and accessory matter are all of value to the student, and the third volume contains an admirably constructed analytical index. The only addition of importance that might be suggested is a series of tabulations furnishing statistical data regarding the persons brought before the board—their names, residences, vocation, ground for suspicion, penalties, amount of bail, and the like. Such information, conveniently arranged, would save the investigator much time and labor.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Glory and the Abyss. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "The Screen" this writer gave us not long ago a study of churchliness versus simple humanity which differed from current studies of the sort in being written from within the ecclesiastical enclosures. It was impossible to doubt that the deponent had intimate knowledge of the habit of life and thought prevalent within the Church of England fold. In "The Glory and the Abyss," also, the ecclesiastical, or at least parochial, atmosphere is felt. A rural vicar, his daughter, and his curate son-in-law, form a species of unsympathetic chorus to the tragic action. The daughter is really mistress of the parish, a sort of Mrs. Proudie in a nutshell—on the whole an oppressively inhuman figure. Set off against her and her interpretation of life is the vicar's brother, a writer whose theoretical pessimism and even cynicism merely masks the nature of an idealist. He only of the socially superior group discerns the marvel of Peter Bonoor's nature.

"The Soul of Peter Bonoor" might have been a fitter title for the story. He is the slow-moving, slow-thinking, illiterate son of a degenerating peasant stock. The father is a good-for-nothing drunkard. The mother has given birth to fourteen children, buried eight of them, and lives in a condition of feeble sentimentalism which is almost apathy; has her flabby being, as it were, on the border of two worlds. Four of the surviving children have gone to the bad or are on their way to it, when the story opens. Peter is the strong rock upon whom, as if in spite of itself, some sort of family life continues to be founded. One of the brothers is hopelessly depraved, but Peter saves the other for a decent manhood. A neighboring squire seduces the two pretty sisters in turn. Peter has nothing but love and pity for them, and by his influence they are saved from utter wreck. The event for Peter himself is prophesied by the literary ironist, Gilbert Biddulph, to the utter incomprehension of his churchly auditors:

"He is not a great man; but he is a great soul."

"What is the difference?" Mr. Haviland asked.

"I'll give you the world's answer. It has always martyred its great souls; and it has always grovelled at the feet of its great men. By all the spiritual laws known to me, Peter Bonoor ought to be sacrificed for his people. He is offering himself for them, and the great, still eyes of the gods are watching for the moment."

The total effect of the story is not morbid, or even sombre: Peter's soul is too great for that.

The Scales of Justice. By George L. Knapp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The usual conflict between the amateur detective and the professional takes the form in this case of a tirade against the use of the "third degree" in extorting confessions of guilt from innocent victims. The amateur is a supernaturally wise and strong young reporter—star reporter of a yellow newspaper; the professionals are the chief of police and the head of the detective department in New York. A great and merciless financier is murdered, and the professionals, forced to find some one guilty, batter a poor wretch of the streets into signing a confession. It is a lurid and monstrous presentation of a method of detective work bad enough in itself. The interest of the book is sustained by a rather amusing company of inquisitive boarders at the house where the reporter lives. The end is a well-managed surprise. As for the style, at least it moves.

The Peacock of Jewels. By Fergus Hume. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

A mysterious treasure whose secret is to be revealed by reading the hieroglyphs of a jewelled peacock, a Hindu prince in search of the secret, an old English abbey inhabited by a miser and his ward, a young London lawyer who is in love with the ward, and incidentally has some of the traits of Sherlock Holmes (as all lawyers and reporters have, in these days), and a lonely man living in the London slums—the ingredients are obviously orthodox, but Mr. Hume has made of them a detective story decidedly better than the average, and quite as original. The wicked woman of the story is a character well and effectively drawn.

Franklin Winslow Kane. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

This book might be called the romance of a masculine Maggie Wylie—a man who has "nae charrm." It is candidly and simply a study of sentiment and exhibits a trio of complex, ultra-modern, and more or less morbid temperaments in their relations with a nature of transparent honesty and goodness. Althea Jakes, a young American of moderate wealth and spineless emotions, settles in an English country-house for the summer, and gathers to her there Gerald Digby, a fascinating but superficial young detrimental, and Helen Buchanan, a girl who, despite her singular charm, has loved Gerald hopelessly since their childhood. Gerald, blind to this attachment, proposes marriage to Althea on a basis of sound esteem and mutual helpfulness, which she accepts, only to find herself a prey to an exacting love which beats in vain at the indifference of her betrothed, while the helpfulness proves to be extended mainly by her to him. In the meantime, Franklin Kane, an American of scientific tastes, who has adored Althea as long and as vainly as Helen has Gerald, discovers unexpected balm in Gilead, namely, Helen. His friendship for her ripens to a love deeper than his long constancy to Althea, and although her affection for him is more theoretical than actual, she consents to marry him. Thereafter the three hungerers for impossibilities rend his poor soul among them, and though he is left at the end victor over himself and over circumstance, it is with a mortal hurt upon him.

Although such stress is laid upon Franklin's unattractive appearance, it is difficult to visualize his insignificance, and consequently to understand why he should seem so undesirable even to those who most clearly recognize his worth. The four are an exasperating collection, for even Franklin's nobility borders enough on that of Don Quixote to be trying at times, and the only personage of the story who does not irritate the reader is the excellent Aunt Grizel, who towers nobly above the nerve-storms that rage about her, stoutly panoplied in the saving common-sense, which seems, alas! so patheticaly uncommon.

Royal Lovers: The Adventures of Two Empresses. By Helene Vacaresco. New York: John Lane Co.

This book, printed in England, is sure of a considerable market in the land of the free. Nowhere are empresses more popular than on this side of the water: nowhere is the glamour of royalty more palpitatingly felt. What chiefly impresses us, no doubt, what, however fancifully, we most delight in, is not the white light that beats upon a throne, but the august shadows that surround it. This volume, bound in purple, gives forth the aroma of court life as the romantic reader would have it—as it is recorded in the letters and memoirs which are from time to time brought forth by the literary grubber, not to say the literary scavenger. Granted, the premises that the royal persons here presented are worthy of special attention because of the divinity

that hedges them, and all goes swimmingly. Otherwise, their experiences and utterances, as a whole, are of hardly more than ordinary interest. But the royalty is there, and the adventures of royalty are safe from reduction to terms of middle-class life. The rebellion of the Empress Georgina against the laws of her caste exhausts itself in epistolary protest: "I listen without benefit," she cries, "to the dictates of our rank; I shall never be reasoned out of my contempt. . . . What are stage tricks to our tricks, *s'il vous plait?* Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse assume a part for two or three hours, whereas we have to be unreal and deceptive from morning to evening." Georgina is daughter of a line in which madness has more than once appeared: her cousin, King Frederic, solitary and music-mad, is drawn from an easily recognizable model. Georgina and her royal husband adore each other, yet live together coldly, parted all their lives by a flimsy but insurmountable barrier. The second imperial pair, far more ill-matched, arrive at a sort of harmony through common suffering. The story takes the form of letters, written by some seventeen persons connected with one or both of the royal groups involved. As dramatic compositions, the letters have a good deal of merit.

ANECDOTES OF THE ENGLISH BAR.

Reminiscences of a K. C. By Thomas Edward Crispe of the Middle Temple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.

W. J. Locke in one of his early novels describes a cockney. He says quite truly that the real cockney never gets London out of him. No matter where he goes, he carries with him the look of the familiar streets: the City, with its narrow, winding lanes, for which, of course, the hansom was invented; the Strand, with its shops and 'buses; the dip of St. James's Street and Waterloo Place; the homely gloom of the heavy atmosphere, to him always pleasant. This scene is the only real home he will ever know. The author of these reminiscences is through and through a cockney. He does not tell us that he was born in London, but at five years old he saw the procession on the Coronation Day of Victoria, and was taken to the fair in Hyde Park, given in honor of that occasion. He saw there the celebrated "Hottentot Venus," upon whom he had a ride. He tells us: "I plied my toy whip on the flanks of my beautiful jade, who, screaming with laughter, raced me round the circle." From that day, which was in 1838, to the present, he seems to have been having experiences as amusing as the above.

The anecdotes of the bar he gives us are usually such as a traveller in England will hear in the parlor of an inn when a few barristers and solicitors are present. They consist of repartees which pass in court between opposing barristers or rebukes administered by judges to offending counsel. To the American mind there is in much of this rather more of rudeness than of wit. It is seldom that one encounters anything so good as the remark of a judge to a barrister who had said that the advocate on the other side was the greatest bore that ever addressed an English court: "Mr. S., you forget yourself." There is, perhaps, rather more of rudeness than of wit in the reply, related by the author, of Sargent Parry to an insignificant person who had said in court that Sir George Jessel dropped his h's: "Sir, I would rather drop my h's with Jessel in hell than aspirate with you in heaven." The writer of this notice, who has often been in Jessel's company and knew him fairly well, never observed that he had this infirmity. But a defect resulting from early education is more likely to appear in the course of a long address than in ordinary conversation. It would not be unusual, for instance, in England, to hear a clergyman, a university man and a scholar, who had made a slip of this kind in the course of a sermon, chaffed afterwards regarding it by some of his parishioners.

Mr. Crispe in his comment upon celebrated English judges and barristers is for the most part kindly, although now and then critical. He admires Lord Russell, but thinks he was not a good criminal lawyer. He says that Sir Edward Clarke would have easily secured Mrs. Maybrick's acquittal. It should seem that Russell, like many other able men, was not a good diplomatist. Mr. Crispe attended the trial of Col. Valentine Baker, and thought that he was not well defended by Sir Henry Hawkins. Of Hawkins, whom he does not admire, he has some new stories to tell, none, however, quite so good as one lately reported from London. Hawkins (Lord Brampton), coming out of the Athenæum Club, told the driver of a hansom to take him to the Courts of Justice. The cabman, who no doubt knew Hawkins perfectly well, said: "Courts of Justice, sir? Don't know 'em." "Don't know the Law Courts?" said Hawkins. "Oh! the Law Courts!" said the cabman. "I know *them;* but you said Courts of Justice. That's a different thing altogether."

There is much about Lord Justice Coleridge, who was a very brilliant after-dinner talker, and had a great fund of anecdotes. Mr. Crispe, as usual telling us what he has himself seen and heard, gives us some examples of Coleridge's wit. On one occasion, when the late King, then Prince of Wales, attended a dinner at the Middle Temple, Coleridge sat next the Prince. Coleridge reminded the Prince of the rigid rule that no toasts were allowed except the usual royal ones, to the observance of which the Prince promised compliance. But, notwithstanding his promise, he proposed the health of the Lord Chief Justice. Coleridge, in his reply, referred to the psalmist's injunction, "Put not your trust in princes." In the course of his speech he mentioned the reply of Pope to a certain Prince of Wales who had said to him, "Mr. Pope, you do not like kings?" "Sir," said the poet, "I prefer the lion before the claws are grown." The late King, who was a clever man, no doubt appreciated the wit and skill of this pretty flattery.

There are stories of the eccentricities and peculiarities of recent English judges. Certain judges did not allow barristers addressing them to appear with watch chains or flowers in the buttonhole. In the sixties and seventies these ornaments were much more brilliant than they have been since. Many men wore, not one rose, or a few violets, but small bouquets. The writer remembers that in those days, on the porter's table at the front doors of the clubs, there were a number of small glasses, containing water, in which men entering the club would leave their "buttonholes" to be kept fresh. In view of the size of these bouquets, it is not so surprising to read of Mr. Justice Denman's remark to a barrister, who was trying to address him: "You compel me to speak, sir; I do not allow buttonholes in my court."

The disinclination of some judges to listen to a barrister who wears a moustache (which, of course, does not look well with a wig) is a little harder for us to understand in this land of "go as you please." Mr. Choate relates that he was once looking out from a Foreign Office window with Lord Salisbury, when Mr. Choate pointed to some men lying about on the grass in St. James's Park, and said, "That would not be tolerated in America; we should keep them moving." "What harm do they do?" said Lord Salisbury. "That is what I say about you Americans. You have no sense of personal liberty." We fancy that these differences are very much matters of habit, of what you are used to.

After the bar, Mr. Crispe has most to say about the stage. Between the members of these two professions there seems to be a sympathy and an affinity. The author was in his youth an amateur actor, and has all his life been keenly interested in theatrical matters. His pages are full of reminiscences of the English actors of our own generation and the previous one and of persons connected with the stage. We notice an allusion to a little remembered person, which happens to be of interest to the present writer. The person is Mr. Bellew, the father of Kyrle Bellew, whom, however, Mr. Crispe seems only to remember as a clergyman of the

Church of England. He speaks of his incomparable reading of the services. The present writer, however, remembers seeing him in one of the most extraordinary theatrical performances it was ever his good or ill fortune to witness. The play of "Hamlet" was given in dumb-show. Bellew, a remarkably handsome man, stood at a desk in front of the stage in ordinary evening dress and read the entire play, while the actors, male and female, grimaced and gesticulated behind him.

Greece in Evolution: Studies prepared under the auspices of the French League for the defence of the rights of Hellenism. By Th. Homolle, Henry Houssaye, Th. Reinach, Ed. Théry, G. Deschamps, Ch. Diehl, G. Fougères, J. Psichari, A. Berl, M. Paillarès. Edited by G. F. Abbott. Translated from the French. With a preface by Sir Charles W. Dilke, M.P. New York: Wessels & Bissell. $1.50 net.

These ten lectures, as might be expected from the distinguished writers, contain much that is stimulating and timely, in view of the events in Greek lands which have taken place since they were delivered. The (anonymous) translation is uneven, and, at times, unidiomatic, but it occasionally reflects the charm of the original which appeared under the title of "La Grèce." The book is pervaded by a Gallic enthusiasm, welcome enough to ardent Philhellenes, but here and there calculated, especially in this crude translation, to awaken a certain hostility in the minds of the indifferent or uninitiated. The open-minded reader, however, will find in these lectures a well-developed brief for the claims of ancient and modern Greece upon the civilized world. These claims, however old, are renewed with a French precision in regard to the literature and art, the unique charm of the country and the people, the services of the Greek church and its martyrs in the cause of Greek independence, the burning question of Hellenism in Turkish Asia and in Macedonia. There are included an instructive chapter on modern Greek economics, a sketch of Heroic Greece in the years 1821-1827, a chapter on the significance of Modern Greece in Eastern Europe, and an approving résumé of what the Greeks themselves have done, as excavators and restorers, towards the renascence of ancient Greece.

It is to be regretted that M. Psichari in his otherwise admirable chapter on the poet Solomos, the author of the Greek national anthem, should have intruded one of his polemics on the modern Greek language. Non-resident Hellenists might well be silent after the temperate reply of Professor Hatzidakis, of Athens, to Krumbacher, in which he shows that this language, although a partial compromise between the literary inheritance and the rustic patois, has long been accepted as the medium of intercourse in business and society, the newspapers and the schools.

M. Fougères is especially effective in the chapter on Picturesque Greece. His thesis of the harmony of land and water reads like a pæan. But he is not merely exclamatory. As in a sparkling prism, all the color of the atmosphere is divided and reflected. He gives his reasons for regarding Greek landscape as unique—even in the Mediterranean. The following paragraph may serve as an example:

> The original feature of these Greek landscapes is a harmonious and firm plasticity. Each object is frankly either plain or mountain. . . . The lines are never vague, never lost or hidden. There is nothing mediocre, limp, common, ordinary. On the other hand, there is nothing out of proportion, nothing exceeding the compass of the eye, nothing but what can be perceived clearly and distinctly and compared, to use a technical term, with the human scale.

Philo-Judæus of Alexandria. By Norman Bentwich. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

Among the Hellenized Jews of Alexandria, Philo, "the Jewish Plato," who lived in the first century of our era, stands easily first. But he has been, at any rate until lately, a prophet without honor among his own people. Gentiles call him "the Jew," with implied rejection of his Hellenism, while for the Jews he is "the Alexandrian," a heretic whose teachings were alien from the orthodox Palestinian tradition. He wrote in Greek, and in the early Christian centuries he was much read by the Christian fathers, but was not translated into Hebrew. His rejection by contemporary Jews reminds one of the similar treatment of Spinoza, and, furthermore, is typical, since the Jews have never welcomed a secular philosophy and must always regard with suspicion any doctrines which might change the character of their religion, that is to say, the basis of their nationality. Philo was thoroughly Hebraic in soul. He was a missionary philosopher, and, as Bentwich points out, he was far from wishing to tamper with the Mosaic Law; rather, he desired to convince mankind that the Torah contained the whole of ethics and metaphysics. All the most characteristic Platonic theories had there been anticipated. It was his aim to expound the allegories that he found in the Bible, and in so doing he became the greatest of all the allegorists. Although he never fought Plato's battle, he came under his spell and henceforth regarded Platonic ethics and metaphysics as a possession of Judaism whose beauties he was born to reveal. His failure was pathetic, and the tardy recognition by the Jews of his real greatness and singleness of aim is actually due to what he himself would have deplored, the slow secularizing of Jewish thought. Philo did not escape the influence, either, of Pythagoras, which made number symbolism a favorite superstition with the Greeks, and here again he found a link between the teachings of the Bible and Hellenic thought. Needless to say, he found in symbolic numbers, especially seven, ten, and fifty, further evidence of the sanctity of Jewish institutions.

Too Hebraic for the Hellenists, too Hellenistic for the Jews, Philo would seem to have labored in vain to convince, on the one hand, the man of secular culture of the truth and beauty of monotheism, and, on the other, to enlist Hellenic philosophy on the side of Judaism. But of late there has been a reaction of interest, if not conviction, in his favor. The Berlin Academy is preparing a critical edition of his voluminous writings, which will supersede the unreliable Tauchnitz text of eight volumes, and the bibliography in Mr. Bentwich's book shows the increased attention paid, in this century and the last, to the greatest of all the religious philosophers of the Jews.

Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman. New York: John Lane Co. $5 net.

On the score of diligence only praise can be given to Dr. Moorman's work, and if in his ransacking of documents he has discovered nothing of real importance, this is probably due to no fault of his, but to the treacheries of time. Some new light he throws on Herrick's relation to his uncle and on the career of the undergraduate at Cambridge, and does what he can to lend reality to the poet's friendships and surroundings, but the real puzzles of Herrick's life are left unsolved—must in all likelihood remain forever unsolved. There is nothing in a way strange in Herrick's career as we find him, first an apprentice in London, then a student at the university, then studying law at Trinity Hall, taking orders, going as chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham in his fatal expedition to the Isle of Rhé, accepting the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, living in retirement under the Commonwealth, and returning to Dean Prior in 1662. That was by no means for that age a life of surprising changes, but somehow the man through it all escapes our definition—his religion and his license, his paganism and his Christianity, his passion and his playfulness, somehow baffle us in their contrasts.

Much the best chapter in Dr. Moorman's book, in our thinking, is that in which he gives an historical study of Elizabethan and Caroline lyric poetry. His distinction between the school of Donne and the tribe of Jonson is well made, and is essential to a right com-

prehension of the poets that followed. With Dr. Moorman's chapters on the work of Herrick himself we are not so entirely satisfied. They are certainly too long, and they seem to us to contain some doubtful judgments. In part, his views are unquestionably sound. In contrast to Lowell's estimate of Herrick as "the most Catullian of poets since Catullus" he makes a strong comparison of Herrick and Horace, discovering many points of similarity, but emphasizing a little too much in our opinion the Horatian gravity in our English singer. It is in his final ranking of Herrick that we find ourselves in strong disagreement. To Swinburne the lyric poetry of the century "culminates in the crowning star of Herrick," and to Dr. Moorman Herrick was, in like terms, "the supreme master of the lyre in his own generation, and the glorious consummator of Renaissance song." Dr. Moorman continues:

> All the most melodious notes in that loud chorus which made of the England of the Renaissance "a nest of singing-birds" are heard in the "Hesperides." Herrick can attune his lyre to the strains of Marlowe and the earliest melodists of Elizabethan song, and at the same time, he can rival the courtly gallantries of his immediate contemporaries, Carew and Suckling. The varying ply of his genius gives him also the right to sit down, in that Elysium which his poetic fancy wrought, with Anacreon on his right hand and Catullus and Horace on his left. He is at once romantic and classic, learned and popular. Nothing is too low for his genius and nothing too high.

That, we protest, is altogether to lose sight of critical discrimination. In one sense Herrick was the true artist of his age in so far as he was able to maintain a surprising level of workmanship; he was, too, capable of a great range of styles and themes; there is, in fact, something of the mocking-bird in his power of imitation; but to intimate that he ever reached the supreme height of passion or expression, that in religious verse he wrote anything at all comparable to Vaughan's "They are all gone," or that in amorous verse he ever approached the passion of Donne, or that in classic beauty he knew the secret of Jonson's "To Celia"—is quite to forget his true place. In little things he was supreme; in great things he was only second. He was winsome enough and great enough to merit this careful biography, and, whatever room there may be for difference with Dr. Moorman on some points, all lovers of English verse will be obliged to him for his labors.

Women and the Trades. By Elizabeth Beardsley Butler. New York: Charities Publication Committee. $1.50 net.

Work-Accidents and the Law. By Crystal Eastman. The same. $1.50 net.

These volumes are the first of a series of six which are to embody in permanent form the results of that unique experiment in social research conducted by the Sage Foundation, the "Pittsburgh Survey." Local and limited as is their scope, their significance is national. For what is true of women and the trades and work-accidents and the law in Pittsburgh is true in other cities. The evils described are general, and the remedies suggested merit attention wherever women toil or the wheels of modern industry revolve.

Miss Butler's volume is a painstaking review of the conditions under which the 22,000 girls and women found to be employed in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits in Pittsburgh during the winter of 1907-8 earned their livelihood. Following an introductory chapter on Workers and Work-Rooms, are nineteen detailed chapters describing particular industries, from canning factories to mercantile establishments. The book concludes with two chapters on The Social Life of Working Women and four chapters summarizing the information previously given as to Wages, Hours, Health, and Economic Foothold. Logical as this arrangement is, it has the disadvantage of involving not a little repetition. Nor is the author's effort to disguise this by varying her phraseology always to be commended. Thus she tells the reader on page 25 that women are employed to "screw nuts on bolts" and a little later (p. 31), that their work is to "put . . . bolts on nuts." On the whole, however, the descriptions of women's work are accurate, vivid, and interesting. Appendices describing the methods of the investigation and giving useful supplementary information, a bibliography, and a full index make the book easily the most complete and scholarly study of American women in industry that has yet been undertaken.

Like every other investigator, Miss Butler finds low pay the most serious evil which confronts the woman wage-earner. Above three-fifths of the girls and women she studied earned less than $7 a week, and less than one-fifth of them earned more than $8. Like other investigators, also, Miss Butler finds the reason for this low pay in causes that can only gradually be overcome. Women have not the physical strength to do certain tasks. They cannot repair their machines and they dislike to clean them. Trade unions oppose their admission to occupations which have belonged in the past exclusively to men. As a rule, they expect to be gainfully employed only during the few years that precede marriage, and consequently they lack ambition to master difficult tasks or to rise above the general level. These circumstances, combined with others peculiar to smoke-begrimed Pittsburgh, limit the occupations that are open to women and make competition for these occupations so severe that employers, as Miss Butler was assured, rarely find it necessary to advertise for women hands, a simple sign in the window usually bringing an adequate supply.

In Miss Butler's opinion, the earnings of a majority of the working women of Pittsburgh are insufficient to maintain them in full economic efficiency. This does not mean necessarily that they are losing their health and vigor. Most of them are partly supported by their families. It does mean, however, that they fail to get a living wage. Socially their work is partly paid for by employers and partly by their fathers, brothers, or whoever else helps to support them. It is this fact that makes the lot of the working girl who has to support herself, and even more of the widow who has others dependent upon her, so often a tragedy. Beside this, the other unfavorable aspects of women's work—excessive nervous strain, unduly long hours, and unsanitary surroundings—dwindle into insignificance.

Miss Butler has no novel remedies to suggest for the situation she describes. Effective legal regulation of hours and working conditions, trade training that will fit girls for positions requiring greater skill and intelligence, and legal regulation even of wages, appear to command her support, but the great merit of her book is that it presents the problem of women in industry so fully and convincingly that even the blindest optimist is forced to face it.

Of somewhat different character is Miss Eastman's volume. Her task was to trace out the causes and results of the 526 fatal and the 509 serious, but non-fatal, work accidents which occurred in Allegheny County during the periods chosen for study, and to compare Pennsylvania's method of dealing with these accidents with the methods of other countries. With sympathetic insight, she tells the stories of these 1,000-odd persons who were killed or injured at their work. She concludes that 30 per cent. of the accidents were due to the negligence of employers or their legally constituted representatives, 28 per cent. to the negligence of the injured themselves or their fellow employees, 16 per cent. to contributory negligence, and 26 per cent. to the hazard of the industry. According to this estimate less than one-third of these accidents could be made the basis of a legal claim for damages against the employer. The actual proportion of cases, in which the employer made any substantial payment was even smaller. Thus the author found that in 53 per cent. of the industrial accident fatalities considered, the widow and children had to bear the loss of the entire income, and in less than 30 per cent. did they receive more than $500.

The defects in our system of employers' liability have been so often pointed out that there was little scope for originality in this part of Miss Eastman's

study, but she has shown the faulty operation of the Pennsylvania law with intelligence and skill. No one who follows her careful analysis of cases will dissent from her conclusion that "the law is not only in many of its principles unjust, but also in its method of operation harmful to the interests of all concerned." As to what is to be substituted for it, she offers no very positive suggestions. In her concluding chapter on legislation, however, she shows what has been substituted in other countries and lays down three principles which must guide any reform. Any new policy, she thinks, must put a substantial part of the burden on the employer to stimulate his zeal to prevent accidents; must shift the loss from the individual family of the victim of the accident to the industry he serves; and must reduce litigation to the lowest terms.

Like its predecessor in the series, Miss Eastman's book is supplied with a number of useful appendices and a full index. Taken as a whole, it is an admirable discussion of a complex topic, and must aid powerfully the wide-spread movement to substitute for our outworn employers' liability law a more rational method of distributing accident losses.

Notes.

Messrs. Longman have announced "The Collected Works of William Morris," in twenty-four volumes, under the editorship of Miss May Morris; the edition, which will contain introductions, biographical notes, facsimiles, and frontispieces, will be limited to one thousand copies. The first four volumes will appear in November, their contents being "The Defence of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," and two volumes of "The Earthly Paradise."

Two other volumes to be issued by this firm are "The House of Lords during the Civil War," by Prof. C. H. Firth, and "Lectures on the Greek Poets," by Prof. J. W. Mackail.

Edmund G. Gardner's new book entitled "Dante and the Mystics" traces the influence of St. Augustine, St. Francis, and other Christian mystics upon Dante, discusses the relation of the "Divine Comedy" to other vision literature, and attempts to define Dante's position in the Franciscan movement.

"Voices from Erin" is the title of a new volume of poems by Denis A. McCarthy, which is now in the press of Little, Brown and Company.

"The Second Chance," by Nellie McClung, is in preparation by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The publication was begun last month by the *Mercure de France* of the letters of Mérimée to Sutton Sharpe; these are of interest especially for their references to contemporary figures in literature and politics.

The Tandy Publishing Company of New York is to issue this month the first volumes of a revised and enlarged edition of "The United Irishman," by Richard Robert Madden. When completed, the work will contain twelve volumes.

Christopher Hare's "Charles De Bourbon, Constable of France" is to be brought out this week by John Lane Company; also "A Queen at Bay," by Edmund B. d'Auvergne, and G. F. Hill's "One Hundred Masterpieces of Sculpture," from the sixth century, B. C. to the time of Michelangelo, with plates and descriptions.

Wessels & Bissel will publish "The Sea Hawk," a story by Bailey Millard; "The Song Lore of Ireland," a volume by Redfern Mason, and a revised edition of Rossiter Johnson's "History of the War of Secession."

John T. Trowbridge's "Darius Green and His Flying-Machine," written more than forty years ago, will be re-issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a popular edition, with illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith. The same house is preparing the second volume of "The American People: A Study in National Psychology," by A. Maurice Low, which it plans to publish early next year.

A series of tales properly graded for the various ages of childhood is planned by H. M. Caldwell Company. It includes: "Stories from Grimm," "The Doctor's Lass," "Cherrythorpe Fair," "The Rambles of Three Children," "Stories from Andersen," "A Book of Stories from the Norse," "The Waits of Bremen," "Tales of an Old Yew Tree," "Things Will Take a Turn," "King Arthur and His Knights," "A Saxon Maid," and "The Knights of Charlemagne."

Carro Frances Warren's Garden Series for children, which is in the hands of C. M. Clark Co. of Boston, will shortly be increased by the volume, "Little Danny Dandelion."

B. W. Huebsch adds to his previously announced autumn list: "Temples of Peace Built of Untempered Mortar," a criticism of the protective tariff, by John Bigelow, and Frank Parson's "Legal Doctrine and Social Progress."

To the books which Frederick A. Stokes has promised for November should be added: "Home Rule," by John Redmond, M.P.; "Masterpieces in Color: Murillo"; in the Coast Series: "The Norfolk and Suffolk Coast," by W. A. Dutt; "The Cornwall Coast," by Arthur L. Salmon, and "The South Devon and Dorset Coast," by Sidney Heath; "Anti-Matrimony," a drama by Percy MacKaye.

Henry Frowde's autumn announcement of the Oxford University Press contains: English: "Essays by Members of the English Association" (H. Bradley, R. Bridges, W. P. Ker, G. Neilson, G. Saintsbury, E. Sichel, C. E. Vaughan), collected by A. C. Bradley; "Six Essays on Johnson," by Walter Raleigh; "The French Renaissance in England," by Sidney Lee; "Tudor and Stuart Library: Traherne's Poems of Felicity," now first published from the MS., edited by H. I. Bell; "The Oxford Book of Ballads," chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; "Plays from the Italian (Supposes, Buggbears, Misogonus), edited by R. W. Bond; "Coleridge's Poems," with much unpublished matter, edited by E. H. Coleridge; "Spenser's Poetical Works": volume i (The Minor Poems), edited by E. De Sélincourt; "The Englishman in Greece," with introduction by Sir J. Rennell Rodd. Modern languages: "An Introduction to Old High German," by Lionel Armitage; "Living Speech in Central and South Africa": an essay introductory to the Bantu language, by A. C. Madan; "The Life of the Black Prince," by the Herald of Sir John Chandos, edited from the MS. by M. K. Pope and E. C. Lodge; "Oxford Book of Italian Verse," XIII-XIX Century, chosen by St. John Lucas. Theology: "Old Latin Biblical Texts, VI: Codex Veronensis *b*," edited by E. S. Buchanan; "John the Presbyter and the Fourth Gospel," by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B.; "Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar," new edition, translated from the twenty-eighth German edition (by E. Kautzsch), by A. E. Cowley; "Studies in the Book of Isaiah," by M. G. Glazebrook, with two maps. History: "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations, 1485-1714," calendared by R. Steele under the direction of the Earl of Crawford, K.T., two volumes; Sir C. P. Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies": volume v, Canada, part iii (Geographical), by J. D. Rogers, with maps; "Documents Illustrating the Continental Reformation," edited by B. J. Kidd; "The English Factories in India," by W. Foster: volume v, 1634-1636; "Henry Fox, First Lord Holland," by T. W. Riker, two volumes, illustrated; "Trichotomy in Roman Law," by Henry Goudy. Classics: Oxford classical texts—"Tacitus, Histories," edited by C. D. Fisher; "Cicero, Orationes"—Post Reditum, De Domo Sua, De Haruspicum Responso, Pro Sestio, In Vatinium, De Provinciis Consularibus, Pro Balbo, edited by W. Peterson; Pro Plancio, Pro Fonteio, Pro Sulla, Pro Archia, Pro Scauro, Pro Tullio, edited by A. C. Clark. (The publication of these speeches will complete the edition of the Orationes.) "Historia Numorum," by B. V. Head, second edition; "The Works of Aristotle," translated into English under the editorship of J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross—"Historia Animalium," by D'Arcy W. Thompson; "De Partibus Animalium," by W. Ogle; Oxford Library of Translations—"Cæsar's Gallic War," by F. P. Long; among many school books are: "English Political Institutions," by J. A. R. Marriott; "From Metternich to Bismarck": a text-book of European history, 1815-1878, by L. Cecil Jane; "Kinglake's Eothen," with introduction by D. G. Hogarth and notes by V. H. Collins. In the Oxford Poets Series: "Dryden," edited by J. Sargeaunt; "Moore," edited by A. D. Godley; "A Book of Light Verse," edited by R. M. Leonard. In the Oxford Standard Authors: "Defoe's Robinson Crusoe," with Cruikshank's illustrations; "Dante's Divine Comedy," translated by Cary, with Flaxman's illustrations. In the Oxford Edition of Scott (with many illustrations): "The Abbott," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Kenilworth," "Redgauntlet," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "The Antiquary," and "The Monastery." In the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry: "Clough's Poems," including "Ambarvalia" and the first edition of "The Bothie," edited by H. S. Milford; "Shelley's Poems of 1820"; "Jeffrey's Literary Criticism," edited by D. Nichol Smith; "Charles Reade's A Good Fight" (the first version of The Cloister and the Hearth). In the World's Classics: "Shakespeare's Plays and Poems," with a general

introduction by A. C. Swinburne, introductory studies of the several plays by E. Dowden, and a note by T. Watts-Dunton upon the special typographical features of this edition. Volumes i to iii. In addition: "Letters by Edward John Trelawny," mostly unpublished, edited by H. Buxton Forman, C.B.; "Pages from a Journal," by Mark Rutherford, second edition, enlarged; also a companion volume entitled, "More Pages from a Journal"; "The Serpent of Division," by John Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by H. N. MacCracken, with facsimiles; "Wood Carvings in English Churches," volume ii, Stalls, by Francis Bond (Church Art in England Series); "American Railway Problems in the Light of European Experience," by C. S. Vrooman. Yale University Publications: "The Records of the Federal Convention of 1787," edited by M. Farland; "The Campaign of Chancellorsville; a Strategic and Tactical Study, by John Bigelow, jr., Major U. S. Army, retired, with 47 maps and plans, and "The High Court of Parliament and Its Supremacy": an historical essay on the Boundaries between Legislation and Adjudication in England, by C. H. McIlwain.

The ubiquitous Baedeker has revised editions, in English, of "Paris" (the seventeenth), "Berlin" (the fourth), and "Belgium and Holland" (the fifteenth), which we receive from Charles Scribner's Sons. They bring with them, as always, reminiscences and hopes of travel.

Dr. Henry Bradley has added to the "Oxford English Dictionary" the double section Sauce-Alone-Scouring (Clarendon Press). As compared with the previous instalment of S, this section makes somewhat dull reading; for words with long, diversified histories are notably few, and there is only a sprinkling of novel and curious outlanders from the Orient and the New World. Among the quaintest oddities are the obsolete oaths—the "fossils of piety"—exhumed from the older dramatic literature; *'sblood, 'sbobs, 'sbodikins, 'sbody, 'sbores,* and *'sbud* well illustrate the way in which blasphemy writhes behind the fig leaves of euphemism till a fastidious and sanctified lady may use in all innocence the blood-curdling ejaculations of bandits and bargemen. Of modern English made in America perhaps the most significant specimens are *scallywag, schoolmarm,* and *schooner*—"a tall glass of beer"—a word first recorded in Webster's Supplement, 1879, but now said to be available in various cities of the British Isles. The precise origin and development of *scallywag* are obscure: Bartlett localized it in 1848 as a "favorite epithet in western New York for a mean man"; during the Reconstruction it became a term of political reproach; in 1868 it was declared to have been originally a drover's word for ill-conditioned cattle; in 1891 it appears as trade-union slang for a man who will not work. Dr. Bradley strangely neglects to remark that *scallywag,* like *scamp* (which formerly meant a "highway robber"), has lost much of its early savor, and is now largely employed as a term of endearment for particularly vivacious and heart-ravishing infants. One is surprised, also, to find no mention of *scads*—Americanism—meaning "stacks," "heaps," or "bushels" of anything.

Of the longer articles, that on *science* is from many points of view the most interesting. Probably no other word has within the last hundred years so startlingly contracted the limits of its meaning. In the Middle Ages *science* meant, among other things, "knowledge as a personal attribute"; so that Chaucer could write of "the soule whiche that hath in itself science of goode werkes," and Lydgate could say that the cherubim are full of science and divine sapience, and a plain, pious man could declare that he had science of God. With the meaning, furthermore, of a "particular branch of knowledge," *science* was not then the antonym but the synonym of *art*; the "seven sciences" and "the seven liberal arts" were interchangeable terms. Even as late as the early nineteenth century *science* was applied at Oxford "to the portions of ancient and modern philosophy, logic, and cognate subjects, included in the course for a degree in the school of Literæ Humaniores." In 1884 Freeman writes: "I remember him years ago as a logic and science coach. I don't mean for cutting up cats, but what science meant then, ethics, Butler, and such like." In 1840 Whewell felt the need of coining the word *scientist,* and from about that period metaphysics and theology began to be excluded from the meaning of *science* and its scope to be limited to those branches of study dealing with the phenomena of the material universe, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been commonly known as philosophy. One old sense of the word marked obsolete by Dr. Bradley—"a craft, trade, or occupation"—appears in this country at least to be enjoying a revival. "Whan a virgyn begynneth fyrst to lerne to sewe in the sampiar," says an author of the sixteenth century, "that scyence to her as than semeth very harde." If Dr. Bradley thinks this sense obsolete, let him look over the courses in sewing, sweeping, and bread-making offered as "household science" in American universities.

"The Forerunners of Dante: a selection from Italian poetry before 1300" (Frowde), is the last product of Prof. A. J. Butler's long study and great love of the Florentine master. The manuscript of the notes was finished only a fortnight before his death. The book contains about seventy *canzoni,* mostly of the Sicilian school, including several not to be found in the Italian anthologies. The sonnets had been reserved for a companion volume. The work was undertaken with the purpose of throwing light on the lyric tradition which entered into the work of Dante. Of the Italian poems referred to in the "De Vulgari Eloquentia," all those now extant, except Dante's own, are here—even "Una fermana iscoppai da Cascioli." The preface and the notes bear witness to the growth of Professor Butler's delight in the lyrics for their own sake. He found many a stanza form of peculiar beauty, many a perfect phrasing of graceful thought, and, here and there, the very thrill of passion. The *lamento* of Giacomino Pugliese, in particular, for its deep, manifold grief, directly voiced in worthy artistry, seemed to him comparable with the greatest poems of bereavement. The book is edited with scholarly care. The best texts of the several poems were utilized, and bettered, in a number of cases, through the conservative ingenuity of the editor. The notes, which are grouped together at the back of the book, leaving the poems free, contain enough explanation to make the reading of the *canzoni* possible for any reader of Dante, and afford many instances of new and valuable interpretation.

G. Barbèra of Florence has just published an attractive anthology of the sayings of Galileo, "Pensieri, motti e sentenze di Galileo Galilei," a small volume in 24vo., in the collection Diamante, originally edited by Giosuè Carducci. It has been compiled by Antonio Favaro, who for the past thirty years has been occupied in preparing the monumental National Edition of Galileo's works. The anthology is not, then, a chance, catch-penny piece of editing, but a maturely studied compendium. As Favaro observes, the dominating note is Galileo's passion for direct communion with nature and his consequent intolerance of the principle of authority.

"A Congressional History of Railways in the United States," by Lewis H. Haney (University of Wisconsin Bulletin, Vol. 6, No. 1), is the second volume by this author under the same title. Volume 1 carried the history down to 1850. This study continues the subject, and covers the period from 1850 to 1887. It is a time of general interest in railway construction, when the land-grant policy is begun, developed to its extreme, and finally, because of its glaring abuses, is brought to an end. During these decades, the Pacific railways are built, and the foundations are laid of our present regulation policy. All these questions are taken up by the author chronologically and topically; much attention is given to the various bills introduced, and particularly to the debates, for any side-lights which they may contain. There is very little of individual opinion or attempt at interpretation of the historical movement; rather is it a faithful record, carefully supported by elaborate references. Occasionally, however, the author ventures a personal conclusion on some mooted point. It is his judgment, for example, that had the railway come a little earlier, direct subsidies would have been given and governmental lines constructed, but this later became impossible, largely for political rather than for economic reasons. He fails to find any clear justification for the extensive subsidies to the Pacific railways, and considers it as certain that within two decades private enterprise would have sufficed to build the roads. Political considerations probably justified aid for one transcontinental line, but the United States would have best solved the problem by constructing a national railway over the central route, leaving the exploitation of other lines, without aid, other than right of way, to private initiative. The two volumes of this history provide a valuable and convenient work of reference to students of railway development in the United States.

"A Transformed Colony" (Lippincott), by T. J. Alldridge, is a description of the present conditions in Sierra Leone, as compared with those a few years ago. Then it was the prey of the slave-hunter and desolated by intertribal wars; now it is a land of security and freedom. The author has an especial fitness for his task, as he came to the country in 1871, and, as travelling

commissioner, did pioneer work in opening up the then unknown Hinterland, making treaties with the paramount chiefs, and pacifying the various tribes. In the latter years of his service he was the district commissioner of the Sherbro. In 1908 he made an extensive journey in the protectorate, going over much of the ground he had traversed before, and his book is a record of his experiences and impressions, together with much information about native customs, especially their secret societies. Beginning with a detailed account of Freetown, the capital, he describes a trip by the government railway over 200 miles into the interior, one which he had taken before by hammock. The most interesting incident in this was his visit to a government school at Bo for the sons of native chiefs, the object being to train them "in such a manner as to make them good and useful rulers of the country in the future." With this end in view, they are taught "the ordinary branches of an English education, together with special and practical training in farming, carpentry, bridge-building, road-making, and land-surveying"; and no dressing up as Europeans is permitted, according to the school regulations. All the methods of instruction planned did not meet with universal approbation. In the government notice of the establishment of the school it said:

> By means of lantern lectures pictures of the principal incidents in the lives of such women as Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, the late Queen Victoria, and many others, will be shown and explained to the pupils, with a view to increasing their respect for women.

Immediately a petition was sent in to the Governor, saying that Mohammedans objected to all this, because they had notable women of their own known to every Moslem. The opposition, of which this is only one form, was speedily overcome by the creation of a Mohammedan advisory board. At the time of the author's visit, the school had eighty pupils. Great emphasis is laid on the undeveloped native wealth of the country. Immense quantities of fruit, rice, cotton, and tobacco could be grown, while vast forests of oil-palms—a tree which may be said to be the "Ruler of West Africa"—are standing year in and year out untouched by any human hand. The rubber vine is also common throughout the Hinterland, but is neglected or destroyed by the native. The general prosperity of the protectorate, however, is indicated by the fact that the revenue, which in 1887 was $300,000, in 1907 was $1,800,000. The illustrations, sixty-six in number, are all interesting, but particularly those showing the members of the secret societies and their strange costumes. There is an excellent map, furnished by the War Office, also an index.

The ninth book of Livy contains an account of the battle with the Samnites at the Caudine Forks, and the subsequent sharp practice of the Romans in evading their obligations through technicalities. The famous speculation on the power of Alexander as compared with that of the Romans is also found in this book. These would be ample justification for the edition which has just been published by T. Nicklin (Clarendon Press). A short introduction is noteworthy only for a chapter of Hints on Translation in which stress is laid on the metaphorical character of Livy's language; the point is illustrated by quotations from English authors, only a single sentence in length, which when compared with the corresponding passages in the text show admirably the essential differences between English and Latin style. No indication is given of the source of the text. The notes are intended for freshmen students.

Col. A. O. Green, who has done much to facilitate the study of Arabic by the English officials in Egypt, has prepared a second edition of his "Modern Arabic Stories, Ballads, Proverbs and Idioms" (Frowde). The first edition employed the Arabic script; this one gives in part i the transliterated text, with grammatical notes, and in part ii the English translation, with explanations of local terms and customs. The selections (taken from Spitta and others, except a Voyage of Sindibad) form a valuable contribution to the history of Egyptian Moslem manners.

Part iii of the "Clavis Linguarum Semiticarum" (edited by H. L. Strack) is "A Manual of the Aramaic Language of the Babylonian Talmud," by Max L. Margolis, professor of Biblical philology in the Dropsie College, Philadelphia (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). The work consists of a grammar, with chrestomathy and glossaries. Grammatical forms, examples, and texts are taken from the best manuscripts and printed editions of the Talmud, and older and later forms and usages are distinguished. Here, then, we have for the first time a satisfactory grammar of this important dialect, and the Manual will doubtless be in the hands of all students of the Talmud.

Prof. Joseph Wright's "Grammar of the Gothic Language" (Clarendon Press), which author and publishers have seen fit to issue instead of a third edition of their "Primer," differs from the shorter work chiefly in being printed in larger type and being amplified in the direction of comparative grammar. The facts of Gothic grammar are presented in the same lucid order and for the most part in the same language as in the "Primer"; but in this book the Gothic forms are traced back to their Indo-European originals, parallel forms in Greek or Latin, in Primitive Germanic, Old High German, and Anglo-Saxon, and additional tables are given to exhibit the development of sounds and words. The inclusion of the Greek of some chapters of the Gospels, which are in part reprinted in the version of Ulfilas, will make the study of the Gothic more instructive. Professor Wright has here and there revised as well as supplemented his former treatment of the subject: he offers texts in sufficient abundance to enable a student to acquire a working knowledge of vocabulary and idiom; so that the book in itself is an adequate, as it is an admirable, introduction to the study of Germanic philology.

Students of Scandinavian languages have for years known that Verner Dahlerup, associate professor in the University of Copenhagen, editor of Icelandic sagas, and writer on Danish literary and lingulstic topics, has been working on a great dictionary of the Danish language. As long ago as Christmas, 1890, it was maintained at a meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, that the chief desideratum of those interested in Scandinavian studies was an adequate thesaurus of the Danish language, while others held that an etymological dictionary was the main thing wanted. The etymological dictionary has been supplied by Professors Falk and Torp of the University of Christiania (started in 1901 and completed in 1906), a German translation whereof is now in the course of publication. The absence of a satisfactory and accessible Danish dictionary has been partly remedied by the "Danish Dictionary for the People," which has been in the course of publication for the last seven years by the Gyldendal Publishing House (Copenhagen and Chicago), and which now, with its twenty-seventh part, has come down to about the middle of the letter S. This dictionary, while being distinctly better than nothing, is not of a kind to satisfy the present standard of scholarly thoroughness, correctness, and conciseness. It is, therefore, a matter of distinct gratification to all those interested in Danish, and we may well say Germanic philology, that the same publishing house (Gyldendal) has recently sent out a fascicle of Dahlerup's abovementioned work, entitled, "Ordbog over det danske Sprog" (Dictionary of the Danish Language), the publication whereof is to be started in the near future. The present fascicle of forty quarto pages carries us from A to Aarefistel, and shows that the work will be particularly valuable by its wealth of reliable and pertinent quotations. The dictionary will be especially devoted to the last two centuries of the development of the Danish language. One might perhaps express a wish that the author should give more detailed information in regard to the older history of the words.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who died just a week ago, was the mother of Richard Harding Davis, and the widow of L. Clarke Davis, at one time editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Mrs. Davis was born in Washington, Pa., in 1831. She began her literary career by contributing in 1861 to the *Atlantic Monthly* an article entitled "Life in the Iron Mills," in which she depicted the grinding life of the people about her. The following year the *Atlantic* published her first long novel, "Margaret Howth." In 1869 she accepted a position on the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*, which she held for several years. Besides many short stories, Mrs. Davis was the author of "Waiting for the Verdict," "Dallas Galbraith," "John Andrus," "A Law Unto Herself," "Earthen Pitchers," "Kitty's Choice," "Kent Hampden," "Natasqua," "Silhouettes of American Life," "Frances Waldeaux," "Dr. Warrick's Daughters," and "Bits of Gossip."

Dr. William Maclagan, the late Archbishop of York, who died two weeks ago, had published several volumes of sermons and had written hymns, the music as well as the words.

Emile Raymond Blavet, who died at Nice at the age of seventy-two, was a journalist of high standing, a dramatist, and the author of several novels. He had contributed to the *Figaro* the section, "La Vie de Paris," and started the *Petit Bleu*. He was a member of the Legion of Honor.

The death is announced from Caen of the aged French philosopher J. A. Emmanuel Chauvet. He was professor of philosophy at Caen from 1870 until 1899, when he retired, and besides publishing many essays

he collaborated on a translation of the works of Plato.

The author of the history of Switzerland in twelve volumes, Prof. Karl Dändliker, died recently at Küssnacht, at the age of sixty-one.

Science.

Tactical Principles and Problems. By Capt. Matthew Elting Hanna, Third United States Cavalry. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co.

Formerly, West Point was the sole reservoir of learning for the land forces, and it has always been devoted to forming character quite as much as to supplying higher non-mathematical instruction. It gave no post-graduate course. Officers appointed from civil life absorbed the military rudiments by association with graduates; those commissioned from the ranks supplemented their familiarity with barrack and parade, and their usually slender book-learning, by what might be gleaned through observation of others who were better taught. But now conditions have changed, so that at appropriate posts there have been established graduate artillery, cavalry, engineering, signal, and army medical schools for officers of those respective arms.

At Fort Leavenworth, out of a veritable military kindergarten established in former years for insufficiently informed officers, have evolved an army school of the line and an army staff college. There Capt. Hanna has been teaching the art of war, and a part of his instruction is in the practical form of laying before the student-officers successive military situations and requiring them to solve problems based thereon. Certain conditions assumed, what would be sound tactical operations? When the field itself is not available for inspection, or there are no competent maps to be studied, such questions and their answers would be the haziest generalities. It is impossible to describe verbally the details of any terrain so that the memory may serviceably retain them. Often even veritable actions cannot be followed in detail without some graphical aid. Certainly, an account for the public should embrace the outlines of military geography quite as well as the movements of troops and their fire action.

Independently of their help in appreciating what has already occurred, topographical details are so essential in active field work that the command which neglects them handicaps itself exactly so much. The era of combined courage and momentum culminating in brutal frontal attacks upon selected positions, as illustrated at Bunker Hill and Fredericksburg, passed from even the most sluggish minds with the South African demonstration of its futility. The accuracy of to-day's long-range arms emphasizes the importance of approach under cover and of selecting, where selection is possible, defensible positions. This is especially true in such preliminary study of the field as patrol and outpost duty involve. The object there is to see without being seen, and the character of the field must be considered also when wider and more important work is at hand.

The use of cover is not new in American theory, but its scientific employment is more beautifully demonstrated in these Leavenworth lectures than ever before in American text-books. And they do not end there. They go on to illustrate the principles by which hostile contact should be conducted with independent commands, up to small brigades of infantry and cavalry without artillery. To make such demonstration possible, the volume is happily equipped with two large detached military maps on which every natural feature and the more important artificial ones are noted, and which are profusely sprinkled with numerals and letters for easy consultation and reference. One map covers about nine by sixteen miles around Fort Leavenworth on a scale of two inches to the mile, and the other about four by six miles of the same territory at four inches to the mile. The contour intervals are twenty and ten feet, respectively. There are also three small maps. The text is a well-written group of problems in the field use of infantry and cavalry, gradually increasing in complexity, each with a reasonable solution followed by practical comments. It is serious but not dry or abstruse. The student is encouraged to make a personal solution after a careful study of the problem, and then to compare it with that presented in the book. But Capt Hanna modestly announces that his own solutions are to be regarded neither as faultless nor as by any means the only good ones; and that any uncomplicated solution which violates no sound tactical principle and accomplishes its object is good. Clearly, the purpose is not to unravel arbitrary tangles, but to master the practical philosophy of the minor operations of war. When the available territory is examined with the care advised and the sagacious commentaries are absorbed, the student will have a fair comprehension of the applied tactics of two arms. Every officer of the organized militia, and equally his fellow in the permanent establishment, for whom this book was especially prepared, should be the careful student of these lectures. They should be interesting also to the general reader, especially in helping to dispel the popular delusion that soldiers are a fiat product, the immediate result of a call for volunteers. True soldiers are developed, not generated by command.

In construction the text is admirable. The narrative is clear, the orders are well written, the solutions and comments logical and acceptable, and throughout there is a refreshing absence of adjectives. Occasionally, it is true, shall and will, and should and would, replace one another; but these are slips which do not distort the meaning. There are, however, two misleading corruptions in the lettering of the staff map; one a matter of taste, the other an historical error. The first is "Sheridan's Drive," which also repeatedly appears in the letter-press. The possessive has no proper place there; otherwise there should be Grant's Avenue, Wagner's Point, and so forth. The "Sheridan Drive" is euphonious and consonant with descriptive nomenclature. Besides, that is its name. The other, "Kearney" Avenue, is a gross blunder, for it cannot hark back to Commodore Lawrence Kearney of the navy, distinguished as he was. The able and efficient Gen. Stephen W. Kearny had official association with Fort Leavenworth, and his dashing nephew. Philip Kearny, has conspicuous claim to soldierly remembrance. "Kearny" would commemorate either or both, "Kearney" neither.

In the next edition the value of this work would be increased by an analytical index; not a mere catalogue of names or a distended table of contents, but a careful alphabetical reckoning of principles under key words. It is well worth such labor, but an incompetent index might be worse than none. The very recent detail of Capt. Hanna to the General Staff is a deserved compliment to him and a comforting sign that the Staff is well selected.

"Bird Flight as the Basis of Human Flight," by Otto Lilienthal, has been translated from the second edition, and is to be issued by Messrs. Longman.

Tables of the four great satellites of Jupiter have been composed by Prof. R. A. Sampson of the University of Durham.

Very attractive in cover design and general makeup is "Louis' Every Woman's Cook Book" (H. M. Caldwell Co.), with its clear type and ornamental margins. One hundred and twenty pages are devoted to recipes, and an equal number of blank spaces are provided for memoranda. The directions are clear and simple, and the choice comprehensive.

In "Peaks and Glaciers, a record of pioneer exploration in the Punjab Himalaya," by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman (Scribner), the main point of interest to the unscientific reader is Mrs. Workman's record-breaking climb, when, with two companions, she ascended a peak 23,300 feet high, the greatest altitude ever reached by a woman. The party also camped higher than tents had ever been pitched before, with one possible exception, and their experience with change of temperature was probably unparalleled. In the after-

noon the mercury in the solar thermometer went up to 193° Fahr. "At sunset the temperature fell to freezing, and an hour later to 10 degrees Fahrenheit, reaching a minimum of —4 degrees before morning. It thus underwent a variation of 197 degrees in somewhat more than twelve hours." From the fact that during this climb five nights were passed without sleep, the inference is drawn that the loss of strength from sleeplessness, and not the difficulty of breathing, is the greatest obstacle to very high ascents. The student of mountain and glacier formation will find much interesting and valuable information, especially in regard to moraines, and the curious *nieve penitente*, the collection of pyramidal pinnacles of ice or hardened snow arranged in rows on the mountain slopes or glaciers. It was first noticed and described by Andean explorers, and for a long time supposed to be peculiar to the Andes. The Workmans discovered eight different varieties during this expedition, besides one made two years later, in 1908, which are described in detail, with photographic illustrations. They have added much to the exact geographical knowledge of this little-known part of the great range, with the intention of making a full and accurate survey map possible. The full-page photographic illustrations which appear between nearly every two pages, are remarkable pictures, especially of pyramidal peaks and glacial ice formations. One shows at the apex of a snow-covered summit a wonderful profile strongly resembling the Empress-Queen Victoria.

Drama and Music.

The fabric of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" consists of such delicate and fanciful stuff that the transfer of it from the library to the stage, without the loss of any of its fragrance or bloom, must be an almost impossible task. To the long array of decorative and mechanical problems is added the need of sympathetic and enlightened acting. It is not surprising, therefore, that the present representation in the New Theatre fails to do more than suggest some of the author's ideals. The merely mechanical difficulties have been surmounted with much ingenuity, and several of the stage pictures are exceedingly beautiful, but they are not especially notable for high imaginative quality, and this last remark may be applied to most of the acting. It is not necessary to enter into any details of a story which must be well known to most of our readers. Briefly, it relates the dream adventures of two poor children who, under the guidance of a fairy, seek for the Blue Bird, which is the symbol of happiness. They are accompanied by the Cat—who, representing the powers of Darkness, is their secret foe—by the Dog, man's one friend among the animals, and by the embodied spirits of different elements and things, who give them no practical assistance in their quest. They invade the mysteries of Night, interview the dead in the Land of Memory, explore the Kingdom of the Past and Future, and learn finally that happiness is illusionary and fleeting, that it can be seized, lost, and recaptured, and that it may often be secured by imparting the means of it to others. On the surface a fantastic fairy tale for children, the piece is written in the simplest style, and yet is crammed with ingenious allegory, philosophic reflection, and poetic fancy. It requires acting of the most delicate and sincere kind, and the best ability in the service of the New Theatre might have been worthily employed upon it. For the lack of it, several scenes were deprived of nearly all their poetic and artistic significance and became conventional. The inadequacy of the actor entrusted with the part of Time, for instance, was almost fatal to the imaginative scene in the Kingdom of the Future. Eleanor Moretti played Night in the right vein, but an actress of more tragic power would have made the act doubly impressive. The Fairy Berylune was the ordinary fairy of pantomime. The children were unfortunately stagy and unreal. No parts, however, could be more difficult to fill. The Dog and the Cat were both excellent, the impersonation of the latter by Cecil Yapp being one of the features of the performance. The most successful scene of all was that of the Land of Memory, where Tylyl and Mytyl visit their dead grandparents. Here the acting of Robert McWade and Eleanor Carey was admirably simple and natural, while the scenic arrangements were perfect. Regarded as a whole, the entertainment is one of high merit and rare beauty, but it scarcely fulfils the highest expectations founded on the known resources and capacities of the New Theatre.

In a monograph entitled "Der bestrafte Brudermord, sein Verhältnis zu Shakespeare's Hamlet" (Leipzig: Leopold Voss), Marshall Blakemore Evans reopens an old, perplexing question and furnishes a highly probable solution. His conclusion that the German play goes back originally to the "Ur-Hamlet" and that this latter may reasonably be assigned to Thomas Kyd, will, of course, surprise nobody, as this has been the impression among scholars, in America at least, for several years. It is satisfactory, nevertheless, to have the impression confirmed by such a careful and minute study as Mr. Evans has here made. "Der bestrafte Brudermord," in its present form, dates from the year 1710, but the writer makes it clear that it, in all likelihood, preserves with considerable fidelity the version which an English company brought to Germany and acted in 1626, and then by the perilous but necessary device of parallels he sets out to identify it as the best extant relic of the "Ur-Hamlet," showing (1) that it is closer in its phraseology to the first quarto of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" than to the second, that the variations in the second quarto look, on the face of them, like later revisions; (2) that the German drama draws upon Belleforest for certain incidents which are not contained in the quartos; (3) that it makes use, to a much greater extent than the quartos, of Seneca, a thing to be expected in the adaptation of a pre-Shakesperean English tragedy; (4) that, not only in the matter of indebtedness to Seneca, but, in other details of style and construction, it bears a striking resemblance to the work of Thomas Kyd. Up to this point the argument is well handled, even if enthusiasm for his thesis leads the writer occasionally to submit evidence which proves nothing; incidentally, it makes the conclusion necessary that Shakespeare's first quarto, whether pirated or not, records a cruder form of the play than the second, in short, that Shakespeare must have made many revisions in the play in the year after its first appearance. The rest of the argument, which tries to work out in detail the genealogy of the Hamlet story, is, by the nature of the case, less convincing. At the end of the book is a reprint of Belleforest's novel, text of 1576, with variant readings and an introduction.

There are freshness and humor in "The Concert," which was produced in the Belasco Theatre on Tuesday evening. It is an English version by Leo Ditrichstein of a comedy by the German dramatist, Herman Bahr, which has had success in Europe. The hero of it is a famous pianist, who finds it difficult to resist the fascination of his adoring female pupils. One of them, a married woman, accompanies him to his bungalow in the mountains, whither they are promptly followed by the deserted wife and husband. These two profess to take a philosophical view of the situation and propose a peaceful and permanent exchange of partners, instead of a public scandal. Put in this ridiculously unromantic situation, the elopers speedily realize the folly of their conduct, and a general reconciliation is effected before irremediable mischief has been done. Mr. Ditrichstein's adaptation is clever, and the piece, which is beautifully mounted and very well played, is likely to prove a hit. It contains much effective satire upon the airs and affectations of the artistic temperament, has an abundance of comical incident, and some bright characterizations, but the concluding act would be much more effective if half an hour were cut out of it. Mr. Ditrichstein gave an admirable performance of the pianist.

Paris is somewhat behindhand as regards the production of Massenet's operas. The last three of them, "Thérèse," "Bacchus," and "Don Quixote," have not yet been heard there, the honors of the first performances having gone to Monte Carlo and Brussels. During the present season, however, "Thérèse will be produced at the Opéra-Comique. It was first heard at Monte Carlo on February 7, 1907, with a cast including two artists, known and admired in America: Clément as Armand, and Dufranne as André Thorel.

During Thomas Beecham's recent opera season in London, the biggest popular successes were Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" and Johann (not Richard) Strauss's "Fledermaus." These two operas accordingly were chosen for the first week of this company's provincial tour.

The latest European sensation, Mahler's eighth "symphony," has just appeared in a version for piano with text included. According to the Berlin *Signale*, Mahler has not been idle since completing this work, but has already completed his ninth symphony, and got ahead, numerically, of Beethoven, Schubert, and Bruckner, by beginning his tenth.

Mahler is the subject of an enthusiastic tribute in the current number of *Die Musik* (Berlin), in which Dr. George Göhler places him in line with Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, Bruckner, Hugo Wolf, Liszt, and Brahms as one who, scorning sensational advertising methods, is not known in his true greatness to his contemporaries, but will be admired more and more as time goes on. The fact that he calls for a large orchestra, larger even that R. Strauss, and that his works are very long, has caused

many to look on him as being of the same school. This notion Dr. Göhler controverts emphatically. A man who, like Strauss, spends years in setting to music manifestations of diseased feelings, can have little in common with an artist like Mahler, who writes music in which we hear "a thousand voices of nature—of the forest, the ocean, the starlit nights, the mountain solitudes, of spring, and of ripe summer." Mahler uses no programme notes to explain his scores, yet "every one who knows those voices of nature hears them in his music."

Art.

Die Papstgräber und die Cäciliengruft in der Katakombe des hl. Kallistus. Von Joseph Wilpert. I. Ergänzungsheft zu De Rossi's Roma Sotterranea. St. Louis: B. Herder. $6.75 net.

For the study of the life and beliefs of the first four Christian centuries no field is comparable to the Roman catacombs. In this field one man, G. B. de Rossi, one of the three or four greatest archæologists of the nineteenth century, established the criteria of judgment and brought order out of the chaos. His "Roma Sotterranea," supplemented by numerous periodical studies in his *Bullettino di Archeologia Cristiana*, is the cornerstone of the new science, and perhaps no scholar has ever shown so clearly the mechanism of his methods, so that others can apply them to whatever new material may come to light. Of his immediate pupils two showed especial activity and talent, Henry Stevenson and O. Marucchi. The brilliant Stevenson's early death and the widening of Marucchi's studies seemed to leave the field open, and it has been known among scholars for many years that a young German archæologist, Mgr. Wilpert, was intending to take up the work.

Wilpert came into notice through a controversy with certain Protestant scholars on the principles of Early Christian archæology, but particularly through a number of monographs (1889-1897), dealing very thoroughly with certain subjects of the catacomb frescoes. From these he passed, a few years ago (1903), to a more general work on the "Paintings in the Roman Catacombs," a monumental publication, in which the plates were remarkably fine and faithful. Now, as a logical growth, comes this volume of wider scope, in which topography, history, architecture, sculpture, inscriptions, graffiti, paintings—all the many-sided themes of Christian antiquity—are treated.

This volume is the first of a series which Wilpert plans to publish on the same scale as De Rossi's "Roma Sotterranea," and as supplementary to it. He is so fortunate as to be able to select for its matter the two most important single monuments in the entire field: the famous Papal Crypt and the neighboring chapel of St. Cecilia, in the Catacomb of Callixtus. When, at the close of the second century, the Apostolic cemetery at the Vatican became too small to receive any more burials, it was decided to prepare a sepulchral crypt in the one official catacomb of the church. This was done while it was administered by the deacon Callixtus, who afterwards became Pope, and who gave his name to the catacomb. The first Pope to be buried there was Anteros (+235), closely followed by Pontianus, Fabianus, etc. Nine popes and several prominent bishops received burial in this crypt during the third century. The body of Pontianus was even brought back from the Sardinian mines, where he had been deported by the Roman administration. Parts of the sepulchral inscriptions of seven out of the nine popes have come to light, and are given here in facsimile. It is interesting that all but one are spelled with Greek instead of Latin letters; and it is also significant that the title "martyr," which we read on several, was not original, but added later in the century. Of course, this Papal crypt has long been known and was carefully described by De Rossi as one of the most remarkable records of the early Church, but Wilpert, especially through discoveries made in 1909, is able to add considerably to our knowledge. Contemporary with the tombs of the popes is the sarcophagus, for instance, of an historical personage of some importance, Aurelius Prosenes, who, though a Christian, was a chamberlain of the emperors from Commodus to Caracalla.

There is a full description of the restorations of Popes Damasus and Sixtus, by which a more monumental aspect was given to the Papal crypt after the close of the era of persecutions. There is also an interesting discussion of two puzzling little monuments above ground—the two three-apsed chapels which have been thought to be rare examples of small places of worship before the age of Diocletian. In the opinion of Wilpert, fortified by excavations, this is not so. The chapels are early, but not earlier than the fourth century, and he believes that one of them marks the martyrdom and burial of Pope Sixtus II, and the other the tomb of Pope Zephyrinus. Throughout this part of his work the author indulges in controversy to a considerable extent, perhaps more than seems necessary in a work which should aim to confine itself to accepted facts. His method has the advantage, however, of acquainting us with the different theories that have been advanced on subjects that are of wide interest to all students of the first Christian centuries.

Perhaps this publication may stimulate further excavation in the Catacombs, which are among the few bits of territory that in 1870 were left by the Italian Government in the possession of the Pope. During the last thirty years, partly through lack of funds in the Papal treasury, very little has been attempted in the way of excavating or clearing out catacomb galleries. The public little realizes how much still remains undiscovered. It is a world in itself, with story on story of superposed galleries: many that were even known to explorers of the sixteenth century are now unknown.

Winslow Homer, the artist, died at his home in Scarboro, Me., last Thursday, aged seventy-four years. He was born in Cambridge. At the age of nineteen he was employed in a lithographer's office, making titles for sheet music and a series of portraits for the Massachusetts Senate. In 1859 he went to New York and attended a night class in the National Academy of Design. Two years later he accepted an appointment as war artist from Harper Bros., his Prisoners from the Front dating from this period. He received the following prizes: World's Fair, in Chicago, first prize; Pittsburgh, 1896, gold medal; Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, 1896, gold medal; Paris Exposition, 1900, gold medal; Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901, Temple gold medal; Philadelphia Academy, 1902, gold medal; St. Louis Exposition, 1904, gold medal, member of the National Academy. In 1866 he assisted in organizing the American Water Color Society. Some of the pictures devoted to the life of the fisherfolk are, the Life Line, Eight Bells, Danger, All's Well, Undertow, Watching the Tempest, and Perils of the Sea. Two of Mr. Homer's pictures are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; they are The Old Gun in the Havana Harbor, and The Northeaster.

Finance.

A CURIOUS MONEY MARKET.

Two incidents in the past week's money market were of a character which, at this time in certain other years, would have impressed the financial mind with something like misgiving. The most interesting fact about them, on the present occasion, was that they seemed to have no effect whatever, either on the money situation of the week or on financial sentiment. One was the rise in the Bank of England's official discount rate, last Thursday, from 3 per cent. to 4, accompanied by an advance from 4 to 5 in the rate of the Imperial Bank of Germany, and from 4½ to 5½ in that of the Bank of Belgium. The other was a decrease for the week of $12,500,000 in surplus reserves of the New York Associated Banks, bringing the surplus down to $4,900,000.

A 4 per cent. London bank rate is not exorbitantly high, but it is higher than is usually reached as early as this in autumn, and is in fact as high a rate

as the Bank of England has fixed for a generation past in the last week of September, except in such autumns of abnormal strain as those which contained the Baring crisis of 1890, the London "Boer War panic" of 1899, and the New York crash of 1907. This comparison is the more noteworthy in that London, when its seemingly imminent financial strain was averted six months ago, was much inclined to assume that trouble had only been deferred until the autumn.

As for the New York bank statement of last Saturday, it is not only true that the $4,900,000 surplus reserve was unusually low for the opening of an autumn money market, and that it represented a decrease of $44,000,000 since August 27, whereas the decrease of the same five weeks was only $16,000,000 in 1909 and $25,000,000 in 1908, but the figures showed that another decrease, less than half as large as last week's, would bring the New York reserve below the 25 per cent. minimum of the Banking Law. Furthermore, the statement of last Saturday showed that loans had risen again above deposits, for the first time since July 23. This phenomenon is watched by the banking fraternity for the reason that it has been a singularly accurate reflection of underlying conditions in the field of credit.

Last year, it first appeared on October 30, when the New York bank position was certainly under considerable strain. The loan excess rose to $25,000,000 by December 31; relaxed with the inpour of new reserve money which followed; disappeared with the statement of January 15; reappeared on March 12; got as high as $27,000,000 on April 30, and was not removed until the statement of July 23, when Wall Street's forced liquidation was virtually completed. When it is added that, in the nineteen years preceding 1909, a loan excess was never reported at New York except in 1893, in one or two autumn weeks of 1902, in the "rich men's flurry" of 1903, in the months of 1905 and 1906 when the world-wide strain on capital had begun, and in 1907, it will be obvious enough why its return is always observed with conjecture as to its precise significance.

Yet the New York money market made no more response to this incident than did the London money market to last Thursday's rise in the Bank of England rate. In New York's case, this indifference is the more remarkable because one expedient for relieving the local position, which was open to the banks a year ago, is considerably less obvious a recourse now. It has been usual, in an autumn of dwindling New York bank reserves, to shift loans and liabilities from New York to the inland banks. This year, the banks of our interior cities have troubles of their own. They have been busy all summer in readjusting their own outstanding credits with a view to checking a rather dangerous expansion. The task has been faithfully performed; yet even so, last week's government compilation of the September reports of the 7,000 national banks showed the aggregate loan account to be $338,000,000 ahead of that month in 1909.

It still remains to see just how far the money markets, home and foreign, are destined to make response, later on, to this curious position. Sometimes it will be late in the autumn before the full effect is seen. But meantime, it is not to be forgotten that a "money strain" which is skilfully prepared for, is apt to turn out no money strain at all. Last April, London was gravely apprehensive over its own situation, with the wholly unprecedented subscription to new securities by the English public and the extravagantly wild speculation in rubber company shares. France had been placing capital, on an unprecedented scale, in new stocks and bonds; German money was tied up in industrial activities and speculation; the United States had been financing new security issues, new stock and land speculation, and new industrial activity, all at once, and had overstrained its bank resources in doing so.

But what was done last summer—at London, at Berlin, at Paris, in New York, and throughout our Western country—was to put the financial house thoroughly in order. The London rubber speculation and the New York stock speculation had to face a sensational decline of values. Activity in general business slackened; bankers all but stopped offering new securities. All that was left in uncertainty, as regards a possible serious strain on credit, was whether the expansion movement of last winter would or would not be resumed this autumn. There has been little sign of it, here or abroad.

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Bangs, J. K. Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad. Phila.: Lippincott.
Barbour, R. H. The New Boy at Hilltop, and Other Stories. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Barbour, R. H. Winning His "Y": a Story of School Athletics. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Barr, R. The Sword Maker. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Brown, A. John Winterbourne's Family. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Brown, D. K. Finella in Fairyland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Burgess, T. W. Old Mother West Wind. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.
Catrevas, C. That Freshman. D. Appleton. $1.50.
Chambers, J. The Mississippi River. Putnam.
Cody, H. A. The Frontiersman. Doran. $1.20 net.
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Connolly, J. B. Open Water. Scribner. $1.20 net.
Cooke, M. B. The Girl Who Lived in the Woods. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Cox, J. H. Knighthood in Germ and Flower. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.
Cushman, H. E. A Beginner's History of Philosophy. Vol. I. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.60 net.
Dean, O. S. The Quest of the Ages. Cochrane.
Deland, M. The Way to Peace. Harper.
Dobson, G. St. Petersburg. Painted by F. De Haenen. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Dodd, A. B. In and Out of Three Normandy Inns. Revised ed. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Dowden, E. Essays Modern and Elizabethan. Dutton. $2 net.
Duff, A. W., and Ewell, A. W. Physical Measurements. Second ed., revised. Phila.: Blakiston. $1.50 net.
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Fisher, H. W. Making Life Worth While. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Fox, A. W. Hearts and Coronets. Macmillan. $1.50.
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Gehring, A. The Basis of Musical Pleasure. Putnam.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1910.

The Week.

It is always awkward for a great moral victor to have to explain that it was not all victory and not all moral, and Mr. Roosevelt is no happier in the process than those who have attempted it before him. Having heard from his own insurgent West, where dissatisfaction with his own New York platform is so violent, he is driven to drawing nice distinctions and to showing that, as a "practical" man, he had to bargain with the very bosses he was attacking. Asked how he can reconcile his Western speeches against the Payne-Aldrich tariff with his unqualified laudation of it in the New York platform, his answer is that he cannot reconcile them, and that he did not make a fight on the tariff plank at Saratoga because it would have been "folly to jeopardize success" on the more important issues. All this should help the faithful people of the West to get a more accurate idea of their hero. They must now begin to perceive that he is something more and other than an impetuous and uncalculating champion. We have heard of "the two Roosevelts," but there appear to be at least three or four. This latest manifestation certainly reveals him as closely akin to Pascal's Monsieur Distinguo, able to split hairs with the subtlest of the Jesuits. But *this* Monsieur Distinguo is, unfortunately, on record as against the very moral distinction which he now urges. To-day he declares that the New York platform is simply a compromise for local consumption. But in his speech of acceptance in 1904, it was the Democrats whom he taunted with writing insincere platforms, while he affirmed that it was the glory of the Republicans never to palter with the truth or with the voters, and to stand for policies which are "*the same for all sections and localities.*"

Gov. Harmon referred grimly in his opening speech of the Ohio campaign to the "explosives" which the Republicans had been incautious enough to leave lying about the State Capitol, and last Thursday he set some of them off. By his direction, the Attorney-General began suit against the former Republican State Treasurer and also the Secretary of State, to recover interest on State funds which they had illegally deposited in favored banks without interest. The sums sued for are not great—not more than $18,000—but the principle is vital and the effect on public opinion must be considerable. This last arises from the fact that both the men to be prosecuted are to-day active in Republican politics. Indeed, the former Treasurer, Mr. Laylin, is now the Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, while the former Secretary of State was a prominent candidate for Governor, and also, later, for the State Committee Chairmanship. What makes the Governor's action seem particularly cruel is the fact that, at the very moment when the Republican managers are having unusual difficulty in raising funds for the State campaign, he should be suing them for restitution of money unlawfully kept from the State Treasury.

The latest forest fire horror should have the effect of so crystallizing public sentiment for the adequate patrolling and protection of our forests that such calamities should be made virtually impossible in the future. This year has witnessed, we believe, a greater amount both of destruction of the woods and especially of agonizing loss of human life, than any previous one. The laying waste of the forests themselves is a sufficiently melancholy thing, involving, as it often does, not only vast economic injury, but the ruin of a natural possession that cannot be replaced; but when we hear of towns and villages blotted off the map, and of scores and hundreds of people perishing in the flames, it is time that resolute action were taken. At the bottom of this trouble is not "crookedness," or monopoly, or plutocracy, or one view rather than another of State or Federal functions; at the bottom of it is simply an easy-going neglect to take into account a terrible danger, a willingness to run risks rather than go to the trouble and expense of systematically guarding against them, which is one of the defects of the American temperament. In spite of the terrible lessons of the present year, it will require the most persistent endeavor on the part of those who are working for forest protection to bring about the adoption of the measures necessary for safety.

The statement made by Judge Hand the other day, as to the future policy of the United States Courts in New York in reference to flagrant cases of tourist smuggling, is highly interesting and important. In imposing upon a rich business man a fine of $5,000 (in addition to the forfeiture of the goods seized), for attempted smuggling of a large quantity of jewelry and wearing apparel, Judge Hand announced that in future all such offences would be punished by a jail sentence. He took this action after consulting with Judge Holt and Judge Hough; and it is stated that all three of the judges had come to the conclusion that United States Attorney Wise was right in the view he had expressed to the court, that punishment by imprisonment was the only means of preventing the practice. And we are confident that if this remedy is vigorously applied it will have the desired effect. Moreover, it should be remembered that the wholesale searching of the belongings of passengers, which is a disgusting feature of the return of American travellers to their native land, will no longer be justifiable when severe punishment for smuggling, as a genuine crime, shall have reduced the practice to insignificant dimensions.

The International Prison Congress at Washington took a highly important action last week when its delegates, representing thirty-seven nations, unanimously endorsed the probation system for criminals and warmly recommended its extension by all civilized governments. The congress declared in its resolutions that the effects of probation were beneficial when applied with due regard for the protection of the community and to persons who may reasonably be expected to reform without resort to imprisonment, and when the supervision is by competent officials for a reasonable length of time—limitations everywhere recognized as essential to the success of the system. The congress then went so far as to vote that new laws on this subject should everywhere be in-

troduced and old ones extended, and that each State or country should establish some central authority to exercise general supervision over the probation work. Finally, the congress voted in favor of probation officers in juvenile courts. Naturally, the American, and particularly the New York, delegates are jubilant, for, as is not generally known, probationing of prisoners originated in this country, and the New York State Probation Commission was the first body of its kind the world over.

At a time when the President of the United States has just been giving, by word and act, the strongest kind of testimony to the efficacy and the necessity of the merit system by extending it to the appointment of assistant postmasters, the anomaly presented in New York city by the refusal of the Municipal Civil Service Commission to apply it to the choice of probation officers is peculiarly striking. The plea of impracticability in the appointment of probation officers is answered by the experience of Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and other cities in this State, and by that of Chicago and other places outside the State. It is late in the day for such a dodge to succeed as that attempted by Senator Grady, who was chiefly instrumental in having a clause inserted in the law declaring that probation officers are the confidential officers of the justices and magistrates. Gov. Hughes, in signing the bill, realized that this language was designed to have the effect of exempting these posts from the competitive system, but stated that no such effect need follow from it. The question is solely whether the posts are such as can properly be filled by competition, and there is really no room for reasonable doubt as to the answer to this question.

The Massachusetts Democrats, like Mr. Hearst's Independence Leaguers, may truthfully lay claim to a representative convention. As with the Democrats at Rochester, there was no union possible on either one of the three leading candidates, Foss, Hamlin, and Vahey. This time the compromise was on an unknown, Frederick W. Mansfield of Boston, who is, however, to resign within seventy-two hours to make way for another selected by a special committee of five. While we welcome conventions of this kind, in which the delegates honestly try to thresh out among themselves the question who shall lead, and while we see in the intensity of the struggle clear evidence of the returning vigor and vitality of the party, we cannot but express our regret that the party could not have united on Charles S. Hamlin. His fitness is so obvious that Republicans and Democrats alike admit that his success would be as probable as anything which lies in the future. Perhaps this unusual committee of five may yet select him as standard-bearer.

The lack of enterprise on the part of our insurance companies is again brought to notice by the publishing of the rates at Lloyds for the risk of George V's coronation. The figures at present range from 8 to 10 per cent., but, it is said, are likely to rise as the date for the event approaches. The possibilities of analogous insurance in this country are at least as numerous. Think of the sleep that it would bring to many a restless pillow to have the certain knowledge that, no matter what happens in November, one will not be financially bankrupt. It is morally certain that the rush to insure their political lives against the accidents of a cruel campaign, by the nervous "Ins" and the doubtful "Outs," would necessitate the opening of a special department in every important insurance office in the land. This department might be looked upon with special satisfaction as a strictly business institution substituted for the recently abandoned political division to be found in most of the big companies.

It will be a pity if Tufts should attach itself to the colleges which shine by reason of silly sensationalism. The sociological professors of the University of Chicago and the psychological president of Clark University have done much to vulgarize the distinction and the elevation of college life. President Hamilton of Tufts (who frankly admitted last spring that women had to be excluded from his college because they were taking too large a share of the honors) says now that female teachers in colleges should be married women or widows. The absurdity of this is apparent. It is true that there is some loss of the best social conditions, for boys and girls both, who leave cultivated families behind them, when they go to college. The ideal surroundings for the young girl would be the home and simple, natural intercourse with young people of both sexes. But girls must go to college, and not every home has a college in its immediate neighborhood. Both the co-educational and the separate college have disadvantages as regards the social life during a formative period. Wise parents make their choice with some reference to the characteristics of the particular girl. But the difficulty is not serious, and to suppose that it will be remedied by such proposals as this of the president of Tufts is on a par with the plea of Stanley Hall that girls should be able, when they feel depressed, to weep on the shoulder of a male teacher.

Col. Gädke, the German military expert, was present at the recent British manœuvres, and gave it as his opinion that the soldiers were excellent but that the generals did not know their business. Resenting this, English newspapers rejoin that Gädke was on the ground only as a correspondent, not as a military attaché, and could not have known much about the orders actually issued or the strategy attempted. However, the criticism of the foreigner is only about what the average Englishman has been free to say. When unlucky Gen. Buller telegraphed, after his first great defeat in South Africa, "The men are splendid," the general comment was, "Yes, but what about their commanding officers?" It has been supposed that an improvement in command has since been effected, but, short of the test of actual war, the British public will remain a little skeptical about this. If Col. Gädke had wished to be cruel, he might have added to his strictures by citing the story of Radetsky and the Piedmontese commanders in 1848. The Austrian marshal is said to have issued the order to his sharpshooters: "Pick off their commissioned officers, but spare their generals, for they are useful to *me*."

The report of the Scottish Education Department on secondary education in that country is being received in England, at least, with expressions of regret over the sad literary conditions in a land "where booksellers have been known to flourish, and where it was

the boast of every cotter that he knew his Bible and his Burns." The report indicates that the rising generation in Scotland knows little of Scott and less of Burns, who has become to them not so much a literary idol as "a warning example in morality." All this has a familiar sound, almost like an echo from this side of the water. Nor are the explanations offered entirely novel. Mr. Lloyd George hints gently at faulty instruction from teachers, but the *Westminster Gazette* puts the blame upon "children's books," against which the Library Institute recently made a vehement protest. It is with the publishers, declares the *Gazette*, "who have devised for Scotch children less exacting and more attractive hunting-grounds than the prose of Scott and the poetry of Burns, rather than with the literary indifference of these children or of their teachers, that Scotchmen old enough to remember the days when their capital was first called the modern Athens have to reckon, if the claims of their chief city to that title are still to be upheld." Of course, the parents who furnish the money for the "children's books" and have the first chance at their literary taste are, as in other matters pertaining to their offspring, quite irresponsible.

A few years ago anyone who should have prophesied that the London *Times* would issue in 1910 a "Woman's Supplement" would have been threatened with an examination into his sanity. But here is the woman's supplement, following in the train of literary and engineering supplements and a disastrous venture into the book business. In it the anxious mother can learn all about bead-work and "bringing out a daughter," the sportswoman's clothes, Florence Nightingale, the country cottage woman, and the breakfasts she prepares. If this does not shock into a decline the staid British matron who draws the breath of her intellectual life from the *Times*, we shall be surprised. But this is but one of many signs of the difficulties that have beset the *Times* these last ten years or more. What fun *Punch* will have with it need only be suggested. Or will it sarcastically assert that the *Times*, having, as Kinglake put it, been in the graver affairs of women and children "one with them in their hopes and their despair, in their joy and in their sorrow, in their gratitude and in their anger," is now applying itself to menus and underwear, silk stockings, and the proper trimmings for hats?

England's only living Conservative ex-Premier has found a subject worthy of his subtlest ratiocination. At North Berwick recently Mr. Balfour quite unintentionally drove his golf ball into the sea, and is reported to have been surprised "at the unsatisfactory provisions of the rules in regard to such an occurrence." He thereupon formed a resolution to "redraft the rules of golf and submit his suggestions to the rules committee." That such an undertaking is equal, not only in delicacy of adjustment of conflicting interests, but also in its effect upon the happiness of multitudes, to any problem that came before him on the Treasury Bench, is, of course, the most alluring of reasons for his attempting it. The philosopher-statesman's greatest surprise, nevertheless, must have been over his inability, which we cannot believe more than fleeting, to construe the existing rules in such a way as to make their applicability to the water, and even to the air, as plain as the most lucid of his demonstrations of the tax-cheapened loaf.

Where France is to find meat is a question raised by the *Temps*, which points out that the balance between supply and consumption is now so exact that an increase of 10,000 in the number of cattle exported has proved sufficient to cause a rise in the price. Henceforth, accordingly, France will be between two dangers: if cattle are raised for use as beef, there will not be enough veal, and *vice versa*. This limitation in the choice of an important part of one's dinner leads the journal we quote to seek new sources of supply. Isn't it about time, it asks, to draw upon the resources of "our African possessions," which "are immense"? After some consideration of the possibilities of Madagascar, it turns to a larger and closer field, Western Africa "between the forest zone and the steppes which border on the Sahara," and believes it to be comparable to Northern Argentina. There is a difficulty there, however, in the probable opposition to such a development from "le parti protectionniste."

It would be easy to exaggerate the significance of a recent report of the German state railway administration which declares that nothing discovered in its exhaustive investigation of the best methods for preventing accidents causes it to alter its preference for men over mechanical devices. Nevertheless, the generalization is very tempting that such a conclusion is exactly what would be expected of Germany, where a man is able to become, to all intents and purposes, as automatic as a machine, while remaining sufficiently volitional to avoid the stoppages that occasionally beset every machine. In America, on the other hand, one might say, men have too much initiative to do work which calls for a minimum exercise of intelligent choice and direction. There may be some truth in this distinction, but whatever there is, it is not so flattering to the spirit of the New World as some may promptly assert. We rate brilliancy, real or apparent, above everything else, forgetting that the qualities of caution, patience, and, above all, reliability, are the everyday, wearing virtues which no amount of sparkle or even of genius can displace. The fearful trolley disaster in Illinois points this moral anew.

The calling of a conference in Havana by the chief of police with a view to taking counsel as to the numbers of idle and homeless persons crowding the city, calls fresh attention to the abominable evils of the Cuban lottery. For it is to this wicked agency that the sudden increase in vagrants is admitted by the chief of police to be due. Cuba being a small country and its inhabitants of an easily impressible character, the damage done by the lottery is plain to all. The large prizes offered and distributed every week have had a most demoralizing effect not only in Havana, but elsewhere in the island. Even cultivators of small patches of land have ceased to take the trouble to plough or plant. What is the use, they say, when we shall probably win a fortune in next week's lottery? The savings of the poor and their weekly wages flow to Havana so regularly that there is actually a scarcity of small coins reported in the western portion of the island. It is as if the whole island were engaged in one great gambling game, and the weekly profits are declared to be fabulous.

THE JUDGE AND THE EXECUTIVE.

President Taft's letter to Judge Moody, on the occasion of his retirement from the Supreme Court, contained a passage which has attracted wide attention both on account of its substance and of the depth of feeling which is stamped upon its language. "It was the summit of your ambition," said Mr. Taft, "to become a justice of that court, and there opened before you nearly two decades of hard work, it is true, but work of the highest good to the country. It would all have been such a labor of love. One who has tasted the sweets of judicial life can sympathize with you deeply in this. The approaching of every question for decision with indifference to every consideration except to reach a right and just conclusion and to preserve the fundamental structure of our government as our fathers gave it to us makes the functions of the office most precious to one who feels in every fibre, as you do, their sacred importance."

It is the stress laid upon the function of the court "to preserve the fundamental structure of our government as our fathers gave it to us" which has naturally provoked most comment. Whether so intended by Mr. Taft or not, the solemn expression of his conviction of the "sacred importance" attaching to the Supreme Court's custodianship of the Constitution under which our nation's greatness has been established and preserved could not fail to be regarded as peculiarly significant at a time when an attitude diametrically opposed to this is so conspicuously manifested in other quarters. But, however great the weight attaching to this consideration, we feel sure that the other sentiment expressed in the passage quoted was at least equally operative in the President's thoughts as he wrote to his old associate. One can feel the wistfulness with which he is thinking of an office—one that he himself had hoped some day to fill—in which every question might be approached for decision "with indifference to every consideration except to reach a right and just conclusion." It is an inevitable inference that Mr. Taft has felt keenly during the past eighteen months the necessity of taking into account considerations of a different kind, and, on the other hand, it is equally certain that he would never have used this language did he not desire to make his conduct in executive office conform as nearly as may be with the standard which upon the judicial bench he would regard as a matter of course. The man who easily accommodates himself to the supposed exigencies of shifty policy is not the man to lament over the necessity of compromise.

However, it may be questioned whether the difference between the attitude of a judge and that of a high-minded President is really so great, after all. Unquestionably, the President has laid upon him the necessity of keeping the wheels of government running; he must take into account, far more keenly than does the judge, considerations bearing on the immediate, as distinguished from the remote, effects of his acts; he cannot look so far back into the past for the foundation, or so far forward into the future for the justification, of his decisions. Nor, again, in grappling with the questions before him can he indulge in that rigorous weighing of argument against argument, that patient examination of evidence and sifting of truth from falsehood, which give to the judge a mental gratification inextricably bound up with the satisfaction he takes in the beneficial result of his labors. But, after all this is admitted, it remains true that the moral attitude of the President toward his duties may be fundamentally identical with that of the judge. In every crucial act of his administration, he may appeal to the same criterion of right and wrong, the same test of fidelity to principle and of obedience to the highest duty, as determines the course of the Supreme Court judge when confronted with those doubts and perplexities that constitute the real difficulty of his office.

It is not necessary to go far back into the past to find a concrete embodiment of this idea of the Presidential office. No man can live up to it in every act, and it would be idle to pretend that President Cleveland did so. But to do it so far as was humanly possible was not only his earnest desire and his constant endeavor, but an integral part of his conception of the Presidential office. He had to carry on the government, and he had to make concession to circumstances in order to do so; but when it came to any matter that he regarded as fundamental, he asked no question except what was right and what was wrong; and when he had decided that question, he balked at no personal sacrifice that might be involved in doing his duty as he saw it. He threw away his party following by standing out like a rock against the silver madness—the only man of high prominence in either party to stand unflinchingly for sound money in fair weather and foul; and what he did in this great cause he did in precisely the same spirit in the matter of private pension bills, and the dependent pension bill, and the Texas seed bill, and Hawaiian annexation. Against the clear dictate of a fundamental principle he admitted no appeal; he did not deceive himself into accepting that which was immediately convenient for that which was right. Just where to draw the line between expediency and principle is a problem which it would be absurd to pronounce easy; nor can it be claimed for any practical Executive that he has at all times lived up to his own highest level in the matter, whatever that may be. But there is no difficulty in recognizing a high standard and a true devotion to it, when they are presented; and we have cited the case of Cleveland because undoubtedly it is the general recognition of these attributes that has given him the high place he holds in the nation's regard.

GOV. HUGHES'S WORK.

The retirement from the Governorship of Charles E. Hughes, after nearly four years of service in that office, should be made the occasion of more than mere compliment. His success has been undeniably great. Not only has he won the admiration of the people of his State in an extraordinary degree, but his work as Chief Executive of New York has made him a national figure. No man ever passed in this country more quickly and surely from the position of an unknown private citizen to that of a recognized public force. But such an effect does not come without adequate cause; and we ought to ask ourselves at this time what that cause was, and what is the peculiar contribution which Gov. Hughes has made to our whole conception of democratic government. A bare summary of his achievements is less instructive than an explanation of the method by which he brought them about, if we can put our hands on it. Gladstone once defined his

ambition to be to "make the institutions of his country work." Mr. Hughes has certainly made the government of New York work; and no inquiry can be more profitable, whether for present teaching or future guidance, than how he did it.

The element of personality has been, as always, of large weight. A man of less marked ability and compelling character than Gov. Hughes could not have conquered as he has even though striving in the same way. That is fundamental in all these questions. First catch your man. But the finest and most telling personal qualities have to find their modes of expression and exertion, after all. They do not work in a vacuum; they must be in touch with the breathing world. The man of force has to use the tools that others have made for him. In politics he has to take institutions as he finds them and then invigorate them; shaping old forms anew by a fresh and creative hand. And in that spirit Gov. Hughes has labored.

This new breath of life which he infused into our political methods came largely from his steadfast reliance upon reason and justice. No public man ever treated a democracy more consistently as a fair-minded court that could be prevailed upon to see where the weight of argument lies and what is the right thing to do. This was implied in the address which Gov. Hughes made a year or two ago before the Columbia Law School. He said that it had been his passionate desire to see what could be done by applying sheer reason to public affairs. In his case it seems to have been partly the acquired habit of the lawyer. He had been accustomed to arguing cases through; and he set out to convince the people and their representatives that the positions he took were fortified by right reason. He was, of course, greatly aided in this by his remarkable power of lucid statement; but behind that was his unfaltering faith in free discussion as a means of hammering out the truth, and his conviction that the people would cleave to the truth when once they had been brought to perceive it. But this was by no means the whole of it. With this clinging to reason and justice as his only armor, went that complete rejection of the small arts and the sinuous devices of the politician which Gov. Hughes has lived up to throughout his Governorship. He would not dicker or bargain. He would not help his bills through the Legislature by either log-rolling or patronage. Succeeding to Governors who had thought it necessary to threaten and to reward or punish, Mr. Hughes astonished observers at Albany by taking every case on its merits, by signing the bills of his enemies, when they were deserving, as freely as those of his friends. The oldest legislative hand could make nothing of this innovation. It was thought to spell failure. So it did in many matters; but it spelled triumph in others, and in all it spelled consistency and high resolve on the part of a Governor who had placed before himself reason and justice as the sole rules of his action.

If we were to single out one other characteristic which marks off Gov. Hughes's administration from all that had gone before it, we should dwell upon his free resort to the people over the heads of the members of the Legislature. He early foreshadowed this plan. In a speech at Albany, shortly after becoming Governor, he declared that if he could not persuade the Legislature to enact the reforms which he advocated, he should go directly to the constituencies. This he did in instance after instance, and with what effect the whole State knows. It was a new departure in the conception of a Governor's power, which was so striking and, on the whole, so victorious that it attracted attention and provoked imitation all over the country. Woodrow Wilson is to-day promising to do in New Jersey what Hughes did in New York—that is, to insist upon State-wide discussion of State-wide interests, and when necessary to go behind the Legislature to the people. It is one of those great changes that sometimes are wrought in the ongoing of our government without statutory or constitutional enactment, and all owing to the initiative of a bold and self-reliant man who quietly puts old materials to new uses. This goes well, too, with the rising assertion of the power of the States. One can distinctly see the coming of a New Stateism to offset or withstand the New Nationalism; and of that movement Gov. Hughes has been a leading prophet and exponent.

Of him New York took leave last Thursday with sincere regret and a deep sense of indebtedness. The high example which he has set will make lapses from it more difficult and more unforgivable. How the good that he has done will live after his official life is over we get a hint in the way in which both parties have now been forced to adopt his despised and defeated plan for direct primaries. He will not be here at the final triumph, but it will be his triumph. And in many other ways the faithful and unflagging labor which he gave to the State will be fruitful after he is gone. No one but would wish him different in some respects; but we have to take men as they are, and so taking Charles E. Hughes, we gratefully acknowledge that he has ennobled our public life and quickened our hope in democracy.

THE CHURCH AND THE REVOLUTION.

A painful feature of the news from Portugal is the wholesale expulsion of monks and nuns. That a strong anti-Clerical feeling had long existed in the country was well known. Even the Ministry of King Emanuel had its recent clash with the Vatican. In general, conditions across the Portuguese frontier have been very much what they are in Spain. That is to say, a people unquestionably Catholic in their preferences, and seemingly among the most obedient sons of the Church, had conceived a violent antagonism to the political activities and pretensions of the Clerical party. And hostility has been directed with special intensity against the religious orders. Hence it is not surprising that they have had to suffer in the downfall of a Catholic dynasty, yet it is pathetic to find that men and women vowed to a religious life and dedicated to works of charity and beneficence should have so completely failed to endear themselves to the people. Into the reasons we cannot now go, but the result is tragic.

Dispatches from Rome represent the Pope as greatly distressed over the revolution in Portugal. It is not that the Holy See stands for monarchy, or for one form of government as opposed to another, but that the outbursts of the Portuguese people against the Church, with the haste of the new régime to proceed in a pronouncedly anti-Clerical spirit, are causes of great disquiet. That the secular clergy should have been exposed to attack, in addition to compelling the members of the religious orders to leave Portugal must cause

Pope Pius both grief and alarm. Whereto will this thing grow? May not the anti-Clerical movement press on to new attacks in Spain and even in Italy? Almost within hearing of the Vatican, the Mayor of Rome spoke bitter words about the Pope on September 20. It was the fortieth anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, marking the end of the temporal power of the Papacy, and Mayor Nathan, in language of which at least the good taste was open to question, referred to the Vatican as the "fortress of dogma," still clinging to the ideas which the new Rome and the new Italy have left far behind, and as the "last despairing support of the reign of ignorance." These words the Mayor of Rome justified by the recent deliverance of the Pope against Modernism, especially his placing the reading of the periodical press under the ban.

The reference is to the Papal encyclical, issued early in September, absolutely forbidding students for the priesthood to read newspapers or magazines, even when such publications are Catholic. Such a direction seems of incredible severity, but it is set down explicitly in the Pope's letter, *Motu proprio*. And the official explanation is given from the Vatican that this form of the remedy against the disease of Modernism, while admittedly heroic, was necessary—made so by the fault of the rectors of Catholic seminaries. The Vatican statement declares:

> Formerly the permission to read Catholic newspapers and periodicals was left entirely to the discretion of the superiors in the seminaries, but some of these abused their liberty, and under the classification of allowable journals, admitted some that were far from orthodox. The only way to prevent this was to prohibit the reading of any papers or magazines whatever.

This sweeping prohibition by the Pope is set in the proper light by the Vatican correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*—a correspondent, it should be said, who writes in entire sympathy with the Church, and is, indeed, understood to be himself a Catholic prelate. He takes this latest Papal document as only one step more in the movement against Modernism which Pius X has incessantly pushed since his accession. In public addresses, as well as in private audiences, the Pope has held but one tone about the great peril to the Church which lies in modern ideas. To carry out the Pope's warnings, the Congregation of the Index has been condemning suspected books. In 1906 Fogazzaro's "Il Santo" was put on the list of prohibited books. Later came the encyclical *Pascendi*, and a series of condemnations directed against the chiefs of the Modernist movement—Loisy, Tyrrel, Murri, Schnizler, and others. All that the Pope has now done is to "complete the work, and to eradicate the last traces of the dreaded evil."

We refer to this absolutely *intransigeant* attitude of the Vatican, because it helps us to understand much that has been going on in Portugal and Spain and Italy. It is not to be denied that there is something admirable in the simplicity and consistency with which the Pope confronts the problem before him. It was said of Pius IX that he brought the ideas of a parish priest to the administration of a world-empire, and something like that may be said, without derogation, of Pius X. He is the same unaffected man as Pope that he was as Cardinal Sarto. But such troubles as have befallen the Church in Spain and in Portugal, partly in consequence of the absolutely unyielding position taken by the Vatican, and the apparent purpose of the Pope to proceed to one measure after another that the world will call anachronistic, must cause his advisers, and indeed intelligent Catholics everywhere, to wonder if his policy is not mistaken. In the past the Catholic Church has shown itself to be the most wonderful organization on earth for its marvellous flexibility in adapting itself to the changing conditions under which it has to live and do its work. Unless this capacity for adjustment is lost, we may expect to see the Vatican sooner or later taking to heart the hard lessons of these latter days, and showing itself more sensitive and conciliatory to the thought and aspirations of the world about it.

SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE.

Not only the armed struggles of the nations, wars and preparation for war, involve needless waste and blind groping in the dark. In the political contests of the world, in the wranglings over laws old and new, there is vast commotion with slow and small results. We tug and strain, now this way, now that, and there is no telling when the issue will be decided or whether it will be decided right. Millions of persons are enlisted on the one side or on the other, often hardly knowing how or why they came to be there rather than in the opposing camp. As Stephen Blackpool keeps saying, in one of Dickens's greatest though not most widely read books, "It's a' a muddle."

Out of this muddle, so far as regards some at least of the questions which we are thus blindly fighting out year after year, decade after decade, Prof. J. Pease Norton of Yale, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "The Supreme Court of Science," proposes a means of escape. "Many of the issues," he points out, "which divide the country, in fact all countries, into opposing camps are scientific in their nature. Long campaigns must be fought to decide policies which are capable of easy solution, if only an impartial court existed before which such issues could be tried. Just as technical questions require technical experts, technical issues require a technical court. The Administration at Washington favors the establishment of a court of commerce. Why should there not be a court of science to determine questions of scientific truth, the application and the feasibility of issues based on scientific knowledge?" As a first illustration of the desirability of such a court, Professor Norton instances the question of compulsory vaccination, into which he enters at considerable length; but he goes on to indicate that not only such questions as this, but issues like that of a tariff for protection, or of free coinage of silver, might be effectually disposed of by regular judicial procedure before a high court of science, and a score of wasteful controversies be thus brought to an end.

It is hardly necessary to mention that Professor Norton is too good a democrat to imagine or to desire that the decisions of a court of this kind should be clothed with legal authority. They would simply carry the authority due to public confidence in the ability, attainments, and integrity of the judges and the special juries of experts who had investigated the question and recorded their conclusions. And indeed it can hardly be denied that much needless agitation might be saved by the possibility of reference to such a record. But there is something almost sublime about the writer's calm confidence both in the possibility of judicial perfection in his court, and in the complete sway of sweet

reasonableness among the people to whom its decisions should be addressed. "Should the supreme court of science," he says, "decide after a fair trial that compulsory vaccination was indefensible on the evidence, and that the practice of vivisection was defensible and desirable within proper limits, two costly 'movements' would be ended with these findings." Well, maybe; but to us it seems that movements in the nature of a protest against prevailing opinion would be quite as likely to gather energy from the sense of something that they could regard as centralized official injustice. And when it comes to such a question as that of protection or of bimetallism, no method thus far revealed to man would suffice for the selection of a jury in which both sides had confidence. A unanimous decision would be taken by the defeated side as the sure sign of a packed court, while a divided judgment would be hailed by the minority as proof positive that their view had respectable scientific warrant.

It is quite true, as Professor Norton says, that "our good people are wearing themselves out trying to form intelligent opinions on all kinds of technical questions without proper evidence presented on either side." But there is no short-cut method by which this state of things can be brought to an end. It might be mitigated by the introduction of some more systematic method of making the public acquainted with the state of expert opinion on these questions; but a radical cure it is idle to expect. In the case of one of the controversial subjects mentioned by Professor Norton the leading nations of the Western world made a gallant effort to do something not unlike what he proposes; but the series of international monetary conferences for the settlement of the silver question constitute nothing more than a monumental warning of the difficulties of such an attempt. To be sure, more than this might be accomplished in other instances; but in matters in which the interests of human beings are directly involved, no amount of scientific sterilizing of the atmosphere will suffice to keep out the germs of dissension. In nearly every instance the court, if it could decide at all, would have to record a decision based on a mere preponderance of merit on the one side or the other; such a thing as an absolute yea or nay could seldom be attainable by a strictly judicial tribunal. And so long as that was the case, the matter would again become, as it was before, an affair of majority conviction and minority doubt or protest. Whatever medical science or economic authority may declare, the followers of Mrs. Eddy will go serenely on their way thinking disease a delusion of mortal mind, and Mr. Moreton Frewen will continue to be immovably convinced that upon the par of exchange between Orient and Occident turns the future weal or woe of European civilization.

POWER TO THINK STRAIGHT.

In one sense it is comforting to hear that the rising generation of Frenchmen cannot write their native tongue decently. For we had supposed that slovenly writing was confined to Americans, and in an offhand way had attributed it to the great influx of broken English to our shores. But the defect is apparently much more widespread, and its cause lies deeper down. The question, as it applies to France, is discussed in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the well-known critic, Emile Faguet, in which he admits the distressing condition, even among students intending shortly to teach, but disclaims all responsibility for the university, because, as he insists, it is for the lycée, and not for a higher institution, to instruct in French composition.

The condition described by M. Faguet might well alarm every really thoughtful person, because it is safe to say that if ability to write is dying out in France—a nation of stylists—the same is true in even greater degree elsewhere. Of course, the danger has long been recognized in this country, but doubtless most people have felt that we were well fortified against it. And it is true that in no other country is there so much instruction given in the native tongue. Not only in the secondary school, but into the first year in college, the student is kept everlastingly at it. At Harvard especially there is a strong conscience pricking to huge endeavors. There it is the boast that no man is relieved from the labor of composition until he can write respectably. At any rate, infinite pains have been spent toward a method which should show results. Taking little or nothing for granted in the boy upon entering, those in charge have put him through very simple paces before letting him essay any flourishes. Recently, we learn, the notorious English A has been further improved by a division of the sheep from the goats and the creation of a foreign squad, an awkward squad, and sections for the rest who show not so great infirmities. This is desirable, since it was pretty hard for a Chinaman, say, to keep up with a son of the Mayflower—not that the latter was always so remarkable. In short, for an outsider to listen to the infinite workings of the Harvard method is to wonder why the period of perfect expression does not arrive. Students in sections of not more than thirty each are turned over to a section-hand, as he is sometimes called, and are threatened, pommelled, so to say, and really taught something, for a good instructor will take a quavering or crabbed sentence and lick it into shape, giving the student in the process the clue to a good many tricks of the trade.

Yet despite our pains, M. Faguet's admission concerning France makes us far from hopeful about America. From his discussion of the matter it is clear that the real trouble must lie, here as there, with the element upon which style fundamentally depends—the thinking. For one reason or another, the power to think straight is lessening all over the world, and no doubt the French critic is right in the general causes which he assigns for it. Every one must have seen one of them, at least, operating in this country—the mental dissipation wrought by light reading and all kinds of frivolous entertainment. Of course, the parents who permit this will not soon see the evil of their ways, and probably never will until the college itself assumes some of the responsibility and forces the point home to fathers and mothers. The truth is, we believe, that the college truckles rather too much to the conditions which exist outside. The inner workings of any college office reveal how much allowance is made for the foibles and social ambitions of a boy's people; thus absence from town for a week or so for no imperative reason is sometimes excused, and a boy is treated good-naturedly in spite of shameful blunders, simply because his well-known forebears are scatter-brained. The college, more than is generally supposed, has it well within its power to keep the student immersed in an intel-

lectual atmosphere. This would not necessarily entail interference with clubs and the social aims of the undergraduate body: society outside is bound to be more or less reflected within. But the intercourse between student and instructor could and should be made strictly intellectual—though in a broad sense—and all recognition of merit by the faculty should be on the same basis.

Coming back to the actual instruction in English composition, one may question whether our college systems are not too ambitious. Students are commonly taught all the various kinds of style, instead of being held for the entire year simply to clear exposition of an idea. It would be desirable if the pure drill were confined to the study of a small number of authors and consisted in the analysis of their thought, day in and day out. By such a method, even the dullest student could hardly fail to get an accurate feeling for nice distinctions of meaning and for that power of sustained and orderly thinking which is so little a part of the rising generation. Once a man can think straight, the chances are that what writing he needs to do will nearly take care of itself.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Jacob Wassermann is a conspicuous figure in German letters. The philosophical reflection of the Teuton and the torrid imagination of the Oriental blend together in this author, whose reputation was made by a novel of Jewish life, "Die Juden von Zirndorf," and has since been greatly strengthened by his "Geschichte der jungen Renate Fuchs." To the latter, his new book, "Die Masken des Erwin Reiners" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is in some respects a companion. For while Renate has been held up as a model of that purity which, in the language of the moderns, can walk unsullied through the mire, Virginia Gessner embodies that heroic resistance to evil which, with other ethical ideals of our forefathers, has been banished to a garret-corner of the modern conscience. Attractive as is the figure of the girl who carries her symbolical name with unusual grace and distinction, the interest of the reader soon centres in that of the young æsthete who, below the many masks that fascinate the world about him and hide his identity, bears a haunting resemblance to Dorian Gray.

August Friedrich Krause is a Silesian writer who came into prominence some years ago by his novel "Sonnensucher," which traced with unusual insight the growth of a man's inner life. The keynote of the new book, "Das stille Leuchten" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) is also "the quiet, pure, and strong light which rises from the depths of our soul" and makes us masters of our instincts. But in this story its light is dimmed and disturbed by the lurid flame of elemental passions. A noteworthy achievement is the portrayal of the woman: proud, strong, and firm of will, she has heroic lines of character exceedingly rare among the female types of contemporary fiction. When the man who has won her away from another, a peaceful non-resistant, in savage jealousy kills his rival and on awakening to the realization of his crime thinks of nothing but its effects upon his career, her love for him dies. He, who had been the hero of the village for his physical prowess and jolly good-fellowship, has not the courage to face the consequences of his deed and prepares to flee. The tragedy of these three lives has a many-voiced chorus of villagers and the author shows remarkable skill in their delineation. The story belongs to the provincial fiction favored by the adherents of what is called "Heimatskunst."

The title of Karl von Perfall's new novel, "Hörner trägt der Ziegenbock" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), is reminiscent of "Faust," yet its choice was rather unfortunate for it does not suggest the serious undernotes of the story. A German baron who by nineteen years of hard work in America has done penance for an act of his youth, returns to Germany with a fortune, and under a new name tries to begin a new life. He becomes infatuated with the handsome daughter of an ill-reputed peasant and prepares to marry her. But the attachment excites the antagonism and later riotous hostility of the villagers; for the pet of the girl is a goat which follows her about like a dog, and that arouses suspicions of witchcraft—a fallacy still alive in rural communities of southern Germany. The book is full of reflections on the degeneration of the nobility, the social rehabilitation of its recreants, the superstitions of the peasantry, and the power of the clergy.

Lola Kirschner, who writes under the pseudonym Ossip Schubin, has long been a favorite with American readers of German fiction, some of her books having been translated into English. She is a writer of amazing productivity, but it cannot be denied that her recent work lacks the spontaneity of her earlier books. "Die Tragödie eines Idealisten" (imported by Lemcke & Buechner) is the story of an attachment between a young widow of the Austrian aristocracy and a titled Englishman who has a demented wife at home. Somehow both characters fail to seem quite real. Their love runs the usual course of a clandestine passion which exhausts itself before it is legitimized in the eyes of the world.

Maupassant has many imitators among the younger novelists of Germany. Raoul Auernheimer is not one of the most gifted, but the most daring among them. His "Renée und die Männer" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a *demi-vierge* of Vienna, who, after an amusing search for a husband among her many suitors, marries a man she does not care for, but finally falls in love with him. There is a piquant dash in the writings of Auernheimer, though his touch is not as fine as that of his great model. Another volume of Auernheimer is called "Gesellschaft" and contains a collection of short stories in the dialogue form which was so effectively handled by the late Jeanne Marni. A sort of connection is established in the first sketch, where an author and an illustrator meet in a café in the theatre district of Vienna, and, finding people that promise to make good copy, decide to collaborate upon a book. The same characters reappear in the following sketches, and the reader gets an idea of the incidents that make up the days and the nights of the Viennese smart set. The individual characters are sharply outlined, and the book is charged with real vitality.

"Der verirrte Vogel," by Karl Bittermann (S. Fischer), is the story of a woman of the lower middle class of Berlin, who, as landlady of two widely different types of men, both of the intellectual world, resists the timid attentions of the one and yields to the dashing advances of the other. Frau Stilke belongs to those simple women whose morals are spotless until a strong temptation makes them oblivious of principles and scruples. She is a plain woman, but has that feeling for the finer things in life which often grows into an invisible barrier between laborers' wives and their coarser husbands. Yet the author succeeds in awakening the reader's sympathy for the poor deluded victim of a season's passion, who in her fatal flight into a "higher world" is as much a stray bird as the youth whom jealousy of the favored rival and grief over her defection drive to suicide. The book touches some vital problems of metropolitan life with sincerity and seriousness.

Enrica Händel-Mazetti is a notable personality among the women writers of modern Germany. In "Die arme Margaret" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), a story of the Thirty Years' War, she has admirably caught the turbulent atmosphere of the period hot with religious dissension and with the barbarous cruelty of warfare. The heroine, a widow of a Protestant heretic, holding her own against a community hostile to her faith and against a horde of military brutes revelling in legalized bloodshed and plunder, is a figure that seems to have stepped forth from the pages of an early Christian chronicle.

When she is stirred with pity and implores the authorities to pardon the man whose criminal designs have exposed her and her child to privations, nearly causing their death, the reader receives something like a shock. Yet this step is in perfect harmony with the character of the woman. This is one of the most remarkable books of the year.

There is great variety in the four stories which Emil Strauss has collected under the title "Hans und Grete" (S. Fischer), though they have in common the rarely treated theme of a fraternal affection between man and woman. In the first story this attachment is misunderstood by the lover of the girl. During a boat-ride on the Rhine, he drops the oars, and as the boat drifts down the rapids and is capsized, he and the girl drown, while the innocent friend is saved and lives to tell the tragedy. The second story has for its heroine the Princess Philippa of England and relates her experiences from the time when she disappeared to escape from a hated marriage, until she dies in a German convent. She, too, at a crucial moment finds a brotherly protector in a sturdy peasant who is struck by her resemblance to his dead sister. The grateful devotion of a girl whom a Berlin student meets under equivocal circumstances and saves from the effects of exposure, is the theme of the third story. The last is aglow with tropical sensuousness and thrills with haunting mystery. The hero is a German teacher in a school in Brazil, and the author works out effectively the contrast between his charmingly simple affection for a robust German girl whom he has met in the city, and his infatuation for an elusive apparition in the luxuriant vegetation of an old park. The book is well written and by its originality stands apart from the average output of German short stories.

Carl Hauptmann's new book "Judas" (Munich: George D. E. Callwey) contains three stories, taking its title from the second, the story of a spy in autobiographical form which the author read during his American tour two years ago. The title is symbolical, for the first story, "Einfältige," has also its Judas motif. The daughter of an old peasant couple in Silesia comes back from Berlin, whither she had gone to work as a servant, and gives birth to a child which she leaves with her parents. When she reappears in the village, she brings with her a suitor for her hand, and is duly married. But after the young couple have stolen the old people's savings, they generously leave them the boy and go back to the metropolis. "Graf Michael" is a young nobleman whose irascible father is wont to reproach him at inopportune moments with the artistic temperament inherited from the mother. He has the habit of seeking oblivion for real and imaginary sorrows in association with the visitors of the vilest dens of the city. The psychology of the narrative is good. But unfortunately the author's mannerisms of style mar the enjoyment of his work. His long and involved sentences tend not only to obscure his meaning, but to disturb the rhythm. A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It can now be announced positively that the great Robert Hoe library will be dispersed at auction, under the management of the Anderson Auction Company of New York city. The first sale will take place in February in the company's new and more spacious premises, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street, which are now being made ready for their removal early next year. All American collectors, librarians, and book dealers should be pleased that the executors have decided to dispose of the great library here, instead of sending it abroad. American collectors have been responsible for the high prices of rare books and there can be no doubt that the keenest competition will be attracted by such a sale. English and Continental collectors will send over representatives, and new high records on great books may be expected.

Mr Hoe, in his fifty years of book-collecting, covered a wide field, and his library, the most valuable private library in the world, includes rare books in almost every department. It will, however, not be sold by departments, but the first portion, to be sold in February, will include a representative selection from the various departments: manuscripts, early-printed books, books in fine bindings, French books, Americana, first editions, etc.

The fifteen volumes of Mr. Hoe's privately printed catalogue enumerate 13,030 titles, forming 20,962 volumes. This does not include the illuminated manuscripts, a very important and extremely valuable section, and the one in which he took the greatest personal pleasure. The library, we may presume, comprises upwards of fifteen thousand titles, and its value may be estimated at something approximating two millions of dollars.

No such library has ever been dispersed at auction in recent times. The Sunderland Library, removed from Blenheim Palace, sold by Puttick & Simpson, 1881-1883, comprised 13,858 lots, and brought a total of £65,581 6s. William Beckford's library, sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, in 1882-1883, comprised 9,837 lots, and brought a total of £73,551 18s. More recently, Lord Ashhurnham's library, sold in 1897-1898 by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, contained 4,075 lots, and brought a total of £62,712 7s. 6d. To this may be added the Ashhurnham manuscripts, sold in 1901, 628 lots, bringing £33,217 6s. 6d., making a total for the collection sold at auction of £95,929 14s. Earlier than this, shortly after the death of the Earl of Ashburnham, the British Museum had purchased a portion of the manuscripts (the Stowe collection), paying £45,000 for them. Another portion (from the Libri collection) was purchased by the French government in 1888 for £24,000, and others were sold privately. It has been estimated that altogether something more than £160,000 may have been realized for the entire Ashburnham collection of books and manuscripts, between five and six thousand lots.

But the Hoe collection, with its fifteen or sixteen thousand lots, pales beside the great Richard Heber library, which was sold in thirteen sales in 1834-1837, the catalogues describing 54,234 lots, and which brought some £65,000. Heber said: "No gentleman can be without three copies of a book, one to show, one for use, and one for borrowers." Mr. Hoe did not go to this extreme, and there are few duplicates in his library, though he did have two copies of the first of all printed books, the Gutenberg Bible. Another great English library which surpassed in number of volumes even the Heber collection was that brought together by Robert Harley and his son Edward Harley, which was sold upon the death of the latter to the bookseller, Thomas Osborne, in 1742. For this great library, which contained about 400,000 books and pamphlets, Oshorne paid £13,000, which was several thousand pounds less than the cost of binding alone. He issued a catalogue in five octavo volumes, 1743-1745, describing 51,561 lots. This catalogue, prepared in large part by William Oldys, and with an introduction by Samuel Johnson, is one of the most interesting of the old library catalogues. The library included a large number of Caxtons, among them Mr. Hoe's unique perfect copy of the first edition of Malory's "Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur" (1485); also many of the early tracts on America, which, when they come up at rare intervals nowadays, bring such high prices. Horace Walpole, in 1758, writing of rare books, said:

> A third sort . . . are things become rare from their insignificance. Of this species was that noble collection of foolish tracts in the Harleian library, puritanical sermons, party-pamphlets, voyages, etc., which being too stupid to be ever reprinted, grew valuable as they grew scarce.

The new auction season is now under way, and the four American auction houses will all hold sales the coming week, though nothing very notable will be included. On October 18, 19, and 20 the Anderson Auction Company will offer the library of the late John R. Van Wormer. Fine library sets, many on large paper, and some extra-illustrated; a first edition of Keats's "Endymion" (1818), with the half-title and the errata leaf in the correct earliest state; first editions of Dickens's "Christmas Books," and Audubon's "Birds of America," 7 vols. (1861), are among the more important lots.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will offer on October 18 and 19 the second part of the library of James S. Green, and on October 20 they will sell a miscellaneous collection.

In Boston C. F. Libbie & Company, who have now removed to No. 597 Washington Street, will sell on October 19 and 20 a portion of the library of the late William Plumer, formerly Governor of New Hampshire. A very extensive collection (more than 300 lots) of American and English children's books, chap books and chap-book literature, forms the most notable section of the catalogue, which includes, besides, town histories, genealogies, American annuals, Masonic and anti-Masonic narratives and addresses, and a collection of Revolutionary and early nineteenth-century broadsides.

In Philadelphia, Stan. V. Henkels will offer on October 21 and 22 a miscellaneous collection from the libraries of James Richmond, W. W. Ruley, and Washington B. Powell, all of Philadelphia.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's season in London opens with a sale on October 26, 27, and 28 of a miscellaneous collection made up from libraries of several owners and including a set of Gould's great work on "Humming Birds" (1861), with 360 colored plates. Their sale of November 3 and 4 includes several specimens of early printing; a set of the nine tracts on the American Indians by Bartolome de las Casas, printed in Seville in 1552 and 1553; Hakluyt's "Voyages" (1598-1600); Linschoten's "Voyages" (1598); Peter Martyr's "Historie of the West Indies" (1612); Purchas's "Pilgrimes" (1625-1626); Audubon's "Birds of America," first octavo edition (1840-44); Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology" (1808-33); a collection of first editions of Defoe, etc.

Correspondence.

PROBABILISM

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My correspondence in your number of July 14 was not, as Mr. J. Alfred Faulkner's letter on "Probabilism" (September 1) supposes, an "apology for the Jesuits." The French edition of Professor Boehmer's book was sent me with Professor Monod's card; and I found the latter's introduction to the book worthy of extended review. As to Probabilism, without asking you to open your columns to unsuitable discussion, may I give the testimony of nearly fifty years' experience among Roman Catholics of the Latin peoples, learned and unlearned, religious and irreligious? My experience confirms my conclusions from all these years of historical study, that no Catholics do, or ever did or ever could, run around to discover casuists authorizing them to "do the act forbidden by the ethics of Jesus" and so avoid being "held up for it in the confessional." Voltaire, with his usual common sense, sums up this particular controversy: "No sect, no society, has ever had or could have a deliberate design to corrupt men" (quoted by Professor Monod).

Professor Monod himself remarks the difficulty of reconciling the Jesuit preacher Bourdaloue's sermons with the controversial view of Jesuit casuistry, and suggests that Bourdaloue may have been at variance with the teaching of his brethren; but a little patient looking through the numberless volumes of other Jesuit sermons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would show they were all at one in their moral teaching. Professor Monod, not writing controversy for history, also points out that casuistry, *i. e.*, a body of decisions in formally proposed cases of conscience, is for confessors, just as legal decisions and precedents are for judges, and that it serves to keep the confessor from imposing his own single opinion. Mr. Faulkner, by restating "the situation supposed by Probabilism" in Calvinistic formulas quite displaces the historical question. Independently of Jesuits, and long before the "elevation" of Liguori, who was not a Jesuit, Rome consistently condemned the teaching ("Tutiorism") that there is an obligation under pain of sin (the Catholic formula) to take the so-called "safer" course when the law which alone creates the obligation of conscience has no certain application in the case. Such teaching, for one thing, was often reproached with driving scrupulous souls to madness; and a French pathologist, who does not consider the question of sin since he does not believe in a God of whose law sin is the transgression, has lately maintained that Pascal suffered at the end from religious mania. That Jansenist vigor turned ordinary mortals from religious practice is an historical commonplace used to explain the French Revolution.

Mr. Faulkner says I "confuse the matter" by referring to the philosophical basis of Probabilism; yet the name itself rests on philosophical, and not on theological, teaching. It comes from Cicero's use of the word *probabilis* in his exposition of Greek philosophy; and the only weight which casuists attach, in uncertainties of conscience, to the "opinion endorsed by one learned teacher", or by many, is the probability added to the original reasonableness of the opinion by such supposedly responsible and competent authority. But Probabilism is also constantly applied in their books from considerations of reason alone, without doctors' authority, as may be seen in practical expositions like Gury's, which Paul Bert brought into the French Parliament in my time, or in Pascal's Escobar, or in any present-day Latin manuals for the use of Roman Catholic theological seminaries. And this principle for the guidance of reason of which conscience is a function, is, as I said, philosophically identical, though in varying subject-matter, with that used by the Anglican Butler and the atheist Mill.

Professor Monod takes pains to recognize that the use of the principle in Roman Catholic casuistry, which once again concerns "sin" and not "ethics," is largely in the confessor's decision as to obligations consequent on sin, such as restitution of ill-gotten goods, avoidance of scandal, incurring of ecclesiastical censure, and the like. It is doubly curious that the poet Browning should have made his Bishop Blougram apply Probabilism precisely in a case where Rome had condemned its application; and that this application of it was one of Pascal's practical arguments, often cited, for holding fast to Christianity. The philosopher Renouvier, however, says that Pascal was conscious of his lapse and afterwards explained it away as reasoning *ex hypothesi*.

I seize the opportunity to draw attention to the constant enriching of French history by new documentary researches concerning the lives, opinions, and influence of Pascal and the Jansenists of Port Royal and their friends. A bibliography would be needed to index the most recent authentic editions, books, and review articles in this field. I am still more grateful to Mr. Faulkner for allowing me, outside my own province, to point out the inestimable value of the publication of John Wesley's manuscripts which has been undertaken by his disciples. We should not let his influence as the chief dissolvent of the older Calvinism in America eclipse the fact that well-nigh all earnest English thought centred in him at one period of the eighteenth century. I cannot give my references from readings of forty years since; but I did not invent or guess that the "missions" which had interested Wesley in Italy first suggested to him systematic "revivals." Whether these missions were preached by disciples of Liguori or by Jesuits is a question of date. If I remember, it was a contemporary who remarked the resemblance. Curiously enough, the objections made against Wesley's spiritual "method," which his primitive disciples practised and so acquired their name of Methodists, were very much like those brought against the "spiritual exercises" of the founder of the Jesuits. In notes on his readings, Wesley mentions a life of Ignatius of Loyola and compares his Christianity with that of Cromwell—unfavorably to both. I may add, since Mr. Faulkner refers to the Quakers of the seventeenth century, that their theologians Barclay and L'Abadie had the Jesuit spiritual formation to start with.

I am sorry Mr. Faulkner should accuse me of sarcasm with respect to Professor Boehmer's "habits of mind." I thought I had given more than sufficient examples, and they might have been multiplied; but sarcasm profits neither to truthful history nor to valid criticism. S. D.

Biarritz, September 24.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE TRAMP ROYAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During a desultory search for entertainment among the great names of the eighteenth century, a comparison, ludicrous but irresistible, suggested itself. It may not be seemly that the sedate and profound meditations of Goldsmith's "Traveller" should bring to mind the audacious, happy-go-lucky philosophy of Mr. Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp Royal"; but the idea, once conceived, is hard to dismiss. It may be that, after all, the comparison is not so impertinent as it seems at first thought, for it is entirely probable that the Traveller would bore Mr. Kipling quite as much as the Tramp would have offended Goldsmith's classical taste.

As far as form goes, the two poems have nothing in common, except five iambic feet to the line, and each illustrates admirably the literary characteristics of its own century. The elegant diction, slow movement, and elaborated thought of the one form a sharp contrast to the rapid, succinct colloquialism of the other. Dialect poems were beneath the literary aristocrats of Goldsmith's day; and to frame a bit of serious philosophy in language literally taken from the vulgar would doubtless have been held the height of inconsistency. On the other hand, if "The Traveller" were sent to one of our leading magazines to-day, what would its chances be with the editor?

When we examine the thought which underlies the form, it is curious to see that, in spite of differing aims and temperaments, the two wanderers arrive at many similar conclusions. The temperamental difference appears in the first verse of each poem. The Traveller, drawn by ties of affection, wanders unwillingly,

> Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.

There is a suggestion of pose about him, and he evidently takes himself and his mission very seriously. The Tramp is frankly irresponsible, and is sufficiently a child

of this introspective age to know that his wander-fever is a definite psychological condition, and that all roads are good

For such as cannot use one bed too long
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

The Traveller gives a conscientious, detailed account, extending through many instructive but somewhat wearisome couplets, of the countries and customs studied in his pilgrimage. The Tramp, with charming simplicity and twentieth-century conciseness, reduces the panorama to its lowest terms:

Speakin' in general, I've tried 'em all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.

And to him, "The different ways that different things are done" gives an adequate idea of what he has seen.

A most interesting point is the way in which each of our philosophers analyzes his own sensations and motives. The Traveller voices his unrest:

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned.

The Tramp, perhaps with keener insight, observes:

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
And turn another—likely not so good;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

A psychological problem here suggests itself. It sometimes happens that one who believes himself to be pursuing a lofty purpose is merely following the bent of his temperament; and, likewise, one who thinks he is drifting aimlessly may be in reality reaching out blindly for sweetness and light. May it not have been "something in his 'ead" that upset the Traveller? And was the Tramp, perhaps, animated by deeper motives than he knew? The Tramp, indeed, has rather the advantage. He cherishes no lofty illusions as to his motives; but, for all that, there is a certain self-respect about him, and he seems to have spent in honest labor the time employed by his eighteenth century prototype in sitting upon mountain-tops, engaged in pious meditation. His testimony is clear:

I've turned my 'and to most, and turned it good,
In various situations round the world—
For 'im that doth not work shall surely die.

The difference in temperament is again apparent at the close. After following the Traveller's fortunes to the end, one feels that his pilgrimage has saddened him, and that he has found the world a somewhat depressing place on the whole. Not so the Tramp, who concludes:

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good,
So write before I die, 'E liked it all.

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Philadelphia, October 5.

CUSTOMS AMENITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I came in this morning on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. I had with me only a few trifles purchased abroad. I could only declare three bottles of ink (costing about 18 cents), three bits of Dresden china (costing about $3.75), one suit of Jäger flannel (costing $5). Otherwise I had nothing which I had not taken abroad with me. I was charged $2.40 as fine or duty (it is not stated which) on the three bits of china, on the plea that they are household goods. They are bon-bon holders. According to the slips distributed to us on the ship I am entitled to bring in $100 worth of personal belongings. I actually brought in less than $10 worth, some of which was passed free. But on $3.75 of it I am made to pay $2.40 fine or duty. Perhaps it doesn't count for much if one confesses to being ashamed of a country which can annoy and exasperate its citizens with such petty meanness.

J. R. S. STERRETT.

Cornell University, September 26.

BIOGRAPHICAL SINCERITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When an ecclesiastical council of a certain church organization meets to select a saint for canonization, an *advocatus diaboli*, or sort of prosecuting attorney, is appointed, whose business it is to collect and present all that can be said against the character of the proposed saint. In the preparation of a biography, when the work is to be done by a friend and admirer of the subject, would it not be well to have an *advocatus diaboli* appointed? His findings could be printed in an appendix, and two editions of the book could be published, one without the appendix, for the family and friends, and one with it, for those who want to know the truth.

This idea is suggested to me by reading several recent biographies of public men in which their lives are pictured as absolutely flawless. A. W. MACY.

Chicago, October 3.

THE NOSE IN POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As Mr. Rockwell in your issue of September 29 finds only Holmes to cite in proof of his contention that the poets have not neglected "the manly nose," permit me to anticipate any attempts to work this theme back into past centuries of appreciation by reverting to a poem published a couple of thousands of years ago by one Vyāsa, who describes his hero Battle-strong as "possessed of light complexion, slender height, a monstrous nose, and enormous eyes." Oriental exaggeration must be allowed for, as also perhaps an unconscious reversion to that Aryan ideal in the Rig-Veda which provokes contemptuous allusion to "foes with no noses," as opposed to those whose very gods were said to be gifted with good noses. But also to anticipate remote allusions to heroines as well as heroes, may I close with a citation from another Hindu whose epic heroine is described thus: "She has fair hair and fair is her nose; graceful is she, as were she the goddess of this wood, radiating beauty like Fortune herself." Thus Vālmīki, portraying the perfect woman Sītā, and, by implication, even divine beings. "Having a good nose" is a common description of heroes in both the Hindu epics. E. W. H.

New Haven, Conn., September 30.

Literature.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PUBLIC LIFE.

The Old Order Changeth. A View of American Democracy. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Public Mindedness. An aspect of citizenship considered in varous addresses given while president of Dartmouth College. By William Jewett Tucker. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.

These two books represent instructively certain differences between the most advanced political thinking of the East and the West. And if the distinction may be packed into a phrase, the Eastern publicist believes in criticism as a preliminary to action, while the Western publicist would act first and criticise afterwards. Both are convinced democrats, but Mr. White trusts the people in a somewhat mystical sense, and regards their decisions as instinctive and partaking of the divine. Mr. White believes in leadership, but hardly emphasizes its need. With or without leaders, the people will muddle through to some expression of its will. President Tucker thinks leadership all important and trusts rather little to the collective initiative. The editor manifests a more breezy faith and a vaguer logic; the college president, as might be expected, displays a broader historic sense and a more calculating spirit. Oddly enough the New England clergyman gives a stronger sense of worldly wisdom than does the Kansas editor.

In a rapid survey of our national history, Mr. White shows how republicanism fell under the control of a moneyed oligarchy, a process completed in the last decade of the nineteenth century and embodied in the personality of Mark Hanna. The new century has been distinguished by a remarkable democratic reaction. With mysterious unanimity and almost without visible leadership, the people have been reclaiming and extending their control. The right to nominate Senators, the initiative and referendum, the recall and the direct primary, these are issues that have triumphed widely and will, in Mr. White's opinion, prevail universally. From the small beginnings of a partially reformed civil service and the secret ballot, the appetite for self-rule has grown until the old-style boss has become obsolete. An incident of this silent democratic revolution has been the increasing inclination of the people to do its own business. Municipal trading is everywhere popular, city debts for water, light, and transportation constantly mounting. Government regulation of rates is merely a symptom of sentiment for government operation of railways. Arguments from efficiency and expense are met by the simple response, "the people wills it."

Such, in brief is the picture and eulogy of the new democracy as drawn by Mr. White. As usual he does not spare the colors.

In the main it is a just and striking presentation of the political ferment of to-day. A criticism or analysis it can hardly be called. No shadow is admitted except the relative inefficiency of our schools. Mr. White admits that the average child loses about two years by wasteful methods of instruction, but feels that the evil will promptly produce the remedy. Only raise salaries and attract more male teachers, reimburse poor parents for the time of their children at school, and all will be well. In fact Mr. White is by no means free from the prevailing superstition that most desirable things can be bought, from street railways to efficient male teachers. What he does not perceive is the danger of an education that informs without instructing. We have five million graduates of high schools and colleges in America, and yet a serious book of literary or educational criticism is lucky to find a thousand purchasers. In short, we are possibly in some peril of overproducing the average, hopeful, half-educated person, complacent in the consciousness of powers which he does not possess, refractory to leadership, except that of his own sort, more eager to undertake difficult private and political enterprises than able to carry them through successfully. We somewhat lack clear ideals, such standards as science imposes upon Germany, and specialized education upon France. Instead, Mr. White would have us put our trust in strenuous farmers with motor cars, mechanical pianoplayers, and unlimited subscription to the muckraking magazines. The merits of this class we do not disparage, we merely should be glad to see it more ready to acknowledge spiritual achievement and more apt to produce real leaders. Of such leadership, Mr. White himself might seem to be an excellent example, but he evidently lacks the sterner qualities that could rebuke a public bent upon folly.

A disagreeable feature of his book is his comment on the personnel of the Federal courts. To show the hesitation of the Federal courts toward new problems is well enough. Such a tentative attitude does credit to our national judiciary. Mr. White's list of the Federal judges appointed between 1891 and 1909, and their endorsers seems to us an unworthy piece of innuendo. The implication is that these justices are of capitalistic bias, that lawyers of equal legal talent, but of more liberal temper could and should have been found, and that since 1909 the appointments have been of a very different character. We believe that all of these inferences are false, mischievous, and superfluous. No significant fact is involved, except the proper conservatism of the bench, and, as Mr. White himself points out, if evil there be, it bears its own remedy, since the Federal courts are quickly renovated and the appointments automatically influenced by the current feeling of the people. Despite the drawbacks of this book, it does tell most lucidly just what is working in the popular mind. Those who by no means share Mr. White's easy optimism may learn from him the sentiments with which sane leadership must reckon.

President Tucker's two dozen addresses delivered before all sorts of hearers show naturally a certain inequality. What distinguishes them all is the emphasis set upon individual character. "Good Citizenship Dependent Upon Great Citizens" is the first address. It sets the tone for the others. To the inadequacy of mere education, President Tucker is fully alive, also to the hazards of character—the dangers of complacency, the possibility of moral collapse. This is old-fashioned teaching. Many of us prefer to depend upon instinctive collective movements which may or may not make for righteousness. Upon these unconscious movements our author lays little stress. His argument is pretty consistently *ad hominem*. Such subjects as "The Spiritual Life of the Modern City," with especial regard to the increase of small cities and their social advantages; "The Conscience of the Nation," a sermon preached when the Cuban war was imminent; "The Revival of Civic Pride in the Commonwealth of New Hampshire"; "The Ownership of Land"; "The Mind of the Wage Earner," a plea against class enmity; "The Rights of the Period of Education," "Arrested Education—How Recovered"—such subjects as these are typical, besides a number of topics more nearly related to collegiate education. In many instances, President Tucker covers the ground of Mr. White, and frequently agrees with the Kansas publicist. Their discussion of the defects of public education are strikingly similar in tone and in results. They part company in respect of the need of a serviceable superiority—of trained leaders. Mr. White assumes that these will rise as a kind of emanation from the mass; President Tucker believes that deliberate training will best produce our guides. Mr. White's book is obviously adjusted to the mood of the day, President Tucker's urges a kind of personal obligation which up-to-date man is prone to transfer conveniently to the State, and such traditional teaching may not make much of a stir. However that be, the commonwealth is fortunate in which fundamental principles have been upheld with such sobriety and vigor. The effect of such counsels may well outlast that of Mr. White's genial appeal to a collective efficiency which is to dispatch masterfully what is supposed to be everybody's business and nobody's.

An American Citizen, the Life of William Henry Baldwin, jr. By John Graham Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Without the usual biographical materials, for the late W. H. Baldwin, jr., wrote few letters, and apparently kept no journals, Mr. Brooks has given a vivid presentment of one who was emphatically a citizen. Inheriting from his father a fine tradition of philanthropy, Baldwin's forceful and lovable character gave promise of greatness even to his college mates. After graduation at Harvard in 1885, there was a characteristic period of hesitation. His concern was to choose the calling that permitted the cleanest success and afforded the best opportunities for doing good. The ministry was considered, but the chance of a Western position with the Union Pacific determined his vocation. For nine years he remained in the West, being rapidly promoted; at thirty-one he was general manager of the reorganized Southern Railway, at thirty-three president of the Long Island system, a position which he held until his untimely death in 1905.

During his railway experience he touched most of the sore spots of our industrial life—strikes, drunkenness of employees, rebates, unfair traffic agreements, and, during his Southern days, the race problem. He made it his task to understand these evils and to seek their remedies. Gradually he worked out a system of business morality which he expressed, as regards the railway business, in lectures at Cornell. The kernel of his system was Socratic, that men sin more from ignorance than from malice. Publicity of great transactions, full explanation between employers and employed, between corporations and the people, he felt to be the beginning of industrial righteousness. In fact, candor, and with it kindness, were the ruling passions of the man. His axiom was that people would usually do the reasonable thing when all the facts were understood. Confronted with a strike on the Southern Railway, he prepared for the men an elaborate report showing clearly that the earnings of the road did not permit the increase of wages, and that executive salaries had been cut more severely than wages. The explanation was accepted. In a similar spirit of getting at the facts he served the Southern Educational Committee and the Committee of Fifteen on the Social Evil in New York City. What he sought was primarily clear vision, without which interference is mere blundering. His own cheerful and resolute optimism had worked wonders with weaker men, and his faith in democracy was a kind of religion. During the exposure of spoliation by corporation managers he

declined to fix personal guilt. We had all sinned together, in providing temptation or in yielding to it; the grandees of finance had merely offended as humbler men would have done under like conditions. What he desired was a general amnesty, a proper revision of the moral and penal code, and a fresh start. He even imagined some process of personal conversion by which Trust magnates should agree to play fair, should consent to make money more slowly, and admit the expediency of working with instead of against the people. He cherished a vision of the ten or more great managers of finance meeting in committee and honestly promising to be good.

There was about him an old-fashioned plainness and integrity that led him to the heart of difficult problems. He assumed that the State had a right to regulate corporations the magnitude of whose business affected the public welfare. He assumed that if employers might combine, so might, nay, must, employees. He was a friend of the unions and of the open shop. From the simple observation that the negro of property was respected dated his zeal for Tuskegee, which he long served as trustee, and for industrial education for the negro. There was in this eminently simple and practical man much of the spirit of science, but his investigations were tinged with an extraordinary tenderness. He felt as deeply as he saw clearly. As an example of a sensitive conscience unscathed among great affairs his life is of singular value. To his friends this biography will be of absorbing interest, and even strangers may glimpse in it the traits of a sweet, resolute, and most serviceable personality.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Husband's Story. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Of Mr. Phillips's novels it must be said, at least, that they are never mere literary performances. He always has something "on his chest"—something that must be got off for his own comfort. He delivers his message in a tone of loud and cheerful disgust. Whatever at the moment he loathes most in modern life becomes, for that hour, the darling of his pen. If (as we have more than once suggested) his rôle is virtually that of the bull in the china-shop, it is clear that he has no suspicion of the fact. He smashes away with the solemn zeal of a prophet, and the attendant crash and jingle are sphere-music to his robust sense. His most cherished hatred, as his readers know too well, is reserved for the sins and follies of fashionable life. If for an instant, in "White Magic," he seemed inclined to look with indulgence upon certain persons born or bred under the curse of "society," he has promptly, and let us hope, permanently, repented. For Mr. Phillips is far more amusing, as well as more profitable, when he is discharging his proper mission than when he is experimenting with the material of Robert W. Chambers.

As a piece of literary art "The Husband's Story" is atrocious; and experience of Mr. Phillips does not incline us to lay its atrocity altogether at the door of the supposed story-teller—a flimsy "dramatic" man of straw, if there ever was one. Godfrey Loring is intended to stand as a superior example of the American business man, brought close to ruin by contact with the accursed "American woman." We do not mean financial ruin, for Loring's business activity is able to keep pace even with his wife's extravagance. But his money is won at the expense of his moral nature—a fact of which the woman pretends to be ignorant, and to which she is really indifferent. Her father is an undertaker, and Loring's is a small grocer, in a small and dingy city. The girl, with her little soul, marries Loring out of pique. He has, by chance, the business sense, and they presently find themselves with money to spend. The woman's ambition is aroused. We follow the pair by way of a Brooklyn purgation to the glories of a New York establishment. Social supremacy for herself and her daughter becomes the woman's sole aim, and Loring contemptuously applies the golden key to New York's most exclusive set. But there is another world to conquer on the other side of the water: the upshot of it is that the daughter becomes a marchioness and the mother a princess —by virtue of Loring's money. We leave the man at the outset of a fresh matrimonial experience. The motive, it will be seen, is anything but novel: for some reason title-hunting is a pet theme of the hour. The striking thing about the book is its truculence. Under the transparent cover of Loring's authorship, Mr. Phillips hoarsely bellows his contempt for American womanhood. He is continually dropping his story to insult the "gentle reader"—"you, with the foolish, chimera-haunted brain, with the silly ideas of life, with the ignorance of human nature including your own self, with the love of sloppy and tawdry clap-trap." He has begun the tale with the admission that the American writer of fiction must "catch the women"; is he right, we wonder, in fancying that abuse will serve for bait?

The Soul of a Serf: A Romance of Love and Valor Among the Angles and Saxons. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

If the heaviest battalions are proverbially possessed by an ally of unmatchable distinction, the beaten cause is at least reasonably certain of the services of Romance. It is Arthur, the briefly successful leader of a forlorn hope, who lives in song and story the flower of kings; the deeds of the Germanic conquerors of his people found no lasting reflection in literature. Not till the Anglo-Saxons themselves were on the defensive do we get the fine valor of the "Battle of Maldon."

In the present romance we meet with some authentic folk: Penda, the fierce Mercian; Coifi, the heathen high-priest whose naïvely pragmatical views of religion are recorded by Bede, and a somewhat too faint-hearted Edwin of Northumbria. Antiquities, too, are not slighted; the gleeman's song is heard in the mead-hall, shields clash assent, the ethics of the *comitatus* are acted out, people talk about the folk-moot and (so hard error dies) about drinking mead from the skulls of their enemies in Valhalla. But the incredibly brave and high-minded hero and the incredibly beautiful and disdainful heroine, though they for the nonce find themselves in this Germanic museum, essentially are not of it. Their pedigree is quite other. For Usfrey, who from a ceorl becomes ealdorman, and for Cuthberga, who, like the fairy-tale princess, marries him out of spite, the course of true love is as thrillingly troubled with whirlpools and sunken rocks as for any hero and heroine between the covers of a book; who, indeed, they are. There is, besides, some good fighting.

An appendix supplies some historical background. In the main it is sensible, but it is scarcely judicious to deny to Celtic Christianity a particle of influence upon English culture or to ascribe to the Anglo-Saxon of the seventh century an unswerving faith in the entire mythology of the Norse Eddas.

The Motor Maid. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This story of the Williamsons' differs only in the slightest degree from their other automobile novels. Having made themselves supreme in the motor-car field, they have worked with increasing industry and devotion. Incidentally, they have made most of their readers learn a good deal about European geography and history. We know of devotees of the products of this co-partnership who annually follow in the tracks of the latest Williamson heroine, and the increased sales of a certain motor-car mentioned by these authors in one volume are said to have necessitated a new factory; we are even told that where one tourist to France buys a Baedeker, two buy a Williamson. More than that, we are asked to believe that every American girl whose father is a millionaire beseeches her "Dad" to take her and a motor-car to Europe, and to hire a chauffeur abroad in the expectation that he will surely prove one

of those dukes or princes in disguise who, according to the Williamsons, form a majority of all able-bodied European motor-car drivers.

In the "Motor Maid" the two persons who occupy the front seat of the automobile are people of exquisite taste, gentle birth, and astounding historical and literary knowledge. Both are in temporarily straitened circumstances, and therefore act as maid and chauffeur to two quite unattractive *nouveaux riches* in a light blue, sixty-horsepower car. The maid is warned against all chauffeurs, but "never was a chauffeur so long, so slim, so loathery as this one." Long and slim as he is, he slips speedily into her affections. As for the rest of the volume, the transformation of the chauffeur into the lady's protector, brother, and fiancé is rapid enough to please the most exacting maid of sixteen. Why not? A romance that takes place in a sixty-horsepower motor ought surely to move with more than lightning speed, and so the reader is transported from Cannes into Italy and then into France and up to Paris, learning all about the scenery and history of the country from the wise maid and chauffeur. As usual, the descriptions are excellent, and they afford a pleasant contrast to the human beings who ride in the car. As a whole, the volume entertains. But if we must explore so many miles of country in the course of our light reading, a road map of Europe at the end of each volume would add much to its charm—and to its usefulness as a guide-book.

The Hollow Needle. By Maurice Leblanc. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The secret of the hollow needle, which has been in the possession of Cæsar and Charlemagne and Louis XIV and Louis XV and Napoleon and has now come to the knowledge of the egregious Arsène Lupin, is so incredibly fantastic as to spoil a detective story which otherwise has many interesting qualities. How the young Parisian student wrestles with the Napoleon of crime for his secret, and the conclusion, must be left to the discovery of the reader of the book.

The Window at the White Cat. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

One of the peculiarities of this detective story is the absence of any real detecting. The hero, a lawyer this time, and not a reporter, is busy haunting dark windows and exploring midnight corridors, but for the most part he fails to discover anything through falling down dumb-waiter shafts or bumping his nose or forgetting his shoes. And when the mystery is revealed, it is as much a surprise to him as to the reader. And there is a vast amount to reveal. The iniquities of politics and the eccentricities of woman never before created so complicated a series of mysterious happenings, including murder and disappearance. The best thing in the book is the description of the political club called the White Cat; that is an invention of genius. The poorest thing is the disappearance of Aunt Jane, which does indeed darken the mystery of the plot, but only by an illegitimate trick on the reader. The author's sense of humor is at times delightful, and, oddly enough, seems not at all out of place in a story of blood and horrors.

A GREAT CATHOLIC BISHOP.

The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner. By Edwin H. Burton, D.D. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $7 net.

Those who contemplate the present strength and prosperity of the Catholic Church in England are too often apt to forget the terrors and sufferings of that dark and distressing but yet comparatively recent epoch in its history which stretches from the Revolution of 1688 to the first Relief Act of 1778. Identified in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries with the interests of a detested Spanish power, which gave way in the age of Louis XIV to an equally detested French one; coupled in men's minds with the vast majority of real rebellions and plots (not to speak of the even larger proportion of grossly exaggerated or wholly fictitious ones) in which Tudor and Stuart history abounds, it is small wonder that the cause of Roman Catholicism in England suffered at the hands of the subjects of "Dutch William" and his successors. They were debarred from the enjoyment of many privileges, disabled from holding office, and on occasions actually persecuted. That it was ninety long years after the "glorious Revolution" before this policy began to be modified, need not occasion too much surprise. The "Fifteen" and the "Forty-five" gave renewed proof that the old alliance of Catholicism with England's political foes on the Continent was not yet utterly forgotten; while the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in France, and the interpretation of "Cujus regio, ejus religio" by some of the less enlightened German princes, not to speak of the policy of Spain and of the majority of the Italian states, showed that, though the wars of religion were past, the embers of the old hatreds and jealousies continued to burn.

During this dark period of doubt and suffering, the foremost figure among the English Catholics was Richard Challoner, Bishop of Debra, and vicar apostolic of the Southern and most important of the four "districts" into which the Catholic flock in England was divided, for administrative purposes, from 1688 to 1840. Born three years after the accession of William III, the son of a Puritan father who died when he was very young, the future bishop was brought up in Catholic surroundings, and sent at the age of fourteen to be educated for the priesthood at the English college at Douay, where he remained, almost uninterruptedly, as student, priest, vice-president, and professor till 1730. In that year he finally received permission to resign his offices at the college and go as a missionary priest to London; here he devoted himself to the cause of Catholicism in England, until his death half a century later. He is best known for his theological and devotional books, which number nearly two score. "The Garden of the Soul" (1740), "The Memoirs of the Missionary Priests" (1741-2), and the "Meditations" (1754) are perhaps the most famous, and on them succeeding generations of English Catholics were brought up. But his activities were by no means limited to the authorship of these works. In addition to his difficult episcopal duties (he was consecrated bishop in 1741), he founded two Catholic schools in England which survive to-day as St. Edmund's and St. Wilfrid's Colleges, and was the benefactor of the English Catholic colleges on the Continent. He strove in every way to alleviate the sufferings of his co-religionists, and to gain for them the toleration which they began to enjoy in his last years. "He was not, indeed, a man of genius, or even of striking originality. By nature he was a stanch conservative, who loved to walk in the old paths. But he possessed marked intellectual ability and that strong practical sense which knows how to turn knowledge to daily use." It is doubtful if a more brilliant or daring man would have served the Catholic cause as successfully as he did, in that day and generation. The Catholics were in such a minority that they could not hope to gain their ends by force; they must rather suffer long and uncomplainingly, and thus prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that religious dissent no longer walked hand in hand with political rebellion. Under such circumstances, a leader of indomitable patience, absolute self-abnegation, and pre-eminent personal holiness was a priceless boon—and such a leader they possessed in Challoner.

Dr. Burton's book is a most thorough and scientific piece of work, a monument of careful, painstaking scholarship—a trifle too exhaustive, in fact, to appeal to readers who are not specialists in this particular field. It is much more than a life of Challoner; it is really a history of English Catholicism in the eighteenth century. Though frankly a panegyric, the book does not

give the impression of prejudice or partisanship; for the hero was one of those rare personalities whose character commanded the admiration of friend and foe alike, and Dr. Burton wisely refrains from going out of his way to censure the statesmen and churchmen who opposed him. As a biography of Challoner, it may justly be described as final; and no student who is interested in the religious movements of the eighteenth century, or in the history of the Catholic Church since the Reformation, can afford to ignore it.

The Campaign of Trafalgar. By Julian S. Corbett. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.50 net.

Following up his solid studies of Drake and Drake's successors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Mr. Corbett has now written what is likely to remain for some time the definitive account in English of England's naval policy in the momentous year 1805. Popular imagination and general histories have been wont to approach the subject merely in its relation to the figures of Napoleon or Nelson.

There is the fascination of Napoleon's grandiose project of the invasion of England and his Boulogne flotilla. There is a glamour about Nelson's chase after Villeneuve to the West Indies and back, his warning to England, and three months later his brilliant action at Trafalgar. Mr. Corbett, however, though he has a great enthusiasm and admiration for England's naval heroes, is not concerned with hero-worship, or led astray by legends. He has made a minute study of the diplomatic correspondence of 1805, and of papers in the Foreign Office as well as those in the Admiralty Office. On the basis of these he traces in a clear and vigorous fashion Pitt's general war and naval policy. Most writers have looked upon the naval campaign of 1805 merely as a defensive movement; Nelson has been regarded as saving England from Napoleon's invasion. But Mr. Corbett shows that in reality the campaign was an offensive one. Of course, it was the prime duty of the English fleet not to allow any descent upon the English coast. But Mr. Corbett takes his reader to sit with the venerable Barham and the Sea Lords in the dingy little offices in London, and lets him listen to Pitt and Melville, and shows him how the far-seeing and sure purpose of these men was more than the mere defence of England. They were aiming, in coöperation with Russia and Austria, to secure for England more territory and power in the Mediterranean, and to seek out and destroy the French fleets in their own French waters. It is Mr. Corbett's admirable statement of the general naval policy, of which Trafalgar was but the culminating incident, which makes his volume of special value. In saying this, we do not mean to imply that he has been neglectful of the battles upon the sea. On the contrary, he has a good deal that is new in regard to the naval tactics of Collingwood, Cornwallis, and Nelson. His account of Trafalgar itself is very careful and quite detailed. He gives elaborate charts, several contemporary plans of battles, and a very interesting list of all the signals set by Nelson on the morning of Trafalgar.

For the futility and madness of Napoleon's naval orders the author can hardly find language strong enough. He thinks the real blame for the failure of Napoleon's projected invasion lies wholly with the Emperor himself. It was only after the failure that Napoleon angrily shifted the blame to Villeneuve and established another Napoleonic legend which has lost little of its vitality to the present day.

Thomas Carlyle as a Critic of Literature. By Frederick William Roe. New York: The Columbia University Press.

This new volume of the Columbia Studies in English undertakes for Carlyle what some three years ago Miss Margaret Ball undertook in the same series for Scott: to define his critical ideals, to fix his place in the history of criticism, and to measure his achievement as a critic. Like his predecessor, Mr. Roe has been rather more successful in the expository than in the historical and critical parts of his task. Generally confining himself to the literary essays, he has collected, condensed, and set in order his author's somewhat difficult and mystical utterances on the nature of reality, on the nature and function of poets and poetry, and his distinctly less esoteric doctrine on the nature and function of critics and criticism. By way of illustration Mr. Roe has examined in some detail the articles on Goethe, Voltaire, Burns, Johnson, and Scott. Considered as analysis of theory and critical method, his work is patient, competent, and useful.

To point out Carlyle's position in his times it is necessary as it were to rise above and see all around him, looking before and after. Mr. Roe, it must be confessed, seems mainly to survey Carlyle's position through Carlyle's own eyes. He is frequently beguiled by Carlyle's contempt for all those to whom he was indebted—his assumption of complete independence of his English contemporaries and forerunners. Mr. Roe takes his author's word for it that the new critical movement—sympathetic, imaginative, historical, comparative—was founded upon the transcendental philosophy and came from Germany during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. He fails to bring out the important fact that the really durable elements in the new critical movement—the sympathetic insight, the study of a work of art in relation to the artist and his age, the cosmopolitan attitude toward literature—have absolutely no necessary connection with transcendentalism, and have, in fact, been chiefly carried forward by the anti-transcendental party. He observes, indeed, that there were signs of change in England before the German influence made itself felt; but his earliest reference is to Wordsworth's preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," 1800. And behind that date, he lets us infer, stretched the unbroken and arid desert of eighteenth-century neo-classicism represented by Johnson and Pope. This is, of course, to magnify the critical originality of Carlyle. But it is also to ignore without excuse the cloud of witnesses that cried out against the Augustan régime long before even Wordsworth declared himself a revolutionist. It is to ignore, for example, the powerful yeast of Young's "Conjectures on Original Composition," 1759, and the new and trenchant appraisal of Pope, the sympathetic insight, the insistence upon the historical and comparative method, displayed in the critical writings of Thomas and Joseph Warton, with whom Carlyle was perfectly familiar, but who are quite unmentioned in Mr. Roe's treatise save in one insignificant footnote. As a matter of fact, Carlyle's critical activity, beginning about 1827, did not precede but followed the romantic triumph, and the new critical standards which legitimatized the new poetry and fiction—despised, for the most part, by him—had been widely accepted before he commenced to write.

In estimating Carlyle's achievement as a critic of literature, it seems, furthermore, an evasion of responsibility to limit the inquiry to articles on men of letters. He did not care, as Mr. Roe points out, for the novel or the drama, and he regarded "the sonnet, elegy, song" as belonging to the "out-lying province of poetry." From the outset, in fact, he was preoccupied with ideas; in his "Cromwell" and his "French Revolution" he is exercising the same faculties—and with similar intention—that he exercised in his "Goethe" and his "Voltaire." To him, certainly, literature meant the complete record of life in all its departments. "The critic," Mr. Roe explains, "must have interests beyond the merely literary, he must be competent to understand and interpret influences, social and political, religious and philosophical." Precisely. For that reason it is as important to dwell upon the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" as upon the "Burns." Before we can properly value Carlyle's accomplishment we must take full account of the enormous discrepancy between his ideal of the critical function and his own performance. We must see him in the central forty years of the nineteenth century, imperv-

ious to the light of noonday, obstinately blind to the revelations of science, insensitive to the irresistible force of the democratic movement, futilely opposing the master currents of his generation, and seeking up and down the history of the world only corroboration of his preconceptions.

A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner, and John B. Andrews. With preface by Richard T. Ely, and introduction by John B. Clark. Vols. I and II. Plantation and Frontier, 1649-1863; by Ulrich B. Phillips, Professor of History and Political Science, Tulane University. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

As Professor Ely indicates in his preface, the American Bureau of Industrial Research was organized in March, 1904, "for the purpose of preparing a full and complete history of American industrial society." A search was begun to locate material that was deemed essential. There were eventually assembled a mass of early newspapers, and nearly 2,000 pamphlets originally issued in behalf of wage-earners in this country. Many of these were transcribed and classified. A collection was also made of labor conspiracy cases, and the entire body of documents was catalogued. From the material so organized, a selection has been made by the editors of this series. Professor Ely indulges in the somewhat roseate hope that these ten volumes of excerpted documents "will do for the social and industrial life of the American people what the publication of Colonial records, town, State, and Federal records, has done for the political, constitutional, and military life of the people" (i. 31).

While the first two volumes alone are specifically under review here, it may be said at the outset that the title of this series of ten volumes is quite misleading. The ten volumes do not contain "a documentary history of American industrial society." They contain an amount of illustrative material upon two or three important phases of American industrial history. This becomes more clearly evident when we note that the first two volumes are virtually upon plantation economics; that the second two volumes are devoted to labor conspiracy cases up to 1842; and the remaining six volumes to the labor movement between 1820 and 1880. The title of the series, therefore, preëmpts a territory indefinitely more extended than the series exploits. The volumes themselves, moreover, are inaccurately labelled, in that they do not contain a documentary history of even the partial phases of industrial history of which they treat. An accurate title would be: documentary excerpts illustrative of certain phases of American industrial history. While the entire series has not yet appeared, there is no indication that it will endeavor to cover, except by occasional implication, foreign commerce, transportation, colonial policy, manufactures, internal improvements, currency, banking, public lands, corporations, and other topics of cardinal importance. A modern philosopher has protested against the inveterate habit of his class of decorating, each his own peculiar philosophical fancy, with the flag entitled Real World. Historians bent on accuracy may well observe the obligations thereof in the names which their volumes are made to bear.

Professor Clark in the general introduction which he contributes remarks: "What is especially needed is a confirmation of principles of economics by a wide induction from the facts of history—such facts as the present work furnishes" (vol. i, p. 43). How far the essential process of verification of hypothesis can be obtained by historical induction it would be very difficult to say. It is well, however, to remember Keynes's warning that "all that is given to us in each case by direct evidence is a highly complex sequence of events, in which the true bonds of causal connection may be disguised in a thousand different ways, so that, far from being patent to every observer, they can be detected only by the trained student thoroughly equipped with scientific knowledge."

The gem of the first two volumes is Professor Phillips's introduction (vol. i, pp. 69-104). His justification of the title—Plantation and Frontier—on the ground that "the most perfect types both of plantation and frontier occurred in the Southern Colonies" (vol. i, p. 71), is dubious so far as the frontier is concerned. But his characterization of the plantation and its implicates in respect of labor organization; his differentiation of plantation types—the Virginian and Carolinian (or West Indian); his exposition of the constant transference of the plantation régime to the unexhausted lands of the South and Southwest, first to the Carolina and Georgia uplands, and thereafter to the Mississippi and Texas region; these are all remarkably well handled. The running competition between the plantation and the farm was characteristic of the economic history of the South. The seaboard plantation raising staples by means of bond labor forced the farmer to the early frontier. Soil exhaustion in Virginia and Maryland disrupted the plantation system on their seaboard, and the small farmer reclaimed the land. The fresh land of the uplands after the invention of the cotton gin gave the cotton plantation a new lease of life in a new habitat. The alluvial basins with their inexhaustible soil promised to give it permanent life in those sections. But the farm had a staying power which earth-butchery denied the plantation, and was free from dependence on slavery which proved the ruin of the old plantation system.

The documentary excerpts which Professor Phillips appends are well selected and classified, and hardly warrant his own semi-depreciatory comment that the "result is fragmentary at best" (vol. i, p. 98). His criteria in the selection of material *en appui* were "rareness, unconsciousness, and faithful illustration," and are well justified as a whole. He undertook, of course, a difficult task, in endeavoring to give in proper proportion the varied colors and tones of the plantation system and its envelope—slavery. What is perhaps most surprising is the infrequent reference to legislation. In *Monumenta* we expect to find the *Leges* conspicuous. But Professor Phillips is more inclined to take his excerpts from newspaper editorials, news items, and advertisements, or from letters, diaries, books of account, and travellers' records. The topical rather than the chronological arrangement is abundantly justified by the fact that the plantation régime flourished in different regions at different times. But under each particular heading, Staples, for instance, it is rather strange that the chronological order is not adhered to more closely. Why should Sugar Methods in Jamaica in 1815 (vol. i, p. 281) precede Benedict Leonard Calvert's letter of October 26, 1729 (vol. i, p. 282), illustrative of the uncertainty of returns in tobacco? Some of the documents cited to display plantation routine are a bit wearisome and not over instructive. The space devoted to the "poor whites" is confessedly disproportionate to their relative importance in the economy of the South. Occasionally, the annotation is parsimonious. Thus Washington's account of his weaving establishment (vol. ii, pp. 324, 325), deserves some editorial analysis and comment. The light and shade of plantation life are well conveyed by the happy selection of extracts typical of the conscientious slave-owner, the barbarous slave-driver, runaways, epidemics, slave insurrections, the cruel situation of the free person of color "possessing neither the rights of citizens nor the protection of slaves" (vol. ii, p. 158). The section devoted to Migrations of Slave-owners gives also a vivid picture of a process of which all too little has been known hitherto, while the temper and philosophy of the Southern frontier is excellently illustrated by the citations printed. The two volumes are indispensable to the student of the industrial life of the South before the war.

Madame Royale, the Last Dauphine: Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de France, Duchesse d'Angoulême. By Joseph Turquan, author of "The Sisters of Napoleon." Edited and translated by The Lady Theodora Davidson. New York: Brentano's. $3.75 net.

Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte, Madame Royale of the old régime, and Duchesse d'Angoulême, also Dauphine, of the *émigration* and Restoration, lives in history under a dual visage. For the royalists, this daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who shared the captivity of her parents in the Temple, was an object of almost idolatrous adoration. Even the transformation of the timid and shrinking girl of eighteen, who issued from her prison on the 27th Frimaire, the year iv, under the Directory, into the cold, hard-featured woman of thirty-eight who returned to France with the royal family under the protection of the Allies, could not affect or diminish this cult, which remained constant to the day of her death in 1851. On the other hand, for those who approached her in the hard light of day and without any such veil of sentiment to obscure their sight, she was merely a rude and disagreeable woman of narrow intelligence, if considerable force of character, who had her full share of the proverbial ingratitude of her race, and who requited her most faithful adherents with harsh words and contempt.

Joseph Turquan, thoroughly sifting, in his usual manner, all the memoirs and other personal material of the period, presents the reader with plenty of evidence as to the real character of the princess, and as to the opposite ways in which she was regarded by friend and foe. He also seeks to discover the cause of the changes that took place in her. For, in spite of the fact that she displayed radical and dangerous defects even as a child, causing her mother some concern by her arrogance and obstinacy, he credits Madame with a natural warmth and generosity that she was far from exhibiting in later years. Accordingly, he sees the first cause for the deterioration in the influence of the Austrian court, where she found a refuge after her release, and where she was destined by the Emperor for marriage with an archduke. She resolutely declined this alliance, however, and finally married the Duc d'Angoulême, whom her parents had designated as her future husband, and whom, for political reasons, her uncle, Louis XVIII, was anxious to have her wed. It is, above all, to this loveless and disappointing marriage that M. Turquan attributes the blighting of the princess's heart. It may well have been so. Her letters indicate that she surrounded the suitor whom she had never seen with an atmosphere of romance. The disillusion was prompt and complete. Her biographer draws the picture of the meeting at Mitau:

> When the carriages halted opposite each other the King descended from his. This was not only a great condescension on his part, but a work of time, for he was very corpulent. Madame, light as a bird, in spite of a month spent in her carriage, jumped down, ran across to the King, and knelt at his feet to receive his blessing. There was a pretty scene, and a few happy tears were shed, after which Louis XVIII drew from behind his sheltering rotundity a frail creature of monkey-like appearance. "Your betrothed, the Duc d'Angoulême," he announced, placing a large fat hand on the puny shoulders of the Prince and propelling him towards his niece.

His appearance, however, was not the worst thing about the man whom pride and a sense of duty still forced the princess to accept as her husband. Physically, mentally, and morally a weakling, and at times, apparently, almost a drivelling idiot, with gross manners, unpleasant personal habits, silly vanity, and a bad temper, this hero of Bouvard and Pécuchet was no match for the fine and vigorous woman who, whatever her defects, certainly would have made a good wife and mother. The union was an unfruitful one, and the thwarted affections of the princess withered and turned sour. At least such is the author's hypothesis, and it seems plausible. What, however, is perhaps the most interesting trait of her character is the loyalty which she maintained toward her husband, and which made her endeavor always to place him in positions where he would appear to the best advantage. It should seem almost as if she tried to deceive herself concerning him. In her last exile, when Chateaubriand called upon her as an ambassador from the Duchesse de Berri, she asked suddenly: "What do they think of Monsieur le Dauphin in the army? He is immensely respected, is he not? He is remembered?" There may have been merely pride in this attitude, another manifestation of that obstinacy which made her follow without faltering any line she had once adopted, but the fact should be counted in her favor, as should also her affectionate devotion both to her uncle and to her father-in-law, Charles X.

But while Marie-Thérèse seemed content to shine in the reflected glory of the duke whose laurels she so assiduously gilded, it was really from her that d'Angoulême gained any political importance and popularity he enjoyed, if we except that which came to him from his happy entry into Bordeaux with the armies of Soult and Wellington on the eve of the Restoration. Indeed, Madame, until her unlucky visit to Vichy, of which Charles X took advantage to break his pledge and publish the *Ordonances* that led to his downfall, was the ruling spirit of two reigns, and more than any one else managed to maintain the equilibrium of the monarchy. She was narrow, and lacking in tact, but she had a measure of political instinct and independence of judgment that was wanting in the others. She was also brave and resolute, and showed marked administrative capacity, as in her conduct of affairs in the Southwest at the beginning of the Hundred Days. Napoleon himself said of her that she was the only man of her family, and he seems to have been right. It is hard to waken much interest in the affairs of a family so lacking in dignity and a sense of their situation. Nor, in spite of certain bold traits, is the Duchesse d'Angoulême a sufficiently distinguished figure to detach herself completely from her sordid background and to dominate it. She only occasionally emerges and gives a gleam of the faded glory of her ancestors to the throne she occupied for an instant between two abdications, that of her father-in-law and that of her husband, which were accomplished in a single séance. And even this glory was largely of a sentimental order, the result rather of a devotion on the part of those who were determined to see in the Princess of the Temple an embodiment of the past than of any heroic gesture of her own.

Notes.

Harpers have added another volume, "Desperate Remedies," to their thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy's novels.

Prof. J. W. Mackail's "Lectures on the Greek Poets," which will be published by Longman this month, include three essays on Homer; two on the lyric poets, with special reference to Sappho and Simonides; one on Sophocles, and a cursory treatment of the Alexandrians, Theocritus and the Idyl, and Apollonius of Rhodes and the Romantic Epic.

The same house has in the press "Educational Aims and Efforts, 1880-1910," by Sir Philip Magnus, and "Philosophical Essays," by Bertrand Russell.

H. Thiselton Mark, lecturer on education at the University of Manchester, is publishing with Fisher Unwin "The Unfolding of Personality as the Chief Aim of Education."

The autumn books of Herbert E. Daniel include "Talleyrand the Man," translated from the French of Bernard de Lacombe, with two portraits.

"The Progress of Revelation," by Canon G. A. Cooke; "Early Ideals of Righteousness (Hebrew, Greek, and Roman)," by Prof. R. H. Kennett, Mrs. A. M. Adam, and Professor Gwatkin, and "An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament," by Dr. James Moffatt, will be brought out by T. & T. Clark.

Lee Warner promises shortly: "The Letters of Alesandra Macinghi degli Strozzi, 1447-70," now first translated from the Italian by Robert Cust, and "A Flower Anthology," a selection by Alfred Rawlings of English flower poems.

An outline of philosophy in England from Bacon to the present day will be published by A. & C. Black, with the title, "English Philosophy: a Study of Its Method and General Development." The author is Dr. Thomas M. Forsyth.

"The Two Religions of Ancient Israel: with a Re-Examination of the Prophetic Narratives and Utterances," by Prof. T. K. Cheyne, and Joseph McCabe's "The Evolution of Mind," will be issued by the same house.

"The Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith," edited by Arnold Haultain, which is in the hands of Macmillan, will be ready November 23.

Books which will appear in November from the press of Frederick A. Stokes Company include: "Historical Vignettes," by Bernard Capes; "Old Kensington Palace," by Austin Dobson; "Unfrequented France," by Betham Edwards; "Springs, Streams, and Spas of London," by Alfred Stanley Foord; "Highways of Japan," by Lady Lawson; in Masterpieces in Color series: "Watts" and "Ingres"; in the Painters' series, "Metsu" and "Vermeer"; "The Argentine Republic," by A. Stewart Pennington, and "Spain from Within," by Rafael Shaw.

With the intention of presenting to the public the whole love story of the Brownings, Paul Elder & Company are bringing out a new edition of "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which will also contain lyric interludes by Mrs. Browning and Robert Browning's poems to his wife. Arthur Guiterman is the editor.

A new novel of Southern life, entitled "Out of Drowning Valley," by S. Carleton Jones, is announced by Henry Holt & Company.

The same house will soon have ready Storm's romance of German student life, "Auf der Universität," edited, with a vocabulary, by Robert N. Corwin of Yale. Somewhat later this house will publish an enlargement of Pancoast's "Introduction to English Literature," which is undertaken by Pancoast and Sebelling, the latter of the University of Pennsylvania.

The following books are in preparation by Longmans, Green, & Company: "A Soldier's Recollections: Leaves from the Diary of a Young Confederate, with an Oration on the Motives and Aims of the Soldiers of the South," by Randolph H. McKim, and "Back to Holy Church: Experiences and Knowledge Acquired by a Convert," by Dr. Albert von Ruville, professor of modern history at the University of Halle.

The British Museum manuscript of Traherne's poems, which the Oxford University Press is about to issue, has the following title page: "Poems|of|Felicity.|Vol. I.|Containing|Divine Reflections|On the|Native Objects|Of|An|Infant-Ey.|By|Tho: Traherne, B.D|Author of the Roman Forgeries,|& Christian Ethiks.|Printed for Ph. Traheron, B.D. | And are to be sold by," etc. The manuscript is Burney 392.

If the number of books published on a subject is any indication of its popularity, Nietzsche's philosophy must be making rapid conquests in this country and England. Besides the steadily increasing volumes of the translation edited by Dr. Levy, we have every few months a volume of biography or exposition or extracts. The latest of these are "The Quintessence of Nietzsche" (Duffield), by J. M. Kennedy, and "The Gist of Nietzsche" (Luce & Co.), by Henry L. Mencken. Mr. Kennedy is one of Dr. Levy's corps of translators and knows his subject well. He brings out clearly the three main points of Nietzsche's doctrine, viz., the distinction between master and slave morality, the superman, and the everlasting recurrence; but, being himself a full-blooded Nietzschean, he naturally does not go below the surface and drag into light the underlying inconsistency and morbidness of the philosophy. Mr. Mencken's little book gives a series of quotations from Nietzsche under proper heads.

"Mr. Dooley Says" (Harpers) offers the familiar and always palatable ragout of shrewd sense and broad burlesque. Divorce, vacations, books, religion, the Japanese scare, doctors, expert testimony, panics, the tariff are among the chief topics that occupy the sage of Archey Road. Concerning religious faith, Mr. Dooley says, quite in pragmatic vein, "Anny kind iv a fact is proof iv a belief. A firm belief atthracts facts. They come out iv holes in th' ground an' cracks in th' wall to support belief, but they run away fr'm doubt." Of timely weight are Mr. Dooley's views on the Supreme Court: "I have a gr-reat respect f'r th' Joodicyary, as fine a lot iv cross an' indignant men as ye'll find annywhere. I have th' same respect f'r thim as they have f'r each other. But I niver bow to a decision iv a judge onless, first, it's pleasant to me, an', second, other judges bow to it. Ye can't be too careful about what decisions ye bow to." Mr. Dooley, like other institutions, is not always on his high level, but his geniality compels hearing and disables criticism.

The New Library Edition of Pater's Works (Macmillan) now adds three volumes, including "Appreciations," "Plato and Platonism," and the unfinished novel of "Gaston de Latour." We have been stimulated by the pleasant margins and clear type of this new edition to read again the exquisite, languid novel that introduces us to the hesitant contemporary of Ronsard and Montaigne and Giordano Bruno and Charles IX—introduces us only, for the story breaks off just when the influence of Ronsard's modernism and Montaigne's skepticism and Bruno's pantheism are leading the young man away from the traditional religious views with which he started in life. It is rash to venture a guess as to how Pater meant in the end to reconcile these conflicting views of life, but there are hints here and there which lead one to suspect that Gaston—like his creator, for that matter—was to find a compromise between religion and the world in the æsthetic worship of the moment. If this is so, the novel would have been, so to speak, a sequel and conclusion to "Marius the Epicurean." As the fragment stands—evidently in need of revision and expansion—it falls too much into talking *de umbris idearum*, and wavers too much in the twilight of emotion, to be as effective as "Marius," but it has a fascinating charm of its own, and the chapter on Montaigne is a complete and notable study.

"H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D.," manifestly a pseudonym—the author of "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena" (Appleton), opens his book with the statement that it contains the "record of a journey," but he gets nearer to the truth of the matter on page 17, when, after a long digression on the Florida Fountain of Youth (!), he admits that his purpose is "not so much to give descriptions of the countries through which we shall pass—something which has in most instances been done before—as to give the impressions of their earliest explorers, and to dwell, as briefly as may be, on topics relating to the various regions visited." In other words, this is really a sentimental journey, quite a unique performance in these days, at least so far as South America is concerned. As such it is extremely well done, and will give abundant pleasure to that anomalous individual known sometimes as "the curious reader" who delights in being continually interrupted by classical allusions, bits of poetry, more or less appropriate selections from Greek, Latin, French, and Spanish authors, and countless other evidences of an omnivorous erudition. Here are all his old friends: Pliny and Bret Harte, Macaulay and John Fiske, Dante and Mark Twain; there is not one missing. Casual references to megatheriums, mylodons, and megalonyx, the paintings of Raphael, Claude Lorrain, and Ruysdael, the climate of the Hawaiian Islands and the view from Mount Parnassus, all, all are here. Furthermore, by elaborate and painstaking research, "Dr. Mozans" has referred, either in text, foot-notes, or bibliography, to nearly all the ancient and modern writers who have had a word to say about the Orinoco or the Magdalena. As a compilation of extracts from Spanish chroniclers, German savants, and English historians, it is truly remarkable. It is the kind of laborious erudition that would have delighted our grandfathers. But he who comes to this book looking for a single new fact will be grievously disappointed. Altogether, "Dr. Mozans's" work only furnishes another example of the truth that one can know and write a great deal about a country without leaving the vicinity of a good library.

It is not easy to estimate the value of "An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence" (Duffield), edited by Lilian Dickins and Mary Stanton. In substance the book is a collection of letters written to Sanderson Miller of Radway Grange, Warwickshire, by such well-known men as Deane Swift, Pitt, the Lyttletons and the Grenvilles, the Earl of Guilford (father of the famous Lord North), Charles Jenkinson (Earl of Liverpool), etc. Miller's replies have not been preserved, and we thus get a curiously reflected portrait of the man as he appears in the minds of his friends. He was, as the names of his correspondents testify, a pretty well known man in the friendly days of George II although, curiously enough, he is omitted from the Dictionary of National Biography and all other reference books. Apart from his gift of friendship, he was notable as one of the early workers in the Gothic revival (earning thereby the jealous ill will of Horace Walpole), and a large number of these letters deal with various projects of restoration and building in which his advice was sought. The word restoration calls to mind the many acts of vandalism for which the new enthusiasm

was responsible, and it cannot be denied that Miller was as guilty here as another. His building, too, quite often took the form of setting up sham ruins and useless towers; but on this side he has at least to his credit the Warwick County Hall, which, however, is Palladian in style, and not Gothic at all. One is glad to add this amiable and talented gentleman to one's list of eighteenth-century friends. As for the letters themselves, they were excellent in their day and private capacity, but their literary charm, with the exception perhaps of Sir Edward Turner's bouncing epistles, is generally to seek. We fear that only the confirmed lover of that age and society will get very far in them. Yet their very average quality does in a way produce an unusual impression. It would not be easy to say where one should find a fairer picture of the cultivated squires and country gentlemen of the age. There is no touch of genius in the correspondence, neither is there vulgarity or malignity or affectation. One thinks inevitably: These are men I should like to live with. Some value the letters possess also as adding a little to our knowledge of such men as Lord Lyttelton and William Pitt, and especially in the latter case we see a man, commonly portrayed as austere and unfriendly, here displaying unexpected geniality. It is a large tribute to Miller that Chatham could be easy with him. But the value of the correspondence in this direction cannot honestly be placed very high. The editing is for the most part excellent, and one even wishes that the editors had been more generous with their comments and explanations. In one or two places their Latin is strangely at fault.

In "Dead Letters" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Maurice Baring has made Claudius and Messalina, Catullus, Mæcenas, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Guinevere, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, and others, interesting by the rather obvious device of making them quite modern and very English. We have as well French impressions of a Shakesperean performance at the Globe Theatre, and Lord Bacon's correspondence with a literary agent regarding the overhauling of certain dramas by a practical collaborator, William Shakespeare. The book contains in the Roman portions one or two flashes of characterization that make one wish that the letters had been carried beyond the point of sprightly journalism.

The massacre of Fort Kearney ranks next to that of Custer and his troops in the annals of American army tragedies. On December 21, 1866, eighty-one officers and men of the Eighteenth Infantry perished in combat with three thousand Indians, near Fort Kearney, a fort which for months was besieged by hostiles. Frances C. Carrington, the author of "Army Life on the Plains" (Lippincott), was then the wife of one of the officers killed in the massacre and subsequently married the colonel of the regiment, now Brig.-Gen. Henry B. Carrington, retired. Mrs. Carrington has set forth in this volume the record of her brief and tragic frontier experience, and to it is added an account of a trip taken to Wyoming in 1908 with Gen. Carrington to unveil a monument to the massacred of 1866. Gen. Carrington was entitled to state his side of the massacre (a speech of his reviewing it is given at length), and of the conditions at Fort Kearney precedent thereto, for which he was by some unjustly censured. Mrs. Carrington's story of what it meant to be an officer's wife in Indian fighting days adds another to the growing number of such records, of which Mrs. Custer's heads the list. Each one contributes matter of value to the historian who will some day write a history of the army's part in the winning of the West, and make of it an amazingly interesting and touching narrative.

Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, poet, author, and lecturer, who nominated Gen. Benjamin F. Butler for President of the United States on the Greenback ticket, and delivered the principal address at the World's Fair at Chicago before the Women's Conference, died last week at Vineland, N. J. She wrote: "Poems," "The Relation of the Maternal Function to the Woman Intellect," "The Philosophy of Art," "The Present Phase of Woman's Advancement," "Science as the Basis of Morality," "The Web of Life" (poems), and "A Spray of Cosmos."

Science.

The Mammals of Colorado. An account of the several species found within the boundaries of the State, together with a record of their habits and of their distribution. By Edward Royal Warren, S.B., Director of the Museum of Colorado College. With three maps and a full series of illustrations, reproduced from photographs taken from nature. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The scope of this handsome volume is indicated by the title and subtitle. In compact and well-ordered form it supplies a large amount of information, both interesting and useful, both popular and technical, and its publication should encourage the production of similar works for other States and localities. With few exceptions, the eighty-one illustrations are based upon excellent photographs; the coyote taken in a trap (figure 78), has an appropriately despondent expression; the frontispiece might well have represented a more impressive form with a less formidable Latin name. Of the statements as to habits, many are credited to other observers, but the author's contributions are among the most important and readable; for example the account on p. 230 of the persistent efforts of a she-bear to provide sleeping accommodations for herself and her cubs at the expense of some travellers. Other noteworthy passages refer to the habits of the prairie dog and the badger. The slaughter of the latter the author deprecates, but, on the other hand, he condemns without qualification the coyote, and states that in Kansas, during the year 1903-4, bounties were paid upon 19,514 of these animals. The Rocky Mountain sheep is commonly believed to fall upon its enormous horns, when leaping from a height, but one was seen to leap from a cliff at least twenty feet high and to alight upon its feet. Although usually direct and graphic, the author's style is sometimes crude, as exemplified particularly in the second paragraph of the introduction. The brief business epistle of John Jacob Astor, dated June 25, 1834, was well worth quoting (p. 8), but its defects of scholarship should not be criticised too severely by an author who shows in his text such solecisms as "ventriloqual" (p. 248); "Spazzani" for Spallanzani (p. 270), "a pair of scissors are" (p. xix), and "data is" (p. xxxiii). The bibliography and glossary are useful features, and the index is fairly complete, but disfigured by the needless repetition of headings.

The growth of manual training in high schools calls for such text-books as "Shop Problems in Mathematics" (Ginn), by Breckenridge, Mersereau, and Moore of the Stuyvesant High School of New York city. This is an excellent little book—clear, concise, and interesting. If studied in connection with the practical work in the shop, something more should be attained than the ability to make trifling articles. The second part of the book contains a review of such mathematical problems as arise in shop work. The chapters on fractions, ratio and proportion, and mensuration might be condensed to a mere set of tables and formulæ, but the chapter on the use of the slide rule is very opportune.

"Field Zoölogy: Insects and Their Near Relatives and Birds," by Lottie E. Crary, has been published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co. The work is divided into two portions, 248 pages being devoted to insects and their allies, and the remaining 107 to birds. The first section of the work is praiseworthy; each important order has a chapter on practical field work, followed by another of more detailed comment. To the smaller groups are allowed a few pages of facts only, and the whole is preceded by six chapters of general discussion. The illustrations in this part are mostly good reproductions of those used by previous authors. The section on birds, however, is below the high standard set by the preceding work. Three pages only are given to field work; these are followed by general comment on migration, nesting habits, etc., and the section ends with a jumble of statements, divided among the various groups. Numerous errors have crept in; the passenger pigeon is scarcely "known in most countries"; and surely "domestic chickens and geese and turkeys" all cannot be included in Lamellirostres, even under the somewhat erratic American system. The few illustrations of birds are crude pen sketches and photographs of indifferently mounted specimens. A very complete index concludes the volume.

Announcement is made of the death of Dr. Theobald Fischer at the age of sixty-four. He was professor of geography at Marburg and had written on his subject, especially on Morocco, extensively.

Music and Drama.

Standard History of Music. By James Francis Cooke. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser Co. $1.25.

Natural Laws in Piano Technic. By Mary Wood Chase. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Musical history is now taught by specialists in many of the American conservatories, but great as is the number of these institutions, and of their pupils, the majority of the students are still under private teachers. The happy thought has occurred to James Francis Cooke of providing these teachers with a concise and lucid text-book which shall enable them, though they have made no special study of the subject themselves, to give their classes the training in this important branch of the art which heretofore has been imparted only in the larger schools. There are plenty of the more bulky volumes on this subject, but for the purpose indicated there was need of just such a volume of some 260 pages as Mr. Cooke's. There is a picture or portrait for nearly every page, and the text also strives constantly to bring out picturesque and personal aspects that help to interest the youthful mind.

The early chapters in the history of music are, owing to our incomplete knowledge, extremely difficult to write in a clear and convincing way, but by confining himself to essentials Mr. Cooke has solved this problem. Throughout the volume he has shown excellent judgment in selecting from the bewildering multitude of names and facts those which are of most importance. The critical estimates are remarkably sound as well as free from bias. American composers, performers, and teachers are not ignored. The book is divided into forty lessons, each of which is followed by ten questions. A table covering three pages illustrates the growth of modern music, and a novel feature is a map of Europe, with an index of names which enables one to locate the birthplace of great musicians in a moment. The author, one is glad to see, condemns the ridiculous English nomenclature which includes such a monstrosity as "demi-semi-quaver" for the much more sensible "thirty-second note." On the other hand, he sensibly sides with the English in spelling the name of Russia's greatest composer, Tchaikovsky. An appendix gives useful advice concerning the organizing of young folks' musical clubs. One difficulty, it seems, is that in some localities a club is almost impossible because "people of a priggish or snobbish nature resent having their children associate with any one but those whom they personally select." This attitude, the author advises, should be "soundly ridiculed" by the teacher. He has had much experience with musical clubs and has come to the conclusion that an important element of success is to bear in mind that the member who has an office takes a more active part in behalf of the club, wherefore it is wise to create plenty of offices, "as was done in the old Polish nobility, when it was said that every man in seven had been created a nobleman."

Mary Wood Chase's "Natural Laws in Piano Technic" is also a book for both teacher and pupil. She informs the reader that she is a pupil of the late Oscar Raif, who had a way of proving his theories by demonstrations. One of these was to give a certain difficult passage to a number of his pupils. The right hand was trained to play this by the methods usually taught, while the more awkward left hand followed his theories; the result being that at the end of the prescribed time, without exception, the left hand had gained over the right in surety, velocity, and endurance, and continued to gain over the other week by week. Raif's directions are given in the book, as well as the author's own views. Notwithstanding the amount of space given to anatomical illustrations in the piano "methods," she holds that "muscular study has not been thoroughly treated." She therefore discourses about "weeping sinews," which cause badly-trained players so much annoyance, and about many other aspects of execution. The various kinds of touch are analyzed, and there are useful hints regarding the most effective use of the several pedals. Attention is called to the fact that deep breathing is as helpful to a pianist as to a singer, especially in the execution of difficult passages and as an aid in overcoming nervousness. Playing in public, interpretation, memorizing, are other topics discussed. It is to be regretted that the author perpetuates the absurd use of the word portamento as usually applied to a detail of piano playing. The expression "demi-marcato," which Louis C. Elson suggests in its place in his "Music Dictionary," is preferable for this mode of execution. A real vocal portamento, or gliding from one tone to another, as the wind rises and falls, is, of course, impossible on the piano.

Henry Holt & Co. will soon have ready for class reading two German plays: Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta," edited by S. F. Cutting and A. C. von Noe of the University of Chicago, and Fulda's "Der Dummkopf," edited by W. K. Stewart of Dartmouth.

An attractive little volume (the Marion Press, Jamaica, N. Y.) has been prepared by Joseph I. C. Clarke and Harry P. Mawson, a committee of the American Dramatists' Club, as a memorial of Bronson Howard, the distinguished dramatist and founder of the club. It contains the addresses delivered at the memorial meeting held in the Lyceum Theatre, in October, 1908, a reprinted appreciation by Brander Matthews, a biography, two addresses by Mr. Howard, and a list of his plays with their original casts. The whole constitutes a fitting tribute to an earnest, able, high-minded and genial gentleman, who did much excellent work as a pioneer in the American drama. Long after his plays have fallen into oblivion he will be remembered for the gallant and successful battle which he fought in the interests of theatrical copyright, and as the organizer of the club, over which he presided until his death. His position as a dramatist he perhaps owed quite as much to the conditions of his time as to any transcendent ability of his own, but there is much solid merit in his "Aristocracy," "The Banker's Daughter," and "Young Mrs. Winthrop," the three comedies upon which his reputation rests most securely.

Charles Frohman has decided to postpone his production of "Chantecler," with Maude Adams, in the Empire Theatre, until the middle of January. The time thus secured will be occupied by Fred Terry and Julia Neilson in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

During his New York engagement in November, William Faversham will make two new productions, one "The Faun," by Edward Knoblauch, the author of "The Shulamite," and the other a Shakespearean play.

Mrs. Fiske will soon produce a new play, by Harry James Smith, entitled "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." This is the author's first attempt at drama, and is said to be on new lines, with an amusing part for the star. With it will be played one of J. M. Synge's Irish plays, "The Shadow of the Glen." Mrs. Fiske also has a new comedy by Langdon Mitchell, called "The New Marriage," and a piece by Gertrude Atherton, called "Julia France," which seems to include a vision of the woman of the future.

"The Fire Screen" is the name of a new play by Alfred Sutro, of which the American rights are owned by Charles Frohman. It is reported to be a work of considerable power.

The new comedy upon which Sir Arthur Pinero has been engaged for a long time will be produced in London on the 6th of January.

"As You Like It" is to be acted from October 17 to 22 at the Court Theatre, London, by the British Empire Shakespeare Society, with Elizabethan or traditional music performed by the Arion String Quartet; the morris dances in the "Masque of Hymen" will also be given.

There is another tempest raging about the ears of Mr. Redford, the English examiner of plays, who must be getting pretty well used by this time to public denunciation. Now he has refused a license to a play by Laurence Housman, in which, it is said, some sort of violence has been done to the sacred memory of King George IV. He fortifies himself, on this occasion, by declaring that he has acted under the express direction of the lord chamberlain. Official anxiety at this late date about the reputation of Florizel seems a trifle superfluous.

The late Josef Kainz, who in many respects surpassed all other German actors, succeeded in overcoming certain natural disadvantages, especially his slightness of stature. Such was his art and such the

supreme control of his voice that he was able to impersonate characters of even heroic proportions. His versatility is seen from the great range of parts which he attempted; they include tragedy, comedy, and vaudeville.

Art.

The Monuments of Christian Rome from Constantine to the Renaissance. By Arthur L. Frothingham. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia. By Arthur L. Frothingham. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 1910. $1.75 net.

The subject of Rome and Italy has proved popular with many writers, and every year the number of books—both popular and scientific—dealing with their various aspects, is considerably increased. A new volume, therefore, on this familiar theme must have either of two excuses: it must supply us with fresh discoveries, and thus add to our stock of definite knowledge; or it must present for the first time in a more popular form the scientific discoveries already made, and thereby render them accessible to the layman. Of Professor Frothingham's two new books, the first is justified on both these grounds; the second on the latter.

In "The Monuments of Christian Rome" the author traces the development of Christian art through the several centuries during which it flourished. The volume differs in two points from the numerous German and Italian handbooks which deal with early Christian and mediæval art: it confines itself to the discussion of Christian monuments of the city and province of Rome; and it is not a mere résumé of the investigations and opinions of other authorities, but sets forth the author's own researches regarding certain monuments. Indeed, the book is of greater scientific importance than its character of manual would lead one to expect, since the theories put forth are often quite original and raise new problems which cannot be ignored by other investigators. But in choosing to put forth new theories in a handbook the author appears to have fallen between two stools. The very originality of these theories detracts from the value of the book as a manual, especially as the reader is often left in the dark as to when the author is advancing his personal opinions and when he is adhering to the results arrived at by other scientists. On the other hand, the scientific value of Professor Frothingham's new ideas is minimized by the absence of a full exposition of the arguments supporting his hypotheses. In their present form as *ballons d'essai* they are merely provisional, and as such can hardly be either attacked or endorsed. Thus the great importance he claims for the late classical and mediæval monuments of Rome for Christian art history (pp. 7 and 8) is more than is usually allowed them. The statement that "the new art of Constantine bloomed with undoubted and sudden originality in the field of architecture and mosaic painting" will find many contestants. The theories concerning the relation of the mosaics in Ravenna to those in Rome are ingenious. In the same simple way in which new theories are advanced without adequate proofs, the results of other investigators are rejected without reasons given. The author denies, for instance, that the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome belong to pre-Constantine art, and not to the fifth century. In view of the elaborate arguments advanced by J. P. Richter in favor of the earlier dating one might expect more than a mere statement of denial.

A series of good illustrations, well chosen, accompanies the text.

In "Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia," Professor Frothingham gives us an account of ancient Italy as we learn it, not only from Rome itself, but from her early rivals and off-shoots—a subject, which, though it has received its due of attention from the expert, has been practically outside the grasp of the average traveller for lack of appropriate treatment. As the author aptly says, "To know Rome well, you must go elsewhere." Rome passed through so many vicissitudes that many traces of earlier periods were obliterated, which are still clearly seen in cities whose later history was less eventful. In this early time, the history and monuments of the cities are closely connected. The author, therefore first gives the history of the period he is describing, and then gives an account of the ruins and finds of typical cities during that period—such as Norba, Ferentino, and Alatri, for the prehistoric age; Perugia, Volterra, Falerii, Tarquinii, and Assisi for Etruscan, and Umbrian dominion: Spoleto, New Falerii, and Cosa for the subsequent period; for the age of Cæsar and Augustus—Spello, Aquino, Verona, Turin, Salona, and so on.

What we miss most in the book is scholarship. The chief points of historical and archæological interest in each city are, indeed, noted, but without that thoroughness, which even a popular hand-book on such a subject requires. The absence of a bibliography and of references to other works, takes away from its value for the beginner, who might have used this manual as a primer to lead him on to more serious studies. The book seems to have been written more in the form of a diary of impressions of an intelligent and observant traveller, than with a view to providing a standard volume on the subject in hand.

"Modern Scottish Painters," with an introduction by Percy Bate, and sixty-one plates, is promised this autumn by Otto Schulze of Edinburgh.

The Earl of Carlisle is publishing with Smith & Elder fifty illustrations in color of old English ballads and songs. The work is called the "Picture Songbook."

A new volume of the Artistic Crafts Series, "Hand-Loom Weaving, Plain and Ornamental," by Luther Hooper, has just appeared from the press of John Hogg.

Five years ago the late Russell Sturgis embodied the results of a life's curiosity in the handsome two-volume work, "The Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design." The book, with its many illustrations, is the best comprehensive manual of the arts from the point of view of their production, and was fully reviewed in the *Nation* (February 8, 1906). We have now only to note its reissue by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a more convenient form, at the reduced price of $5 for the two volumes.

Prof. William H. Goodyear, in the *American Architect* for September 28, analyzes the recent government report on the Leaning Tower of Pisa (See the *Nation*, September 22), and concludes that there is no immediate danger. The government commission, which last July reported alarming increase in inclination since 1829, professed to base its calculation on the plates and measurements in Cresy and Taylor's "Architecture of the Middle Ages in Italy." According to Mr. Goodyear the commission did not use this English authority, but the plates and figures of Ranieri Grassi who, largely on the basis of Cresy and Taylor, published "Fabbriche Principali di Pisa" in 1831. Grassi's figures are inaccurate, and all inferences drawn therefrom naturally worthless. Professor Goodyear sensibly protests against statements of average inclinations. A building, the walls of which diminish in thickness and the lean of which varies at different parts, is a refractory object to measure. Comparisons of inclination are valueless unless we know just how and at what point the inclination was tested. In conclusion, a simple method of ascertaining any settling that has taken place since 1829 is suggested. In the light of this criticism the commission report looks very like a mare's nest.

The landscape and figure artist and former manager of the Brooklyn Art School, William H. Snyder, died last week at the age of eighty.

Finance.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Much that is highly perplexing continues to be presented in the financial situation. This week two important statements were given out, bearing on current trade and industry, and they pointed on their face in distinctly opposite directions. The report on the season's crops by the Department of Agriculture indicates that the country's yield of corn and oats will break all records in the nation's history, while the

estimated yield of wheat, though considerably less than in 1909 or 1906, exceeds that of the two intervening years, and is larger by ten or twelve million bushels than the lately prevalent ideas of the trade itself.

As against this indication of better industrial conditions, the United States Steel Corporation, in its statement of unfilled orders on its books at the close of September, showed this week a decrease for that month of 379,000 tons, or 11 per cent., and a decrease from last year of 1,639,000 tons, or 33 per cent. The total value of the remaining orders is, in fact, the smallest ever reported by the company since the steel trade reaction of 1903 and 1904, when the corporation's capacity of output was less than 70 per cent. of what it is to-day.

Similarly conflicting evidence is presented in the money market. That a general movement to cut down overexpanded credits was initiated in this country during the early months of 1910, every one is aware. At New York it took the form of prolonged and compulsory liquidation on the Stock Exchange. In the West it directed itself to reducing outstanding loans of a more or less speculative character, based upon land and produce. That this revision of credits had substantially improved the position of affairs, was admitted on all hands at the opening of autumn, and, in fact, the ease in New York's money market up to the present time, as against the numerous predictions of great stringency, has itself been witness to the fact.

The more recent turn of events in the New York bank situation was explained in this column a week ago; it took the form of a reappearance of that excess of loans over deposits which has invariably, in the history of the decade past, reflected a local strain on capital. The weekly bank statement of Saturday, October 1, showed a loan excess of $14,000,000. On October 8, last Saturday, although the surplus reserve was increased by "shifting" of loans to other institutions, the loan account stood nearly $25,000,000 above deposits. This is virtually as great a disparity as was presented at any time last winter, when the bank position was admittedly unfavorable.

Perhaps even more attention has been attracted by the government's report, last Saturday, on the condition of national banks, in various sections of the country. It showed that, notwithstanding the effort to curtail credit in the interior money markets, the Middle West, including communities of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, has in the aggregate not reduced loans at all since its June reports, and it now has outstanding $111,000,000 more loans than a year ago. The Western communities between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains have done better; they have reduced their loan account $10,500,000 since last June. But it remains $27,000,000 higher than last year, and the year has brought no gain in cash reserves. The South, everything considered, makes the poorest comparative showing of all; its loans are $8,500,000 greater than in June, and $83,000,000 greater than in 1909.

This increase over a year ago is no less than 15 per cent., and it is not accompanied by any considerable addition to reserves. These figures from the Southern banks bear their own suggestion as to the pending cotton speculation, and the returns from both South and West give much food for reflection. Not the least impressive fact disclosed by these detailed figures is that, out of the $37,200,000 total increase in cash reserves of the country's 7,173 national banks, $37,000,000 is accounted for by the banks of New York city.

Taken altogether, this showing of the general bank position, of a highly favorable agricultural outcome of the year (except perhaps for the cotton crop), and of continuous contraction in the steel trade, which is so often called the "industrial barometer," creates a sufficiently perplexing problem. The one unquestionable fact appears to be that the halt in the forward movement of finance and industry must be continued longer. Next to that rather obvious inference, the questions, to what extent the present confused situation results from abnormally high prices of commodities, and how, if that be the cause, the thing is to be corrected, are the most interesting economic problems of the day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, Dr. (Mrs.) F. L. S. The One Man. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $1.25.
Andriessen, H. Poetische Auslese. Beaver, Pa.: The Author. 50 cents.
Barclay, F. L. The Rosary. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Baskerville, C., and Estabrooke, W. L. Progressive Problems in General Chemistry. Boston: Heath. $1.
Bennet, R. A. The Shogun's Daughter. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Bennett, A. Helen with the High Hand. Doran Co. $1.20 net.
Bindloss, H. The Boy Ranchers of Puget Sound; Masters of the Wheat-lands. Stokes. $1.50, $1.30.
Björnson, B. Wise-Knut. Translated. Brandu's. $1 net.
Bone, F. The Other Side of the Rainbow. Eaton & Mains. 85 cents net.
Booth, C. E. Booth and Allied Families. Privately printed.
Brooks, A. Prue's Playmates. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.
Brown, A. F. The Christmas Angel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Bryant, M. Anne Kempburn, Truth-seeker. Duffield. $1.30 net.
Buffalo Historical Society Publications. Vol. XIV. The Holland Land Co. and the Erie Canal.
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Buttner, J. L. A Fleshless Diet. Stokes. $1.35 net.
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Choate, J. H. Abraham Lincoln, and Other Addresses in England. Century Co. $2 net.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Illustrated in colors by W. Pogány. Crowell. $5 net.
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Dann, H. School Hymnal. American Book Co. 50 cents.
Davenport, H. The Country Boy: the Story of His Own Early Life. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Day, T. F. The New Bible-Country. Crowell.
Decker, I. S. Patience and Her Garden. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 35 cents.
De Walsh, F. C. Grillparzer as a Poet of Nature. Macmillan. $1 net.
De Windt, H. Through Savage Europe. Third impression. Phila.: Lippincott.
Dickie, J. F. In the Kaiser's Capital. Dodd, Mead. $2. net.
Dimock, A. W. Diek among the Lumberjacks. Stokes.
Douglas, A. M. Helen Grant's Decision. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Dyer, W. A. The Lure of the Antique. Century Co. $2.40 net.
Edwards, G. W. Brittany and the Bretons. Moffat, Yard. $6 net.
Fitz-Gerald, J. D. Rambles in Spain. Crowell. $3 net.
Fletcher, R. A. Steamships: The Story of Their Development to the Present Day. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Ford, W. Songs and Sonnets. Chicago: The Rooks Press.
Foster, D. S. Flighty Arethusa. Phila.: Lippincott.
Francisco Ferrer: His Life, Work, and Martyrdom. Francisco Ferrer Ass'n, N. Y.
François, V. E. Easy Standard French. Edited, with exercises, etc. Amer. Book Co. 40 cents.
Frankel, L. K., and Dawson, M. M. Workingmen's Insurance in Europe. Charities Pub. Com. $2.50.
Fraternity, a Romance of Inspiration. Anonymous. Harper. $1 net.
Friends' General Conference. Held at Ocean Grove, N. J., 1910. Supplement to Friends' Intelligencer.
Furness, W. H., 3d. The Island of Stone Money, Uap of the Carolines. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Galsworthy, J. Justice: A Tragedy in Four Acts. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Gates, J. S. Little Girl Blue. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Gheusi, P. B. Gambetta: Life and Letters. D. Appleton.
Grasset, J. The Marvels Beyond Science. Trans. by R. J. Tubeuf. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.75 net.
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The Fairy Ring. Edited by K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Tileston, M. W. The Child's Harvest of Verse. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Tomlinson, E. T. The Young Blockaders: A Story of the Civil War. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
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Williams, H. Making Faces; My Advice Book. Chicago: McClurg.
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Winter, N. O. Brazil and Her People of To-day. Boston: Page. $3.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1910.

The Week.

It is difficult to believe that President Taft is seriously thinking of making Senator Root a justice of the Supreme Court. Concerning his legal ability there can, of course, be but one opinion, and his distinguished career as a public man would on its face make the selection a natural one; but there is an objection to it which is, in our judgment, absolutely fatal. Whatever his actual merits in the past, and however confident Mr. Taft might be that no criticisms that may be made upon that past would apply to the conduct of Mr. Root upon the Supreme Court bench, it is the simple and absolute fact that he does not enjoy that kind and degree of public confidence, in relation to the most vital questions nowadays likely to come before the Supreme Court, which it is of the utmost public importance that the members of the Court shall command. In placing Gov. Hughes on the bench, Mr. Taft's great service lay not only in adding to the Court a man of rare intellectual vigor and professional ability, but far more than this in the reinforcement which the authority of the Court derives, in the mind of the whole nation, from the presence of a man like Hughes upon it. The extraordinary confidence which he commands for absolute rectitude of purpose was what found expression in every State in the Union, in the press of every shade of party feeling, when his appointment was announced; a circumstance the more remarkable in view of the adverse judgment widely entertained of his opinion on the income tax amendment. In Mr. Root's case, it may almost be said that a sentiment of precisely the opposite character would be manifested by a large part of the people of the country; and unnecessarily to challenge such a sentiment would be an act not only likely to be of disastrous effect to Mr. Taft, but emphatically opposed to the highest considerations of public policy.

Only a glance is needed at Western newspapers to see how serious is the difficulty which Mr. Roosevelt confronts in being one thing in the West and another in the East. The Des Moines *Register and Leader*, writing for the Iowa insurgents, refers to the unmistakable "suspicion and distrust" caused by the platform in New York "wholly out of keeping with the Osawatomie speech." The *Oklahoman* concludes that there is "somewhat a Jekyll and Hyde nature about Roosevelt's principles." And the Southern newspapers along his route were asking Mr. Roosevelt if he would champion Stimson by repudiating the tariff plank on which that candidate stands, and how long he would continue to side with Payne and Taft in New York while sticking knives into them in the West. Such are some of the troubles of one who tries to be Radical and Conservative at the same time, and of whom it can be said, in the paraphrase of Hosea Bigiow printed in the Indianapolis *News:*

But jest to decide 'twixt stan' pat an' insurgent
He finds ain't expedient, not to say urgent;
He hums an' he haws, backs an' fills till you're dizzy;
In Kansas is one thing; in New York whut is he?

Mr. Stimson's speech to the Republican Club of Columbia University was so well put as to deepen the regret that New York has not a campaign this year in which he might be judged for what he is in himself. It is the unfortunate fact, however, that very little attention will be paid to his personal candidacy, or to what he says. With or without his consent, the chief issue before the people of the State is an endorsement of Rooseveltism; and no arguments which Mr. Stimson may make can really divert the main attention from that. It may be said that this is wholly irrational, but political campaigns never were synonymous with pure reason; and if it is asked who is to be blamed for distorting and confusing the contest this year, applicants must be referred to Oyster Bay. If Mr. Stimson talks about Rooseveit's views, by way either of defence or apology or mitigation, he will be heard, and his words will be duly weighed; but on other subjects he might as well speak in a foreign language. This is a pity, but it is true.

The document itself has not fallen under our notice, but the statement is made that the Democratic State Committee of New York is distributing a leaflet "to inform voters that Republican rule has increased the cost of living 60 per cent. in ten years." On this matter of the increased cost of living there is a vast amount of buncombe in the air, and very likely the leaflet in question is a good specimen of it. Nevertheless, two things must be borne in mind: In the first place, that the Republicans are now getting a dose of their own medicine, and deserve precious little compassion; they have been claiming all the credit for all the prosperity and welfare the country has enjoyed in the past half-century, and they have got to take the lean with the fat. The Democratic campaign charge that the high prices have been created by Republican rule is, at all events, not so palpably and obviously false as the assertion which Republican statesmen of the highest rank have made a thousand times that panics come only under Democratic rule, when the most terrible panic the country has ever passed through—that of 1873—came in the very middle of a long period of unbroken Republican rule. And, secondly, even though the high prices of the present time be due chiefly to other causes, there is no doubt that a great many prices would be much lower than they are if the protective tariff tax did not stand between the consumer and the markets of the world.

The Penrose candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, John K. Tener, has, it appears, engaged in some other means of obtaining a livelihood than playing professional baseball. He is accused by the Philadelphia *North American* of having lent his name to a fraudulent concern, the National Public Utilities Corporation, of which he was president until May 2 last and a director until only a few days ago. His salary as president was $5,000, and he received a stock bonus of $50,000. The corporation was capitalized at $2,000,000, and while William L. Chrisman, Tener's successor as president, says that only $50,000 of the stock has been sold, the *North American* presents a list of the stockholders which shows that $1,145,480 worth of

stock (taken at its par value) has been unloaded on the public. The assets of this remarkable corporation were the assets, or, as the *North American* puts it, the "worthless remnants, of four other corporations, organized and wrecked by the same swindlers, which had fleeced numerous investors." To sell the stock of this fraudulent Tener company two "fake" banking concerns were formed. "Haines & Co., Bankers," one of these concerns, is composed of Linwood Haines, described as a convicted swindler, and Thomas Bromley, jr., a bankrupt, who escaped conviction on a technicality. The real man in the Tener company is Frank L. Smart, whom the *North American* portrays as a "close friend and business associate of John K. Tener, and a professional promoter of swindles."

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at the Washington hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission, made what was in many respects the fairest presentation of the argument for higher freight rates. His testimony perhaps had special weight, in view of the well-known fact that the Pennsylvania opposed as unwise and unbusinesslike the movement started by Mr. Harriman, in 1908, to put up rates in the face of the prevalent industrial depression. His argument of last week was largely based on the great amount of capital which the company has taken from current earnings to put back into the property. Naturally, stress was laid on the New York terminal undertaking, which Mr. McCrea declared had already cost $97,000,000 and would cost, in all, $108,000,000, but from which, he affirmed, the company expected no return whatever. His general conclusion was that "it would be wholly unsafe to assume that the company will, as the result of the growth of its business, be enabled to recoup itself for the depletion in its surplus revenue which is certain to result from a continuance of the present operating cost."

The *Nation* has frequently pointed out that these are questions of fact, which it is the duty of the Commission impartially to determine. The existence of what amounts to a monopoly in the transportation business, through the concerted action of the companies on competitive rates, has made it out of the question to leave the fixing of the rates wholly to the companies, and that is why the present hearing is in progress. It still remains to be settled just how large and how permanent the increased running expenses are, just to what extent the natural increase of traffic counterbalances them, and just how far the present rates are really higher than they were in previous years when the rebate was habitually practised. We believe that the Commission may be trusted to reach a decision on these points with entire fairness of spirit towards the railways. With Mr. McCrea's affirmation, reported in some of the accounts of his testimony, that the present depression in financial markets was primarily and absolutely due to the rate investigation and the political situation, we have no great sympathy. Such things undoubtedly influence the market. But Mr. McCrea is not so simple a financier as to be ignorant of the larger and temporary causes—chief among them the premature financial exploitations of last year—which led directly to the present state of things.

Had Julia Ward Howe been of the other sex, she would have been affectionately and gratefully termed a "grand old man." But an old woman no one could have called Mrs. Howe, even in the most reverential of moods, however much the other adjective was merited. For hers was a spirit youthful to the end. As with her husband, Mrs. Howe's best claim to the gratitude of posterity is as a soldier in the war of humanity. The battle hymn which in after years became almost a plague to her because of the public's sentimental insistence upon knowing how and when it was written, will remain, of course, a permanent memorial—as an illustration of how a great poem may be struck off in a moment of national danger. It was, she always declared, the outcome of her prayer that she might be of some assistance to her embattled country. A similar height she was never again able to reach. But as one of that remarkable New England group of men and women of letters of which Thomas Wentworth Higginson is now the sole survivor, she shone none the less. To her reform-work she came at first reluctantly. She had thought Garrison and the other Abolitionists "to be men and women of rather coarse fibre, abounding in cheap denunciation"—until she met the leader and became convinced by the "glory of sincerity in his ways and words." Then she joined the cause with all her heart, as later she espoused that of the woman suffragists, against whom she was also bitterly prejudiced until she met face to face the saintly Lucy Stone, "who had long been the object of one of my imaginary dislikes," only to find her "pure, noble, great-hearted, with the light of her good life shining in every feature of her face." It is a strong example she has set all her sex these last ten years by toiling, despite lameness and physical weakness, up and down the land, bound never to rust out and as young in heart as the great-grandchildren she adored.

The untimely death of William Vaughn Moody is a real loss to American letters. His rare poetic quality made itself felt and won instant recognition while he was yet an undergraduate. The present dearth of real singers makes men's ears keenly sensitive to the notes of any new lyre, and when Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and his verses "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" appeared, there was distinctly the thrill with which men greet the first proofs of a master mind. Not only did the poetic quality of this writing speak for itself, but there was in it much of the lofty patriotism of James Russell Lowell. If it is true that none of his later verse reached the great heights of these poems, there are a number that have found a permanent resting place in American anthologies. How much ill-health and how much devotion to dramatic writing had to do with his failure to reach again the heights of his art, may appear later. Suffice it to say that his first drama, "The Great Divide," stirred the theatre-going public as much as did his poems in their more limited literary field. If it had the inevitable defects of a first play, its strength and power were unmistakable. It is idle to wonder now just how far Mr. Moody would have gone had the long life he deserved been vouchsafed him. But this we do know: he was a man pure of heart, unsullied by contact with the world, with the best feelings and the highest aspirations of an artist.

The general regret at Senator Dolliver's death is due not only to the fact that he is a public man cut off in his prime, but to the belief that he was just entering upon a career of wide usefulness. His coming to the front within the past two years, with a display of unusual powers, was a striking case of political development. It was not that his abilities were ever "arrested," but their range was known only to his friends until he was roused by the events of last year to put forth those exertions which revealed him to the country as a powerful debater, and as a man who would break with his party rather than with his conscience. Mr. Dolliver's reputation became most surely based in the course of the Senate debates on the tariff. In them he showed a mastery of the particular subjects which he had made his study, together with a skill in logical fence, a readiness in argument, and a power of thinking on his feet, which made him a notable figure. His series of attacks upon Senator Aldrich in that gentleman's chosen field—the tariff on cotton goods—were as brilliant as they were successful, the veteran from Rhode Island being more than once convicted of ignorance, while on one occasion he was so confused and exasperated by the Iowa Senator's persistent and sarcastic questions that he beat a precipitate retreat from the Senate Chamber. Dolliver was a poised and strong man of the kind that the country can ill spare.

While we are waiting for our own Tariff Commission—which will, of course, make every tariff schedule as clean as a hound's tooth, and will do it with such neatness and dispatch that we shall hardly know that anything is going on—it is interesting to cast an occasional glance at the goings on in less fortunate countries. One of Mr. Chamberlain's devices for gilding the pill of protectionism for the English people was the organization of a Tariff Commission—a volunteer affair, to be sure, but guaranteed to be strictly scientific in its operations. This was about seven years ago, and once in a long while the fact that the body is still in existence is brought to the public notice; as is done, for example, just now in a passage-at-arms between the veteran Liberal statesman, Lord Eversley—better known as John Shaw-Lefevre—and Mr. Hewins, secretary of the Tariff Commission. Much as we regret to admit any shortcoming in a gallant attempt at scientific reform, we have to record the fact that Lord Eversley's showing makes the Commission's labors look very melancholy. It has taken the Commission all these years to report its findings with respect to three out of the fifteen trades it undertook to look into; and meanwhile the facts upon which its findings were based have become so antiquated as to have no proper bearing on existing conditions. When to this simple objection is added a long list of charges of sins both of omission and of commission involved in the methods employed, there seems to be little left of any chance that the Commission's conclusions will be accepted as authoritative. Incidentally, Lord Eversley points out that "every one of the dismal prophecies of decadent trade by hundreds of witnesses has been falsified by subsequent events"; and, although it would be hard lines for any of us if we were to be judged by our merits as prophets, there can be no doubt that the perversity of facts in refusing to conform to the Chamberlainite predictions has had a most powerful influence in discrediting the whole protectionist agitation in England.

If London has found a way of uniting increase of traffic with decrease of noise, she will become the object of general envy and interrogation. And no less an achievement than this is claimed for her. Starting with the remark of a long-absent emigrant to Australia that the most striking contrast between the capital as he left it and as he finds it now, is its silence, the London *Times* endeavors to account for the paradox. The root of the explanation it discovers in the fact that noise of traffic depends no more on its volume than upon other factors, such as its congestion and the character of the vehicles and of the roadway. In all of these respects the last fifty years have seen vast improvements in the metropolis. The construction of the Thames embankment and of the "tube," the use of wood, asphalt, and macadam for paving, and of rubber tires, have more than counterbalanced the enormous growth in the number of noise-making contrivances. The writer is not so carried away by his gratification over the improvement as to deny the existence of all noise in the London streets, but he holds that "the silence of London is just as much of a reality as its noise."

Premier Briand's happy combination of firmness and conciliation has had its irresistible way with the French strikers. The massing of troops at critical points, upon which the dispatches lay the emphasis, contributed the necessary assurance of the government's readiness to employ the final argument wherever it might be required; but the Premier's announcement of negotiations with the employers, looking to an increase in wages for the men, was at once the justification of force and an act best adapted to rendering force unnecessary. It is not surprising that such able handling of a very threatening situation should so promptly find its reward in averting what threatened to be almost a revolution. Napoleon III's ill-omened boast has been suitably altered and quietly put into effect by his less ambitious successors: *La République, c'est la paix.*

On the occasion of Emperor William's recent visit to Vienna, the Tripie Alliance was naturally magnified, and special emphasis was laid upon the friendly coöperation of Germany and Austria. The Kaiser himself, in his public address, referred to the way in which Germany had stood by her Austrian ally at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In the picturesque figure of Imperial speech, Germany had taken her stand "in shining armor" beside Austria in compelling Russia to acquiesce in the annexation. This refers, of course, to the threat to mobilize the German army which was said to have been sent to St. Petersburg at that time. This the Emperor now appears to confirm, and even to exult in; but a very different tone was taken in the authoritative account of the affair published in the *Norddeutsche Zeitung* on March 31, 1909. In that it was declared that the story of threats addressed to Russia was "grotesque," since the only exchange of views "took the form of friendly conversation." But it would now seem that one at least of the conversationalists was in shining armor clad. In diplomacy circumstances alter phrases.

ARE THE PEOPLE FOR RADICALISM?

The Cincinnati *Times-Star*, a newspaper owned by a brother of President Taft, raises the question whether there would be any chance of a Radical candidate or a Radical party carrying the country in 1912. Its own conclusion is that there would be no chance at all. Recalling the fact that, three times since 1896, the Republican party, as the party of conservatism, has shown that it could win the electoral vote of every large State north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, it asks what would happen if "Republicans and Democrats should change positions in the next Presidential campaign." If the Republicans were to have a Radical candidate on a Radical platform, and were to be opposed by the Democrats on conservative lines, it is the belief of the *Times-Star* that the latter would have an easy victory.

Such advance political speculations are usually pretty barren. It is hard enough to have a philosophy of history as respects the past; the future eludes us because we cannot know what unexpected conditions may arise to vitiate our wisest forecasts. There is no likelihood, for example, that the issue will ever present itself in the clear-cut form imagined by the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. We shall not have a frank avowal of thorough-going Radicalism on either side. If a candidate is put up who is really a Radical at heart, he will make a campaign in order to persuade people that he is one of the finest and most trusted Tories that ever lived. And his rival, if a known Conservative, will be driven by stress of political weather into intimating that, if it comes to smashing corporations and ripping things up generally, he will be found to be quite a devil of a fellow himself. Thus, instead of having a Radical squarely pitted against a Conservative, the chances are that we shall have only a Conservative Radical in one party standing against a Radical Conservative in the other.

We have, however, in our recent political past something pretty solid to go upon, in this matter of the inclination of the American electorate towards Radicalism. In 1896 we had the issue presented in as sharp a form as we are apt ever to see it, and with all the advantages on the side of Radicalism that it could ever hope to have. It was championed, that is to say, by a popular orator of tireless energy and a fanatic strain, whose inflammatory appeals fell upon the ears of workingmen out of employment and farmers deeply in debt and seeing no exit from their hard times. It should seem a perfectly safe prediction that, if a man like Bryan could not procure a majority for Radicalism at a time when his agitation was so highly favored by circumstances, no other man need hope for success under any conditions that are even remotely probable. In 1896, for example, the West and the South were poor; today, they are the sections of the country where wealth is perhaps most generally diffused, and where certainly the sense of being well-to-do is most frequent. Does any man suppose that he could advocate a policy which might fairly be construed into an assault upon property, and now expect the support of States where property has been most rapidly accumulating?

There are two mistakes which ambitious politicians make in playing with Radicalism because they think it is popular. They confuse dissatisfaction and a desire for political change with a readiness to upset established institutions. Now, grumblers usually have special grievances; the discontented have particular things in mind which they very much dislike. About them a great deal of clamor may be raised, without at all implying that the dissatisfied voters are ready to take up with any kind of destructive course commended to them by demagogues. An intense and widespread dissatisfaction with the high cost of living does not mean that a happy-go-lucky statesman who proposes to make the necessaries of life cheaper by government regulation can count upon a great rush of the electorate to his side. Discontent is a passing phenomenon, while Radicalism is a permanent attitude; and it is a blunder to think that one necessarily grows out of the other. The dissatisfied may appear to be as numerous for the moment as "the myriad cricket of the heath," but it does not follow that the Radicals will be equally so. That is the second mistaken inference of the eager agitators who hope to ride into power on a wave of Radicalism. They ought to be more careful of their definitions. They say that the country believes in progress, and that therefore its citizens must be "progressives"; but then they proceed to slip into the word progressive various doctrines which are instantly perceived to be violently Radical and upheaving. Yet there is no evidence that Americans are disposed to run after such novelties, whether they be labelled progressive or reactionary. They have not got over their historic fondness for the cautious, rule-of-thumb and inch-by-inch method of making progress; and if anybody believes that he can suddenly convert them to the plan of making everything new overnight, he is destined to a rude awakening.

AVIATION.

The public statements made by Mr. John B. Moisant in England, as well as since his arrival in this country, have been of extraordinary interest. No one else talks with the assurance and apparent mastery of the subject displayed by this young American, whose flight from Paris to London, carrying a mechanic with him, recently startled the world. Not that Mr. Moisant is in the least boastful or visionary. He is simply in deadly earnest and seems sure of his ground. Though deceiving himself in no wise as to the progress thus far made, he is positive, for instance, that an aeroplane will cross the Atlantic in ten years. To a reporter he stated last week that aeroplanes may really be said to have been in service for only one year, and he complained that the American public expected too much. "They want us to run before we can walk, and walk before we can creep. That is the wrong spirit." Yet he is confident that each month will see a marked advance in the practical development of the art of flying.

For all their impatience, Mr. Moisant indicts Americans for failure as individuals and as a nation to lend the aid and stimulus to this new art which are so notable in France and Germany. In that respect there seems to be a close parallel to the development of the automobile, save that the Wright brothers were indubitably among the first to develop a usable biplane. But the Wrights are to all intents and purposes devoting themselves to the purely commercial side of the business, while Moisant, Harmon, Hoxsey, Ely, and all the rest of the many who have suddenly gone into the business of flying are in the van of

American progress, but apparently far behind the developments in France. True, we are seeing a large number of "aviation meets," and many prizes are offered for long-distance flights. But Mr. Moisant feels that the latter do not help at present, and that the refusal of capital to go into the business in a serious way is likely to keep America in second place in flying matters, as it has been in fourth or fifth place in the development of the automobile—behind France, Italy, and Germany.

What, we presume, Mr. Moisant wishes is that some man of great wealth or that some great business concerns would take up the aeroplane and deal with it in a broad-minded and scientific spirit. There is a rumor that Charles M. Schwab has decided to become interested. We hope it is true. Mr. Moisant points out the kind of things he has had to learn by experience—the replacing of wires by tubular metal, the use of metal instead of wooden planes, the strengthening of the frame without increasing its weight, etc. He has even ordered a 100-horsepower engine to weigh only 214 pounds. But all these things are difficult for one man of small means to accomplish, and his progress must be comparatively slow. Were some large concerns like the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, for example, to experiment with a view to manufacturing frames and engines, the story might be a totally different one. As for the army, we must admit that there is not much in what it has done with the aeroplane this year to call for enthusiasm. Here, too, it seems as if progress must come from private initiative.

Whether this is due in part to military reluctance to develop a weapon which may make armies impossible, it is too early to say. On this point Mr. Moisant is as emphatic as Mr. Harmon, and in these words:

> When I talk about what can be done by the plane in war I am talking about an accomplished fact, not a dream. It is not that we must make the aeroplane practical; it is only that we must put it into practice. That is only a question of time and of capital. People talk of shooting at flying machines from the ground and warding off an attack in that way. We can travel seventy miles an hour, and more than that soon, and can go up 5,000 feet or more. Can they hit us under those conditions?

He can himself, he says, steer his aeroplane with one hand and drop missiles with the other; and a passenger could give his whole time to that occupation. Now, if there is anything at all in this it is the duty of every government to investigate it at once at any cost. As scouts, the German and English aeroplanes do not seem to have been very successful. As attacking forces they have not been tried out anywhere. But here is a practical question of such great moment to all the world that, if no one else will assume the burden, the peace organizations should lend their aid to solving it. At any rate, Congress should promptly make liberal appropriations for experimenting with an invention which cannot fail to be of enormous benefit to humanity, even if it should not bring about peace.

As to the question of custom houses, it is far too early to say that the aeroplane will make tariffs impossible, as Mr. Moisant seems to think. It may be difficult at the present time to see how aerial smuggling could be prevented, but the ingenuity of protectionists, of which we have had so many sad examples, may be relied upon to invent devices or to make laws that will compel men coming in from over-sea flights to land at certain points or be subject to drastic penalties. Whatever the future holds in store in this respect, the appearance in the field of aviation of practical, far-sighted men like Messrs. Harmon and Moisant is the surest guarantee that the progress thus far made is only the beginning of the most fascinating enterprise and sport of modern times.

A LANDMARK OF MEDICAL PROGRESS.

With the opening of its hospital on Monday, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York entered upon a new phase of its great work. At the same time, the announcement was made of an additional endowment of $3,800,000. The results already attained, and the ample promise of others equally important, have fully justified the hopes of those who have been instrumental in organizing and conducting the laboratories in which the labors of the Institute's investigators have thus far been carried on. But now, in addition to this research work, the Institute will conduct a hospital designed for the purpose of concentrating upon a certain number of patients suffering from the particular diseases to which it is thought most important to direct study all the resources available to medical science for their relief, and of gaining for medical science all the instruction that can be furnished by the most accurate and unremitting observation. Nothing that spaciousness and careful planning in the buildings, or any of the appliances of comfort and of medical care, can do to promote the well-being of the patient and the opportunities of the physician, has been omitted.

It must often have struck any one who has thought of the slow advancement of medical science—slow, at least, compared with what the eager interest of mankind would demand—that it labors under a disadvantage, in comparison with other sciences, which is inherent in the conditions upon which medical practice must be carried on. The very obligation lying upon the medical practitioner to do whatever seems most likely to benefit his patient deprives him of the chief weapon of the scientific investigator in any other field of research. Everywhere else, the scientific worker's cardinal resource is freedom of experiment. Speaking generally, he does not care a button, when making a particular experiment, whether a given effect will be produced or not; he is intent not upon making something happen, but upon finding out what *will* happen. The medical practitioner, on the other hand, whether in private practice or in the hospital, is under the most sacred obligation to make, in a sense, no experiments at all; he makes *efforts*, and only such efforts as his previous knowledge tells him are likely to prove beneficial. Only by the comparison of results in countless cases—attended, too, with all sorts of complications—do these various efforts, sometimes successful, sometimes unsuccessful, more often still of doubtful effect, finally yield results comparable in point of certainty with those obtained by free experimentation in other fields. When we think of the complexity of the subject-matter, and of the tremendous difficulty of bringing to a focus the results of inquiries conducted in this way, the wonder is not that medicine has not advanced more rapidly, but that it has conquered as much ground as it has.

But this debarment from the resources of experimentation is not the only fundamental disadvantage under which medicine has labored, in comparison with other sciences. Upon the side of observation—the twin sister of

experiment—the difficulty, while not so definite, has been almost as serious. Until the days of the modern hospital, the medical practitioner had only the most imperfect opportunity for thorough observation of the patient. Not merely did he see his patient only in a fragmentary and irregular way during the time his services were in requisition, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he had little or no accurate knowledge of what took place after his services were dispensed with. Of anything like that minute and unremitting observation which is the key of so many of the great achievements in the biological sciences generally, the practice of medicine, up to a comparatively recent time, except in a few signal instances, offered hardly a trace.

In modern days there has been an enormous advance toward supplying both these deficiencies, and with it there has come that magnificent progress of medical science and practice which is reflected in the conquest of some of the most deadly diseases and in a decisive reduction of the general death-rate. The sciences of physiology and chemistry, as such, have contributed greatly to this result; but preëminently important have been, on the one hand, systematic experimental research conducted through the use of the lower animals as subjects, and on the other hand the thorough organization of the modern hospital, in alliance with the medical school and the system of trained nurses. Laboratory research, amply endowed and directed with perhaps unprecedented perfection of system, has been the line on which the Rockefeller Institute has thus far worked; now it is aiming to push the idea of the hospital as a means of investigating disease to a degree of efficacy never before attained.

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

We believe that most readers will agree with us in the assertion that the current magazine literature of social progress and social reform is, as a general rule, anything but cheerful reading. This is not to make any accusation against it, or to deny to it high merit and great usefulness; it is simply a statement of fact, and of a fact that is natural enough. One may be delighted, for example, to learn all about what Judge Ben Lindsey has done for the children of Denver and of the country and for the purification of Colorado politics; and yet the reading of his story of the Beast and the Jungle is certainly not an exercise calculated to raise one's spirits, unless one's cheerfulness is of the Mark Tapley variety. It is fine to be told of the thousand ways in which work is being done to improve the condition of the poor, but it is a rare thing nowadays to come upon any such account without having the sins of the rich, and the shortcomings of society in general, thrust at us with quite as much emphasis as either the misfortunes of the poor or the success of the men and women who, with so much unselfishness and so much intelligence, devote themselves to this or that work of progress. All this, though it may sometimes be sadly overdone, doubtless tends to edification; what we are remarking just now is simply that it seldom makes cheerful reading.

The immediate occasion for this remark, however, is an article to which it does not at all apply. In the *Century* for this month, Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne gives an account of the General Federation of Women's Clubs which presents a most pleasing picture of a group of activities that we all know something about, but the scope, variety, and importance of which are probably very imperfectly appreciated by most people. What strikes one particularly about it is the wholesomeness of the spirit in which the work is done, the catholicity of the aims represented, and the salutary effect which, in the vast majority of cases, it must exercise upon the women engaged in it, no less than upon the community at large. What the women's clubs busy themselves with cannot be better indicated than in the graphic words in which Miss Hawthorne portrays the activities represented in the Federation:

> It reaches all over the land, and starts the people to making their homes, their yards, their streets, squares, and parks clean and beautiful. It provides playgrounds for children and rest-houses for weary mothers. It seeks to keep the child out of the factory and mill, and to improve the schools. It brings travelling art-galleries to places that never had the chance to see a good picture, and establishes yearly exhibitions. It has free and loan scholarships for both young men and maidens, and provides opportunities for them after they have been graduated. It works with men to pass good laws and restrain lawlessness, to conserve the great natural resources of the country, to clean rivers and harbors, and redeem their banks from ugliness and neglect. It sends lecturers on art, literature, civics, and household economics wherever they are called for, and it inspires the desire for them; moreover, when necessary, it gladly pays their expenses. It is non-sectarian and non-political, and though both suffrage and anti-suffrage clubs shelter under its broad wings, the Federation remains impartial.

Not the least of the merits of the Federation is its genuine and spontaneous promotion of a true spirit of democracy. This has been a marked feature from the beginning, and it would not be easy to estimate the beneficial effects that have flowed from it, especially in view of tendencies of the time working in quite the opposite direction. Miss Hawthorne tells the story of a most interesting episode which not only illustrates this spirit of democracy, but also serves as an excellent example of the twofold good that the work of a woman's club is capable of accomplishing—the good that the workers aim to do, and the good that inevitably comes to themselves from the doing. In the canal zone at Panama there existed a social condition of such unrest and discontent within our colony of canal-builders as to give the Administration at Washington great concern. President Taft had the happy thought of applying to the Federation of Women's Clubs for assistance in the situation, and the result was that Miss Helen Varick Boswell was sent to the Isthmus to see what could be done. She found the women not only consumed with *ennui*, but also divided into numerous social cliques which would have nothing to do with each other. All this she promptly set about transforming:

> She went to each of the eight large towns in the Canal Zone, met the women, talked to them of their duty to the community, organized clubs in each place, and got acquainted with everybody as a first step to making them all acquainted with one another. Women of all social grades joined these clubs, each of them finding an interest in one or more of the four departments, the home, the educational, the philanthropic, and the entertainment. Incidentally they found one another, and presently liked one another. They worked together for the common good. They taught the native women how to cook, they began to take the children in hand, they studied the best methods of living in the tropics, and on the hygienic perfection created by the men they superimposed beauty and charm.

It is not necessary to imagine that all of the 800,000 members of the clubs composing the Federation are either giving or receiving such benefits as Miss Hawthorne's article describes, in order to be deeply impressed with the

value and importance of this remarkable development of the last few decades. The change in domestic conditions has been so widespread and so profound that an enlargement of the sphere of women's interests and activities has been an inevitable consequence. Of the entrance of women, by the hundred thousand, into industrial and business fields formerly occupied by men only, we have heard a great deal, and we all recognize that, for a vast body of women, this has been an unquestionable necessity. Their participation in political government through the suffrage is now the subject of one of the most interesting struggles of the time. Intermediate between these two fields may be placed that occupied by the activities of the women's clubs, which, at their best, must be recognized, by lovers of the old order as well as champions of a new, as furnishing at once a wholesome outlet for natural and beneficent impulses and an unexceptionable means of accomplishing many objects of the highest value to the whole community.

JOHN BROWN.

Of all the men who have held, for some brief space of time, the eye of the American people, none has evoked more diverse estimates of his character, motives, or achievements, or stirred more deeply or lastingly the fountains of enthusiastic praise and bitter hate, than John Brown of Osawatomie. The student of American history finds him acclaimed, on the one hand, as the saviour of Kansas, the chief agent in negro emancipation, and the one sure forerunner of the civil war; and, on the other, denounced as a half-crazy religious enthusiast running amuck in the modern world, a fanatical leader of wild and hopeless enterprises, a criminal, and even a murderer. A whole literature of books, poems, and magazine articles, and a still larger volume of myth, tradition, asseveration, story, and prejudice, have grown up about this extraordinary person. Men and women who never saw him, and who would have fled in terror from his presence, have vied with his companions and intimate friends in describing his appearance and habit of life, or in analyzing his mind and appraising his work, or, more easily, in acclaiming or denouncing him. It would be hard to find, in the history of any country, a man whose actual operations of a public sort covered so short a time or so small an area, who, nevertheless, for what he did, or planned, or intended, has been at one moment spurned as a criminal and a fraud, and at the next elevated to a rank with such as are rated little lower than the gods.

So far as the text and notes of Mr. Villard's handsome volume* show, no pains has been spared to produce a biography both accurate and complete. Not only has he, with lavish disregard of labor and expense, literally swept the field of documents and personal testimony, but he has traced Brown's life from day to day throughout the entire active period of his career, gone minutely over the ground on which he operated, and tested every printed or verbal statement with the rigid thoroughness of a laboratory investigator. Doubtless the immediate result of it all will be to stir rather than lay controversy; those persons, and they are many, whose misstatements, aspersions, or extravagances are here exposed are certain to be forward in their own defence; but at least we have here a book, and the only book, in which the unquestioned facts of John Brown's career are completely exhibited. If the author's conclusions differ from the conclusions of others, he cannot be charged with either withholding or distorting the evidence upon which they are based.

The early life of John Brown, here for the first time searchingly examined, shows a curious blending of the good and the questionable. Of honorable New England ancestry, though not a Mayflower descendant, Brown came to manhood through the rough experiences of the frontier, with little education or personal discipline, but with clean morals, an acquaintance only too intimate with frugality and hard work, religious convictions rivalling those of the most austere Puritan of the seventeenth century, and a stern conception of fatherhood which ruled his family with a rod of iron. He was for a time a postmaster under the second Adams; but an invincible fondness for speculation, entire freedom in the use of other people's money, bankruptcy in 1842, and repeated suits for irregular financial transactions of an unpleasant cast, make his record as a man of affairs one of suspicion and failure. As a member of the firm of Perkins & Brown, wool merchants, at Springfield, Mass., he showed virtually complete incapacity for business, while a trip to Europe in 1849 netted a loss of about forty thousand dollars. When, at the age of fifty-five, he threw himself into the Kansas struggle, he had, save in a few minor transactions, failed in everything he had undertaken, aroused in more than one quarter uncomfortable suspicions as to his honesty, and succeeded in earning only a meagre living for himself or his family.

Just when John Brown conceived of the idea of freeing the slaves is uncertain. Mr. Villard, who examines the question with care, is unable to find documentary evidence before 1840 of anything more than a family agreement among the Browns to oppose slavery; or until after 1846, when Brown removed to Springfield, of a deliberate intention to use force. The abolition movement under Garrison, with its consistent opposition to forcible measures, did not appeal to him; nor was he at any time, save after 1850, particularly in touch with either the political or the moral agitation of the slavery question which stirred the country after 1835. "In 1851, however, the policy of armed resistance becomes much more clearly developed; the man of war is now emerging from the chrysalis of peace" (p. 50). Mr. Villard thinks that the moving influences here were, first, contact with the zealous abolitionists of New England, many of whom were not at all averse to fighting; and, secondly, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act. Whatever the cause, however, Brown had passed, before the Kansas struggle opened, from simple moral opposition to slavery, such as many Northern men felt, to a conviction that slavery must be destroyed by force, and that he was divinely commissioned to lead the onslaught. From this point the course of his thought to Harper's Ferry, which was almost certainly in his mind before 1854, and to Kansas as an intermediate ground on which the virtues of guerrilla warfare might be tested, was an easy transition. The plan was fixed by 1855, when he removed his family for a second time to North Elba; and from then until his death, with dependence upon friends as his only important means of livelihood, he was a man of one idea, an enthusiast unselfishly devoted to a great cause.

Of John Brown's spectacular career in Kansas, the salient point for the historian and the moralist is, of course, the Pottawatomie massacre. Thanks to Brown's son, Salmon, and to his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, Mr. Villard is able to present for the first time an accurate account of what took place; and the story in all its detail is worthy of careful perusal. It seems now unquestionable that the plan of attacking the pro-slavery squatters was conceived by Brown, with the active encouragement of H. H. Williams, who himself designated the men to be killed, and with the assent of the majority of Brown's followers; that the unfortunate victims were accurately described as "brutes and bullies," though later declared to have been peaceable and of good character; that the delay of twenty-four hours near Dutch Henry's Crossing was not due to the reluctance of one of the party to proceed, but to the necessity of rest after a night's march and a day of work and travel; that two of Brown's sons, while probably protesting, submit-

*John Brown, 1800-1859: A Biography Fifty Years After. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5 net.

ted, though without becoming actual participants in the killing; and that Brown himself killed no one, though he directed the movements of the party and probably fired a shot at the lifeless Doyle.

Over the question of the attitude of the Free State leaders towards the massacre, and the effect of the episode on the Kansas situation, controversy still rages, and Mr. Villard's conclusions are not likely to go without rejoinder. Yet I am compelled to think that Mr. Villard's narrative makes it clear, beyond any possible doubt, that the Pottawatomie massacre, far from checking the attacks of the border ruffians, not only had no such effect, but, in fact, inspired retaliation; and a retaliation, too, which eventually drew Free State and pro-slavery men alike into reckless and indiscriminate raiding, plundering, and killing. The sword of the avenger, wielded with cool calculation and ghastly effect on the Pottawatomie, opened the Kansas border to anarchy; as a means of silencing the pro-slavery attacks, it was a patent failure. Nor were there precedent conditions which justified it. No Free State person had been killed near Osawatomie, and only five offences of a lesser sort can be definitely established. Neither does it appear conclusively that Brown acted at the suggestion or under the direction of Free State leaders, much as it may have suited the devious purposes of Robinson and others to approve the killing later. If there be any justification for the act, it must be found in Brown's undoubted conception of himself as an agent of the Almighty, sent to kill in order that freedom might the sooner reign; but neither the unselfishness of his purpose, nor the spiritual exaltation in which it was carried out, suffices to save him from absolute condemnation. As Mr. Villard well says, "if he deserves to live in history, it is not because of his cruel, gruesome, reprehensible acts on the Pottawatomie, but despite them" (p. 188).

The main features of the Harper's Ferry raid have long been known, and Mr. Villard's pages do not materially alter the understanding of them; but he has added a good deal to our knowledge of details, especially as regards the period of direct preparation, the movements of Brown in Iowa and during his second sojourn in Kansas, the organization of the new government at Chatham, Canada, and the collection of arms and money. Long as the Virginia plan had been in contemplation, and subordinate as were the Kansas operations to the achievement of this larger purpose, the matured project was not revealed to Brown's Massachusetts friends until 1858. It must ever remain one of the wonders of American history that men of sense and substance could be found to contribute money, to be spent without accounting by a man like Brown, and in aid of an undertaking obviously both treasonable and impossible; or that Brown could impress even his most enthusiastic supporters with his ability, given a handful of men and a few hundred dollars, to bring slavery to its knees. As it was, when the restiveness of the little band at the Kennedy farm, long inactive and fearful of exposure by inquisitive and suspicious neighbors, made it necessary to launch the enterprise, Brown, for all his years of thinking, went into Harper's Ferry on that fateful October night with no definite plan of procedure, and no provision for retreat in case of possible failure.

Into the trial of Brown Mr Villard goes at length, paying particular attention to the charge, strongly urged at the time in many parts of the North, that the trial was unduly pressed and was not fair. In a generation not yet hardened to long-drawn-out criminal proceedings, the fact that Brown was still suffering from his wounds, and lay most of the time on a cot in the court-room, too weak to sit or stand, naturally aroused sympathy; but the jail physician testified that the prisoner was able to undergo the ordeal without danger, and the haste, even though unseemly, was at least in conformity with Virginia law. It does not appear that Brown suffered any denial of substantial justice, or was discriminated against by the court, albeit the prosecutor, Andrew Hunter, pressed the case aggressively. Brown's own statement, in his memorable last speech in open court, that he was "entirely satisfied" with the treatment he had received, is weighty testimony to the same effect.

Only the legalist who sees in John Brown merely an insane criminal or a common murderer, or in whose mind character and motives can never be separated from acts, can view without awe the final scenes: the defeated prisoner, with the dream of his life ended, refusing to countenance plans for escape and calmly awaiting death; the jailer wiping away tears at the pathos of the letters he perforce must read; the wife coming at the last, to whom were permitted to be given, though with scanty mede of time or privacy, the final instructions, the last messages to family and friends, and the good-by. Even the elaborate military accompaniments of the execution, suitable only for some desperate criminal, were, after all, no unfit array for the departure of a man who might have said, at any moment of his life, what he is reported to have said at taking leave of it, "I am ready at any time."

History has yet to pass its final verdict upon John Brown; and while Mr. Villard's researches, praiseworthy in high degree for their painstaking thoroughness, lighten at many points the task of appraisal, they also, of course, somewhat complicate it. There will still be asked the questions which, asked and answered a score of times already by enemies and friends, penetrate to the heart of Brown's career. Was he an irresponsible fanatic? Did he save Kansas for freedom? Did he give to emancipation its final impetus? Did he precipitate the civil war?

To each of these questions the answer, I think, must be, though with unequal emphasis, no. To ignore the element of religious assurance in John Brown's nature, his sincere and unshaken belief in the guidance of Providence, or to adjudge him a lunatic or a criminal because he was also a fanatic, is only to deny the potency of spiritual experience in human history. It is not the least of Mr. Villard's successes as a biographer that he has grasped clearly, and at the same time estimated at its true worth, this fundamental religious influence in Brown's life. Mental unbalance, as he points out, keeps no such high level of thought and expression as characterizes the later extant letters and speeches of John Brown; nor are we yet reduced to the necessity of interpreting historical events by the easy device of denying sanity to men who are visionary or intense.

Nor may we hail Brown as the saviour of Kansas or the liberator of the enslaved blacks. Freedom dawned upon Kansas no sooner because of what he did. As to emancipation, the solid preparation for that great step is to be found in the long and persistent agitation of the abolitionists, and the slow growth of a moral condemnation before which the system of slavery could not stand. Slavery was doomed before Brown began his attack upon it; and while his terrible blows startled the defenders of the fortress, they could not break down the gates. So, too, with the civil war. The irrepressible conflict was too far advanced, the bitter enmity of South for North too deeply stirred, the political and social antagonism too obviously irreconcilable, years before John Brown marched into Harper's Ferry, to be either checked or hindered. Neither the secession of South Carolina, nor the election of Lincoln, nor the attack upon Sumter, nor any other of the many important events which paved the way to war, was immediately affected by the raid, or, for that matter, by the discovery of a sentiment in the North friendly to it.

The service of John Brown was, rather, to reveal to the North, not by his life but by his heroic death, the depth and intensity of its own moral sense. What others had conceived of as, at best, only a remote possibility, he dared in amazing rashness to undertake. The foolishness of his plan at Harper's Ferry, and the pitifully impotent means with which he undertook to carry it out, do not obscure his purpose

or the spirit in which he acted. His place, in other words, is not so much with men of action, or great leaders, or far-seeing reformers, as with the noble army of martyrs and the goodly fellowship of the prophets. He was the herald of a new day, the preacher of a militant social righteousness which ignored conventional limitations and gloried in hardship and sacrifice. No one could have been less a model in the troublous times he looked upon, or approached the performance of a solemn duty with a past more deeply stained and scarred; yet not even Lincoln himself was a greater inspiration to the soldiers who, in a few short months, were fighting for the Union. To have told with accuracy, sympathy, and impartiality, as Mr. Villard has done, the story of this remarkable life, is a solid achievement in the field of historical scholarship. WILLIAM MACDONALD.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS OF THE UNITED STATES.

About thirty years ago the several independent geographical and geological surveys that under different departments of the general government had been for the previous ten years exploring and mapping the then little-known "Western Territories," were discontinued on account of lack of correlation and frequent duplication, to say nothing of unfriendly rivalry in their work. In accordance with a recommendation of the National Academy of Sciences, a single organization, the United States Geological Survey, was then established by Congress in their stead. The new Survey was charged with the task of preparing a geological map of the national domain; and as no topographical map existed on which the geological formations could be represented, the Survey, under the able direction of Major J. W. Powell, undertook the production of a topographical map of the United States. This caused some adverse comment at the time, and it was in fact a novel arrangement, for according to all European precedent the preparation of topographical maps should have been the work of army engineers, or should at least have been conducted under their direction. Ours is, I believe, the only geological survey in the world which includes a large corps of topographers, and which thus surveys, engraves, and prints for itself the indispensable topographical base on which its geological maps are published.

It must be admitted, however, that during the first ten or more years of the Survey's work, many of the topographical maps were, to say the most in their favor, of no great merit; for although the Survey received large, indeed enormous, appropriations for this work, it was for a time impossible to procure expert topographers in sufficient number; and when to this difficulty there was added the official pressure for large area of results and an insufficient inspection before publication, it is not surprising that many of the sheets issued between 1880 and 1890 had to be resurveyed in later years.

Thirty years of experience have witnessed great progress. It is chiefly in order to emphasize the excellence of the really admirable maps issued during the past fifteen, more particularly in the past ten, years, that mention of the earlier imperfect work is here made. Many of the sheets lately issued are masterpieces of cartography. The standard of accuracy demanded has been constantly rising. Inexperienced young surveyors have been trained into expert topographers. Inspection has become more and more thorough. The truthfulness of the maps, and hence their value in many practical uses, has gained wide recognition. They constitute to-day an indispensable element in the equipment of any one who would acquaint himself with our geographical foundation for problems of any sort. A good number of States now contribute towards the expense of surveys within their boundaries; but the work of surveying is left wholly in the hands of the national organization.

The best of it is that these excellent maps are made available for wide use by being sold at a merely nominal price. The cost of surveying, drawing, and printing is charged to the Geological Survey, which must have the maps whether they are otherwise used or not. If any one else desires a map, he can have it at the cost of printing, five cents for a single sheet, or three cents a sheet by the hundred. The sheets are now called quadrangles; an explanation of the style of the map is printed on the back of each sheet. A list of all the quadrangles thus far published, with index maps of the several States, can be had free on application to the Director, United States Geological Survey, Washington. Large orders, as for schools or libraries, can be conveniently sent in by marking the maps desired in the printed list.

If any one wishes to measure the recent improvement of the Survey maps, let him look first at the Tell City, Ky., and Fort McKewett, Texas, quadrangles, with their monotonous uniformity of contour-line curvature, and then examine the delicate lines on the Bessemer, Ala., and Socorro, N. M., quadrangles, by which so nice an expression is given to many kinds of surface; or let him confront the earlier and later editions of the Fort Payne, Ala., or Oconomoc, Wis., quadrangles, and note the vast increase of detail in the newer maps. If any one wishes to note the sketchiness of some of the maps drawn over from earlier surveys, let him look at the Uinta, Utah, sheet, on a scale of four miles to an inch with an overlarge contour interval of 250 feet, and then turn to the Gilbert Peak and Hayden Peak quadrangles, which include part of the same area on double the scale, with 100-foot contours; it is really rather difficult to identify corresponding points, so vaguely does the older map represent the singularly sharp forms shown on the later maps.

The surveys undertaken in coöperation with some of the States have in a few cases resulted in bringing out maps of special districts on an exceptionally large scale, to meet particular economic demands. Thus a survey of that part of the Mississippi flood-plain known as the Yazoo basin, in conjunction with the State of Mississippi, has produced a series of "advance sheets" on a scale of 1:24,000, with five-foot contours, which exhibit the behavior of wandering rivers on a flat flood-plain with a degree of detail seldom equalled. Similarly parts of the great plain known as the Sacramento valley have been surveyed in conjunction with the State of California on a scale of 1:31,680, again with five-foot contours; and here one may see how actively the streams from the adjoining mountains have been aggrading or building up the plain, for the contours frequently turn down-stream instead of up-stream as they pass a water-course. The demand for information about Alaska is bringing forth some extraordinarily interesting sheets; for example, the Fairbanks and Nizina quadrangles, on which the peculiar forms of severely glaciated mountains are portrayed with great expressiveness. At the present rate of progress, we are really in a fair way to have our geographical features well recorded within the life of those now living.

It may be suggested that a case, measuring about two by four feet on the base, and six feet high, with many narrow-spaced shelves holding stiff-paper folders, will contain a great collection of the topographical maps here described. By beginning betimes with a moderate outlay for the maps already published, a small annual appropriation will keep a most serviceable collection up to date for the future. Let it be noted further that "Professional Paper, No. 60," prepared by Professors Salisbury and Atwood of the University of Chicago, and recently published by the Geological Survey, contains samples of many maps with brief explanatory text, frequently illustrated by photographs. It will therefore serve as an excellent guide to the appreciative use of the maps in general. This volume was so actively demanded all over the country that its first edition was soon exhausted; but it is understood that a second edition will appear at an early date. If it were generally known that explanatory handbooks of this kind are to be had, and that three hundred and thirty-three ex-

cellent maps can be bought for ten dollars, many a library and school, where few maps are to be found to-day, would begin a map collection and build it up towards completeness by new orders every year. The maps issued by the Geological Survey are a highly educative advance over the fancy-colored pages of school atlases, and the roughly printed pocket maps of the States prepared for commercial use. The more they are known, the more generally will they be used, and the better we shall know the land we live in.

W. M. Davis.

RECENT FRENCH HISTORY.

Paris, October 8.

"La Guerre de 1870" (2 vols., 8vo Plon), by Henri Welschinger, examines the causes and responsibilities of the Franco-Prussian war. The author is known for conscientious work in French history, of mildly conservative tendency. There are so many still living to whom the great war brought the downfall or the accomplishment of their political hopes; its consequences are still so dominant in the international life of Europe; so much partisan passion, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, recrimination, still exist after forty years, that fair and full examination seems at once an imperative necessity and a practical impossibility. For M. Welschinger, it may be said that he has written the best book, all told, which has yet appeared on the subject. It is more documentary than any other yet published; it has less partisan emphasis—and less omission. It fails where all the historians of a time so confused with passion, which was not all political, have consistently failed.

The late Edmond Rousse's legal career, which many years after brought him to the French Academy, was rudely interrupted by the war and the ensuing Commune. He said of it in dispassionate words what M. Welschinger has heeded better than most Frenchmen: "Let us not deceive ourselves; let us not throw on a few the faults committed by all." No doubt Napoleon III allowed Prussia to grow until its advance became identical with the realization of a United Germany. But is it certain that, if he had so wished, he could have prevented, in presence of England's inaction, the rude brushing away of Denmark from Schleswig-Holstein? or, considering the steady growth of political opposition at home, that he could have intervened later to prolong Austria's leadership among the petty German States? It is true that Sedan followed Sadowa, but both came after Magenta and Solferino. If Napoleon III had never had a policy of "nationalities," if he had never occupied France in foreign wars, it is possible that Cavour would not have succeeded in uniting Italy. It is not certain that Bismarck would not have reached his ends. French writers too easily suppose that France put at her Emperor's disposal power sufficient to regulate the entire Continent.

M. Welschinger recognizes that political opposition at home was largely responsible for the inferior state of the French army when war came, and that the Emperor had vainly tried to overcome this opposition. It was those leaders who seized the opportunity of Sedan to get possession of the government in France, it was their party which was to centre its hopes in Gambetta when too late to remedy the evil for which they were as responsible as any others. They did this with a full knowledge of the insufficient effectives of France and of the 900,000 trained soldiers ready to take the field in North Germany. In a note addressed individually by the Emperor to each member of Parliament, the comparison was made for them. They rejected the Emperor's appeal and even the compromise proposed by the War Minister, Maréchal Niel. The Prince Imperial, shortly before his death, took occasion publicly to recall this fact. No historian who loves truth more than the cult of the founders of the Third Republic can neglect it.

Again, during the last stormy sessions of the Imperial Parliament, no one cried louder for war than Gambetta. *Paroles scélérates!* was his protest against Robert Mitchell, who insisted that the reply of the Prussian King did not compel France in honor to declare war. It is to be regretted that M. Welschinger, while dwelling on this paralyzing opposition, should not credit their large part of it to those who, to satisfy their republican ambition, sacrificed, not only the Empire, but France itself. Their opposition was made effective, as M. Welschinger points out from his own recollections, by the abhorrence of the middle classes for any compulsory military service which should mix up their sons with those of the common people. He does not remember the persuasion among religious people that universal military service was an artifice of free thinkers to debauch the Christian faith and morals of French youth. Men like Jules Ferry and Ferdinand Buisson, who were to give its anti-Catholic organization to the Republic, helped the opposition by the part they took in international peace congresses.

Coming down to the immediate declaration of war, M. Welschinger still attributes a part of the responsibility to the Empress Eugénie, to her court and party among the Deputies. The Empress, as a foreigner and *parvenue*, as a sovereign conferring ostentatious brilliance on Imperial rule in the eyes of the whole world, and as a Catholic protecting the Pope, had incurred animosities distinct from the mere political opposition to the Empire. She was the scapegoat ready to hand—the war was her war the moment it failed.

For years, childishly and ungallantly, those who had clamored for war after refusing the Emperor the means needed to prepare for it, tried to cast the responsibility for it on the unlucky Empress. It remains the popular legend, ready for political use. A sober historian like M. Welschinger, whatever his political prejudices, could not go to such lengths. But he seems not to have weighed sufficiently the evidence from within of a man like Emile Ollivier, whom the Empress did not love, but who refuses to believe in the supposed influence of the Empress over her husband's decisions. As to her activity in Cabinet councils, which was a part of the legend, his testimony must be taken as final.

The disastrous effects of court influence in keeping in office aged and incompetent generals and the consequent inefficient organization of the means which had been allowed the Emperor for waging war, is another question. The Emperor's desperate state of health, which was unknown even to the Empress, counted for much. Such evil was perhaps inherent in rule like his, which was never more than a prolonged Imperial adventure.

The commission organized at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the publication of the documents in its archives relating to the origins of the war of 1870, has two volumes ready for publication. Their appearance is delayed by a controversy concerning the publisher chosen by government. The three responsible editors are MM. Joseph Reinach, Emile Bourgeois, and Professor Aulard. Their political complexion was sure to excite criticism, M. Reinach as inheriting Gambetta's traditions, M. Bourgeois for the stand taken in his works on France and the Roman Question, M. Aulard for his understanding of history as a "Republican defence." If the diplomatic documents are given complete, and not in a selection, the publication will be sufficient for historians otherwise equipped for this most arduous study of the truth of contemporary history. Editorial narrowness is chiefly to be feared in not going far enough back or far enough afield. The conflict between French and Prussian diplomacy did not begin with the Danish Duchies nor grow by Austria and Rome alone.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Eighteen or twenty years ago a friend gave to the Hon. Peter A. Porter of Niagara Falls, N. Y., a copy of one of the many editions of Hennepin containing the engraving of Niagara Falls which first appeared in his "Nouvelle Découverte" (1697). This was the beginning of Mr. Porter's Niagara Falls collection, one of the most notable

local American collections ever brought together. This library he has recently disposed of to a firm of booksellers in this city.

The Falls of Niagara were known to European travellers long before they were seen and described by Hennepin. In Champlain's first publication, that little pamphlet "Des Sauvages" (Paris, 1603), which is now worth much more than its weight in gold, there is a mention of a waterfall between two great lakes, around which the Indians are obliged to carry their canoes. The same little volume contains a poem in which a great cataract is mentioned, and this is supposed to refer to Niagara. The second and third references to the Falls in print are found in the Jesuit Relations of 1649 (in a letter written by Father Ragueneau) and 1653 (in a letter by Father Bressani). The fourth mention, so far as Mr. Porter could discover, is in a supplement, by Dr. Gendron, added to the last volume of an enlarged edition of a history of the world originally prepared by Pierre Davity and first published in 1626. This revised edition containing Dr. Gendron's account of the Huron country is dated 1660. These writers described the Falls from hearsay only. The Falls had been indicated on Champlain's map of 1632, but without name. The earliest map which Mr. Porter could trace upon which the Falls are named is one in an atlas published by Sanson (a great map publisher of Paris) in 1657. Upon this map is found the name "Ongiara Sault."

It is probable that French traders and *coureurs du bois* had many of them seen the Falls before Father Hennepin, but his description, printed in his first book, "Description de la Louisiane" (Paris, 1683), is the earliest printed account by an eye-witness. And on the map published with the same book the Falls are designated as "Le gran sault de Niagara." This is the earliest appearance of the modern spelling of the name in print. In the text the Falls are not mentioned by name, but "La Rivière de Niagara" is referred to. The first engraved view of the Falls appears as a folding plate in Hennepin's second book, his "Nouvelle Découverte d'un tres grand Pays" (Utrecht, 1697).

Mr. Porter was especially interested in Hennepin and his writings, and made every effort to secure every known edition of any of his books or extracts from them. His Hennepin collection is without doubt the most extensive ever brought together, notwithstanding the fact that there are half a dozen or more editions or variations known to exist which he has never had the opportunity to acquire. He was, however, able to procure several volumes not described by any of the writers upon the bibliography of Hennepin.

Three books, the two later being in fact based in part upon the first, comprise all of Hennepin's writings known. The first editions are (short titles only):

"Description de la Louisiane," Paris, 1683.
"Nouvelle Découverte d'un tres grand Pays," Utrecht, 1697.
"Nouveau Voyage d'un Pais plus grand que l'Europe," Utrecht, Ernestus Voskuyl, Imprimeur, 1698.

These three books, with condensations of them and extracts from them, were more often translated and printed in the various countries of Europe during the early years of the eighteenth century than the works of any other traveller in America.

The earliest issue of the "Nouveau Voyage" with the printer's name "Ernestus Voskuyl" in the imprint is of excessive rarity. It is mentioned by Dr. Paltsits (the latest bibliographer of Hennepin), who says:

It is very uncommon, and is known to me only from Felix van Hulst's "Notice sur Le P. Hennepin, d' Ath," Liège, 1845, p. 36; and from a copy offered for sale in the spring of 1902 by a Jesuit in France, in correspondence with Mr. Thwaites.

Most copies of the book have the bookseller's name in the imprint, which reads "Utrecht, Antoine Schouten, Marchand Libraire, 1698."

The first book, the "Louisiane," was dedicated to Louis XIV of France. Before the publication of the "Nouvelle Découverte" Hennepin had fallen under the displeasure of that monarch and had been exiled from France. He resided for a time in Belgium and is believed also to have lived in London. His two later books, as well as the somewhat enlarged translation of the two issued in London in 1698 under the title of a "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," were dedicated to William III of England. Mr. Porter's copy of the second issue of the "Nouveau Voyage" is a presentation copy from the author to (apparently) Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke, who had been the chief English plenipotentiary at the treaty of Ryswick in 1697, when William III was acknowledged King of England. We may presume that Hennepin had made the earl's acquaintance there.

John Law's Mississippi scheme was apparently responsible for several exceedingly rare little books, extracts from Hennepin, printed in 1720 on poor paper, perhaps for free distribution among prospective purchasers of stock in the Mississippi Company. Mr. Porter procured four pamphlets of this character in French, three of which are undescribed, and no other copies known. Of the fourth there is a copy in the Lenox Library. These are:

(1.) "La Nouvelle France, ou la Description de la Louisiane, Connuë sous le nom de Mississipi. Nouvellement découverte par ordre du Roy [4 lines] Par le R. P. Louis Hennepin, Missionaire Recollet & Notaire Apostolique. Sur l'imprimé à Paris. M.DCC.XX." Signatures A-D, each twelve leaves, consisting of title, 1 leaf; Dedication, 5 pages; "Les Mœurs des Sauvages," pages [2]-54; "Description de la Louisiane," pages 55-66 and 57-80.

(2.) Same title as No. 1 except date, which is "M.DC," the other letters having dropped out. Same number of leaves but contents partly differing. The Dedication is in small type, filling four pages only, which is followed by "Le Royaume de la Louisiane ou de la Nouvelle France," pages 1-4, not in the other edition. Then comes "Les Mœurs des Sauvages," pages 5-54, and "Description de la Louisiane," pages 55-66 and 57-80. The two editions are generally page for page, but one chapter of the first part, "Remèdes contre les Maladies," pages 12-15 of the first edition, is omitted in the second. They are both from the same printing office, but are two distinct settings of type, the headlines throughout being in capitals in the first edition and in italics in the second. No other copy of either edition is known, and they have never been described by any bibliographer, so far as can be traced.

(3.) "Description du Mississipi, Le Nombre des Villes & Colonies établies par les François, [8 lines] Par M. le Chevalier de Bonrepos, Ecrite de Mississipi en France, a Mademoiselle D. . . . Imprimé à Roüen, Se vend à Paris, Chez Berthelemy Gurin, ruë du petit Pont, près le petit Châtelet. 1720. Avec Permission." Signatures A, 8 leaves; B, 4 leaves; C, 8 leaves, and D, 3 leaves. The text begins on page 3 with the heading "Description du Mississipi" and ends on p. 45 with "Ma tres-chère Cousine, Vôtre tres-humble Serviteur, Le Chevalier de Bonrepos," followed by "Fin." On page [46] is the "Permission." dated July 1, 1720. The book is an extract or condensation of Hennepin's "Louisiane." There is another copy of this book in the Lenox Library.

(4.) "Relation du Voyage de Mississipi, par le R. P. Hennepin Recolet." No title-page, the above being the heading of the first page. Signature A, 4 leaves. At the end is the colophon: "Sur la copie Imprimée à Evreux, chez Jean Malassis, Imprimeur de l'Evêque." Nothing is known of the Evreux edition and no other copy of this reprint can be traced. The date is probably about 1720.

Besides the four extracts or condensations described above there is also one in English more frequently met with, having the title "A Discovery of a Large, Rich and Plentiful Country, in the North America; Extending above 4000 Leagues. [6 lines.] London: Printed for W. Boreham, at the Angel, in Pater-Noster-Row. (Price Six-Pence.)" This consists of Signatures A, 2 leaves; B, C, D, and E, each 4 leaves, made up of title, 1 leaf; preface, 2 pages; text, pages 1-24 and 17-22; advertisement of books, 2 pages.

Correspondence.

UNIVERSITY STUDY OF ART.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the outset I would distinguish clearly between the collegiate study of the history of art and the same subject as a branch of university instruction. For years excellent courses in the history of art have been given to undergraduates at Harvard, Princeton, Brown, Williams, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, the University of Chicago, to mention only typical colleges. The women's colleges have encouraged these studies more seriously than the men's. We are still as a nation in the stage where the study of art smacks suspiciously of dilettantism. Throughout the West and middle West courses in drawing and painting have been popular, and this, while well enough in itself, has introduced a rather unfortunate confusion between the historical study of art as a means of culture and the rudimentary practice of the handicrafts underlying art. Many will regret that Columbia University, by nominally affiliating the National Academy of Design, some years ago, gave countenance to this prevalent confusion of ideals. On the whole, the historical study of art in the colleges has had a slow but normal growth. It is hindered at present merely by the privileged position of the older departments of the curriculum and by the scant supply of competent instructors.

As a university study, art is only at its beginnings. There have been notable instances of professors who have individually put their experience at the disposal of advanced students, but no such thing as an art seminary has yet existed in America, and outside the field of classical archæology I suppose the number of doctorates granted in the history of art could be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Harvard and Princeton are, I believe, the only American universities which have regularly trained advanced students, and the effort has been chiefly in the classical field. Now much of

this neglect of one of the most interesting of subjects lies in the very nature of the case. If the student of history and philology suffers from the absence of his original sources, the student of art suffers tenfold. Photographs and casts are at best sorry substitutes for the marbles of Greece and the frescoes of Italy. Mere book learning can never replace the vivid experience of masterpieces. So keen has been this conviction that such self-made authorities as Bernhard Berenson and F. M. Perkins have simply expatriated themselves and pursued their investigations individually on the spot. Such a course was inevitable twenty years ago; it is so no longer.

Obviously the time will never come when the student of art will not need to travel much, but the hour has already struck when he can advantageously pursue the better part of his university studies at home. Within twenty years America has supplied herself with abundance of original material, from the primitive art of Greece, Egypt, and the Far East to the product of yesterday. Between the public museums and private galleries, which are usually accessible to students, every branch of the fine arts may be studied in superior examples. We lack and always shall lack the monumental works associated with architecture, but of portable objects we already have an abundant supply of good quality, and are to have more. To put the matter practically, in every subject there is in our Eastern States plenty of material for information and research, enough, I should say, to keep a diligent graduate student going for a couple of years; his third year, and perhaps fourth, should be spent abroad. I see, that is, no reason why a graduate student of fine arts who can afford at least one year of travel should not look forward as confidently to his doctorate as a chemist does.

But nobody wants a doctorate in fine arts. Such is the fact, and it merely illustrates the sheeplike tendency of student human nature. Because there never has been a career open to the trained scholar in this subject, people act as if there never could be. As a matter of fact museums are springing up throughout the land, and every one is put to it to find a well-trained director or curator. Our great museums still have to recruit their staffs from abroad. College lectureships and professorships of art are vacant because there are no fit candidates. In short, about the only learned profession that is not sorely overcrowded is precisely this delectable neglected one of art critic and historian. When these facts are realized there naturally will be seminaries of art history in our universities.

A word on the conditions of such study and, avoiding odiously detailed comparisons, on present academic facilities for work may seem in place. In all fields the graduate schools will in time come to see that their aim is a dual one. An elect minority of students must be trained as specialists; the greater number need merely a scholarly and somewhat discursive knowledge which shall equip them as teachers, or writers at large. Prof. Irving Babbitt has defined these two goals with pungent eloquence. Professor Trent, in a recent charming essay in the *Nation* (September 8), assumes this duality as a dictate of common sense. Some dozen of our universities are already prepared to help the graduate student who means to become a journalistic critic or a collegiate teacher. Indeed, a number of colleges can, and occasionally do, award the master of arts in these branches. That a master's degree is not a certificate of fitness to teach is undoubtedly true. I think, however, that this ancient but rather discredited degree could and should be rehabilitated. It would serve as the goal of a thorough cumulative course, as the doctorate stands for experience in original research. But my immediate concern is chiefly with the candidate who wishes to become a specialist or expert in the fine arts looking forward to museum work or a university post. What can we do for him? Nowhere near what Berlin or Paris can do, yet a good deal and enough. Moreover, foreign methods and too much unassimilated travel are confusing and time-wasting to the immature student. Under the right guidance he can pass his first year or two more profitably about Boston or New York than he could in Athens, Rome, or Paris. But where shall our incipient expert go?

The question is of some delicacy. Boston probably still offers the best general facilities as regards materials and association with the right sort of scholars. The Boston Art Museum is the best balanced in the country; the Public Library has a fine equipment of books and photographic reproductions; the private collections are noteworthy; Harvard has her small museum with photograph and print collections and a few well chosen originals. The atmosphere is favorable to the subject; a rather youthful group of professors make up in enthusiasm for what they may lack in experience. Yale has in the Jarves collection a most interesting gallery of Italian primitives, but confines her academic efforts to practical classes in the arts and to courses for undergraduates. New York is rapidly passing Boston, probably has already done so, in wealth of original works of art. The Metropolitan Museum, between the galleries and library, will some day be a Mecca for students, and already attracts many; but the art department of Columbia University is still merely on paper. Unless it be occasional courses in classical archæology, no graduate instruction is given. For want of funds or of the right initiative a unique opportunity is going begging. The University of Chicago has a strong teaching force but is handicapped by scarcity of original material and the remoteness of the great Eastern museums. Princeton with an art department of five professors, each a specialist, the beginnings of an art museum, and a working library including 4,000 books and more than 40,000 photographs, may fairly claim academic primacy in this branch. The university is conveniently situated, so that the collections both of New York and Philadelphia are accessible. In fine, while other universities afford special facilities in single branches, Harvard and Princeton alone combine a fairly comprehensive schedule of courses with the necessary library and photographic aids and with accessibility to large collections of fine originals.

For the present a far-sighted student of the history of art would have to choose between more varied and numerous courses at Princeton, and the superior outside facilities offered to the graduate student of Harvard. A man who needed direction would probably fare better at Princeton, one who had already found his way might do better at Cambridge. Of course, some unexpected turn may alter the entire situation. Whenever Columbia is able to muster a strong art faculty, her position will be the strongest. The transfer of the Freer Collection to Washington, would, if accompanied by appropriate instruction, make the capital a centre for the study of Far-Eastern art. Institutions like the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Chicago are advancing at a normal pace. Eventually university instruction in the history of art will have its outposts in European schools under American management. Already such work is done by the School at Athens and the School of Archæology at Rome. The task is merely to extend such facilities to the entire field of art.

We are at present in the anomalous position of having two or three courses and professors of art for every graduate student. As I have already pointed out, the simple economic demand for trained men will soon remedy that paradox. It has seemed worth while to give this cursory survey and forecast of a university movement which, though at its beginning, is evidently in accord with the tendencies of the time and full of promise.

PRECEPTOR.

New York, October 15.

STRIKING AT THE KING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the view of the writer, the *Nation* may now, in all fairness, be classed with the critics of Theodore Roosevelt. And certainly few men can better afford than he to regard his critics with equanimity. After nearly eight years in the Presidential office, he was still strong enough to name his successor, and that successor would, doubtless, have been himself had he but spoken the word. And there are to-day thousands, yea, millions, who regard him as the strongest personal force in American public life. It seems to be of little use to pick at him or portray his faults and weaknesses; to review again his unfortunate personal controversies. Was it Emerson who said, "If you strike at the King you must kill him"? It is true that Roosevelt is not a Washington or a Lincoln, but in comparison with Jackson, the most powerful leader of his time, he shows to good advantage. Roosevelt has no unworthy favorites. He elevated the tone of public life; called men of education, ability, integrity, and capacity to the public service. It is true that he did not accomplish all that he or his supporters desired, but consider how the money power has developed since Jackson's time, and how strong are they who desire or tolerate corporation rule in politics and legislation. Both these great forces have little love for Roosevelt. The writer agrees with the *Nation* in calling Gov. Hughes "the finest figure in our public life," but it may be well that he withdraws from the rough-and-tumble fight of politics to take a higher station. Roosevelt is evidently able to give Barnes, Wadsworth, Woodruff, etc., "all the fight they want," as he promised.

In the matter of "contempt of court," if Roosevelt cannot stand with Lincoln, he stands with a vast number of his countrymen. Several years ago, in an address before the Yale Law School, so good a lawyer and judge as William H. Taft stated that the administration of criminal law had broken down in this country, and supported his position with abundant proof. He also said, and it appeals to the common sense of every intelligent person, that there should be no retrial in a criminal case if the higher court is satisfied of the justice of the verdict in the trial court.

In the view of his critics, Roosevelt is a dangerous man. In the view of his friends, he is not an ideal man. Some of us "love him best for the enemies he has made." He is a good fighter, perhaps the best his party can show to-day.

LEWIS HYDE.

Spiceland, Ind., October 5.

A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the following extract from a recent letter written by a government employee in the Philippine Islands, a college man who earned distinction in his undergraduate days as an able student and who has won promotion in the Philippine service by his executive ability. I hope the extract may help to impress upon the readers of the *Nation* the fact that the longer we remain in the Philippines the more difficult it will be for us to withdraw.

E. M. H.

Moscow, Idaho, October 8.

You have doubtless been reading a little of the visit of Secretary of War Dickinson to the islands. His coming was known well in advance of his arrival, of course, and you can hardly imagine the wild anticipations with which the Filipino political leaders looked forward to the visit. They had it all planned out that the Secretary was to look around a little, scourge the American administration, and then reach into his pocket and gracefully extract and hand to them "Philippine Independence," as a little memento of his visit.

Of course it is unnecessary to add that the Lincolns and Washingtons and Websters of the Philippines were sadly disillusionized. Their newspapers are bewailing the affair yet. What made their disappointment especially keen was that they had such a magnificent petition for *la independencia* all made out, with thousands of signers from every province, and then it fell so flat!

There is one politician here who is so far ahead of every other in popularity that there is no comparison. His name is Dominador Gomez. He has served one term in the penitentiary for importing opium illegally, and is now under sentence for having fomented a groundless strike among the 'longshoremen and others in Manila; yet none of his odorous exploits seem to lessen his hold on the popular mind. In a wildly applauded speech in the province of Negros Oriental recently he said that it was a coincidence which might have some significance that the locust pest and the rinderpest (a cattle disease) and the Americans had all arrived in the islands at about the same time.

You will infer that the political horizon is pretty dark, but it must not be imagined also that we Americans oppress our minds very much with the doleful situation. We go on about our work and think about it as little as possible. It really doesn't matter very much what the natives think or do about politics. American capital is being invested here to such an extent that independence is not in the slightest degree a present menace. And the more capital comes the farther off is independence.

LATIN-AMERICAN SPANISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the common or "vulgar" errors fit to figure in a modern "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" is the fixed belief that Latin-American Spanish is a deplorable corruption of Castilian Spanish. Mr. Claude King of "Sports Afield," dwelling on the topic in a recent communication to the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, regrets the prevalence of this idea. It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that the Spanish of the Southwest, South America, and the Antilles may rightly claim to be, indeed, nothing other than an excellent preservation of a good, old dialect spoken now, as in the past, in the very heart of Castile itself. If this fact were widely known, Americans travelling in Spanish-American countries might have one less reason for superciliousness toward those whom they benignantly term "the natives."

When Columbus left Spain on his first voyage of discovery he set out from the port of Palos, in the Andalusian province of Huelva. This established the custom for navigators of sailing for America from the southern seaboard, some leaving by way of Palos, and some from Cadiz. After the first voyages there was established in Seville an office called the Casa de Contratación, for the purpose of furnishing supplies and equipment for the vessels departing for the New World, "a body at once administrative and judicial, which soon became subordinated to the council of the Indies. . . . No ship was permitted to sail from Spain to America, or land from there, until it had been inspected by the officers of the Casa, and had received a license. Of everything a most careful register was kept. Charles V had ordered, on pain of death and confiscation, that every Spaniard, embark where he would, must direct his journey back from America only to Seville; and soon the journey out was only permissible from Seville. . . . This preference for Seville came from the fact that it was the only large place in the kingdom of Castile which could carry on ocean commerce, and at the same time had a considerable river trade. Then, again, since the kingdom of Castile alone had borne the expense and dangers of the discovery of America, it wanted to have all the profit of it." As a result of these regulations—quoted from Wilhelm Roscher's "The Spanish Colonial System"—and of the monopoly of trade possessed by Seville and a few other Andalusian cities, it was quite natural that most of the emigration should have been from the country round about the southern seaports. The difficulty of communication with the interior forbade, for a long time, any general emigration from other parts of Spain. It is the speech of these first settlers from Andalusia which constitutes the fundamental element of contemporary Latin-American Spanish.

One instance out of many of the conservation of the original language is furnished by the inhabitants of Porto Rico. A comparison of the speech of the average Porto Rican, and more particularly of the *jibaro*—descended from the old Spanish stock—with that of the present-day Andalusian, shows a striking similarity down to extremely minute details. Wulff's phonetic transcription of Andalusian, made in 1880, is nearly pure Porto Rican.

Don Manuel Fernández Juncos, a Spanish writer, long resident in Porto Rico, has pointed out other evidences of the Andalusian origin of the *jibaros*. They are fond of the sentimental songs of the Andalusian type; they use the *vihuela* and the *tiple*, which are abbreviated forms of the Andalusian guitar; they believe in common Andalusian superstitions; and the occurrence among them of such family names as Jiménez, Montilla, Córdoba, Sevilla, Sarmiento, Jerez, recalls to mind places, estates, and old families of southern Spain.

What has been said of our island possession may be said of Latin-America as a whole. The language spoken there is, with all its peculiarities of pronunciation, genuine Spanish.

J. WARSHAW.

University of Missouri, October 13.

THE NOSE IN POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Did the symposium on noses (see the *Nation*, September 29 and October 13) bring out the passage from Aristophanes, "Clouds," 341-44, which may be roughly Englished as follows:

Strep. Tell me, what's the matter with them, if they are really clouds, for they certainly resemble mortal women? They surely are not such.

Soc. Well, what are they?

Streps. I don't know positively. They certainly resemble spread-out fleeces and not women, by Jove! for these have noses!

The emphasis on this feature is interesting.

GEORGE H. DANTON.

Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind., October 15.

Literature.

ONE OF THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS.

Princess Helene von Racowitza, an Autobiography. Authorized translation from the German. By Cecil Mar. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

The Macmillan Company has issued in attractive form an English translation of the autobiography of Princess Helene von Racowitza. The German original was noticed in the *Nation*, October 28, 1909. The translation by Cecil Mar reads as though the story had first been told in French, for there is a sprightliness, a vivacity, a sparkle to the narrative which is fairly exhilarating. Minor blemishes in the translation there are—the German *genial* can hardly be transliterated into the English "genial"—but the spirit and verve of the author live in the present version.

The story of her life in this country will give the book an additional charm for American readers, although they will readily detect certain inaccuracies. For example, *John* Smith instead of *Joseph* Smith is credited with founding Mormonism (p. 308). The "marriage stone" in every village before which in colonial America marriages were verbally contracted (p. 348) is, of course, mythical. Most readers will be surprised also to learn who held "the ex-

alted post of Marshal of the United States in Washington" (p. 370).

Helene von Racowitza, as it pleases Frau von Schewitsch to call herself after her first husband, has a double claim upon public interest. She is the woman for whom Ferdinand Lassalle lost his life in a duel, and she has written the most absorbing autobiography since Marie Bashkirtseff. The story of her love affair with Lassalle furnished Meredith with the plot of "The Tragic Comedians." But her entire career, checkered as it is, falls not a whit behind that dramatic episode in its power to enchain attention.

It is too late, of course, to raise the question of the transcendent ability of Lassalle. On that point the testimony of Bismarck, who recognized in Lassalle a potential Alcibiades, is conclusive. But many a genius cuts a sorry figure in a love affair, and this was emphatically true of Lassalle. His fatuousness peers out from behind the screen of affection with which Princess von Racowitza would shroud it. When her own family had made an indignant outcry over her announcement of her engagement to Lassalle, and when she had fled from under her father's roof to meet Lassalle on his arrival in Geneva (where her father was Bavarian ambassador), the wretched lover ordered her back to her parents, despite her tearful and well-grounded assurances of their eternal obduracy. Lassalle's overweening self-conceit made him imagine that he must prove irresistible to her family. Not content with this, he sought to enlist the interest of his former mistress, Countess Hatzfeldt, in his avowed effort to obtain the hand of Helene in marriage. Naturally the countess proved a "false friend." Even Princess von Racowitza cannot help exclaiming, "How little Lassalle must have understood of woman's character, notwithstanding his many love episodes!" (p. 129.) There is little use in attempting to explain his conduct. His "overwrought nervous condition" and his ingrained "Jewish filial affection" which would not countenance an elopement, cannot palliate his downright folly. He finally realized the tragic truth himself, when he wrote, "My criminal stupidity is now my martyrdom" (p. 129). Meredith's fine characterization is quite literally true.

> He perished of his weakness, but it was a strong man that fell. If his end was unheroic, the blot does not overshadow his life. His end was a derision because the animal in him ran him unchained and bounding to it. A stormy blood made wreck of a splendid intelligence.

The subject of these memoirs was descended on her father's side from Swedish-Norwegian ancestry, while her mother was the daughter of a cultivated Jewish family of Berlin. Her father was a courtier and diplomat, representing Bavaria at Victor Emanuel's court in the late fifties. Her early associations and surroundings were those of the *grand monde*, particularly at Nice, that caravanserai of cosmopolitan society solely intent, before the impending war clouds descended upon Europe, to "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Despite the subtle moral poison with which the atmosphere was charged, there are certain indelible pictures which she draws of the place and its habitués. The following of Bulwer Lytton invests him with a perpetual fool's-cap:

> . . . His fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long, dyed curls and his old-fashioned dress . . . with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee-breeches, and long colored waistcoats. Also, he appeared always with a young lady who adored him, and who was followed by a man servant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared as he did in the costume of 1830, with long flowing curls called *Anglaises* . . . In society, however, people ran after him tremendously, and spoilt him in every possible way. He read aloud from his own works, and, in especially poetic passages, his "Alice" accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp (p. 46).

Bulwer Lytton is only one of a long line of celebrities with whom Princess von Racowitza, in her social life or afterwards in her dramatic career, was thrown into contact. Cavour, Hans Christian Andersen, Von Liebig, Meyerbeer, the Empress Eugénie, Wilhelmj, Hans Makart, Liszt, Madame Blavatsky, Björnstjerne Björnson—all appear in her pages in very vital portraiture. Many of the reminiscences are emphatically not *virginibus puerisque*, but her "Pompeian excavations" do not spare herself, nor is there bitterness therein, save against her own family and the Countess Hatzfeldt.

The philosophy of life and morals which the volume frankly unfolds is, to put it unequivocally, quite impossible. Briefly, it is a frank avowal of what the author calls "the equal rights of man and woman in love affairs" (p. 63); "the equal rights in love of the free woman with those of the man, provided no regard need be taken for wife or child" (p. 231). This is not at all synonymous with the so-called "single standard" of sexual morality which metes out disapproval upon offences irrespective of the sex of the offender. It is rather a positive justification of the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, provided only that the *liaison* does not harm innocent third parties, from whom childless spouses appear by definition to be excluded. The writer herself does not seem able to hold consistently by this novel philosophy of conduct. If it were true, why the frequent plea of inheritance, the "Viking blood," in frequent exculpation of her own passionate youth? Or, why chide early upbringing and seductive surroundings when the tree of forbidden fruit is, after all, only a bogey?

And yet with all her fantastic philosophy, and her occasional lapse into occultism, and despite her most regrettable deviations into the primrose path, the final impression made by these confessions is that their author has a winning and essentially lovable spirit. "I have often," she says, "and with full consciousness, acted in defiance of the moral laws of the world; but I have always taken the consequences upon myself without hesitation" (p. 231). If she was inconstant in love, until the great love of her life for Serge von Schewitsch sprang up, she was never mercenary. Exposed to the temptations of a singularly insidious profession, she apparently never entertained the slightest envy for her rivals on the stage. A Trilby of the Faubourgs not inappropriately describes her, in personal charm, in natural straightforwardness, in her sense of humor, in her gift of comradeship. Besides these she has rare powers of appreciation for great art, and—still rarer—can wake the responsive chord in those who read her rhapsodies.

CURRENT FICTION.

Rewards and Fairies. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Same in the Outward Bound Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. XXV. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are many Kiplings, but none so thoroughly delightful, not to say approvable, as the one that keeps the fairies alive for an age that feigns to doubt their existence. For Kipling's fairies are, in one respect at least, like Shakespeare's: they are for the mature reader no less, perhaps even more, than for the child. And, in his latest collection of fairy stories, the later writer suggests the earlier in another quality: the power of mingling fact and fancy, or, rather, the possible and the supernatural, without incongruity. It is the renewed revelation of capacities of this sort that are, despite a mass of crude verse appearing in recent years to his discredit, his literary salvation. That one of the most sophisticated writers of a boastedly sophisticated time should be able and willing to do something of sufficient simplicity to suggest, if only from afar, the well-nigh perfect symmetry in the weaving of such a diversity of elements as are combined in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," speaks significantly for the survival of the imaginatively fit.

In "Rewards and Fairies," which is "Puck of Pook's Hill" a "year so so" later, there are three diverse elements: Dan and Una and their mortal acquaintances, Puck, and historic men and women who live again. Yet he would be a

sensitive reader indeed who felt any shock of anachronism or of any more palpable incongruence in the coalescence of the three kingdoms. One blends with another and still another so imperceptibly that it is no matter for surprise that even so real a boy as Dan felt, at most, a mere vagueness as of something forgotten.

The range and definiteness of the historical element is indicated by the appearance of Sir Francis Drake, Henry I, Saint Wilfrid, Talleyrand, Red Jacket, and Washington. America, particularly Philadelphia, occupies a large space in this part of the book, and lends itself to the atmosphere of it excellently. Throughout are the characteristic Kipling allegorizing and half-cynical maxim-making. Each of the eleven stories is preceded and followed by a set of verses, more than one of them real poems. The author's touch here is not always provocative of admiration, although he gives a swing to his least volatile conceptions. Here appear again the Hebraic mysticism, the Browning resolution, and the Danny Deever crisis-flashings which are of the essence of Kipling as poet.

Mr. Ingleside. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Lucas got so delightful a quality into his "Over Bemerton's" that it is not surprising he should have wished to repeat the success. The situation in "Mr. Ingleside" is, of course, different. In place of the old bachelor who, returning to English after many years, took up quarters over Bemerton's second-hand book shop, and mingled his renewed experience of London with quaint lessons from old books, we now have a widower whose two daughters, coming back to his home, afford him opportunities for communing with his friends on the new ways of life. It must be confessed that Mr. Ingleside's girls are a poor substitute for the odd and lovable people that surrounded the bachelor of Bemerton's, and if Mr. Ingleside's group of cronies furnish Mr. Lucas with the opportunity for some clever character sketching, the characters themselves, when they come to act, have just a touch of the extravagance of puppets, and do not seem quite human. "Mr. Ingleside" grows rather less entertaining as it progresses, whereas "Over Bemerton's" rose in interest to the very end. All this is not to say that the present story is without entertainment. It has abundance of that kindly satire and Lamb-like humor which only Mr. Lucas among the living London wits is able to provide. Its hardest rival is its predecessor.

Flamsted Quarries. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Miss Waller's story is one of which the interest would be doubled had the novel been halved. She has a good old-fashioned habit of introducing a variety of interests which has much in its favor, provided proportion be preserved. A moving panorama has the same right to existence that a picture has, but it should move. The justification for five hundred pages would be the necessity of each one. The story deals with the protracted lives of some dozens of persons who sooner or later gravitate to the Flamsted quarries in Maine. Natives who own the quarries, a young man whose soul is set on riches, a child who is rescued from the vaudeville stage via a stay in an orphan asylum, the French priest who rescues her, the girl whom he had long ago loved in France, village tradesfolk and officials, village aristocrats with bitter family feuds, city relatives, and quarry workers of every nationality—all arrive in Flamsted and live or die through scenes of joy, sorrow, temptation, and rescue. The New York setting which precedes that of Maine is a volume by itself. At the Flamsted Tavern there rages enough talk to make another volume. Descriptions and sentiments would make a third. Remains the story, in its main lines one of quite sufficient strength to stand alone. A youth ruined by his passion for money lives to save his soul by voluntary submission to humiliating punishment. The fine old priest expiates an early deed of rashness by a life of unsentimental helpfulness. Youthful tampering with wrong brings forth much bitter fruit. Humility and unselfish service alone redeem humanity. The lives that illustrate these truths are not unskilfully knitted together. There is more or less melodrama, but at least one genuinely dramatic moment, which concerns a little dog—at this page any reader may be forgiven a tear. The assembling of the best in the book by practising the art of omission would have prevented the reader from feeling like a sharer in the dedication "To Those Who Toil."

Master of the Vineyard. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Those who are familiar with Myrtle Reed's work need only be told that her latest novel is of the same character. It has the accustomed lofty purpose and syruppy soulfulness. Woman's heart and woman's clothes divide the interest. Love is enough and even more than a genteel sufficiency. The dedication is "To all who have loved in vain," and it will be enlightening to see whether this will operate as a prohibition to purchase or will make it a best seller.

The moral of the story seems to be that no one loves in vain. An unhappy wife can run away from her husband and fall in love with a young vine-grower who is betrothed to a simple adoring village maiden. The vine-grower can love the wife, madly, deeply, highly, widely, as she him. They can appeal to the husband to set her free. He can decide that he wants to try once more to make her happy. She can return to him and make him and herself loftily blest while still loving as above the vine-grower, who, in the light of a passion so sublimated, can reconstruct his own, pick up the fragments of the dropped Rosemary and take her into a philanthropic partnership, thus making happy all who were not so before. Thus does a properly managed four-in-hand love-in-vain affair make folk pour out their affections on their partners, the world, and one another. Edith and Alden, having dispensed felicity on all sides and having vowed never to meet again, maintain a mystical relation which enables them to meet in spirit on call at certain hours when "the tide of the night turns," and converse in words chiefly of one syllable, as "mine" and "thine." The millinery is engaging. "She was not in the mood for jewels, but she clasped a string of pearls around her perfect throat." The language is uplifting. "Think of all I give you in a cup of tea," says mother-in-law-to-be to Rosemary. "See the spicy, sunlit fields, . . . sand and heat and purple dusk, tinkle of bells and scent of myrrh, . . . dreams and moonbeams and starry twilights, . . . here, my dear, I give them all to you."

Buried Alive: A Tale of These Days. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Brentano's.

Here is entertaining farce extracted from the old device of the master changing places with his servant. It all comes about from a more or less natural misunderstanding when the valet catches cold and dies, and Priam Farll, the greatest of modern painters, a blend of James McNeill Whistler and Mr. Locke's Septimus, too shy to take the trouble to correct the misunderstanding, steps forth into London, a discharged middle-aged valet. Priam Farll is dead. Unknown in England save as a signature on sundry much-talked-of masterpieces and equally unknown in the big Continental hotels where his shyness has led him to find solitude, buried alive, in fact, he enjoys the by no means unique experience of reading his own obituaries. With some agitation, however, he attends his own funeral in Westminster Abbey and learns that his large fortune is to be applied to the foundation of a Gallery of Great Masters. Then it was that Mrs. Alice Challice proved balm to him. She was not a lady, but a woman, and as such she understood everything. She is really quite worth knowing. Married to her, Priam discovers Putney, as Mr. Chesterton would have him do. But his idyll is farcically complicated when for a livelihood he is betrayed into painting Putney. There is a good deal of the satire on British institutions, the

press and the bar in particular, just now in fashion, and both character and situation have whimsicality enough to disarm any serious charge of thinness and imitativeness.

PROFESSOR TRENT'S ESSAYS.

Longfellow and Other Essays. By William P. Trent. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50 net.

Of the eight essays which are comprised in this volume none is quite new; some have been read before more or less popular audiences, a few have formed the introductions to text-books, and the remaining one or two have appeared in periodicals. The result is not what might be expected, for, despite their heterogeneous purposes, there is, on the whole, a surprising evenness of tone and method. The reason for this is clear after one reads but a few pages. The writer's approach to literature is instinctively too human ever to become pedantic or even intricate, and too scholarly to permit of frothiness. The trait which, above all, pervades the book is a sweet sanity of reasonableness always alert to remove prejudice by a judicial regard for the facts. Professor Trent is preëminently a literary moderator.

His skill as such shows to great advantage when concerned with such a difficult problem as the American conception of Longfellow. Admitting with the worshippers the pragmatical value of this poet's long-standing popular appeal, he leads him up the mount of inspiration, but quietly and urbanely leads him down again to a position somewhat lower than the angels or even Poe and Hawthorne, and ends fairly, as it should seem to all his readers, by insisting that a few of Longfellow's poems—if only a few—are sure to live. Such a method of recognizing the force of even distorted notions, before proceeding farther, is almost necessary in this country, whoever the author discussed may be, since literary criticism is less crystallized here than elsewhere. Extravagant esteem goes hand in hand with philistine contempt, and Shakespeare and Dante, though accepted traditionally by the unthinking, have, with the opposite class, constantly to rewin their laurels. Of this Professor Trent is well aware, and so he asks the question in every case, What does the world think of this author, and what are its grounds for so thinking? and then, with malice toward none and sympathy for all, he embarks on the question with resolute accuracy. This is the way, certainly, to reach the American public as well as to confer a much-needed service; although the price extorted is high, for the language of the essays is largely argument, in which the primitive terms "admirers" and "detractors" occur very frequently

Not that Professor Trent himself lacks a more purely literary appreciation. Tucked away in a mere phrase sometimes, or in a single sentence at the most, are judgments so suggestive that many a reader will feel impatience that they are not expanded. We should have been glad to hear more of the "unity of atmosphere" which is the real unity of "The Faerie Queene," to mention only one instance. His general estimates, too, though nothing so new, clearly emerge from a mind and a heart to which literature has been a very personal matter. For that reason it is to be regretted that in not one of the essays on a literary figure does he toss aside the burden of proof and tell us elaborately what he himself thinks. Even in his remarks on Milton, who, he confesses, has meant more to him than any other poet, we have to be content with a rise in the argumentative pitch and with hearing truly significant questions brushed aside:

> To endeavor to determine the special characteristics of his imagination, to set his charm over against his power, . . . to try to determine the relative value and standing of his several works, to compare Milton himself with other great writers of the world, all this, however legitimate to my theme, would carry us too far afield now, and—to be honest—is something I never intended to attempt.

In some respects the most effective essays in the volume are two in each of which the writer is uttering an earnest message. In that dealing with the relations of history and literature, though he again dismisses for the nonce the most interesting relations of all—the history-making power of literature and the sort of history which creates literature—he at least holds the historians to whom the essay is addressed up to the high calling of several of their predecessors, by contending that history should always be regarded as a branch of literature and deserves therefore something better than a scientific presentment of facts.

In the latter of the two essays, which was originally delivered to a band of future teachers, after an introduction as ingenious, as insinuating, as it is good-humored, the writer speaks from very rich first-hand experience concerning the relative advantages to the young teacher of the country college and the city university. It will hearten many a man who is starting out, he scarcely knows whither, to read:

> All things considered, my judgment is that the country is a better nurse of strong character than the city, the college than the university. I suppose many would deny this; but the longer I live the less I am impressed with the essential independence of the mind and character moulded by large cities and large institutions. It is independence, thoughtfulness, creative energy, and versatility that one should mainly want to see every student display. Accuracy of scholarship and neatness of method and general urbanity rank below these qualities, and I think there is more chance of the greater qualities being developed by the man or woman that leaves the university than by the man or woman that stays.

STUDIES IN CHRISTOLOGY.

Christologies, Ancient and Modern. By William Sanday. New York: Henry Frowde.

The Person and Place of Jesus Christ: The Congregational Union Lecture for 1909. By P. T. Forsyth. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.

The Self-Revelation of Our Lord. By J. C. V. Durell. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

The Ethics of Jesus. By Henry Churchill King. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

It is interesting to note the effect of German historical criticism of the New Testament, particularly that which concerns the synoptic gospels, upon British and American theologians of varying temperaments. The Germans leave their creeds behind them much more easily, lay them upon the shelf as important monuments of dead ages, and plunge more deeply into the historical studies which revealed the inadequacy of the classic symbols. They appear to be not greatly disturbed in their piety, and even their English critics admit that they write on religious topics with a fervor and devotion now almost unknown among conservative theologians of either continent. The British scholar, on the contrary, is thrown into violent distress by the criticism which takes away the fourth gospel as a trustworthy witness to the *ipsissima verba* of Jesus, and relinquishes any contribution he might himself make to the historical investigation of the New Testament, in order that he may busy himself with theological readjustment of the discoveries he has learned from his continental brothers with the creeds of Athanasius and the Fathers. The German presses the advance, while the Briton writes up the story of the losses.

The gracious, simple spirit of Professor Sanday is a lesson in piety. He has set for his life work the composition of a Life of Christ, and in lectures, essays, and encyclopædia articles, he is preparing the way for the accomplishment of his great task. The present volume is one of several reports of progress which he has thrown out, partly to register the results of his endeavors and to clarify his own thought, and partly to procure the benefit of criticism. His industry is praiseworthy and his scholarship exact. No one could ask for a fairer critic or a more generous opponent. But he is committed by temperament to a defence of a mild orthodoxy, which holds to the classic creeds as the truthful expression and necessary complement of the gospel of the New Testament. He

traces the divine influence "in the ultimate decisions, the fundamental decisions, of the Church of the Fathers." He continues: "It is to me incredible that God should intend the course of modern development to issue in direct opposition to them. If I find my own thought leading me into such opposition, I at once begin to suspect that there is something wrong, and I retrace my steps and begin again." He is seeking earnestly for some method of reconciling the results of criticism, to which he endeavors to do justice, with the orthodox belief, and he suggests that the psychological doctrine of the subliminal consciousness may help to retain the dogma of the two natures of Christ. The attempt is more interesting than satisfying.

Principal Forsyth is of a different temperament. He declares that his lectures have been ten years in preparation, but they read like the quick speech of a man in anger. He feels that a great religious treasure is threatened, and he hurls out questions and epigrams in impassioned defence. His pages tire one by their very eloquence and intensity. He also is learned in all the wisdom of the Germans, and he commands respect by the seriousness of his appreciation of the religious needs of humanity and the worth of the classic answers to them. But at the end, we have only the old doctrine of a *kenosis*, the self-emptying by a preexistent Christ of divine attributes in the act of incarnation, an idea founded upon a chance utterance of Paul, to which insuperable objections have obtained for many generations.

Mr. Durell was evidently shocked by reading Harnack's "Wesen des Christentums," and he has taken great pains on many pages to show that many texts in the epistles and the writings of John support a different interpretation of the Christian religion than that which Professor Harnack extracts from the synoptic gospels. His essay is quite naïve and is interesting for its revelation of the impression historical criticism makes upon minds which are not aware of its true force and meaning.

If one may judge from the essay of President King, the recent contributions of continental scholarship to the historical understanding of the New Testament have found more fruitful soil in America than in England. Without attempting argument for the criticism of the synoptic gospels now generally accepted, he draws out the moral teaching of Schmiedel's "Foundation-pillar" passages, some nine texts which, it is held, could not have been invented, and the "doubly-attested sayings" of Professor Burkitt, the *logia* which occur both in Mark and the common source used by Matthew and Luke. He analyzes also the ethical doctrine of this latter element of New Testament tradition as a whole, discusses the ethics of Mark and of other strata of early Christian tradition, and in this manner builds up the ethical teaching of Jesus according to the best historical use of the sources. It may be urged that he has accepted some results too readily, notably those of Harnack, but his account of the moral teachings of Christ as thus constructed will do much to allay the feeling that criticism has in any way attenuated the doctrines of the New Testament, or made the religion of Jesus less forceful or less worthy.

Simon Bolivar, "El Libertador": A life of the chief leader in the revolt against Spain in Venezuela, New Granada, and Peru. By F. Loraine Petre. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

It is astonishing, yet true, that one hundred years have passed since the beginning of the South American Wars of Emancipation without witnessing, until now, a single serious attempt to present in English an unprejudiced, comprehensive biography of the best known and most picturesque figure of that epoch. We are glad to say at once that the present volume is both impartial and, in so far as military history is concerned, comprehensive. Furthermore, Mr. Petre's attractive book is the most noteworthy contribution to the history of the South American republics that has appeared in English in the past six years, since the publication of Akers's "History of South America." It is no detraction to admit that this is not so much a biography as an account of the wars with which Bolivar was concerned, directly or indirectly. It is essentially a military history, with little regard for the constitutional, diplomatic, or economic sides of the epoch. The author has a marked preference for detailed stories of campaigns, with the true Britisher's instinct for writing with a map in one hand and a very powerful field glass in the other.

This being his task, Mr. Petre was unusually well fitted to perform it. He had already published three volumes on the campaigns of Napoleon, besides an account of a journey in Colombia, up the Magdalena to Bogotá. He seems to have a fairly good knowledge of Spanish, although it is not always idiomatic. For his facts, he has relied chiefly on the personal testimony of O'Leary and Larrazabal. He does not pretend to have used original documents to any extent. In fact, he does not appear to have been aware of the great collection made by Blanco; and there are other important omissions from his small bibliography. Nevertheless, there is much in this volume that has never appeared heretofore in English. No one has told so well the pathetic story of Bolivar's forlorn attempt to achieve the impossible by uniting under one central authority Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru. By all the laws of their Spanish inheritance they were bound to fly apart. And the tremendous geographical obstacles of the *paramos* of the Andes and the *pantanos* of the Llanos, served admirably to strengthen the racial tendency toward strong local governments.

For the general reader, the chief interest in the book is the estimate of Bolivar's ability as a general, judged by a friendly, fair-minded, military critic, already thoroughly familiar with the campaigns of Napoleon. Says Mr. Petre:

> Bolivar's military notions were exceedingly crude. The fact is, the whole struggle rarely rose above the level of guerrilla warfare, and it is ridiculous to compare the leader of guerrillas with Napoleon, or even with Washington. Bolivar was never opposed to a commander of the second, or even of the third, rank. Bolivar's great merit as a leader, under the peculiar circumstances in which he commanded, lies in his firmness and constancy in defeat. . . . Napoleon himself was hardly more successful in exacting from his men the uttermost farthing of exertion and devotion.

Mr. Petre is right in laying great stress on the fact that Bolivar's success was due chiefly to his marvellous ability to hold together jealous and warring factions among the "patriots." His tact and his personal charm were boundless. His character, in many ways extraordinarily typical of the highest class of Spanish Americans, appealed to their affectionate admiration. His personal influence was immense. To illustrate this, the panegyrical Larrazabal reports even Santander as saying of Bolivar:

> Such is his influence and such the secret power of his will, that I myself, on many occasions, have approached him in fury, and, merely on seeing and hearing him, have been disarmed, and have left his presence filled with admiration.

Even if this is apocryphal, it tells the secret of Bolivar's remarkable achievements.

Mr. Petre believes, quite naturally, that Bolivar's success in driving the Spaniards out of South America marks him out as the greatest man that that country has produced. Without entering into any discussion of the justice of this decision further than to remark that most impartial students would prefer to give that distinction to San Martin, it is reassuring to note that Mr. Petre makes no attempt to "whitewash" his hero. He neither pretends to exonerate him from his dastardly treachery to Miranda, nor seeks to excuse him for breaking the armistice of 1821. The latter act he justly characterizes as "a somewhat unscrupulous seizure of a favorable opportunity."

Mr. Petre's fairmindedness toward Bolivar does not apply, however, to the great Colombian general, Santander. In fact, the chief defect of the book, historically, is the oft-expressed animosity against

this able patriot, who was in many ways the superior of Bolivar. The error is a natural one for any writer to fall into, especially one who depends on Larrazabal, Baralt, and the other native historians. It is worthy of note that Dr. Gil Fortoul, the latest and best Venezuelan historian, although no traducer of Bolivar's fame, calls Santander "an eminent statesman, a scrupulous administrator, and, on all occasions, a patriot." Unfortunately, Fortoul's excellent work does not seem to have fallen under Mr. Petre's notice. Notwithstanding these and other defects, the present volume is a fairly satisfactory exposition of Bolivar's military career. A definitive and thoroughly comprehensive biography cannot be written until some patient historian shall have carefully explored the thousands of documents that are extant, both in print and in manuscript.

Kaskaskia Records (1778-1790). Edited by C. W. Alvord. In Collections of the Illinois State Historical Library. Vol. V. Virginia Series Vol. II.

The documents contained in this volume have in large part been inaccessible heretofore except in manuscript form. The Menard Collection, Mr. Alvord tells us, is printed almost completely, at least, so far as the documents touch this period (1778-1790). The rest of the letters are drawn from the Kaskaskia records (rediscovered by Mr. Alvord), the Haldimand papers, the Draper manuscripts, and the Continental Congress Papers. Although the chronological arrangement has in the main been adhered to, the editor has also resorted to an arrangement in chapters which reveals the general character of the documents contained. The first chapter concerns the relations of Thomas Bentley with George Rogers Clark. In the very scholarly introduction to the volume Mr. Alvord makes a critical examination of the vexed question whether "the conception of the occupation of the Northwest originated in the fertile brain of Thomas Bentley." After a well-reasoned investigation he concludes that it is still a subject for speculation, and that the fact is not established by unassailable proof. Later chapters have interesting material concerning "the rule of Virginia soldiers in Illinois" (1778-79), "the beginnings of civil government," "the court and the military," "the coming of the commissioners from Virginia," "the revolt of the French" (1787), and "the climax of anarchy." The final chapter contains a selection of letters concerning ecclesiastical subjects (1780-1792). Students of Illinois history will probably find this last chapter the most interesting. There is much human interest in all, for the material deals with a period when the villages of the Illinois country, neglected for twenty years by France and then by England, were drawn into war and politics. After the war the villages were left without provision for their government, and the local conditions became almost unendurable. The hopeless anarchy is portrayed in this slightly overdrawn picture by Father Gibault:

> There is no distinction from the greatest to the least except that of force; of the tongue pernicious, calumniatory, and slanderous; of crying very loud and giving forth all sorts of insults and oaths. Everybody is in poverty, which engenders theft and rapine. Wantonness and drunkenness pass here as elegances and amusements quite in style. Breaking of limbs, murder by means of a dagger, sabre, or sword (for he who wills carries one), are common, and pistols and guns are but toys in these regions. And who has one to fear but the strongest? No commandant, no troops, no prison, no hangman; always, as in small places, a crowd of relatives or allies who sustain each other; in a word, absolute impunity for these and ill luck for the stranger. . . . The most solemn feasts and Sundays are given up to dances and drunkenness, and consequently to quarrels and battles.

The book contains a valuable index, a list of documents, and a useful table of contents. Mr. Alvord's editing is of the high order he has led us to expect from him.

Vitæ Sanctorum Hiberniæ, Partim Hactenus Ineditæ, ad Fidem Codicum Manuscriptorum Recognovit, Prolegomenis Notis Indicibus Instruxit Carolus Plummer, A.M. Oxonii: E. Typographis Clarendonianis, MCMX.

Three distinct compilations of Latin lives of Irish saints are known to exist in manuscript. The first of these, preserved in the Codex Salmanticensis at Brussels, was published by the Bollandists in 1888; and it is the purpose of Mr. Plummer's work to make accessible the contents of the other two, which he designates respectively as MT (from two manuscripts in Dublin) and R (from two Rawlinson manuscripts, R1 and R2, in the Bodleian). Those lives in MT and R, which are merely duplicates or epitomes of lives in the Brussels collection, Mr. Plummer has not deemed it worth while to print, but he has included all the texts that have any independent value, and they constitute an extensive body of material. His completed work, of which only the first volume has yet reached us, will contain thirty-five lives and related documents, fourteen of them hitherto unprinted and the others published for the most part in books very difficult to obtain.

If Mr. Plummer had done nothing more than bring together trustworthy texts of all these new or inaccessible materials, he would have rendered a great service to the students of Celtic antiquities and ecclesiastical history. But he has been far more generous in interpreting his function as an editor, and his elaborate introduction discusses the documents in thorough fashion from almost every point of view. In the chapter on the separate lives he analyzes the texts one by one, and examines their relations, not only to the Latin lives in the Bollandist collection, but also to numerous versions in Irish and other languages. The Irish lives which he cites are in many cases unpublished, so that his remarks contribute information of value on the history of the vernacular literature. Incidentally, he takes up questions of general interest in literary or ecclesiastical history, such as the problem of pre-Patrician Christianity in Ireland (treated in connection with the lives of Ciaran and Declan) or the development of the famous cycle of stories about Brendan, the Navigator (discussed, with citation of new materials, on p. xxxvi). Then, in the later chapters of the introduction, a systematic account is given of the information yielded by the lives of the saints concerning the manners and customs, laws, institutions, and beliefs of the ancient Irish people. Here again Mr. Plummer has not confined himself to the texts in his own collection, but has made a thorough canvass, so far as possible, of the whole body of Irish hagiological literature. The evidence he has brought together is naturally abundant and much of it new, and his compact and scholarly analysis of it places his work among the best sources of information on the subject. His account of the Irish druids and their religion may be particularly recommended as an important supplement to what is said of Irish paganism in Professor Bury's "Life of St. Patrick"—the least adequate part, perhaps, of that very distinguished book.

It goes without saying that in a field of learning where so many subjects are obscure, and particularly in the interpretation of matters of mythology and religion, Mr. Plummer should now and then express opinions that are open to dispute. We should not be willing, for example, to go as far as he does in assuming the survival of Celtic divinities in the persons and functions of individual saints. The evidence of proper names, of poetic epithets, or "kennings," or even of commonplace exploits, seems to us to be often overworked in the interest of this method of interpretation. Without at all intending to deny the possibility or the fact of such survivals we, nevertheless, believe that every assumed instance should be examined with caution, and that the rough-and-ready application of the theory is as unsafe as some of the familiar processes of the school of Lachmann and Müllenhof in explaining the origin of popular epic. On the other hand, it should be said that when any scholar wishes to reexamine the validity of the theory, he

will find in Mr. Plummer's volumes a valuable collection of cases. And this remark applies, in principle, to much that Mr. Plummer says on other subjects and to a great deal of the best work that has been done on the origin and history of religion. Theories and modes of interpretation are bound to change from time to time, but the substance of such scholarly productions as Mr. Plummer's remains as a permanent acquisition of science.

Siena and Southern Tuscany. By Edward Hutton. With sixteen illustrations in color by O. F. M. Ward, and twelve other illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Matthew Arnold once asserted that, "upon the breast of that huge Mississippi of falsehood called *history*, a foambell more or less is of no consequence"; and, in some of his earlier works, Mr. Hutton seemed to be of very much the same mind. He has reiterated again and again that he is not a scholar, but a man of letters whose books are meant to be read not for instruction, but "for delight"; and, even in so learned a work as his edition of Dennistoun, he expressed a horror of facts as inimical to art. Yet he had already proved the contrary in his "Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini"; while, in his "Giovanni Boccaccio," he finally made good his title to be regarded not only as a scholar but as a very exact and painstaking scholar. Perhaps, however, this phase of Mr. Hutton's intellectual development is most clearly manifested in the series to which the volume before us belongs. That series opened, in 1905, with "The Cities of Umbria," a work in which the fact was obviously treated as entirely subsidiary to the right expression of what Mr. Hutton himself felt and saw. Then followed, in 1907, "Florence and Northern Tuscany," and, in 1909, "Rome," both of them showing a marked advance on "The Cities of Umbria"; while, to-day, in "Siena and Southern Tuscany," we have by far the best book of the series, since, with all his old charm of style, Mr. Hutton here displays a just appreciation of the necessity for accuracy in dealing with the facts of history. Not that the present volume is primarily an historical work. There is a good deal of history in it; but the keynote always remains a personal one, and the appeal is rather to the traveller of cultured tastes, the lover of art and of nature, than to the mere student. It is, in fact, written on the same delightful lines as were its predecessors. Moreover, Mr. Hutton leads us through a region which to most of us is a veritable *terra incognita*. Siena occupies a scant third of the volume, Arezzo and Borgo S. Sepolcro a single chapter. The rest is devoted to the little towns and villages of southern Tuscany: Buonconvento, in its tawny, up-tossed, sun-baked desert; Asciano, nestling among its tumbling hills; Montalcino, "the eagle's nest that the doves have occupied"; Rapolano, Serre, Lucignano, Pienza, S. Querico d'Orcia, Sarteano, Cetona, Chiusi. Their very names are beautiful. We can wish the reader no better fortune than to visit them with Mr. Hutton's book in his pocket.

Only do we regret that no chapters are devoted to Massa Marittima and to Piombino, each, in its day, an independent state, and that Mr. Hutton does not explore the Maremma with us. The Abbey of S. Galgano in the Val di Merse he is, we presume, reserving for his promised volume of "Country Walks about Siena."

The Stone and Bronze Ages in Italy and Sicily. By T. Eric Peet. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.25.

A scientific exposition of the prehistoric periods in Italy in the English language has long been hoped for by archæologists. Hitherto a student of that period has been almost entirely dependent upon Italian publications, such as Professor G. A. Colini's brochures on the palæolithic, eneolithic, and bronze ages in the *Bullettino di Paletnologia Italiana*, Pigorini's article "Le più antiche civiltà dell' Italia" in the same periodical, and a mass of scattered publications often difficult to obtain. Mr. Peet's book, therefore, fills a much felt need. Its object is set down as twofold: "firstly, to describe the prehistoric civilizations of Italy, and secondly, to determine their relations to those which flourished contemporaneously in the Ægean and the Mediterranean generally, and in Central Europe. Thus the book will be welcome not only to the student of prehistoric Italy, but to every Mediterranean archæologist who is interested in the connection of Italy with the Ægean and north Greece at so early a period. Moreover, special prominence has been given to the civilizations of Sicily, because here the connection with the Ægean seems to have been closest, and because this island was in many respects in advance of the Italian mainland.

The material is divided chronologically, beginning with a chapter on the palæolithic period, during which there is abundant evidence to show that Italy was inhabited by man in the quaternary period, though it is doubtful whether it was inhabited during the tertiary period. Then are described the neolithic cave-dwellings, hut-foundations, and burials; next the eneolithic dwellings and cemeteries, the rock-tombs and megalithic monuments, the early lake-dwellings, the Terremare, and the bronze age in Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia. Lastly, there are two interesting chapters on the Racial Problem and on Mycenæan Influence in Italy. The book is well arranged and is profusely illustrated.

Notes.

The books of the Chicago University Press are to be published and sold in England and the British colonies by the University Press of Cambridge.

Anatole France's book on Pierre Paul Prud'hon is soon to appear, and his new novel, whose subject is the angels, has just been handed to his publishers.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. promises shortly a limited edition of Peary's "The North Pole," also a special library edition of the same; "The Bird in the Box," a novel by Mary Mears; a specially illustrated issue of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the same of "Hiawatha," and "Spain from Within," by Rafael Shaw.

"The Philosophy of Plato and Its Relation to Modern Life" is the title of a handbook by Edward Howard Griggs, announced for publication this season by B. W. Huebsch.

The Century Company will publish early in November "The Story of Spanish Painting," being the second in Charles H. Caffin's series of art books, of which "The Story of Dutch Painting" was the first. About the same time will appear Walter Camp's "Book of Football," and Helen Keller's "Song of the Stone Wall."

Autumn announcements of the Baker & Taylor Co. include: "Robin Hood" and "The Narrative Bible," both by Clifton Johnson; "Parlor Socialists," by Mrs. John Martin; the last volume of "The History of Architecture," by Prof. Arthur L. Frothingham; "A Guide to English History," by Prof. Henry W. Elson; "Tales Come True," by Margaret Coulson Walker, and "The Arabian Nights," by Anna Tweed (Mrs. Clifton Johnson).

Dr. Rudolf Steiner's "Theosophy" is to be translated from the German by E. D. Shields and brought out by Rand, McNally & Co.

Among Doubleday, Page & Co.'s forthcoming stories are "The Unforeseen," by Mary Stewart Cutting; "The Rules of the Game," by Stewart Edward White, and "The Coward of Thermopylæ," by Cara Dale-Owen Snedeker.

An "Index Geographicus" of the local names in Sabæan inscriptions and the work of early Arabian writers and travellers was in preparation by the English major-general James Stewart up to the time of his death, two weeks ago.

T. J. Wise's "Bibliography of Tennyson," which sometime since was privately printed, is now to be brought out by Hodder & Stoughton.

"A Papal Envoy during the Reign of Terror: being the Memoirs of Mgr. de Salamon, the Internuncio at Paris during the Revolution, 1790-1801," edited by the Abbé Bridier, and translated by Frances Jackson, is in the list of Sands & Co.'s announcements.

"Mr. Dooley Says" was wrongly attributed in our issue of last week to Harpers. It is published by Scribners.

In the list of autumn books announced by the J. B. Lippincott Co. are: "The Island of Stone Money, Uap of the Carolines," by William Henry Furness, 3d, M. D., F. R. G. S.; "China Under the Empress Dowager, Being the History of the Life and Times of Tzu Hsi," compiled from state papers and the private diary of the comptroller of her household, by J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse; "The Life and Public Services of J. Glancy Jones, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, United States minister to the Court of Austria, etc.," by Charles Henry Jones; "Sterne: A Study," by Walter Sichel, to which is added "The Journal to Eliza"; "Queer Things About Egypt," by Douglas Sladen; "To Abyssinia, Through an Unknown Land," by Capt. C. H. Stigand, F. R. G. S.; "New Guinea," by Beatrice Grimshaw; "The Regilding of the Crescent," by F. G. Aflalo, F. R. G. S.; new popular edition of "The Secrets of the Vatican, the Palace of the Popes," by Douglas Sladen; Poetry: "Pansies and Rosemary," by Eben E. Rexford, and "The Gold-Gated West," by Samuel L. Simpson; "The Little Singer," by Emily Sargent Lewis; "Steam Ships and Their Story," by R. A. Fletcher; new popular edition of "Through Savage Europe," by Henry De Windt, F. R. G. S.; "Portugal," by Ernest Oldmeadow; "The Romance of Tristram and Iseult," translated from the French of Joseph Bedier, by Florence Simmonds; "Rubaiyat of Omar Khâyyâm," translated by Edward FitzGerald; "Stories from the Operas," by Gladys Davidson; "Great Masters of Landscape Painting," from the French of Emile Michel; "A History of Japanese Color-Prints," by W. Von Seidlitz; "The Golden Heart," by Ralph Henry Barbour; a standard gift edition of "Legends of the Alhambra," by Washington Irving, with an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie; "Under the Open Sky, being a Year with Nature," by Samuel Christian Schmucker; John Reed Scott's "The Impostor;" "The Scales of Justice," by George L. Knapp; "The Path of Honor," by Burton E. Stevenson; David Potter's "The Lady of the Spur"; "A Dixie Rose," by Augusta Kortrecht; "The End of the Rainbow," by S. M. Düring; "Scots Dialect Dictionary," by Alex. Warrack; "The Origins and Meanings of Popular Phrases," by Basil Hargrave; "The Globe English-French Pocket Dictionary"; "Britain's Birds and Their Eggs," by A. Landsborough Thomson; "God's Heroes," a drama in five acts, by Laura Clifford Barney; "The Chauncey Giles Year Book," by Carrie Giles Carter; "Two Hundred Opera Plots," compiled by Alga Racster; "Mollie and the Unwiseman Abroad," by John Kendrick Bangs; "Norse Fairy Tales," selected and adapted from the translations by Sir George Webbe Dasent; "Bimbi Stories for Children," by "Ouida"; "The Swiss Family Robinson," edited by G. E. Mitton; "Mopsa, the Fairy," by Jean Ingelow; "Three Amateur Scouts," by Raymond Jacberns; "A Knight Errant and His Doughty Deeds," the story of Amadis of Gaul, edited by N. J. Davidson; "Teddy Lester's Chums" and "The Lone Patrol," by John Finnemore; "Sarah's School Friend," by May Baldwin; "Rosa Regina," by Laura T. Meade; "Poor Uncle Harry," by Raymond Jacberns; "The Little Tin Soldier," by Graham Mar; "The Little Torment," by Margaret Kilroy; "The Middy of the 'Blunderbore,'" by Lieut. Charles Gleig, R. N.; "The Phantom Battleship," by Rupert Chesterton; "Coo-ee!" by Robert Leighton; "Strong-Hand Saxon," by Christopher Beck; "Three Hundred Things a Bright Boy Can Do," by Many Hands; "Mars via the Moon," by Mark Wicks; "Kiddie of the Camp," by Robert Leighton; "Heroes of the Polar Seas," by J. Kennedy Maclean; "The Romance of the Ship," by E. Keble Chatterton; "The Romance of Modern Astronomy," by Hector Macpherson, jr.; "Adventures Among Red Indians," by H. W. G. Hyrst; "Heroes of Elizabethan England," by the Rev. Edward Gilliat, M. A.; "Missionary Heroes in Oceania," by John C. Lambert, M. A., D. D.; "The Wonders of the Insect World," by Edmund Selous; "The Wonders of the Modern Railway," by Archibald Williams.

Charles F. Warkwick contributes to the autumn list of George W. Jacobs & Company the fourth and last of a series of books he has been working upon for many years. The title of the present volume is "Napoleon and the End of the French Revolution." The other members of this series dealt separately with Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre. The American Crisis Biographies are this year advanced by the publication of volumes on William H. Seward, by Edward Everett Hale, jr.; on Stephen A. Douglas, by Prof. Henry Parker Willis; on William Lloyd Garrison, by Lindsey Swift, making sixteen volumes in all issued to date, seven additional books of the series being in active preparation. Jacobs also will issue about the first of next month a richly decorated book by Elizabeth McClellan, "Historic Dress in America," which carries forward its author's study to 1870. Over Jacobs's imprint also are to be noted: "With Gun and Guide," an account of moose and bear hunting in Maine, New Brunswick, and British Columbia, by Thomas Martindale; "The A. B. C. of Collecting Old Pottery," by J. F. Blacker, and "The A. B. C. About Collecting," by James Yoxall; "Prehistoric Rhodesia," by Richard N. Hall, with sixty illustrations and maps; "Oxford From Within," by Hugh de Selincourt, with twenty full-page illustrations, twelve of them in color; "From the Thames to the Seine," the narrative of a sketching cruise along the north coast of France, by Charles Pears, with forty full-page illustrations, twenty of them in color, and "A Japanese Artist in London," by Yoshio Markino, with twelve full-page illustrations by the author.

Duffield & Co. have issued an edition of Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," in gift-book style, with red borders about the pages. It is the truest thing that Wilde ever wrote.

We have already announced the Centenary Editions of Charles Dickens, which his original publishers, Chapman & Hall, have brought out. We are glad to see four volumes of this edition ("Sketches by Boz," 2 vols., "Oliver Twist," and "American Notes") with the New York imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons, and sold at the surprisingly low price of one dollar net the volume. The text is authoritative and definitive; the illustrations are, we believe, produced from original duplicates in the possession of Chapman & Hall, and have nothing of the dulness usually observable in old worn plates; the printing is fair. We shall follow this admirable edition with interest, and join ourselves to the many who will be led once more through Dickens's Utopia.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are issuing the "Presidential Addresses and State Papers of William Howard Taft," and in what they designate as "volume one" include the material of Mr. Taft's first year in the Presidency. Presumably three later volumes will gather up what is to come. As the present volume falls open at about the middle, the eye is caught by some words in the "Address at Orchestra Hall, Chicago" (September 16, 1909): "Of all the questions that are before the American people I regard no one as more important than this, to wit, the improvement of the administration of justice." The sobriety of his words, and his concern with facts and not passions, offer a curious contrast with the much-bruited words of his friend.

Those who care to spend their days and nights on the dinner wit and political gravity of Senator Depew may now obtain eight octavo volumes of his "Orations, Addresses, and Speeches," privately printed by Austin & Lipscomb of Union Square, New York. The works are edited by John Denison Champlin, and the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge has, as a good brother Republican in the Senate, furnished a General Introduction. The books are handsomely printed, with photogravure frontispieces.

Edgecumbe Staley's "The Dogaressas of Venice" (Scribners) is a popular book on the wives of the Doges. It contains a great deal of interesting and curious information concerning Venetian domestic and social life from the earliest times. Mr. Staley seems to have collected the main facts, which are at best scanty, about the dogaressas, drawing his material from Molmenti and other well-known works. His illustrations are pertinent. His style is less flamboyant than it was in his "Tragedies of the Medici," but it still needs much toning down. The proofreading is very bad.

After the publication of Lord Broughton's "Recollections" and Richard Edgcumbe's "Byron: The Last Phase" (reviewed in the *Nation*, November 4, 1909), it was a pretty safe guess that Francis Gribble would immediately proceed to construct a book on "The Love Affairs of Lord Byron." At any rate such a book, stamped with Mr. Gribble's customary mark of cheerful and unabashed gossip, now comes to us from Scribners. Lord Broughton's "Recollections" contained in an appendix a document, written by Broughton (then John Cam Hobhouse) at the time, which proved conclusively and once for all that Lady Byron's charges of incest and unnatural vice were false. Mr. Gribble summarizes this document and adds his own confirmatory arguments, missing, however, in rather a curious way, one or two of Hobhouse's facts. Mr. Edgcumbe's book was largely concerned with an attempt to discredit the disgusting book "Astarte," in which Lord Lovelace, Byron's grandson, had raked up the old scandal, and to build up, on the contrary, a romantic story of Byron and Mary Chaworth, including the birth of a child which Mrs. Leigh adopted as her own under the name of Medora. Mr. Gribble accepts and retells this romance,

although he rejects the story of Medora. Those who desire to become acquainted with the latest form of the Byron legend will find it clearly and entertainingly set forth in this volume, though they might do better by going at once to Mr. Gribble's sources. For the rest, Mr. Gribble relates the other love affairs of Byron in rather a flighty manner, with an occasional quotation from a book with which even the well-informed Byronist may not be familiar.

"Sicilian Ways and Days" by Louise Caico (Appleton) is an intimate and fully illustrated account of the folkways in the town of Montedoro, Province of Caltanissetta. Weddings, funerals, religious festas, riding excursions to the sulphur mines, and remote hunting villas are the staple of the book. Mrs. Caico's observations on the queer, good-natured shiftlessness of Sicilian housekeeping and business bear the mark of truth. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is its translations of popular religious poetry and ritual. Very affecting is an entire *Novena*, narrating with affectionate homeliness the nine days ending with the birth of Christ. A cradle song of the Virgin is a gem of its kind. Mysterious St. Calogero of Girgenti naturally plays a large part in these pages. The reapers hail him at sunset, waving wisps of wheat in his honor. When his image is hurried in disorderly fashion through the streets, its iron head bruises the plaster on the house fronts, and the wound is healed and the house blessed by the application of the saint's picture. In his honor devotees under vow lick the pavement of his church from door to altar. This disgusting and filthy ordeal which prevails in southern Italy generally, should be prohibited by law. With her faithful escort Alessandro, featured like Dante and conversant with the great poets, the writer adventured to an estate of which the master had killed his man and, by repute, foregathered with brigands. The courtesy of the host was fully equal to this friendly intrusion. Whoever likes terse, clear, and unpretentious writing and the ways of humble folk, will like this book. Tragedy crosses its pages. The knife claims its victims. In the last chapter a young advocate is treacherously shot, and the curtain falls on the arrest of the mayor of the town for having "prepared" the crime.

Prof. Walter Raleigh of the University of Oxford, who uses the King's English with a sustained grace and power as rare in the academic world as elsewhere, contributed some five years ago a spirited introduction to Messrs. MacLehose's edition of "Hakluyt's Voyages." The substance of this introduction was revised, and reissued separately in 1906, and is now reprinted in an attractive little volume entitled "Early English Voyages," for which the Macmillan Company are the agents in this country. Sharing the imperialistic dream and ardor of his great namesake, Professor Raleigh outlines the explorations and semi-piratical cruises of the sixteenth century; dedicates a chapter to the memory of Richard Hakluyt, "Scholar, Bibliographer, and Editor," with "a threefold title to modesty and self-renunciation"; and discusses at some length the influence of the voyages on poetry and imagination. The book ends with a moral which should be acceptable to the political school of Mr. Kipling: "As a people—to borrow a phrase from the poetry of common speech—we follow the sea; it will be an ill day for us when the tides that wash the world run their ancient courses, and we may not follow."

Henry Rawle Wadleigh's "Munich: History, Monuments, and Art" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is a useful work for the stranger within the gates of the Bavarian capital who wishes historical information about this city, which is so entirely *sui generis* in Germany, and which bears so conspicuously the imprint of royal hands since the days of Ludwig I. Mr. Wadleigh writes in complete sympathy with the *genius loci* but is no indiscriminate admirer. After describing the growth of the various public buildings he gives an account of the contents of the museums and galleries. An appendix contains brief chapters on the environs of Munich, on Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, whose importance in Bavarian history is not limited to the laying out of the so-called English Garden, and on the passion play of Oberammergau. A good map, apparently taken from Baedeker, and eight illustrations of characteristic buildings and monuments accompany the text. The book suffers by comparison with such a volume as Weese's "München" in the lack of more numerous illustrations; but this lack would not be felt by a reader whose eye was on the object.

"Essays in Criticism: Third Series," by Matthew Arnold, is a title to wake any reviewer from lethargy, and, indeed, the volume thus entitled, published by the Ball Co. of Boston in form corresponding to the Eversley edition, is one of the precious things of the season. The opening and most important essay of the series is that "On the Modern Element in Literature," which was delivered as Arnold's inaugural in the Poetry Chair at Oxford, and, twelve years later, was printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is a plea for Greek based on the modernness of spirit in Greek literature, and on its applicability to modern times. There follow essays on "Dante and Beatrice," "Obermann," "Sainte-Beuve," "Renan," "Johnson's Lives," "A 'Friend of God,'" and "An Eton Boy"—slight sketches in some cases, but all in the master's true vein, and all decidedly worthy of collection and preservation. We shall not attempt to expatiate on them, but shall leave them to speak for themselves. We could wish that the editor, Edward J. O'Brien, instead of prefixing his long introductory study of criticism, had taken pains to tell us from exactly what source each of the essays was gathered. Mr. O'Brien has something to say that is not negligible, but his elevation of the function of sympathy in criticism so far above that of judgment is quite out of place in an essay written ostensibly in praise of Matthew Arnold, and would, we fear, have caused Arnold, could he have read it, to retort in his best vein of irony. Mr. O'Brien's notion of criticism—"the identification, as far as possible, of the critic with the man whom he criticises," etc.—is not so original as he seems to think, but it certainly was not Arnold's. However, this Introduction does not diminish the value of a book for which every lover of letters will be most grateful.

With the ninth volume Gaillard Hunt completes his "Writings of James Madison" (Putnams). As the period covered by the letters extends from 1819 to 1836 great compression was necessary, and not a few important papers used by Rives have been omitted. Yet on the plan laid down by Mr. Hunt, this does not involve a serious defect. Madison must always stand as an interpreter of the national Constitution, and that is the particular activity which guided the editor in selecting his material. After Madison's retirement from the Presidency he occupied a kind of "chair" on the history of the Constitution. He held the only available record of debates, and his opinion was accepted as authority. In these later letters he expounds the nature of tne document, the procedure in the Convention of 1787, and the special application of its principles. But in this volume of 600 pages of text Mr. Hunt prints less than twenty letters not included in the compilation of 1865. A few are of a private character, asking to obtain a loan at the bank, or relating the meeting with Lafayette in 1824, or discussing the relation of Christianity to civil government, in which Madison takes strong ground against a state establishment. In these sixteen years the questions of slavery and nullification were coming to the front, and both troubled Madison because of his former acts. Opposing slavery, he favored the colonization movement. Yet he could not assert that Congress had Constitutional power to appropriate money for such a purpose. He found himself placed on the defensive when the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 were used as the basis of nullification. Nor was that the only question on which his authority was injudiciously invoked. The chief advantage of Mr. Hunt's edition lies in its accuracy of text, for both Gilpin and Rives had not only allowed many errors to pass unnoticed, but had taken liberties with the material that were unpardonable. Mr. Hunt diligently located the originals and made a careful collation of text. Madison is still the "closet" statesman and "gentle hind" of Jefferson; but his writings must always be the great source of Constitutional doctrine. This new edition is authoritative in stating his position.

The six essays comprising Oscar Kuhns's little volume 'The Love of Books and Reading" (Holt) are so many garlands of apposite quotation and allusion connected by a text that evinces no great originality. There is in the book agreeable scholarship linked not quite congruously to a sort of placidly undiscriminating friendliness. The author knows the great writers well, but is no distinguisher of persons. Such a collocation of poets, for example, as Carducci, Wordsworth, Keats, William Watson, Richard Watson Gilder, and Henry Van Dyke simply ought not to be even when the bond is avowedly a superficial one. Professor Kuhns is a safe and solicitous but wholly unexciting guide to the heights of the greatest prose and poetry.

The art of John Burroughs is so demure and straightforward that sometimes one doubts if it is art at all. Nature fills him with a diffused happiness but apparently affords few isolated great moments. The romantic tang and pungency of Thoreau you must not look for in his accredited successor. "In the Catskills" (Houghton Mif-

film Co.) affords impressions of the snow, fox hunting, an ascent of Slide Mountain, camps and tramps at the headwaters of such famous trout streams as the Rondout, Neversink, and Beaverkill, recollections of older farm life. Birds and "porkupigs" are encountered, roofs are made of bark, and beds of boughs. All this will infallibly attract those who already love forest and mountain. Mr. Burroughs's chronicle is so evidently faithful that the knowing imagination readily supplies the glamour. The uninitiated will find dull stretches. The present writer has had his share of packing over forest trails and sleeping under the sky, but he confesses to feeling a certain tediousness in ramblings punctuated merely by the apparition of birds of odd favor. When Mr. Burroughs is fishing or climbing, when, in short, his essays have an objective, we cheerfully go with him, and could hardly imagine better company. Which only shows perhaps that your reviewer is not truly sealed of the cult of simple nature, and that John Burroughs, like his close analogue in the field of human nature, W. D. Howells, is in some respects a special taste. Clifton Johnson has made excellent photographs to accompany the text.

The substantial-looking volume which has just been issued by the University of Chicago Press with the title, "Bibliography of Economics for 1909," is a collection of the monthly lists, previously printed in the *Journal of Political Economy*, together with some additional matter. Books, and articles which have appeared in periodicals are placed in separate groups, and the alphabetical order of the monthly lists is replaced by a classification into subjects. Ninety-six journals have been indexed, and in all about 7,500 titles have been listed. Although the bibliography professes to be exhaustive, only publications in English, French, German, and Italian have been included. The typography is clear, but monotonous; nothing stands out. A considerate use of italics would have enlivened the page and emphasized such matters as the authors' names and references to journals. The failure to mention the country under which a government office belongs causes much uncertainty. Such a reference, for instance, as "S. doc. 85" is unintelligible, and no one but an American can probably guess what "H. rp. 1805" means. It would also have been well if biographies had been put in a group by themselves, listed under their subjects rather than under their authors. There is no general authors' index.

In "Wood Wanderings" (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) Winthrop Packard writes on a subject which clearly he understands and loves. The book is in the manner of Thoreau, not so precisely observant as to be termed scientific, nor so speculative as to fall in with the romantics. The author wanders aimlessly, it is true, but manages to have a busy time of it in a buoyant, active way, now "shinning" up to the very top of a hickory tree in good-natured pursuit of a gray squirrel, now trying vainly to get between a woodchuck and his hole. He picks up bats and caterpillars without squeamishness and is never fooled by a last year's bird's nest. Although no one season of the year receives more than its due, the autumn woods seem to have caught the author's particular relish:

> On such days I love to watch the pond shore and the reedy stretches of the meadow marsh, for to them come the first of the wild migrants of autumn, and in the northeaster you may exchange greetings with winter yellow-legs, just down from the Arctic shore. To-day I heard them, high in the invisible realms of the upper mists, whirling down to me—gray forms out of a gray sky that seemed to loose them as it later will loose snowflakes.

Those who like the challenge of the woods and who are stirred lightly to thought as they wander, will find this little volume very readable.

William Vaughn Moody, chiefly known as the author of "The Great Divide," died on Monday in Colorado Springs. He was born in 1869, at Spencer, Ind., was educated at Harvard, graduating in the class of 1893, and received a master's degree the following year. While a graduate student he assisted in English, and in 1895 became an instructor. In 1901 he was appointed assistant professor of English and rhetoric in the University of Chicago, with which institution he was actively connected until 1907. Besides his best known work, he wrote "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire-Bringer," "The Faith Healer"—all plays—"Poems" "History of English Literature," and edited the Cambridge edition of Milton and other English classics.

Julia Ward Howe died on Monday at her summer home in Middletown, R. I., after a short illness, at the age of ninety-one. She was born in New York city in 1819, and was the fourth child of Samuel Ward and Julia Cutler Ward. At the age of seventeen she contributed anonymously to the *New York Magazine*, and early in life showed also a gift for music. In 1843 she married the eminent philanthropist, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, and developed at once an interest in public work, which she always retained. With him she conducted the Boston *Commonwealth*, which espoused the cause of anti-slavery prior to the civil war; later she became active in woman's suffrage, prison reform, and the cause of peace. Her fame as a writer rested mainly on "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was inspired by a visit to Washington in 1861, and which first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her other writings include: "Passion Flowers," "Words for the Hour," "A Trip to Cuba," "The World's Own," "From the Oak to the Olive," "Later Lyrics," "Sex and Education," "Memoir of S. G. Howe," "Life of Margaret Fuller," "Modern Society," "Is Polite Society Polite?", "From Sunset Ridge," "Reminiscences," and "Sketches of Representative Women of New England."

Science.

The Face of the Earth. By Eduard Suess. Translated from the German by Hertha B. C. Sollas. Vol. IV. New York: Henry Frowde. $7.75.

The fourth volume of Prof. Eduard Suess's physiographic treatise concludes the *magnum opus* of a long life. Geologists all over the world may well feel moved to felicitate the venerable and greatly beloved author that he has carried to completion one of the most notable scientific contributions of the current twenty years. The first volume appeared in 1885, the second and third followed, respectively, in 1888 and 1901. English-speaking peoples are much indebted to Madame Sollas for the faithful translation which has now made this encyclopædia of physiography so accessible. The one thing still lacking is an index, which we may hope the publishers will issue, since the usefulness of so elaborate a work is much curtailed without it.

The fourth volume deals with those mountain ranges and areas which were not fully described in the first three. The so-called Altaides, or, in general, the mountains whose upheaval is pre-Permian in age, are first traced throughout Europe and then America and Africa. The Alps next receive a careful review, which, in concluding, touches on their extensions. The mountains of Lauretania, or the northern part of North America, occupy a chapter, as do also the great fractures and upheavals of Africa. The mountainous elevations which constitute the Pacific islands, or the Oceanides, are passed in review, and especially those which fringe the several continents as so-called "festoons." From the islands on the eastern side of the Pacific the author takes up the western mountains of the adjacent mainland of North America, and later of Central and South America. With these last the general survey is completed.

In summarizing this great treatise we may say that Professor Suess has looked abroad upon the face of the earth. He has taken up one by one its mountainous ridges, its plateaus, plains, oceanic shallows, and abysses. Patiently he has followed these individually from their inception to their completion. As each oceanic feature or land-form has come up for attention, he has read every available paper or report which deals with it. The many languages in which the data are recorded have not proved barriers, nor have the innumerable files of records, in which the papers are printed, stood in his way. The last words written on these subjects are no less familiar to Professor Suess than contributions of many years' standing. Sedimentation, eruptive outbreaks, and folding in the earlier geological periods are as real to him as those of the later and even of modern times. The erudition displayed is profound. Although the title, "The Face of the Earth," would imply the outlines of to-day, the treatment includes the development of the earth's lineaments virtually from birth. In a measure, the work is the stratigraphic history of the globe.

Several new geologic conceptions and new descriptive terms have become widely current as a result of Professor Suess's work. All geologists now speak of the great "shields" of Archæan rock

which are so prominently developed in Canada and in Scandinavia. Around these, which have been relatively firm since the opening of the Palæozoic era, sedimentation has gone on to the present. Elsewhere more limited buttresses called "horsts" have been established, and these have remained comparatively stable, while subsidence or folding proceeded around their borders. Great lines of disturbance and upheaval have developed mountain systems of a crescentic outline called "arcs"—another term now widely current.

The long and detailed survey completed, Professor Suess turns to certain general topics suggested by his work. He first endeavors to trace out systematic relations among the mountainous arcs. He notes the presence in the oceanic abysses of "foredeeps" which lie in front of the arcs of upheaval. "The outer border of the foredeep is the arcuate border of a subsidence of the lithosphere, and the inner border of the foredeep is the outer border of the folded range, which has advanced from the direction of the land over this deep" (p. 506). This slipping forward of a land-mass toward a deeply depressed area in the sea-bottom has been much discussed in latter years as a cause of thrust-faults and mountainous folds, and now gains additional importance from the emphasis which the author lays upon it. The relations of the folded arcs of the earth, their crossing, dying out, branching or virgation, transition into each other or linking, are outlined as well perhaps as may be, but the subject is so complicated when applied to the entire earth as to leave a reader not always convinced that the interpretation is the only one which might be applied.

Following this topic, Professor Suess takes up the discussion of the depths of the earth. Using the parallelism of meteorites as suggested many years ago by Daubrée, he assumes a core called Nife (*i. e.* nickel and iron), which outwardly is succeeded by a layer called Sima (*i. e.* silica-magnesia, or the basic igneous rocks characterized by the magnesian silicates), and farther out by another called Sal (*i. e.*, silica-alumina, or the feldspathic rocks). The Nife rarely breaks through to the surface, but is not unknown. The Sima is frequently represented, and the Sal is naturally most accessible of all to observation, but may not be of great thickness. Professor Suess follows out several trains of thought. He falls in with the latest of the writers on igneous ores; he discusses the derivation of gases and hot springs from the interior as "juvenile" products, and the production of the ocean itself from primeval volcanoes. Some features of the emission of gases lead him to suspect that rising from the depths they may themselves supply the heat which serves to melt overlying rocks and drive them out as lavas. With respect to the rise of batholiths, Professor Suess concludes that they melt their way upward by fusing and absorbing overlying rock. From the batholith, pegmatites radiate because deposited by emissions in branching fissures, a view that is the generally accepted one to-day. The connection of mineral veins and ore-deposits with these phenomena is supported, and in this conclusion Professor Suess allies himself with the current doctrines of the mining geologists. The Sima magmas also receive special attention under the general name of "the green rocks." They are believed to be chiefly dikes and sills, seldom, if ever, batholiths. Under the caption of "Phreatic Explosions" (or those believed to result from the uprising of juvenile or deep-seated hydrogen which leads to explosive outbreaks) volcanic necks, dikes, and other minor forms of eruptive rocks are treated in a very interesting manner.

The igneous phenomena of the earth suggest naturally the geological significance of the moon. By way of introducing the subject, the author describes what the earth would be like in case all the water were removed. The features of a waterless sphere such as the moon are then the more easily appreciated. Professor Suess has no doubts about the volcanic or igneous nature of the moon's craters, which he compares with great smelting furnaces. They are interpreted in the light of our knowledge of terrestrial volcanoes. In the end the question of the derivation of the moon from the earth and the phenomena attending its development as an individual sphere are passed in review. The distribution of the lighter and heavier masses of the earth with regard to continents and oceans; the variations in gravity and the contraction of the earth's body as affecting the explanation of its inequalities are summarized with a great fund of illustration.

The concluding chapter deals with life on the earth. Regarding its beginning the frank statement is made, "We know nothing of the origin of life," yet "little as we know as to the details of the beginning equally little do we know as to those of the end, although this end is inevitable." The distribution of living creatures largely turns on physiographic conditions, and these are discussed fully as bearing on the profounder questions of evolution. All receive illumination from the treatment of a master hand, although the suggestions are too numerous to be cited in this review. Finally, the last paragraph presents the sanguine philosophy of Professor Suess, and the reader understands why he is not less beloved for his personal charm than esteemed for his intellectual attainments:

> In face of these open questions let us rejoice in the sunshine, the starry firmament, and all the manifold diversity of the Face of our Earth, which has been produced by these very processes; recognizing at the same time to how great a degree life is controlled by the nature of the planet and its fortunes.

"A History of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge," will be issued by Longmans in honor of the Sir J. J. Thompson's twenty-fifth year in the Cavendish chair of experimental physics. To the contributions by various writers Sir J. J. Thompson adds a general sketch.

Among the books announced by Whittaker & Co. are H. W. Pendry's "Elementary Telegraphy," "Elementary Aeronautics," by A. P. Thurston, and "Steam Turbines, Their Design and Construction," by Rankin Kennedy.

Science books in Lippincott's list of autumn announcements include: "Spirit and Matter Before the Bar of Modern Science," by Isaac W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D.; "The Laws of Life and Health," by Alexander Bryce, M. D.; "Chats on Photography," by W. Wallington; "Engineering of To-day," by Thomas W. Corbin; "The Autobiography of an Election," by Charles R. Gibson, F. R. S. E.; "North American Birds," by Robert Ridgway; "The Mineral Kingdom," by Dr. Reinhard Brauns; "The Racial Anatomy of the Philippine Islanders," by Robert Bennett Bean, M.D.; "Electrical Theory and the Problem of the Universe," by G. W. De Tunzelman; "Rolling Mills," translated from the German of J. Puppe; "Hydrographic Surveying," for the use of beginners, amateurs, and port and harbor masters, by Commander S. V. S. C. Messum, R. N.; new second edition revised throughout and rewritten of "The Steam Turbine," by Alexander Jude; "Elementary Text-Book on Mechanical Drawing," by John E. Jagger; "Lippincott's New Medical Dictionary," edited by Henry W. Cattell, M. D.; "Materia Medica and Therapeutics for Nurses," by J. Foote, M. D.; "The Harvey Lectures," delivered under the auspices of the Harvey Society of New York, fourth series—1908-1909; "Normal Histology," by George A. Piersol, M.D.; "Diseases of the Pancreas," by Eugene L. Opie, M.D.; "Fever Nursing," by J. C. Wilson, M.D., revised fifth edition.

In different vein from her previous books is Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer's "A White Paper Garden" (McClurg). It describes an ideal garden, as imaged by a woman too busy to make her schemes real, and in twelve chapters divides the aspects and flowers of the year. The book contains much old-time sentiment, strengthened by keen observation, as in the remark on the peony: "Charming, well-dressed, graceful, generous, opulent, the peony is for robust health and natural enjoyment, not for sentiment." We could spare the first three adjectives, but the rest is well said. The spelling of peony is sensibly opposed to modern horticultural affectation—but "sweetpea" is an innovation unknown to the dictionaries and to such seedman's catalogues as Thorburn's. It is less justified even than "pæony," especially since it seems to require a new pronunciation. The book is charmingly illustrated from photo-

graphs. It should be read as it was written, when absent from the garden, and will make good winter reading for garden lovers.

Dr. Rudolph Chrobak, who died recently at the age of sixty-seven, had written extensively on obstetrics and had been for several years a professor in the University of Vienna.

The death is reported of Prof. Oscar Böttger, the German zoölogist, aged sixty-six. He was the son of Rudolph Christian Böttger, the inventor of gun cotton. He was connected with the zoölogical gardens of Frankfort, and was at the head of the section of reptiles and amphibia in the Senkenberg Museum.

Drama.

Mary Magdalene. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

It is not surprising that the various legends that have grown out of the simple and pathetic Biblical references to Mary Magdalene should have appealed to Maurice Maeterlinck. In a prefatory note to his new three-act play, of which this famous repentant sinner is the heroine, he acknowledges the adoption of two situations already used by Paul Heyse in his drama on the same subject, but in this he has, as he says, only availed himself of common property, and his work, in conception, development, and atmosphere is entirely independent and original. From beginning to end it is filled with his own peculiar power of fanciful invention, with delicate emotional insight, and with subtle suggestion, by the most realistic methods, of the grotesque or terrible. He has depicted the fierce struggle in a woman's heart between earthly love and spiritual devotion with extraordinary skill and dramatic significance; and several of the scenes would be solemnly impressive, if they could be fittingly presented upon the stage; but, in spite of its theatrical form, the piece is religious romance rather than drama. Moreover, only an actress of the highest rank could hope to realize, in all its complexity, the author's idea of the heroine.

If Mr. Maeterlinck has not fully succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of his self-imposed task, he has, at least, attacked them very cleverly. With the great figure of the Christ kept constantly in the background, as the dominant motive of his scheme, he has endeavored to show, in modern terms, the social and intellectual conditions with which the Nazarene was confronted. His first act opens in a Roman villa at Bethany (historical fact is not allowed to interfere with the necessities of fiction), where an ancient sage, Silanus, entertains his friends with discussions of pagan philosophy. Among them are Verus, a sturdy soldier, commander of the Roman forces in Jerusalem; Appius, a cynical patrician, and Mary Magdalene herself, the splendid courtesan, half in love with Verus, but now in a mood of strange unrest. Her house has been robbed and she suspects the rabble who follow Christ of the deed. Silanus defends them, and says that the Galilean is a somewhat interesting personage. Appius tells how the latter recently opened the eyes of a blind man, and Verus contemptuously points out that jugglery of that sort is common enough in the East, which is full of all sorts of quacks and cheats. But Mary is interested, and when she hears the cries of a great multitude without, insists upon going herself to see the miracle worker. Presently, in a sudden silence, the words of the Sermon on the Mount fall upon her ears, and, fascinated, she ventures, notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends, to join the throng without. As soon as she is recognized, she is pursued with execrations and threatened with stoning. She is in imminent peril of death when the Galilean utters the famous "Let him that is without sin," etc., and the first act closes upon a striking tableau of her rescue.

In the second act, Mary, upon whom the Christ has but gazed, has accepted him as her master. She experiences a strange exaltation. To Verus, rejoicing in her new sense of emancipation, she vows eternal love, but excites his jealousy when she demands that he exert all his influence in behalf of the Galilean, whom he has been ordered to arrest at the instigation of the Jewish priests. As she tries—in a striking scene—to allay his suspicion and explain the strange influences at work within her, Appius and Silanus enter and in vivid fashion tell how they have witnessed Lazarus, at the bidding of Christ, leave the grave in which he had for four days lain dead. Immediately afterward, while they are still discussing the event, Lazarus himself, still with the pallor of the grave upon him, approaches and summons Mary to the Master. Here again the curtain falls upon a most effective tableau.

But it is in the third act that the imaginative power and dramatic instinct of Maeterlinck are shown at their best. Christ has been tried and condemned, and a handful of his worshippers and beneficiaries are assembled, in dread, in the house of Joseph of Arimathea. Here the descriptive ability of the poet is displayed in a pessimistic picture of human cowardice, selfishness, and ingratitude. Only Mary Magdalene, still inspired by her last meeting with the Master, is unshaken in her fidelity. Her sole hope now lies in Verus, but he, when he appears, bluntly says that his one price for saving the man whom he regards as his rival is her instant and complete surrender. This, she replies, now that she—and, as it seems, she alone—has learned the true meaning of Christ's mission, is no longer possible. The scene is elaborated with notable eloquence and analytical skill. As Verus sees the situation it is a strife "between two madnesses," his own—which would sacrifice life and honor for the gratification of a passion—and Mary's—which is driving her to hopeless and irremediable despair. To the spiritual infamy of the renunciation which he would exact, he is, of course, utterly blind, and the manner in which the dramatist brings this frenzied strife of natural and spiritual forces to a poignant climax is masterly.

Regarded simply as drama, the work is defective in many respects. It is fragmentary, disconnected, episodical. All the incidents that form the backbone of the story are related, not shown. This condition, it need scarcely be said, is the result of deliberate design, but is nevertheless a positive weakness. On the other hand, the characterization is excellent and the dialogue pregnant and illuminative. As literature it is well worthy of the author's reputation, while as a study in the ennoblement of a woman's soul by spiritual ecstasy it is an intellectual achievement of a high order.

James Bernard Fagan's play, "The Earth," which had a long run in London a year or so ago, has now been published in book form (Duffield & Co.). As is well known to the readers of this journal, it is a vigorous, and, in many respects, an extremely able attack upon the sensational press. Read in print, it reveals literary abilities of no mean order, while the first three acts are put together with uncommon constructive skill and with a keen sense of dramatic effect. The fourth act is weaker in every way, the outcome of it suggesting that the author d'd not dare to risk a tragic or semi-tragic ending. The device by which, at the last moment, his hero and heroine are enabled to escape from the logical consequences of their own wrongdoing and to defeat the unscrupulous editor whose power for evil is supposed to be so tremendous, is not at all plausible. Such a man as Janion is described to be would not be disconcerted in the least by the threatened exposure of an action which he could declare to have been undertaken solely in the interests of the public. He would see in it only the chance of a valuable advertisement. Mr. Fagan robs his spectre of all horror by showing how easily it may be exorcised.

The translation of Henri Bataille's play "The Scandal," which had a great run in Paris, proved a disappointment in the Garrick Theatre here on Monday evening. Much of the literary flavor of the dialogue had evaporated, doubtless, and the English acting certainly was inferior to the French, but the main trouble lay in the unsympathetic and futile character of the piece itself. Professedly a plea for equal-handed justice in the treatment of male and female offenders against the marriage law, and for the pardon of an ordinarily good woman, who may have lapsed from virtue

in some sudden access of madness or folly, it offers by way of supporting argument an instance in which the woman virtually puts herself out of court by her own conduct. A happy wife and proud mother, she yields easily to the first advances of a reckless young gamester, who takes not only her honor but her purse. Throughout she practises the most odious deceptions with all the skill of an old campaigner. In the end she is exceedingly remorseful, and exhibits all the usual stage signs of intense mental torture, but it is not until she has been detected that she ceases lying. Her affectionate and generous husband, remembering his own infirmities, agrees to forgive and, so far as he can, forget; but the scandal has already become public property, and it is plain that in shielding her he will have to share in her disgrace. Actually the play defeats its own chief purpose, but it affords opportunities for some rarely good acting by Kyrle Bellew, who enacts the wronged husband with pathetic earnestness and simplicity and no little dramatic power.

Henry W. Savage has extended permission to Sarah Bernhardt to play in this country the part of the distressed mother in "Madame X," a part originally designed for her by M. Bisson, and it will be added to her repertory on her approaching visit.

Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," is to be published by Hurst & Blackett.

A new comedy from the pen of H. H. Davies will be seen in London within the next few days. It is called "A Single Man," and will enlist the services of Cyril Maude, Hilda Travelyan, and others.

Laurence Housman continues to attack George Redford, the British licenser of plays, in the public print. In a letter to the London *Times* he declares that his suppressed play, "Pains and Penalties," contains no detailed reference to the character and conduct of George IV, except in one passage of the first act, and throughout the trial scene in the House of Lords, where the words are taken literally and without addition from the published records of the time.

Frederick Whelen, who is well known in connection with certain progressive stage movements in England, takes a more cheerful view than some other observers of theatrical conditions in the old country. Replying to the recent complaint of a writer that "there are no new men and no new plays," he remarks:

> This abandonment of such new writers as Rudolf Besier, Arnold Bennett, John Masefield, Charles McEvoy, Hamilton Fyfe, "George Paston," J. B. Fagan, and George Calderon, to mention only a few of the men who have had plays produced during the last three years successfully in London, is somewhat sweeping. And he ignores completely the many new dramatists who are rising in the provincial cities as a consequence of the new opportunities of getting plays presented. The first of these new theatres, the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin, has already been responsible for the addition to modern literature of the works of the late J. M. Synge, who has enriched the drama with some of the finest works of our time. But he is not the only dramatist from that Irish theatre, and the annual visits to London of the Irish National Theatre Society are making larger and larger audiences for the plays of such writers as Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, Padraic Colum, and others. In Manchester, at the Repertory Theatre of that city, founded by Miss Horniman in 1907, several successful local authors have arisen. I may mention Harold Brighouse, J. Sackville Martin, Stanley Houghton, and Allan Munkhouse.

The annual Shakespearean revival in the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, will be "The Winter's Tale." Nora Lancaster has been specially engaged to play Hermione.

C. M. S. McLellan is working upon an English adaptation of a new German military comedy, entitled "Kasernenluft," which is reported to have made a phenomenal hit at the Neues Theater in Berlin.

Henry Arthur Jones has been engaged recently in putting the finishing touches to the new play which is to be seen before long in New York. Rumor says that in its general character it is somewhat akin to "Mrs. Dane's Defence," although it contains a larger proportion of the comic element.

Gertrude Kingston has a variety of novelties for her Little Theatre in London. These include a comedy called "The Green Baize Door," in which she will play the part of a country house spinster—a sort of social makeweight—in search of a husband; a tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, and a farce called "The Green Elephant," a story of feminine extravagance ending in a detective mystery.

Music.

Through the Year With Sousa. By John Philip Sousa. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.

The Player-Pianist. By William Braid White. New York: Edward Lyman Bill.

As Austria is proud of being the native land of the "Waltz King," so the United States can boast of having given to the world one who is known on every continent as the "March King." John Philip Sousa is as racy of the American soil as a bunch of Delaware grapes; you will find nothing just like him in any other country—a fact which those who write about a lack of distinctiveness in American music have too often overlooked. He has written no works in the largest forms, but, as he aptly remarks, he would "rather be a composer of an inspirational march than of a manufactured symphony"; and he calls attention to the fact that in Europe "men like Johann Strauss, Offenbach, Suppé, Millöcker, and others are the darlings of their respective nations, because they have accomplished that which is most meritorious in some special line."

Unlike most American composers, Mr. Sousa has had the inestimable advantage of being able to bring his compositions before the public, at home and abroad. For thirty years he has conducted a band and travelled with it to nearly every country on earth. Many, as a matter of course, have been the interesting and amusing experiences on these journeys which he has noted in his diaries. Excerpts from these, and from letters, poems (he often writes the words as well as the music of his songs), magazine articles, and his two novels, "Pipedown Sandy" and "The Fifth String," which have become almost as popular as his marches, make up his new volume, interspersed with facsimiles of the themes of his best marches. On the subject of march composing Mr. Sousa speaks as an authority. He expresses the opinion that one reason why so few of the great composers have written successful marches is that they lived in an atmosphere of peace. When he is ready to compose a march he turns his imagination loose among scenes of barbaric splendor. "I picture to myself the glitter of the gun and swords, the tread of the feet to the drum beat, and all that is grand and glorious in military scenes." Then the musical ideas come—how, is an utter mystery to him.

Not the least interesting paragraphs in this volume are those which contain glimpses of the bandmaster's life. As a lad he longed to be a musician; besides a fiddle, he owned nothing but an enormous ambition, which, apparently, he did not inherit from his father, whom he quotes as having once said to his mother (who objected to his siesta habit): "Remember, the day is for rest and the night for sleep." By his eleventh year John Philip was a professional; his first public appearance as a violinist he spoiled by playing baseball all the afternoon preceding. Success came to him slowly; some of the marches with which publishers earned fortunes he sold for from $5 to $50. Later he enjoyed the advantages of popularity, but also the disadvantages. On one occasion he had to write his name on the caps of several hundred girls. He began with John Philip Sousa, then put John P. Sousa, then J. P. Sousa, and finally Sousa. The legends concerning his name are also dealt with. The story that S. O. represented the initials of his name and U. S. A. his country, was originated by his press agent, and proved the best advertisement he ever had. To the present day "it makes its pilgrimage around the globe once every three years."

That his band has not only served to drive dull care away, but to promote musical culture, is Mr. Sousa's firm conviction. Indeed, he goes so far as to claim that the influence of the band in the art development of the world is perhaps greater than that of any other musical force, for the reason that everywhere and always bands have been part of the military establishment, and have given the masses abundant chances to hear good music free of cost. That the masses like the best music if they can get it is another of this bandmaster's convictions. He declares that to the people at large Wagner is to-day less of a myth than Shakespeare, and that this

has been chiefly accomplished by the efforts of the military bands. "If I were sent forth," he writes, "to educate a brand-new public in music, my text-book would be Wagner. . . . Wagner's works are the works for the missionary." He has played this music "until it has come to be as popular as ragtime."

One development of music that Mr. Sousa does not like is the mechanical and semi-automatic instruments of the day. A few years ago he wrote a scathing article on "canned music," and the present volume contains sarcastic allusions to the subject. But that sort of music, for better or worse, continues to be produced at a rate compared with which his own concerts are but a grain of sand on the beach. As a matter of fact, much of this "machine music" is not to be sneered at; as an educational factor it is invaluable; it arouses an interest in music throughout the land. Nor is it altogether mechanical, at least in its best manifestations. It is as true of the piano-players and player-pianos as of the piano itself, that the better a musician the man or woman who sits at it, the more musical are the results. Anyone can run an instrument of the pianola type after an hour's practice; but to play it as well as it can be played requires months of study. Mr. White's volume contains full directions for such study; after answering the question, "Is the player piano an art instrument?" he analyzes its technic and gives detailed directions regarding the management of the expression devices which control the pace, loudness, accent, and phrasing. He also gives helpful hints regarding the structure of musical works, with remarks on some composers who are popular as well as great.

Victor Herbert, more than two years ago, undertook to write a grand opera, at the request of Oscar Hammerstein. Now that Mr. Hammerstein is no longer in the field, Mr. Dippel has secured it for his Philadelphia season. The name of the opera is "Natoma."

It is not yet announced whether Gustav Mahler will conduct his colossal eighth symphony, involving 1,000 performers, (which had such a sensational success in Munich last month) at one of the Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie Hall this season. His fourth, however, is already promised. Among other symphonies definitely decided upon are: The Schubert in C minor, Tchaikovsky No. 5, Brahms in C major, Schumann in C minor, and the tone-poems, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherezade," and Charpentier's "L'Impressions d'Italie." The list of soloists already engaged includes: Johanna Gadski, Kirkby-Lunn, Schumann-Heink, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, David Bispham, Edmond Clement, Josef Hofmann, Xaver Scharwenka, Edouard Dethier, Francis MacMillen, Maud Powell, Theodore Spiering, Ernest Hutcheson, George Hamlin, Leo Schultz, and Henry Schmidt. There will be sixteen pairs in the week-day series, falling on Tuesday nights and Friday afternoons respectively. There will also be a series of eight Sunday afternoon concerts. In Brooklyn five Sunday afternoon concerts will be given in the Academy of Music. The first pair of the New York series will fall during the first week of November, the opening concert being scheduled for Tuesday evening, November 1.

One of the most intimate friends and vigorous champions of Liszt and Wagner, Karl Klindworth, celebrated his eightieth birthday on September 24. After studying with Liszt he taught in London (1854-1868), where his advanced ideas involved him in many difficulties. From 1868 to 1884 he was professor at the Moscow Conservatory. Then he went to Berlin, where he opened a piano school. He was there the centre of the progressive party, while the conservatives flocked around Joachim. As an orchestral conductor he was the first to produce the Bruckner symphonies in Berlin. He also composed some pieces, but the works by which he will be best remembered are the vocal scores of Wagner's four Niebelung operas. His editions of Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven are also valuable.

Charles Gilibert, the eminent operatic baritone, died last week of an abscess in the ear, a few days after his arrival in New York. He was born thirty-eight years ago, and was a great favorite in France and Belgium when Mr. Grau first brought him to America. He left the Metropolitan when, after the impresario's death, French opera fell into neglect, and sang under the management of Oscar Hammerstein for four years. His most famous impersonation was that of the father in "Louise." His Monterone in "Rigoletto," and his Boniface in "The Juggler of Notre Dame," were also great achievements. He was to have appeared in one of the novelties of the coming season, "The Girl of the Golden West." Although he sang Italian and German music well, he was essentially French, and there was nothing in French music that he was not able to interpret in his wonderful combination of a strong naïve nature and a widespread education and culture. He has endeared French folksongs and bergerettes to us, the grandeur of Gluck, the dainty rococo spirit of Grétry and Monsigny, the most modern products of Charpentier and Debussy.

Art.

THE EXHIBITION OF MOHAMMEDAN ART AT MUNICH.

The loan exhibition of masterpieces of Mohammedan art at Munich is the largest and most important of its kind ever brought together. Many of the pieces exhibited, notably those from Russian and Turkish collections, have been there accessible to the general public for the first time. This exhibition deserves attention not only on account of the artistic excellence of the objects shown, but also for the success achieved in their installation, and for the advance in scholarship made possible by the arrangement side by side of so many different but related branches of the art of the Nearer Orient.

Mohammedan peoples have produced few works of sculpture or painting, but, contrary to the prevailing opinion, figure representation has appeared at one time or another in all Mohammedan countries. Their decorative art is unsurpassed in design and color, and has played its part in the development of European art. Their buildings are found in Spain, North Africa, Egypt, Turkey, Persia, Central Asia, and India. The period of finest production roughly corresponds in time to the great art period of Western Europe, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Eighty rooms in all, surrounding an open garden court, contain the exhibition at Munich. In their treatment Mohammedan architecture is suggested, but never actually imitated. In one of the large rooms there are rows of columns, connected by wooden beams above the capitals in the manner of the early mosques, with carpets on the floor between them. In many rooms a diffused light is obtained by means of ceilings of stretched thin white cloth. Nowhere is there confusion or overcrowding.

An important part of the exhibition is the section of early Persian ceramics, of the eleventh to fourteenth centuries, the product of the excavations of the last ten years. The artistic worth of these bowls, plates, and bottles depends on subtle variations of body color, of lustre, and of color combinations. Many have long been buried and have an accidental iridescence. Thus the beauty of any one piece is due to its own qualities rather than to the type to which it belongs. Dr. Friedrich Sarre, however, in the catalogue of the exhibition, attempts a classification of these types. Early Syrian pottery is divided into two classes; the pottery with bold and rather primitive ornament is included in the Rakka group, while Sultanabad is divided into four classes, and Rhages, the most complicated of all, into five classes. There are also divisions for lustre tiles, Persian pottery of the seventeenth century, and architectural fragments, some of them from Bokhara and Samarkand.

Other potteries represented are: yellow and brown Egyptian; Daghestan with its blue glaze and black patterns; Kubatcha with its ivory crackle ground and rather careless drawing; Turkestan with its red, blue, violet, and green patterns; and Turkish with its white ground and colored decoration of wild hyacinths, tulips, carnations, and feather-like leaves, better known by the name Rhodian. The only marked piece of Malaga pottery known, and therefore the standard for its class, is seen in the Spanish section. The outside of this fourteenth century bowl is gray-blue with black patterns, inside it is white with strap-like interlacings and arabesques in yellow lustre.

The problems presented by Mohammedan metal work are most difficult. The classification of Dr. Ernst Kühnel—tentative in some respects—is influenced in part by the many objects, hitherto imperfectly known, sent from the great Russian collections. The earliest metal work includes Sassanian silver bowls, before the seventh century, belonging to the Czar of Russia, and a series of metal ewers, some of them in animal form. In this ancient Persian art, related to that of Assyria and Greece, are found many well-known motifs of later Persian art: the king on horseback killing a lion, a tiger in front of a tree, a lion springing upon a wild ox, a throned king surrounded by servants, fabulous animals, two animals symmetrical and face to face or back to back, as well as ornamental foliage and palmettes.

A series of inlaid bronze mortars and large kettles with decoration in relief are probably from West Turkestan, and other mortars and smaller decorated metal pots with handles come from the Caucasus region. A number of brass pitchers with rows of lions or birds in relief around the upper edge of the body, many of them the property of Count Bobrinskoy of St. Petersburg, are assigned to Armenia, twelfth century. From these the transition is easy to the beautiful inlaid work of Mesopotamia, the exquisite bronze ewers, candlesticks, and bowls inlaid with silver and copper in medallions and bands, with figures of horsemen, musicians, animals, and inscriptions with human heads. They belong to the late twelfth and to the thirteenth century, and many of them are fortunately dated and signed. They were made at Mosul, but the artists often went to other places, some as far as Syria and Egypt. This technique was continued in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the pattern of fishes seeming to be characteristic of Syria, while pieces with large dedicatory inscriptions were often made for a Mameluke Sultan of Egypt.

To many persons, the miniatures and illuminated books of the Nearer Orient make the most direct appeal. Though there is in these a frank use of figure representation, the principal aim is not the imitation of nature nor is it the use of composition and perspective as we understand it. The figure-drawing seems to obey a law of lines and pattern. There is little modelling, and color is put on in flat tones. Animals are represented with surprising truth, but the silhouette and the action are the ends sought and attained. Details of clothes and accessories are often minutely executed. The earliest miniatures with figures shown at Munich, many of them loaned by Dr. F. R. Martin of Stockholm, are Mesopotamian of the late twelfth and the thirteenth century; their drawing is like the figures on contemporary metal work and Rhages pottery. The finest Persian miniatures begin in the fifteenth century and are Mongolian in character. In the sixteenth century they are more distinctly Persian: illustrations for the Persian national epic, the "Shah Nameh," and for manuscripts of the famous Persian poets. The wide margins of many of these manuscripts are decorated with animals and plants in green gold and yellow gold, resembling the drawing in contemporary carpets. To decide whether a given miniature is Persian or Turkish is often difficult, since Persian miniaturists worked at the Turkish court where Persian art and culture were the fashion. Persian miniatures usually exhibit most minute workmanship and are flawless in details of ornament, whereas Turkish work when looked at closely often seems slighted and careless. On the other hand Turkish miniatures possess a bold decorative quality and a striking color effect when seen from a little distance, and they do not need to be observed so closely as Persian work. This is also true of Turkish textiles and pottery. Special mention must be made of the portrait of Timour, fifteenth century; the portrait of a Dervish of Bagdad, about 1500, by Behzad, the most famous of all Persian miniaturists; and the portrait of a Turkish prince, also by Behzad, said to be a Persian copy of the miniature by Gentile Bellini, now owned by Mrs. J. L. Gardner of Boston. Among the Indian miniatures there is one showing the Mogul Emperor Akbar surrounded by his court, sixty-seven portraits, all on one page.

The Oriental carpets at Munich number about 200. The finest Persian carpets are remarkable for the beauty of their drawing, their figures, their flowing lines, and floral patterns. The drawing is often symmetrical according to different plans, while the colors, which never attempt to imitate nature, are interchanged and differently chosen each time the same drawing appears. This produces an effect of variety in unity, and a symmetry which is somewhat elusive and never rigid. Among Persian figure carpets of the sixteenth century at Munich, the first place must be given to the very large silk and silver Ispahan hunting carpet belonging to the Emperor of Austro-Hungary. On the salmon-colored field around the centre medallion there are mounted horsemen slaying desert animals. On the rich red ground of the border appear recurring pairs of winged genii, one seated facing front, and the other in profile, holding a dish of offerings. The conventional patterns seen in the Armenian carpets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which rudely imitate Persian animal and tree forms, are still further developed in the old Asia Minor or Ushak carpets. The motifs here are usually derived from the Chinese and reflect dragon and cloud forms, while the solid patches of color, in the open spaces free from pattern, produce good decorative effects. A rare carpet placed in this class at Munich resembles nothing so much as American autumn leaves of different sizes and shapes set out in rows on a dark ground. It belongs to the Ottoman Museum, Constantinople, and comes from a mosque in Stambul. The Turkish silk carpets with floral patterns seem to have as their only defect a too obvious symmetrical balance of pattern.

The collection of arms and armor is extensive and contains many pieces of great historical interest. A conical jewelled helmet once belonged to the Siberian Khan Koutschum, and afterward to the Czar Michael Theodorovitch Romanoff, and later came into the possession of Peter the Great. A small curved sword inscribed with the name of the Turkish Sultan, Solomon the Magnificent, and dated 1528, is perhaps the most beautiful Persian piece in the collection, with its gold inlay of Persian verses and its ivory handle covered in two planes with Persian arabesques in gold.

Not the least interesting part of the Munich exhibition is the large number of objects of European make, showing Mohammedan influence: pottery and porcelain, Venetian metal work and book bindings, Spanish tiles, Sicilian textiles, as well as engravings and paintings of Turkish subjects, portraits, scenes, and embassies. A number of rooms are devoted to the display of the plates of monumental works on Mohammedan art and archæology, and there is also a library where all important books on these subjects may be consulted. During the coming winter an elaborate publication with many plates is to be issued as a memorial of the exhibition. G. M. B.

Turner's Sketches and Drawings. By A. J. Finberg, with 100 illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Mr. Finberg has recently catalogued all the Turner sketches in the National Gallery, and has thus acquired the most intimate acquaintance with the materials of the present study. He divides Turner's activity into seven periods. After seven years of apprenticeship, and three of topographical drawing, the painter, from 1797 to 1802, under Wilson's influence, occupies himself, none too successfully, with the conventionally sublime. His power first fully appears in the sea paintings, the most important of which antedate 1809. There follows until 1813 a happy interlude, marked by the best of the "Liber" prints. The period of full mastery, from 1813 to 1830, displays a certain hardening in his gift, a lesser spontaneity. It is followed by fifteen years of what our author roundly calls "mental and physical de-

cay," during which the so-called impressionistic studies were made.

This view of Turner's last phase, though by no means novel, has never been more ably presented. Mr. Finberg scouts the older theory that merely the painter's eyesight was at fault, and holds that his artistic vision had lost its lucidity. He indulged in partial reveries which admitted of no complete transcription. He dealt in intimations of experiences essentially inchoate and inexpressible. Into an issue involving the entire antithesis of the classic and romantic ideals we naturally cannot now enter. We may only express a conviction that the undeniable splendor of Turner's latest work is the splendor not of new growth, but of decay.

At many points Mr. Finberg passes beyond his immediate theme to the discussion of artistic creation generally, and he seldom fails to illuminate this obscure matter. He raises the paradox that, while the elaborate and accomplished sketches made in Italy in 1812 were rarely converted into pictures, the merest pencil scrawls were sometimes after many years transformed into the complete designs for the "Liber," the "Southern Coast," etc. One might almost maintain the position that Turner's sketches were pictorially useful to him in direct ratio to their slightness. A capital instance of this is afforded in plate lv where we have together the pencil sketch of the port of Wachet and the engraving published nine years later in "The Southern Coast." Nothing could better show how inventive Turner was, how little to be classed as a realist; nothing could better offset the extravagances of Ruskin's cult of imitation.

It would be a pleasure to dwell upon Mr. Finberg's closing chapter which reaches critical conclusions of real importance. An extract or two may suggest the drift.

When we talk of art as representing nature, it is evident that we must be careful to distinguish exactly what we mean by such an expression. If we take it to mean that art does or can or ought to give us a copy of the given actual world apart from what Mr. Ruskin calls the meddling action of man's intelligence, then it is obvious that we have fallen into a very serious error. Apart from the action of his intellect, an artist could not possibly make the external world an object of his thought, he could not, therefore, represent it on paper or canvas; and even if we suppose these difficulties overcome, and the copy of bare, unadulterated reality fixed on the canvas, nobody could possibly recognize it or know that it was there.

This statement cuts to the heart of the most prevalent fallacies concerning artistic vision. Any thorough-going realism or impressionism is pyschologically impossible. On the literary side Mr. Finberg's work is uneven. He often attains eloquence and then lapses into a crabbed academic jargon. His definition of a work of pictorial art exhibits both the vigor of his thinking and the difficulty of his manner.

Strictly speaking, a work of art is a symbol, and a symbol is not a copy or imitation of the meaning it stands for. The meaning of pictorial art is then always some connected circle of psychical states with their representation and emotional contents. These contents may refer to the common physical world of ordinary experience, or they may refer to a dream world that has no existence except as an element of human consciousness; and this reference is determined in each case by the nature of the contents themselves. . . . I will define a work of pictorial art as an arrangement of spatial symbols embodying an individualized psychical content present to the mind of the artist, and intended to call up always the same ideas and emotions in the minds of others.

For the student of Turner this well-made book, with more than eighty plates, containing many inedited drawings, is a necessary aid. It should also be read by all who approach the graphic arts in a philosophic spirit.

Montross has opened his handsome new gallery with an exhibition of selected paintings by American artists. Most of the pictures have been seen before, but they are all of a quality that makes further acquaintance a pleasure. The Mowing Lot, by Arthur Wesley Dow, where the moon rises over a hayfield dotted with queen's lace, and, while throwing two apple trees into shadow, spreads its soft light over field and background, is new to us. It is in strong contrast to the Incandescent Sun of Elliott Daingerfield. This has rich color in the sky, which dark trees and mountain tops emerging from the mist emphasize. But in this picture, as in many another by Mr. Daingerfield, the artist has treated his subject too theatrically. The Moonlit Cove exercises a strange fascination, when once its meaning is caught. A boat, scarcely discernible at first, lies in the cove; gradually all its lines unfold themselves before your eyes, and you realize the spaciousness of the cove. With quaint conceit, Mr. Ryder has made the moon with the features of the man in it distinctly marked, showing through a long white cloud that takes the shape of a ghostly being wrapped in a sheet, with one long arm stretching behind the cliffs. Two of Edward J. Steichen's silvery-gray landscapes, in silvered frames, Beyond the Trees—Spring Evening, and the Little White Cottage, are very different from his style of last season. Horatio Walker's Oxen Drinking is one of those scenes of French Canadian farm life in which the artist is so much at home. Willard L. Metcalf's The White Veil of Falling Snow still holds its own. Among other pictures are W. L. Lathrop's delightful The Canal, Late Afternoon; J. Alden Weir's Pan and Wolf; a decorative piece, Sappho, of much brilliant color, by Hugo Ballin, and two early sketches, The Hod Carrier and Tea Roses, by Childe Hassam.

The Kaiser and Dr. Bode are evidently determined not to give in about the Lucas wax bust in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, although Prof. Adolph Hildebrand has joined the big army of its assailants, and called it "a bad piece of work, poor and lifeless." In the general guide to the entire collection of the museum, published last year, and sold in the museum, one reads this of the Flora:

In piquant contrast to their (bronze statuettes) clear-cut style, as also to their dark coloring, stands the painted wax bust of Flora, which is very near akin to the manner of Leonardo da Vinci, and perhaps may indeed have been his own work. . . . It recalls most of the plastic work of the Renaissance period in Upper Italy and Florence, and the smile, as the face is seen in profile from the left side, is quite Leonardesque. So, too, is the charm of its placid expression, which closely corresponds to the style of 1510, and should not be overlooked.

The important excavations made last year on the Janiculum in Rome have been followed up this year by the discovery of a sanctuary with niches for the statues of deities worshipped there, and a triangular altar, made of brick. In the same vicinity were also found a fragment of a statuette of Jupiter, a statue of Bacchus, a statue of Egyptian type, and three skeletons.

The *Journal du Caire* reports an interesting archæological discovery from Upper Egypt. A wooden panel has been unearthed bearing a Latin inscription of fifty lines, of which thirty-five are perfectly legible. The text makes allusion to the Siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus and constitutes the first authentic record obtained of that event. The inscription confirms the narrative of Josephus and other historians. Apart from the tablets found at Pompeii, this is the finest specimen of Latin writing that has been discovered.

Finance.

AN OCTOBER MARKET.

In the middle of last summer it was a matter of common Wall Street prediction that three unpleasant possibilities were to be apprehended in October's markets—tight money at New York, financial disturbance at London, and a "political scare," ascribed to the outlook for Democratic victories in November, on all the American stock exchanges. Events in the field of finance, which every one has expected, are always apt not to come to pass; but it is not very often that things happen in a way so exactly opposite to prediction as they have happened this October. There has been no tight money at New York; 3¾ per cent. has thus far been the month's highest rate on the Wall Street call loan market, whereas a 6 per cent. rate was touched even in October, 1909, and very much higher rates in the same month of years like 1906 and 1905.

London's markets have not been demoralized. In spite of the reasonably high Bank of England rate, and in spite, also, of such incidental shocks as the Portuguese revolution and the French railway strike, the English stock exchanges have moved favorably; recovery in prices being noteworthy in the very de-

partment where the worst was feared—rubber and rubber company shares. As for the American stock markets, they have entered, during October, into a period of unmistakable activity and rising prices. Having refused in September to decline, as had been expected, in response to the Democratic weather-signs in Vermont and Maine, active stocks at New York this week reached prices 6 to 8 points above their prices of October 1, and daily transactions on the Stock Exchange, which in September repeatedly fell below 200,000 shares, have twice this week run close to the million-share mark.

Perhaps the most curious aspect of these various October results is that the special conditions, on which the midsummer prophecies were predicated, have appeared in much the same shape as had been looked for. The New York bank position has not been favorable. An October deficit in reserves was prevented only by the expedient, familiar in former tight-money years, of "shifting" loans to other institutions; and even with very extensive reduction of bank liabilities through this process, loans have in three weeks risen $25,500,000 above deposits, and surplus reserves, despite their considerable increase over October 1, were lower last Saturday even than they were in the highly unsettled situation of a year ago.

London's financial market, similarly, has ignored not only a Lombard Street money rate higher than a year ago, but a money stringency at Berlin, so severe as to send the short-loan rate to 6½ per cent. and to elicit, from the president of the Imperial Bank of Germany, the public warning that "we are confronted by a prolonged expansion of credit and a continuous stiffening of rates," such as required that bankers should "draw the reins more tightly and counteract the exaggerated demands on credit." Meantime, at New York, a singular spectacle is presented. The Wall Street community is this week assigning, as the reason for the rise in stocks, the very reason which it assigned in August for its prediction of an October break. Two months ago, Democratic victory and a Democratic Congress were supposed to be matters of grave disquietude for Wall Street; to-day, even the protectionist Pittsburgh market is proclaiming that it will be better satisfied with an Opposition House, which might blockade extreme measures of an Administration Senate. As a natural corollary to all this, comes the seeming discovery that New York business men are this year likely to vote the Democratic ticket, and the adoption by Mr. Roosevelt of attacks on Wall Street as the principal theme of his campaign speeches.

Exactly how permanent the present month's situation in the home and foreign stock exchanges is destined to be, it is perhaps as yet too early to conjecture. Very probably, the somewhat spectacular rise in this month's prices had its immediate origin in the urgent protecting of their position by speculators who had "sold short" in confident expectation of an October money squeeze, or of a very bad showing for the crops, or of stock market demoralization as the political uproar increased. Such expectations take the shape, on Wall Street, of speculative sales of stocks; and none of the predictions has come true.

But when such a probability is frankly conceded it must be said that the stock market of this month only adds force to the very prevalent idea that the financial community, as a whole, is groping. That we are passing through some sort of change in the financial and industrial position, and that every observant financier is watching for the moment when his foot will again be on solid ground, are facts in the situation which every one will concede. But nobody professes confidence that the end of the journey is at hand.

Its end may be nearer than many people think; but positive judgment to that effect is certainly hard to get. Nothing seems to move exactly as had been expected. The actual bearing of the political situation on finance is inscrutable. The wheat market goes down faster than any one had foreseen, and in spite of support by strong trade interests. The cotton market goes up as fast, in the face of realizing sales by the manipulators themselves, and of incredulity on the usually excited Southern markets. The bank position is abnormally strong in September and abnormally weak in October; a new theory to explain its alternations has to be contrived almost every week. Perhaps the conclusion of the whole matter is that, although undoubtedly things are very much better than there was lately reason to expect, nevertheless all the markets are really in the dark, so that even an excited and impulsive movement cannot be regarded otherwise than as an experiment to discover the easiest way out.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Altsheler, J. A. The Horsemen of the Plains. Macmillan. $1.50.

American Antiquarian Society: Proceedings at the Semi-Annual Meeting Held in Boston, April, 1910. Worcester, Mass.: The Society.

Ashe, S. W. Electricity. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Bandello, M. Le Novelle. Vol. I, Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Banks, L. A. The World's Childhood. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.30 net.

Barney, L. C. God's Heroes: a Drama in Five Acts. Phila.: Lippincott.

Baum, L. F. The Emerald City of Oz. Illustrated. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.25.

Bennett, A. Clayhanger. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Booth W. S. The Hidden Signatures of Francesco Colonna and Francis Bacon. Boston: W. A. Butterfield. $1.50 net.

Bornemann, W., Veit, W., Schuster, H., and Foerster, E. Four lectures on Jesus. Trans. from the German by G. W. Gilmore. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.

Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home. H. M. Caldwell Co.

Cape, C. P. Benares, the Stronghold of Hinduism. Boston: Badger. $2 net.

Carter, C. E. Great Britain and the Illinois Country, 1763-1774. Washington: American Historical Association. $1.50.

Chamberlain, A. B. George Romney. Scribner. $4 net.

Chase, J. A. A Daughter of the Revolution. Boston: Badger. $1.

Churchward, A. The Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man. Dutton. $8 net.

Comyn, D. C. E. ff. Service and Sport in the Sudan. Lane Co. $4 net.

Coulter, J. M., Barnes, C. R., and Cowles, H. C. Textbook of Botany. Volume I, Morphology and Physiology American Book Company. $2.

Cox, P. The Brownies' Latest Adventures. Century Co. $1.50.

Curry, S. S. Mind and Voice. Boston: Expression Company.

Depew, C. M. Orations, Addresses and Speeches. 8 vols. Privately printed.

Dickens. Centenary Edition (36 vols.). Sketches by Boz (2 vols.); The Adventures of Oliver Twist; American Notes and Pictures from Italy. Scribner. $1 each.

Duff, A. History of Old Testament Criticism. Putnam. 75 cents net.

Dunn, B. A. With Lyon in Missouri. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.

Eastwood, C. The Master Road. Alice Harriman Co. $1.35 net.

Education in the United States: a Series of Monographs edited by N. M. Butler. American Book Co.

Fearn, F. Diary of a Refugee. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Garis, H. R. Sammie and Susie Littletail. Fenno. 60 cents.

Garis, H. R. Those Smith Boys. Fenno. $1.25.

Gatty, M. Daily Bread. London: Bell.

G. F. E. (A. B.). The College Freshman's Don't Book. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 75 cents.

Glyn, E. His Hour. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Gozzi, C. Memorie Inutili. Vol. I, Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Grey, Z. The Young Forester. Harper. $1.25.

Gribble, F. The Love Affairs of Lord Byron. Scribner. $3.75 net.

Haller, G. F., and Cunningham, E. T. The Tesla High Frequency Coil. Van Nostrand. $1.25 net.

Her Highness: an Adirondacks Romance. (Anon.) Boston: Badger. $1.50.

Holm, E. Eugénie, Empress of the French. Trans. by G. P. Upton. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

Hutten, B. v. The Green Patch. Stokes. $1.50.

Impressions Calendar, 1911. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 50 cents.

Jones, M. J. The Hump Tree Stories. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.

Küchler, C. Queen Maria Sophia of Naples. Trans. by G. P. Upton. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

Lagdem, G. The Basutos: the Mountaineers and Their Country. 2 vols. Appleton.

Laughlin, C. E. Just Folks. Macmillan. $1.50.

Lee, A., Harbour, J. L., and others. The Young Detectives. Harper. 60 cents.

Leibfreed, E. A Garland of Verse. East Aurora: The Roycrofters.

Lenôtre, G. A Gascon Royalist in Revolutionary Paris, The Baron de Batz, 1792-1795. From the French, by Mrs. Stawell. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.

Locke, W. J. A. Christmas Mystery. Lane Co. 75 cents net.

MacLafferty, J. H. My Soul's Cathedral, and Other Poems. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 90 cents net.

Mason, R. The Song Lore of Ireland. Wessels & Bissell. $2 net.

Maxwell, W. B. The Rest Cure: A Novel. Appleton.

Meredith, G. Works. Vol. XV, Tragic Comedians; XVI, Diana of the Crossways; XVII, One of Our Conquerors; XVIII, Lord Ormont and His Aminta. Scribner. Sold by subscription.

Mills, W. J. The Girl I Left Behind Me; with pictures, etc., by J. Rae. Dodd, Mead.

Monnier, P. Venice in the Eighteenth Century. Boston: Badger. $3 net.
Nesbit, E. Harding's Luck. Stokes.
Paine, A. B. The Hollow Tree Snowed-In Book. Harper. $1.50.
Paradise, F. I. The Church and the Individual. Moffat, Yard. $1.50 net.
Peacock, T. L. Plays. Edited by A. B. Young. London: Nutt.
Phillips, S. Pietro of Siena: a Drama. Macmillan. $1 net.
Pisani, P. L'Église de Paris et la Révolution. Paris: Picard et Fils.
Pitman, B., and Howard, J. B. Business Letters, in Amanuensis Style. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co. 25 cents.
Posey, A. L. Poems. Topeka, Kas.: Crane & Co. $1.
Prudden, T. M. Dust and Its Dangers. Second ed. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Rand, G. H. Sherman Hale, the Harvard Half-Back. Fenno. $1.50.
Rawson, M. S. Bess of Hardwick and Her Circle. Lane Co. $5 net.
Report of the State Geologist for the Year 1909. Trenton, N. J.
Reynolds, S. Alongshore, Where Man and the Sea Face One Another. Macmillan. $1.20 net.
Rouge, Le P. H. The Favourites of Henry of Navarre. Boston: Badger.
Roy, L. E. The Seedlings' Harvest. Wessels & Bissell Co. $1.25.
Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. VIII. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.
Schmidt, F. Charlemagne. Trans. from the German by G. P. Upton. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Shakespeare First Folio Edition. Life and Death of King John; Richard the Second; Richard the Third. Edited by Charlotte Porter. 3 vols. Crowell.
Sheldon, S., and Hausmann, E. Dynamo Electric Machinery. Eighth edition. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Smith, E. B. Chicken World (drawings). Putnam.
Snaith, J. C. Mrs. Fitz. Moffat, Yard. $1.35 net.
Steele, F. M. The Beautiful Queen, Joanna I of Naples. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Stellmann, L. J. The Vanished Ruin Era: San Francisco's Classic Artistry of Ruin. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $2.50.
Stevenson's Inland Voyage, and Travels with a Donkey. Edited for school use. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Taylor, I. A. The Making of a King. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Thorpe, E. History of Chemistry. Vol. II. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Tilford, T., Hull, P., and others. King of the Plains: Stories of Ranch, Indian, and Mine. Harper. 60 cents.
Twain's Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Illustrated. Harper. $2 net.
Villari, P. Mediæval Italy. Scribner. $3.75 net.
Wales, H. The Wife of Col. Hughes. Stuyvesant Press. $1.50.
White, E. O. Brothers in Fur. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.
Whitman, S. F. Shorty and Patrick. Collier & Son.
Wiggin, K. D. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Holiday edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Wilder, N., jr. A Royal Tragedy. Fireside Publishing Co.
Williams, H. N. Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV. Scribner. $2 net.
Wood, M. B. A Trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Brandu's. $2 net.
Würdig, L. Prince Eugene. Trans. by G. P. Upton. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1910.

The Week.

That Roosevelt is "for Taft's renomination," and is acting on the belief that he "would do Taft more good by not praising him too much now and postponing this until later," is a bit of information that is presented to the public by the Washington *Star*, upon the authority, apparently, of one of the Colonel's most intimate friends. That Mr. Roosevelt is conscientiously carrying out the profound policy of helping Taft by "not praising him too much" is not to be denied; and the task of "postponing this until later" is evidently not straining his power of self-control to the breaking point. However, there are doubtless some—and Mr. Taft may be among them—who think that the Colonel carries the thing a little too far:

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?

Figures won't lie, even for political platforms. The New York Republican tariff plank, which Mr. Roosevelt did not write, and which the *Outlook* says that he could not have beaten even if he had fought it (was that the reason he didn't fight it?), declares that the Payne-Aldrich bill has "turned a national deficit into a surplus." In that case, somebody with a big or a little stick ought to get after the Secretary of the Treasury to ask him what has become of the money, for in the official statements he reports a deficit steadily increasing. To date in this fiscal year the shortage is about $25,000,000, this month's excess of expenditures over receipts being thus far fully $4,000,000, or just about what it was in October of 1908, before the Payne-Aldrich bill was heard of. The political figurers, we know, deduct the outlay on the Panama Canal from the ordinary expenditures. But even so, it has to be paid out of current receipts, and does not help the bookkeeping. And, besides, the outgo on that score has been less than $12,000,000 for the fiscal year, so that, even with that sum taken out, the deficit would be about $13,000,000. It is a sad thing that the party platform should thus be in conflict with the official figures, but there can be no doubt which is wrong.

What is there in a political campaign which leads lawyers to tell tales out of school and generally conduct themselves in a way which ordinarily would be called unprofessional? Just at present this State is echoing with charges and taunts addressed by lawyers of one party to lawyers of the other. And these accusations, be it noted, are not political, but relate to professional ethics. The sort of stories which the rival counsel in an important case meet at night to chaff each other about, or are made the subject of good-natured gossip at the club or in a law library, we are now hearing in political addresses. It seems to be thought that this professional backbiting can be elevated into a great public issue. But nothing can be more ineffective than such attacks and recriminations as are now wildly flying between lawyers in opposite political camps. "You used the knowledge gained as district attorney in order to make a lot of money as special counsel." "Nothing of the kind, but what about yourself taking a big fee from the Sugar Trust and then losing your case?" "Your firm was retained by the very banker whom you first took money from and then prosecuted criminally." All this can only be compared to small boys making faces at each other. It cannot make or change a single vote for any candidate. The only ones hurt by it are the lawyers who stoop to it. Some one of them ought to sue out an injunction on the whole process. The writ might be asked for on the ground that irreparable damage will be done, not only to the personal dignity of the disputants, but to their entire profession, unless it is issued.

In President Taft's visit to Ellis Island there was much to touch the imagination and to awaken emotions both humane and patriotic. Any such incident is sure to stimulate, both in the mind of the President himself and in that of the public, a fuller realization of what this great tide of immigration means both to millions of human beings aspiring to better conditions of life and to our own country as a whole. And there is one specific matter connected with our immigration system in regard to which there is reason to hope that the President's visit may prove to have a definite and beneficial result. From time to time, public attention is drawn to some case of peculiar hardship in the way of the actual or threatened separation of a child from its parents or a wife from her husband, owing to the application of hard-and-fast rules of exclusion. There should be a regular provision for the prevention of any such cruel result of general regulations. The regulations themselves may be entirely necessary, but the country's interests do not in the least require any such violation of the first principles of humanity as is involved in the cases we refer to. President Taft has interested himself in the question, and it is stated that a method for preventing their occurrence in the future is being devised.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock may well pride himself upon his administrative achievement in cutting down the postal deficit from $17,600,000 to $6,100,000, without, he states, any impairment of the efficiency of the service. This was done despite the opening of 1,500 new post offices and the establishment of 515 new rural delivery routes, the employment of several thousand additional clerks and carriers, and heavy increases in wages. The secret is that Mr. Hitchcock has been eliminating waste; and his success gives rise to the hope that another year may even see the department paying its way. At any rate, Mr. Hitchcock has earned the name of being the hardest working Cabinet official in Washington and of being genuinely devoted to his administrative tasks. Certainly, the opportunity in his department to make a record is of the best. Besides the proposed inclusion of the fourth-class postmasters within the civil service rules agreed to by Mr. Taft there are doubtless other similar reforms which would make for better financial returns. Then Mr. Hitchcock has had the courage to assail the abuse of Congressional franking, and has demanded that at least a special stamp be used by those who have the franking privilege. Who knows but he may compel Congress to decide the question of a parcels post

on its merits and without deference to the existing express companies?

The United States Civil Service Commission has issued an order, which is regarded as the most drastic ever put out by that body, forbidding active participation in political affairs by Government employees. In New York the Association to Prevent Corrupt Practices at Elections has issued an open letter addressed to chairmen, treasurers, members, and agents of political committees, and to candidates for election, reminding them of the provisions of the Corrupt Practices act, and warning them of the necessity of carefully reading the law and noting its requirements. Especially, it calls their attention to the fact that, in pursuance of the efforts of the Association, an amendment to that act was passed by the recent Legislature striking out the five-dollar limitation, so that every payment, large or small, to a worker, watcher, or messenger must be accounted for in the statement to be filed by committees and candidates. We are making progress toward a condition in which the safeguarding of elections against the corrupt use of money will be effective and thorough.

John K. Tener, the Republican candidate for Governor, after being called for the last twelve days a swindler and an associate of swindlers, has finally mustered up courage enough to swear out a warrant for the arrest, on the charge of criminal libel, of the editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, E. A. Van Valkenburgh. This Mr. Van Valkenburgh welcomes. He was ready to go into court on Monday, but Tener, being on the stump, asked that the hearing might be set for Friday. The candidate has issued another long but inconclusive rejoinder to the attacks upon him, and offers to pay back to any person who went into the Utilities Company because he was president, the amount of his investment. Tener also asserts that "certain interests are striving to induce some one to be the tool to issue for political effect a warrant for my arrest." All of this lends color to the Harrisburg rumor that Tener will find it necessary to withdraw. He ought to be compelled to withdraw. Whether his personal actions have or have not been beyond criticism, he has been shown to be the business associate of men of bad reputation, swindlers, and ex-convicts, and as such he is either too conscienceless or too innocent to be Governor of Pennsylvania. From reports that are now coming from Pennsylvania, it should appear that the voters have about made up their minds to this effect.

Among the eleven names which have just been added to the Hall of Fame the one which is likely to excite the most comment is that of Edgar Allan Poe. Some may still question his right to the honored place; but the great majority of thinking people will, we believe, sigh with relief that he has at length received his due. The fact is that only recently has discussion concerning Poe straightened itself into a clear issue. Estimates of his writings have been clouded by the thought of his strange life; and a desire to look charitably at irregularities of conduct has been checked by the haunting morbidity of his works. Fortunately, the celebration of the centenary of his birth did much to clear the air, when it was discovered that, strange though his manner of existence was, the very uncertainty of our knowledge of it has served to magnify faults; and, in the second place, that Poe's work had suffered undue censure largely because it did not fall in readily with the trend of other American literature. He was un-American, it is true, but within his narrow range he was preëminent.

The dedication and opening in New York of the new "meeting-house" of the Society for Ethical Culture form an event of civic importance not to be overlooked. It is not merely that a society devoted to ethical ideals and held together without a ritual, or an elaborate religious creed or an altar, finds itself, after nearly thirty-three years of existence, able to erect a home for itself. That it could have done, had it so chosen, years ago; as Dr. Felix Adler, its founder and head, stated at the dedication, funds for a temple of ethics were offered shortly after the Society was founded. It chose instead to spend of its means for other things than bricks and mortar, until it should have demonstrated that its teachings did fulfil the spiritual needs of its members, and that it was really to be a part of the higher life of the city. That was easily demonstrable; long ago the Society proved that it had other reasons for existence than the example and the eloquence of its founder. For his teachings have spread through the country, not with the amazing speed and rapid accumulation of wealth that marked the development of Mary Baker Eddy's private religious enterprise, but with that soberer, surer growth inevitable when the appeal is to reason rather than to emotion or passion.

The Ethical Society was early aware of its duty and responsibility to the city of New York, and in its school, which adjoins the building dedicated on Monday, it has given not only an example of a true democracy among its children —those of the rich and the very poor of all races sit side by side—but has carried moral teaching to an extent little dreamed of hitherto. It has brought to its service a rare corps of men and women who are dedicating their lives to an educational undertaking, no longer an experiment, the value of which cannot readily be over-estimated. It was only natural, therefore, that when the new meeting-house was planned, the directors of the Society should have thought of it from two points of view: as a tabernacle for their Sunday services, and as a civic centre. Hence it is that at the formal exercises of the meeting-house (an admirable name, admirably applied) there was a representative of the Mayor to help dedicate the structure to its civic purposes. It is to be, in brief, an up-town Cooper Union, a gathering-place, at slight cost, for groups of all kinds, a temple of the people. Men and women of all races are to be welcome here without question, we take it, save as to their honesty of purpose and devotion to the public welfare, with due regard to the primary character of the hall. Who would dare say how many a good cause will originate within its walls; what future Lincoln will there deliver his message from the West to the East as "Father Abraham" did in Cooper Union?

"Theatre evenings" are announced for Chicago business girls—they object to being known as "working girls"—by which several hundred of them in association will have the chance of seeing a play once a month from a good seat at a cost of from one-half to three-fourths of the regular rate. Arrange-

ments have been made with three of the city's playhouses for reserving seats for the first Tuesday evening of each month. While, in the present state of the stage, such an opportunity is not so valuable as might be desired, it certainly points in the right direction. The worst sufferers from high prices are, of course, those who have neither poverty nor riches, and for whom it is difficult in consequence to do anything. That the difficulty can, however, be greatly lessened by a tithe of the attention that is given to the less intelligent and self-sustaining, creates a social responsibility that we are surely going to hear more and more about, and not least in connection with cultural opportunities. The cost of living cannot always absorb attention that should go to the cost of life, nor the trials of professed poverty obscure the hardships of those who are concealing poverty.

The importance of laughter can hardly be overrated, but we confess to a lack of the inclination as we read the Chicago *Evening Post's* announcement of its "big broadside of sure-fire laughbringers every evening." Is real fun impossible apart from situations that produce only guffaws or disgust, depending on the kind of spectator? Is there no humor in incidents of the ordinarily refined home? But the real demoralization in such "wit" is that it is intended for the impressionable minds of children—we assume that they may be so called still. That at which one laughs is part of his culture. And even the poor argument of realism cannot be made for these mere burlesquings of life. If we seem to be taking such humor seriously, it is because it cannot be taken any other way. It is not amusing, but only one more labored attempt to create a laugh. When will arise a picture-maker whose reward will be a smile? And, finally, we cannot help wondering whether the "broadside" is the first significant result of the Chicago paper's reduction in price. We hope not.

Great political events seem to be preparing in England. Parliament is not in session, but the conference between Liberal and Conservative leaders has resumed its sittings, and the air is filled with rumors of mighty changes impending. It is quite clear that the conference committee has got beyond the mere question of the veto power of the House of Lords. Upon that matter alone it might not be possible to reach an agreement; yet if it were reckoned with as part of a larger scheme, the parties might come to an understanding. And the broad intimation is given that this more comprehensive plan has taken the form of a vast project for devolution of power—that is, for a system of home rule, not only for Ireland, but for Scotland and Wales as well—together with the possibility of an Imperial Federation in which the self-governing colonies may be represented.

That all this is not mere gossip many significant occurrences show. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, for example, had been announced to make an address before the Welsh Liberal Conference on "Federal Home Rule for Wales." But that engagement was suddenly cancelled. The inference was at once drawn, and it seems unavoidable, that the committee of conference desired to handle the question on which Mr. Lloyd George was to speak, without being embarrassed by what he might say in advance. Predictions as to what the conference will recommend are numerous. One is that a Royal Commission to look into the whole matter will be urged; but that would surely revive Salisbury's sarcasm about getting rid of difficult questions by referring them to Royal Commissions. Whatever the final official announcement of the findings of the conference, its tenor and reception will show whether there is to be a pause and a truce for constructive legislation, or a renewal of English party warfare more bitter than before.

A curious politico-financial scandal is looming up in Berlin. The Tempelhof Field, a well-known military parade-ground on the outskirts of the Prussian capital, has been sold by the Prussian War Department to the adjoining suburb of Tempelhof, in the face of the earnest protest of the city of Berlin, which offered to pay the same price, and wishes to preserve a great part of the field as a park. Real estate speculation and financial interests are suspected to be at the bottom of the matter, and it is stated that the press of the whole country is condemning the action of the War Department, and that the Prussian Minister of War may lose his official head as a consequence of the affair. Dishonesty or crookedness in public office is so rare in Germany that a scandal of this kind has a peculiar interest, apart from the particular matter involved. It will be extremely interesting to learn whether the thing is simply a case of vulgar every-day graft or is to be explained in other ways. The curious suggestion is made that the War Department was influenced, in refusing to deal with the Berlin City Council, by the fact that that body is controlled by the Radicals and Social Democrats, "to whom the existing order felt it could not afford to make anything savoring of concessions." A truly Junker-like idea of political wisdom; cut off the people's breathing space, and thus teach the Radicals and Social Democrats their place!

Reports that the European Powers are now planning to recognize simultaneously the republic in Portugal speak well for the impression of stability made by the new régime. It is a case where foreign governments are under no obligation to act with haste, yet neither should they delay so unduly as to warrant a suspicion of unfriendliness. The republican government at Lisbon is certainly *de facto* now, and whatever diplomatic business has to be transacted there is done with it. Formal recognition should soon follow, and in it we make no doubt that the United States will heartily join. Portugal under a republic must still be regarded as an experiment, but the Portuguese people are entitled to try it out under the most favorable conditions, and in them we must include official recognition of the new order by other nations. Events across the Spanish frontier are still carefully watched to see if the republican upheaval in Portugal will have an echo in Catalonia. Thus far there has been no outbreak except one of talk, but there are many who think that the two countries will in the end have common institutions. This is an old idea. So long ago as 1820 Robert Southey wrote of the then revolution in Portugal, that his uncle thought it would "end in annexing that country to Spain." Southey himself added: "This, I think, can only be accomplished by the further revolution of abolishing monarchy in both countries."

REPELLING INTELLIGENT VOTERS.

One of the remarkable features of this year's elections is the open desertion of their party by Republicans. It is not confined to New York city. The *Tribune's* correspondence from up the State is frank enough to admit that some life-long Republicans are nearly everywhere to be found who will vote for Dix. Nor is the thing to be seen in this State alone. In Massachusetts and Connecticut and Ohio the same phenomenon is encountered. It is most notable in New Jersey. There the nomination of Woodrow Wilson by the Democrats, with his brilliant campaigning, has confessedly detached thousands of Republican votes.

What is most striking about the matter is that these temporarily alienated Republicans peculiarly represent that intelligence for which it has been the boast of their party preëminently to stand. They are professional men, college men, leaders in their community. Mr. Roosevelt—rather boldly plagiarizing Mr. Bryan in this, too—declares that no business man opposes him unless from a desire to do crooked business. But the facts are notoriously otherwise. A multitude of steady-going, conservative merchants and bankers and manufacturers, who are of the precise kind which the Republican party has been proudest to point to in its membership, are this year going either not to vote or to support the Democratic ticket. Not since 1884 has anything like it been seen. The defection in his party caused by Blaine may have included more men feeling intensely on the moral issue involved than are forsaking the Republicans to-day, but all appearances indicate that the numbers of those now turning their back on their party are far greater. The whole is certainly a political occurrence of first-class importance.

The question is, how are the Republican managers proposing to meet this? In New Jersey there is no secret about their plans. They admit that a perfect avalanche of intelligent Republican and independent votes will be cast for Wilson, but they significantly say that there are ways of making up the desertion. The meaning is plain. Senator John Kean, who is fighting for reëlection, and the Republican organization can readily put their hands upon a large campaign fund. Their purpose is scarcely concealed to work upon approachable or venal Democrats. Nothing else can really be meant by their confident assertion that "there will be many Democratic votes for Lewis." To make good the loss of intelligent Republicans, Democrats of the baser sort will be enlisted. We do not know that such a scheme will be attempted in other States, though in them, also, the Republican orators make light of the driving away of men known for intellectual ability and high character. President Stryker of Hamilton College announces that he will vote for Dix as a protest against Rooseveltism, whereupon Mr. Roosevelt sneers at the opposition of "the worthy Stryker." The same orator's readiness to break with eminent men appeared in his speech of last Saturday, wherein he attacked Judge Baldwin of Connecticut, the Democratic candidate for Governor. Now, Judge Baldwin is in some respects the leading American jurist. We are informed that no American lawyer's work is better known abroad or his name held there in higher honor. And it is a startling thing that the man who aspires to lead the "party of intelligence" should be willing to utter hasty words against one of his country's intellectual ornaments, while at the same time snapping his fingers at, or grossly abusing, the college men, the lawyers, the men of the professions, the sober representatives of our best citizenship, whom his course is repelling from the Republican party.

Quite apart from the moral and patriotic aspects of the matter, a huge party blunder would be involved in this attitude, if persisted in. What we mean is that the Republican party cannot hope to make shouting take the place of ideas, cannot replace brains with appetites, cannot light-heartedly speed the departure of thinking and conscientious members in the confidence that their places will be more than occupied by those who have neither thoughts nor convictions. It is a general rule, illustrated again and again in the political history of England and of this country, that the conservative party—and such the Republican party has been for years—is not able to make up by enlargement at the bottom for losses at the top. All of Disraeli's cultivation of the "Young England" idea, and Lord Randolph Churchill's hot advocacy of a "Tory Democracy," came to as little as the attempt in the United States to balance conscientious Republicans by "Blaine Irishmen." The radical party, with an immense hold upon the common people, can manage to live on and show wonderful recuperative power even if, for a time, its leadership becomes contemptible and its proposals alarming. So we have seen the English Liberals keep up their organization and their spirit during long years of adversity and of exile, and return triumphant to power. So we have seen what is really the political marvel of the Democratic party retaining its hold upon millions of workingmen through a long period of disaster due to bad leadership and mistaken policies, and swift to seize the opportunity to reinstate itself. But this is not possible for a party such as the Republican has been. It is bound to strive to retain the respect of its best, or it will fall into defeat and decay. A party that makes especial appeal to the intellect cannot flout intellectual men except on pain of death. It may succeed for a time; it may survive under the old name though with the old spirit gone out of it; but the soul will be fled, and men will walk backward with averted gaze, as in the presence of great hopes brought low.

THE SQUARE DEAL.

Mr. Roosevelt's chief contribution to the New York campaign thus far has been his accusation, in a speech several days ago, that Mr. Dix, while professing opposition to monopolies and Trusts, was himself connected with a monopolistic Trust of the most odious kind, the Continental Wall Paper Company. To place the brand upon him effectually, he incorporated in his speech the words in which Judge Lurton, then a member of the Circuit Court of Appeals, expressed his condemnation of the character and objects of that company, as a device for suppressing competition. Nobody has come forward to defend the Continental Wall Paper Company, but in reply to a series of questions put to him by a lawyer on the Republican side, Mr. Dix published on Sunday morning a very clear and concise statement to the effect that he had had no connection with the Continental Company, nor any knowledge of its doings.

Nevertheless, in these things there may be something beneath the surface; a denial may be true in the letter, but

false in the spirit. It would, therefore, have been perfectly proper for Mr. Roosevelt to go deeper into the case if he thought fit; to set competent persons to work sifting it to the bottom, and after this had been done, if the results justified it, to repeat his accusation, accompanied with damning proof. But what did he actually do? He immediately reiterated the charge. "The statement of Mr. Dix is completely misleading," he declared; "either he knows nothing about what the company of which he is a director has been doing, or he is not frank in his answer." Mr. Dix had said in his statement, "I became a stockholder and a director of the Standard Wall Paper Company on June 17, 1907," and "I know nothing whatever about the Continental Wall Paper Company"; but this does not satisfy Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of the fact that the suit decided by Judge Lurton referred to transactions that took place in 1898 or 1899, and that the decision itself was rendered in 1905. The suit, says Mr. Roosevelt, "was prosecuted through by the Trust to the final decision by the Supreme Court in 1909, over a year and a half after Mr. Dix became a director of the Standard." And he goes on to use very contemptuous language about a man who "could for eighteen months be so wholly ignorant of what his partners were doing in his own private business."

Had Mr. Roosevelt not been so addicted to the custom of putting down all men as liars whom it was convenient for him to dispose of in that simple way, he would have waited till he knew something about the matter before declaring that Mr. Dix's first brief statement had been a cover for falsehood. Mr. Dix's full and detailed answer to the second attack leaves it without a leg to stand upon, and puts Roosevelt once more in the position of a reckless slanderer. The Standard Wall Paper Company, in which Mr. Dix is a small stockholder and a director, was formed in 1903, the company of the same name which had had relations with the Continental Wall Paper Company having gone out of existence. The new company "bought among other properties the plants and manufactured goods of the old Standard Company." In the first company—the one that was concerned in the Lurton decision—Mr. Dix never had any interest whatsoever; and "this second Standard Wall Paper Company," he goes on to state, "has never had any connection of any kind, direct or indirect, with any other company or any Trust; has carried on its business in open competition with all other manufacturers in the same line of business . . . without alliance, understanding, or agreement with any other company, any firm, or any individual." And he now demands, "as one American citizen of another," that Mr. Roosevelt make "the apology which one gentleman owes to another for even involuntary misrepresentation."

We hardly imagine that Mr. Dix entertains any expectation that Mr. Roosevelt will comply with this demand; at least, out of the scores of violent and reckless attacks he has made upon individuals of every kind, we cannot recall one instance in which he has felt moved to make reparation. In the matter of Judge Baldwin, which is just now also demanding the Colonel's attention, the result may be different; for here it is no general apology that is demanded, but the disavowal of a palpable misstatement as to Judge Baldwin's judicial views, occurring in the report of one of Roosevelt's speeches in New Hampshire. Now, there is nothing to which Mr. Roosevelt makes so clamorous a claim of exclusive ownership as to the doctrine of the square deal. And yet it is precisely the violation of that doctrine in his own personal dealings that is continually coming up to trouble him. Surely no man of high public station in our time has had a tithe of the number of ugly affairs of this kind to his account. One thinks immediately of the Panama *coup*, of the alliance with the Democratic Senators in the railway bill, of the Harriman campaign contribution affair, of the Bellamy Storer business, of the Brownsville ukase, of the Henry M. Whitney matter. Who can make out the list—and who can match it?

The truth is that in Mr. Roosevelt's crusade of the square deal, regarded as a moral agitation, there has all along been one vital deficiency. It has been essentially a stirring up of people to indignation over the sins of other people, not to contrition over their own. The one way to make up for this deficiency—the one way to give the movement depth as well as sweep, to make it a real awakening and not a mere commotion—Mr. Roosevelt has never seen fit to adopt. Whatever he may have done to enforce the square deal upon others, he has never shown that he felt it binding upon himself. Who can point to a case in which the stern application of the doctrine of the square deal was inconvenient to himself, and yet he did not flinch? It is others who must rigorously apply the law in the case of their own friends and adherents; his Paul Morton must not be touched. It is others who must refrain from making false charges and whose least inaccuracies place upon them the brand of Ananias; he must be left free to charge what he pleases and to repudiate or deny any oral utterance that it does not suit him to acknowledge. Be his motives and ideals as lofty as the most enthusiastic of his votaries believe, his methods are such as we have described. But the square deal is not a matter of motives and ideals; it is a matter of a man's specific actions day after day, or it is nothing.

"THE LIBERTY TO STARVE."

One of the great facts of life which the Socialist always fails to understand, or never fails to misconstrue, is that liberty, like everything else worth having, has its perils and its penalties. "That is not true liberty," says he, "which may mean, and sometimes does mean, merely the liberty to starve." But no other conception of liberty is possible. It always and everywhere means liberty to starve or to suffer worse evils. Liberty to travel sometimes means the liberty to get smashed in a wreck; liberty to eat what one likes sometimes means liberty to get indigestion; liberty to start in business for one's self sometimes means the liberty to become bankrupt. The only way to prevent these evils is to forbid men to travel, to supervise their diet, and dictate to them the occupations they shall enter and direct them in those occupations. But such regulations would be subversive of liberty, and no person could, with a straight face, maintain that they were not. Any scheme of regulation which would prevent poverty would be equally subversive of liberty.

No socialistic scheme has ever been evolved, even on paper, which could leave consumers free to spend their money or labor checks or other purchasing power as they liked, and at the same time leave producers free to en-

ter such occupations as they chose. The problem of adjusting supply to demand has never been solved by any Socialist, possibly for the reason that no Socialist has seen that there was such a problem to be solved. As a matter of fact, there are only two ways of adjusting supply to demand and of distributing workers among the different occupations. One is to leave men to choose for themselves what they will produce, or what occupations they will enter, knowing that if they misjudge the demand and make the wrong choice it means failure, while if they make the right choice it means success. Under this arrangement the penalty for the wrong or the reward for the right choice goes to the one who makes it. The one most interested is therefore made to feel the consequences. If too many men go into one occupation and too few into another, it is a bad distribution, and therefore a waste, of human energy. The penalizing of those who have gone into the overcrowded, and the rewarding of those who have gone into the undercrowded, occupation tends to bring about a redistribution, and therefore a greater economy, of human energy.

The line of rational and effective social reform is to render it as easy as possible for men to make this transfer, to redistribute themselves, to get out of the poorly-paid and into the well-paid occupations. This can be done most effectively by placing before our growing youths all possible educational opportunities whereby they may acquire the training and skill which will fit them for those occupations where men are scarce and well paid. But even then, if there is to be anything resembling liberty, a certain number will refuse to avail themselves of these opportunities, and they must pay the penalty. Such is liberty, and such is justice.

The other method is to determine production and distribute men among the different occupations by authority: to say to this man, work here; to that man, work there. Whatever the name of the supervising agency, it would, in reality, be our boss. It would have to determine whether men were distributing themselves in such a way as to meet the demand, and if it found that they were not, it would have to redistribute them by sheer authority. Otherwise, it would have to determine whether consumers were demanding things in the proportions in which the producers preferred to supply them, and, if it found that they were not, force them to change their consumption. If they wanted more than was to be had of a certain product, it would be easy to say to them, "You can't have any more"; but if they did not want as much of another as was actually being produced, it would not be so easy to manage. The authority might lighten the work, or reduce the hours of the workers in this particular field, but that would only aggravate the evil by making it more attractive, and leading men to desert other fields where they were needed more. Another method would be to lengthen the hours of those who were working when too much was being produced, and thus make that field of production so unattractive as to induce men to desert it. This might be effective, but it would look awkward to say to a group of men, "You are producing more than is needed; therefore, you must work harder and longer." If a political campaign were waged on that issue it is not difficult to predict the result. The final result of all such methods of adjustment would be, if men were left free to choose their own occupations, that the authority would be compelled by decree to penalize those occupations which seemed to be attracting too many men, by reducing their wages and correspondingly increasing the rewards where more men were needed. But that is the very thing which is done under competition, and the workers would say, "Away with Socialism. It is no better than the competitive system."

What would the Socialist do then? There would be only one thing for him to do: that is, to redistribute men by authority. Since every man's position under Socialism would be a public position, the men against whom this authority would be wielded would always be those commanding the least political influence, or in the position of being able to make the least political fuss.

Such a scheme might effectually prevent poverty, as it might prevent dyspepsia by enforcing scientific dietetics; but it would destroy anything even resembling liberty. It is not likely that any considerable part of the world will ever choose, knowingly, to give up liberty, even though by so doing they might eliminate poverty, for liberty is, to most men, a holy thing. However, it is doubtful if there is anything truly holy which has not something of the terrible in it. Liberty is the holiest, and, at the same time, the most terrible thing in the world.

A WRITER OF NEW ENGLAND.

Sarah Orne Jewett's tales and novels have been issued in seven peculiarly neat little volumes, which seem to reflect the delicate charm of the writer's work. These collected editions of an author that one has been reading for years in the magazines have sometimes a pleasant way of confirming and clarifying an opinion that has been floating vaguely in the mind. What was before ephemeral in the very nature of things, now appears to the eye as if dressed for an age of endurance. In external form at least it is not different from the eternal books, and one looks into it a little more seriously for its meaning.

Now, one has always felt that Miss Jewett's characteristic note was the spirit of "Cranford," modified a little by New England weather, and the reading together of five of these new volumes (so far, good type has lured us over old paths) has strengthened this feeling, and added certain questions. Why is this Cranfordian manner so much more successfully followed in the two longish novels, "Deephaven" and "Country of the Pointed Firs," than in the short tales? And why is the third novel, "A Country Doctor," so much less interesting than the other two? A half-way answer to both questions has come to us with the questions themselves as we have read these volumes. It is the curious inability shared by Miss Jewett with the Brahmin writers of New England fiction generally to make passion or action real and vital. States of mind they can describe; the conscience of an individual or of a people they can analyze; characters petrified into some tragic or exquisitely pathetic or tender reminiscence they can make real; an aspect of nature they can portray as delicately as the human mood of which it seems a shadow; but in passion and action they have almost always failed. So one thinks of the twilight of passive reflection that broods over Whittier's "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal"; of the mistiness of grief in Longfellow's European tales and the remoteness, as of a

holiday remembered from boyhood, of "Kavanagh"; of the amateurishness of Oliver Wendell Holmes's novels; of the magical glamour of Hawthorne, which to some readers conveys his world of people into a land where morality is only a sombre reminiscence and to others seems only inhumanity and bloodlessness; of the idyllic beauty of the first chapters of Donald G. Mitchell's "Dr. Johns" and the sad inefficiency of the closing chapters when a breath of the rude, passionate world breaks into the pastor's life. Always we have the idyllic beauty of a scene that is petrified into motionlessness, and human moods in which the active passions remain as an echo from a remote distance.

And so in "Deephaven" and the "Country of the Pointed Firs," which attempt no story in the proper sense of the word, but portray the very soul of fading villages on the sea and the life of people who move as if the motive fire in their hearts had long ago been covered over with ashes, Miss Jewett has almost rivalled the charm of "Cranford," would quite have rivalled that charm, one feels, if she had only Mrs. Gaskell's constructive genius. On the other hand, in "A Country Doctor," as soon as we get beyond first idyllic chapters and enter into the struggles and ambitions of the heroine, there is a flagging of interest and a sense of half-life; the passion and the action are unreal, almost as if imagined in the study of a school-girl. And this same lack mars many of the short stories. Even when these attempt to convey only a mood or a glimpse into dream-life, they are less successful than the longer idyls. They lack at once the point and dramatic situation needed in the short story and the cumulative friendliness, so to speak, of long association.

Why should this be? New England in actual life has certainly not been wanting in efficiency, from the days when the settlers hewed the forests and subdued the Indians. Whittier, whose novel is the least vital, the grayest, of all, was himself an actor in one of the great dramas of the world, and played no ignoble dreamer's part. Even Hawthorne showed himself, when he tried, capable of filling the office of consul in a busy port and of plotting to make out of the place all there was in it. There is some curious psychological point here, a question in answer to our questions, in good Yankee fashion, which other readers may find less tantalizing than we have found it. Some philosopher may tell us the meaning of these things.

Meanwhile, in her own world, what rare and exquisite entertainment Miss Jewett has provided. Perhaps only one who has himself been baptized in the still waters of New England faith can feel the perfect fascination of these people that move about so pathetically and speak with so subtle a humor in the village of "Deephaven" and in the towns and fields and islands of the "Country of the Pointed Firs." Who is so immersed in the passionate game of life that he cannot for a while give his heart to Mrs. Todd, the quaint herb-woman and philosopher of the flowers, and to her mother and brother, the brave and beautiful hermits of Green Island?—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit.

If the lives of these people seem very still, they are able somehow to arouse a strange warmth of friendship.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, October 12.

The well-known Norwegian novelist, Johan Bojer, has published a new drama called "Kjærlighetens öine" (The Eyes of Love), which has attracted a good deal of attention. Opinions about it have been greatly divided, however; some Danish authors have not found words strong enough to express their admiration, whereas other critics give it only meagre appreciation. The drama is founded on the theme of an old fairy-story. A young and beautiful princess, the loveliest maiden in all the world, spreads sunshine around her and is loved by everybody; then, by an accident, she loses her beauty and loveliness, and everybody hates her—except one, and he is blind and remembers her as she was before. He loves her as he always did, and his love gives her back her beauty, while her love restores him to sight. So far the fairy-story. In my opinion, the author has succeeded in creating from this tale a drama which ranks high in the literature of the northern countries. It may be true that the work has many, and even serious, shortcomings, as, for instance, the introduction of several superfluous and tedious characters; it is true, also, that the language is often inconsistent and awkward; nevertheless the drama contains so many strong and beautiful scenes and the chief persons are so vividly drawn, that it leaves on the mind an impression not easily obliterated. The play is shortly to be performed at the theatres in Norway and Denmark.

Knut Hamsun, the author of "Sult" (translated into English under the title of "Hunger"), recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary and on that occasion was greeted by native and foreign critics as the foremost Norwegian literary man of the present day. The Austrian critic, Carl Morburger, composed an essay on the poet which was translated into Norwegian and attracted widespread interest. It is written in an easy style, and deals less with the facts of Hamsun's life than with an analysis of his ideas and criticism of his literary methods. Of particular interest is the critic's mention of Hamsun's unpublished drama, "Livet ivold" (In the Power of Life), which appears early in November and is to be performed at the principal theatres of Norway, Denmark, Russia, and Germany immediately after the publication. Mr. Morburger has read the drama and is filled with admiration for the work. "Hamsun has here seized a world-comprising problem," he says, "men's fight against life and life's far more terrible fight against men. This impersonal thing, life that fights, he has seized in all its appalling splendor." Since the death of Björnson Hamsun is regarded as the great chieftain of Norwegian literature, and the publication of his new drama this autumn will probably prove one of the most interesting events of a literary character which has occurred in this country for a good many years.

In connection with the mention of Hamsun's forthcoming dramatic work it may be proper to call attention to a new drama by another prominent Norwegian writer, Gunnar Heiberg. The title is "I frihetens bur" (In the Cage of Liberty), and the work will be published some time in the autumn. Mr. Heiberg has not written anything since 1904, when his three-act drama, "Kjærlighedens tragedie" (The Tragedy of Love) made such a deep impression both in reading and on the stage.

The famous Swedish poet, Gustaf Fröding, recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday, and as in the case of Hamsun, the event gave rise to the writing of a short study of his life and work. The author's name is Ruben G. Berg, and the essay is one in the series called "Svenskar" (Swedes), published by the firm of Bonniers, at Stockholm. It is written in an interesting manner and is filled with admiration for Fröding's literary talent. Gustaf Fröding is one of the finest lyric poets Sweden has ever produced, and his songs from Vermland are among the most exquisite productions of the world's poetry. His greatest gifts are his easy and musical rhythm and his skill in creating original and harmonious verbal combinations. He has also a pronounced vein of humor. Among his works there are some, however, dealing with social and psychological problems, which at one time met with severe disapproval on the ground of

indecency. This criticism was later found to be absolutely absurd, and all now agree in praising his deeper and more serious writings for their thought and beauty. Fröding has not written anything for a number of years, as an inherited mental disease has almost completely darkened his mind. He lives in a little country house in the immediate neighborhood of Stockholm; he has laid down his pen, probably forever, but his lyrics are sung and loved by all who bear the Swedish name. The biographical essay by Berg gives a clear portrait of the poet, and may be recommended to everybody who desires a fuller knowledge of Fröding's life and work. The price of the volumes of this series is only kr. 1.50 (about 40 cents). Other biographies in the series are: Carl von Linné, Selma Lagerlöf, Verner von Heidenstam, Ellen Key, Karl XIV Johan, etc.

Another Swedish biography of interest is Paul Meijer-Grangvist's life of the famous Swedish king, "Carl X Gustaf." It is written in pleasant and easy style and displays a great deal of enthusiasm for the king who, by his victorious wars in Russia and Denmark, added so many fertile and valuable provinces to the Sweden of his day. The essay does not count more than 140 pages, but the author succeeds in giving very complete information concerning King Carl's life and personality, and his importance to Sweden.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The twenty-fourth annual volume of J. H. Slater's "Book-Prices Current," recording prices paid for books at English auctions from October, 1909, to July, 1910, is just published (London: Eliot Stock). The season has been a rather commonplace one in London, no library or collection which could be called a first-class one having come into the auction room for dispersal, and the average price of the selection of 9,584 lots deemed worthy of inclusion in the record being £2 9s. 1d. This is the lowest average since 1896 (excepting 1900, when it was £2 6s. 2d.). The average of last year kept up by the Amherst sale was £3 11s. 10d. The highest average was that of 1907, £4 4s. 2d. for each lot recorded. We do not know the exact system followed by Mr. Slater in calculating this average price. Autograph letters with a few exceptions are not included. In two or three cases, though not fully described, they are mentioned, the most notable one being the sale on April 25 last of a collection made up of correspondence, chiefly addressed to W. Blathwayt, Secretary of State and Commissioner for Trade and Plantations, relative to the colonies during the last quarter of the seventeenth century, which brought as one lot £8,650. This great sum, probably the largest price ever paid at public sale for a single lot in the book auction room, would have gone far towards keeping up the average had it been included. In the same sale a collection of maps, partly manuscript, brought £690. This is described in extenso, and was undoubtedly included by Mr. Slater in the total used for calculating his average.

We notice that the manuscript of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," which sold for the low price of £75 on June 16, is described as in Sheridan's own autograph, although it was admitted at the time of sale to be a transcript by some unknown hand.

"The Production of the Printed Catalogue" is the title of a little volume by Alex. J. Philip, just published by Robert Atkinson, London. Although it treats primarily and principally of the catalogue of the public or circulating library, it contains suggestions which will be found useful to the owner or librarian of a private library who is preparing a catalogue, whether to be printed or kept in manuscript. It is the first of a contemplated series of Library Technical Manuals. The second, in preparation, will be "The Business of Bookbinding."

The James T. Mitchell collection of prints seems to be without limit. Part x of the catalogue, describing his collection of engraved portraits of beautiful women, actors, musicians, etc. (1,219 lots), is sent out by Stan. V. Henkels, Philadelphia. It contains a number of fine reproductions, including a frontispiece printed in colors. The sale will take place November 4 and 5.

On November 1 and 2 the Anderson Auction Company will sell the library collected by John and William Waddle of Chillicothe, O. The larger portion relates to the history of Ohio and the Northwest Territory. Some notable Western books included are: M'Afee's "History of the Late War in the Western Country" (Lexington, Ken., 1816), Metcalf's "Narratives of Indian Warfare" (Lexington, 1821), Harris's "Journal of a Tour Northwest of the Alleghany Mountains" (Boston, 1805), Carver's "Travels," first edition (London, 1778), and Wither's "Chronicles of Border Warfare" (Clarksburgh, Va., 1831).

On November 1 and 2 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection of Americana, including sections on the American Revolution, John Brown, California, the Early West, Indians, Lincoln, New York, and the War of 1812. On November 3 they offer a collection of first editions of English and American authors, among them Richard Jefferies, Andrew Lang, Thoreau, Henry James, Joel Chandler Harris, and others. On November 4 they sell a miscellaneous collection.

On November 2 and 3 C. F. Libbie & Co. in Boston will hold a sale of miscellaneous books, including American periodicals, civil war literature, etc.

Correspondence.

ROOSEVELT AND THE AVERAGE MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not wish to reply to all of Mr. Franklin T. Hammond's article on Rooseveltism in your issue of September 29, but there is a question put by him which I should like to answer. He asks:

> May not the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's hold on the "people" is so strong be itself significant to prove that the Rooseveltian views are really and vitally, and not apparently, entertained by the "average American"?

To answer this question yes or no, depends on one's estimation of Mr. Roosevelt. My knowledge of history and of Mr. Roosevelt's figure therein compels me to answer no. The people—the average Frenchman, to adopt what utility may repose in Mr. Hammond's phrase—of Napoleon's country believed in him and doubtless thought he had an eye single to their welfare, when they made him Consul for life. (Parenthetically, no one now believes that Mr. Roosevelt craves kingly power.) Yet Bourrienne, who saw more of Napoleon during the first twelve years of his career than any other person, not excepting Napoleon's wife, says that the "Little Corporal" had his eye on the throne all the while, and was merely playing the part of a Republican, and that all his public acts were done after deliberate calculation of what effect each would have on his prospects of attaining the kingly station.

Average Americans will likely consider the man behind the policies they are asked to adopt. And while "we all grow," as Mr. Hammond observes as a seemingly intended palliation of Mr. Roosevelt's inconsistencies, yet the many books I have opened on Lincoln have not shown me that he had either stated things to be as they were not or had been accused of so doing and then, to raise a self-shielding cloud, had vociferated the "short and ugly word" at his accuser.

If Mr. Hammond will quit the company, for a brief span, of those who "smell of fried things," he can ascertain that many discerning persons have recently entirely reconstructed their opinions of Rooseveltism. He will find the "deadly parallel" column is appearing all over the land. On his jaunt in the open Mr. Hammond can also learn that the people—the lovely common people—are fast coming to believe that Taft is right, that he has the dignity needed in the Presidency, is fully possessed of the ability, and will do things, if the hysterically obsessed will support his pilotage of the ship of state instead of scurrying fore and aft to interpret the movements of an acrobatic politician. Let Mr. Hammond do what his average American is doing—compare what President Taft has accomplished during the short time he has had office with what any other President accomplished in a like period.

If the good book is right in saying, In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, then the man who habitually spurns counsel can hardly be called safe—though he may be sane.

S. ROSS PARKER.

Seattle, Wash., October 19.

PROBABILISM AND THE JESUITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter, which appears in your issue of October 13, "S. D." states that "Rome consistently condemned the teaching [Tutiorism] that there is an obligation under pain of sin to take the so-called safer course when the law, which alone creates the obligation of conscience, has no certain application in the case." This is the truth, but not the whole truth. There are laws which bind to the safer course, *v. g.*, the obligation of receiving the sacraments. Perhaps the most notable instance in recent times was that of Cardinal Newman, whose Anglican orders were looked upon as of doubtful validity and who there-

fore received Catholic orders conditionally. This, too, in spite of Tract xc. Day after day Pius X follows the *partem tutiorem* in handling the modernists. The chance—aye even the hope—that the person under suspicion will be faithful to the church counts for nothing. The name of such persons is legion. The latest instance is that of the historian Duchesne, president of the French School at Rome, and recently elected a member of the Institute. As long as his history of the ancient church was in French, Rome overlooked it. But when an Italian translation is announced, Duchesne becomes suspect, his orthodoxy questioned, and himself cited to appear before—whom? The Jesuit Billot, one of the writers of the Encyclical on Modernism, who boasted that he had taught theology for twenty years and his students knew not that there was a Biblical question. Surely, in Duchesne's case we have the safer course, with a vengeance. Again in Tyrrell's case the Jesuits followed the safer course. No doubt Tyrrell would have lived and died a Jesuit if left alone.

Further, "S. D." writes: "The only weight which casuists attach in uncertainties of conscience to the 'opinion endorsed by one learned teacher' or by many, is the probability added to the original reasonableness of the opinion," etc. This, too, is true, but it is not the whole truth. There are casuists and casuists, from the professed theologian to the child first kneeling in the confessional. Now, Pius IX decreed that every opinion of Liguori may be safely followed, and that by every person interested. One may walk after the founder of the Redemptorists contrary even to his own conviction. But he must use a "reflex judgment," as theologians term it. Now, this may result from the weight of Liguori's name without even the remotest thought of "the original reasonableness of the opinion." Again, a person may count heads. For example, a question of conscience is up: four theologians teach that a given course is permissible, while three deny it; a probabilist will follow the majority, led by the force of numbers alone. Even if six were opposed, and but one in favor, the party interested may follow that one, as Jesuit theologians, notably Ballerini, teach.

If, as "S. D." writes, it be an historical commonplace that Jansenist rigor led to the French Revolution, Orestes Brownson, the greatest of all American Catholic writers, laid it at the door of the Jesuits. And "S. D." to the contrary notwithstanding, Liguori, as far as Moral Theology goes, must be counted with the Jesuits; for his work is a copious commentary of the Moral Theology of the Jesuit Busenbaum, whose text he reprinted and marked off by inverted commas.

The history of probabilism is yet to be written. It is my own conviction that probabilism has in great measure created among the Latin races that hatred of the church, specially towards monks, friars, including Jesuits, and nuns, which is so widespread. By a deft use of probabilism, nearly everything is condoned. When, age after age, this practice is inoculated into a people, it must leave consequences, of which one seems to be contempt for its teachers. In conclusion, we are inclined to think that probabilism had its formal beginnings in the procedure of the Roman courts. J. R. S.

New York, October 17.

THE EXCAVATION OF CYRENE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some months ago the Ottoman Government granted to the Archæological Institute of America a firman for the excavation of Cyrene. The project had received the authorization of the Council of the Institute at the meeting in Baltimore in December, 1909; and the prompt issue of the firman seemed to augur well for the undertaking. A preliminary reconnaissance was made in May and June, 1910. This was fruitful in results, and it is expected that within a month the work of excavation will be commenced. A cablegram received today from Malta brings word that the first installment of supplies for the expedition has been successfully landed. As there is no good harbor in the vicinity of the site, Mr. Allison V. Armour placed his yacht at the service of the undertaking for the transportation of supplies as well as of the staff; a landing can be made in calm weather by means of small boats.

The excavation of Cyrene was proposed by Charles Eliot Norton, the first president of the Institute, among the earliest projects, but until recently conditions have not been favorable. To defray the cost of the work in its earlier stages the sum of fifteen thousand dollars a year for three years has been subscribed or pledged by members of the Institute; one-third of the whole amount was contributed by Mr. James Loeb. The direction of the undertaking was placed in the hands of a commission consisting of Mr. A. V. Armour, New York; Mr. Arthur Fairbanks of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; and Mr. D. G. Hogarth of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The Commission appointed Mr. Richard Norton director of the field operations. The commissioners recently met in Paris to pass upon the last questions of policy before the work should commence.

The site of Cyrene lies at the edge of a high plateau in the northern part of the province of Barca, between Tripoli and Egypt. The ruins are covered with soil to only a moderate depth. Since the devastation of the region the site has been protected by its inaccessibility; it has been without permanent inhabitants for centuries. According to all evidence now available, the excavation of few Greek cities might be expected to yield more of value and human interest.

Francis W. Kelsey.

Ann Arbor, Mich., October 14.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The expedition undertaken by the Archæological Institute of America for the excavation of ancient Cyrene has already born fruit in the discovery of important Greek ruins which apparently mark the site of an offshoot from Cyrene itself. When in Bengazi last May, the director of the expedition, Mr. Richard Norton, was informed by Arabs that ruins existed at a place called Messa, not noted on any map. When the party reached Merdj, a guide was procured, who professed to know the way to Messa from Sheriz, a station on the Derna-Merdj-Bengazi telegraph line. On June 14 the party left Sheriz, following a wooded gorge three miles to the east, then proceeding northeast two miles up hill and four miles farther over rolling country to Messa.

On this site Mr. Norton reports as follows:

The ruins of Messa lie at the edge of the same plateau as those of Cyrene. The most important spring is in a hollow, surrounded by quantities of square-cut blocks and traces of buildings. The extensive ruins on the high ground west, north, and east of the spring include quarries, in which are many rock-cut tombs, large free-standing sarcophagi and built tombs, and platforms of buildings. Of the two clearly marked roads one leads north toward the sea, the second leads eastward toward the Sawiya Beda, the Marabout of Sidi Raffa, and so on to Cyrene, which it enters from the southeast. The distance from Messa to the fountain of Cyrene is about fifteen miles, and for the greater part of the way the road is clearly marked either by tombs and buildings at the sides or by the presence of the actual road bed. There can be no doubt that this was a main highway from Cyrene to the west, and that Messa was an important offshoot of Cyrene. The character of the remains indicates that Messa was a Greek city, and inhabited at least as early as the fourth century B. C.

Messa was visited in 1909 by representatives of the Jewish Territorial Organization, but the published report makes no reference to the nature of the remains. The outline map and the photographs obtained by Mr. Norton, as well as the description already quoted, indicate the importance of the site; and it is to be hoped that the Archæological Institute may procure the right to excavate it in connection with the work at Cyrene itself. Arthur Fairbanks.

Berlin, October 3.

POE'S BALLOON HOAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the interest excited by Walter Wellman's recent attempt to cross the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon, Edgar Allan Poe's famous "balloon hoax" deserves some notice. In that remarkable canard, which first appeared in the New York *Sun* of April 13, 1844, Poe announced the arrival near Charleston, S. C., of a party of English aeronauts who had crossed the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon in the short space of seventy-five hours.

With all of Poe's well-known scientific interest, it is not surprising that he was interested in aerostation, as it was then generally called, but the extent of his knowledge and use of the aeronautical literature of his time has, I believe, never been carefully investigated. In 1844 and thereabouts there was great interest in aeronautics, and several aeronauts, especially Charles Green and John Wise, the most prominent balloonists in England and America, respectively, had proposed to try crossing the Atlantic.

Poe, however, in narrating the voyage of his party of aeronauts, depended chiefly upon the account by Monck Mason of an actual balloon trip made by Charles Green, Monck Mason, and Robert Holland in November, 1836. These three started from Vauxhall, London, on November 7, and landed the next day near Weilburg, in the German duchy of Nassau. Soon after the trip, Monck Mason published his narrative: "Account of the late Aeronautical Expedition from London to Weilburg, accomplished by Robert Holland, Esq., Monck Mason, Esq., and Charles Green, Aeronaut." It was first published in London in 1836 by F. C. Westley, and was reprinted in New York in 1837

by "Theodore Foster, Easement Rooms corner of Pine-Street and Broadway." The American edition is the only one I have been able to examine, but it was probably Poe's source. His mistake in giving the date of the trip from London to Weilburg as 1837 may be due to confusion with the date of the imprint.

Poe's use of the account is shown by a comparison of certain passages in the two accounts, the references being to the American edition of Mason and to Harrison's Virginia edition of Poe, volume five. In speaking of the use of coal gas for inflation, instead of the hydrogen gas formerly employed, they say:

Up to the period of that discovery, the process of inflation was one, the expense of which was only to be equalled by its uncertainty; two and sometimes three days of watchful anxiety have been expended in the vain endeavours to procure a sufficiency of hydrogen to fill a balloon, from which, on account of its peculiar affinities, it continued to escape. . . . I allude to the superior facility with which the latter (coal gas) is retained in the balloon, owing to the greater subtlety of the particles of hydrogen, and the strong affinity which they exhibit for those of the surrounding atmosphere. *In a balloon sufficiently perfect to retain its contents of coal gas unaltered in quality or amount for* the space of *six months, an equal quantity of hydrogen could not be maintained in equal purity* for an equal number of weeks.—Mason, p. 7 and note.	Up to his discovery, the process of inflation was not only exceedingly expensive, but uncertain. Two, and even three days, have frequently been wasted in futile attempts to procure a sufficiency of hydrogen to fill a balloon, from which it had great tendency to escape, owing to its extreme subtlety, and its affinity for the surrounding atmosphere. *In a balloon sufficiently perfect to retain its contents of coal gas unaltered, in quality or amount, for six months, an equal quantity of hydrogen could not be maintained in equal purity* for six weeks.—Poe, pp. 229. 230.

In the description of the guide rope or equilibrator, a device Mason, Poe, and Wellman all united in using, there is equal similarity:

The progress of the guide rope being delayed to a certain extent by its motion over the more solid plane of the earth's surface, while the movement of the balloon is as freely as ever controlled by the propelling motion of the wind, it is evident that the direction of the latter when in progress, must ever be in advance of the former; a comparison therefore of the relative positions of these two objects by means of the compass, must at all times indicate the exact direction of her course; while with equal certainty, an estimate can at once be obtained of the velocity with which she is proceeding, by observing the angle formed by the guide rope, and the vertical axis of the machine. . . . When the rope is dependent perpendicularly, no angle of course is formed, and the machine can be considered as perfectly stationary, or at least endowed with a rate of motion too insignificant to be either appreciable or important.—Mason, p. 10, note.	The rope drags, either on sea or land, while the balloon is free; the latter, consequently, is always in advance, when any progress whatever is made: a comparison, therefore, by means of the compass, of the relative positions of the two objects, will always indicate the course. In the same way, the angle formed by the rope with the vertical axis of the machine, indicates the velocity. When there is no angle—in other words, when the rope hangs perpendicularly, the whole apparatus is stationary; but the larger the angle, that is to say, the farther the balloon precedes the end of the rope, the greater the velocity; and the converse.—Poe, p. 232.

Other similarities between the two accounts are in the various contrivances carried, particularly a coffee warmer using slacked lime; the carrying of passports directed to all parts of the continent of Europe, and the sudden explosions during the trip, caused, as each explain, by the changes in temperature. Everything, indeed, indicates that Poe depended very largely on Mason's narrative, even retaining at times some of his very phrases.

WALTER B. NORRIS.

U. S. Naval Academy, October 21.

ANCIENT COLLEGE LIFE IN THE ARGENTINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Judging by the recent discussions relating to the work done by college students, one might suppose that the students of the present day were peculiarly prone to neglect the pursuit of learning. We condemn athletics, particularly intercollegiate athletics, because they attract the student's mind from his work. We condemn members of the faculty because they make his work too hard or too dull. We search heaven and earth to find out why it is that our present methods of teaching are not successful. And we continually imply that the problem before us is a new one, due to the distractions of life in the twentieth century.

It may comfort some distressed instructors to read what Professor Moses wrote a year or two ago regarding one of the most ancient universities in America, the University of Cordova, in the Argentine. The period under discussion is the seventeenth century:

> The students gave little or no attention to any subjects except those on which they were to be examined for their degrees. They passed from one course to another with a very imperfect knowledge of the subjects supposed to constitute a necessary introduction to the course before them. When they found themselves near the final examination, a few undertook to repair their deficiencies by assiduous effort, but the majority found that the career of a scholar had not the attractions they fancied, and turned away to other pursuits. The evil of this state of things clearly demanded correction, and this was attempted, in 1680, by lengthening the course to ten months, and insisting on attendance. Annual examinations were established three years later, and it became necessary to pass them with approval in order to be advanced to the succeeding courses. This tightening of the lines of discipline led to acts of insubordination on the part of the students. That in an institution of learning they should be required to listen to lectures and pass examinations seemed to them an interference with their rights as students, and they instituted a rebellion. The *claustro*, however, firmly supported the other authorities, and the two leaders of the rebellion were expelled and order restored.

There is something painfully familiar about all this. Can it be that we are witnessing in these early twentieth century days a reincarnation of seventeenth century Argentina? Anyhow, it is pleasant to think those old Jesuit fathers had the courage of their convictions. One reason for their temerity may have been that the boys' mothers were not likely to rush into print with a wholesale condemnation of university methods.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

New Haven, Conn., October 20.

Literature.

CIVIL WAR STUDIES.

The War of Secession, 1861-1862: Bull Run to Malvern Hill. Special Campaign Series. No. XI. By Major G. W. Redway. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

The author, an officer of the British army, is known to American students of the civil war through his study of the battle of Fredericksburg, which was published as number iii of the same series. The present volume and numerous other recent books on the civil war by Englishmen, in which are evident original research and fresh treatment of the theme, seem to indicate that more interest is taken in that war just now in England than in this country. The convincing analysis of Grant's 1864 campaign by Lieut. C. F. Atkinson of the British army was at once recognized as a work of superlative merit, which no student of military history could afford to overlook. Major Redway's volume also compels attention because of its originality and frank, impartial criticism. The author's conclusions express the belief that most of the latter-day problems of defence were practically solved by the events of 1861-1862.

The difficulty of maintaining the armies on both sides and of repairing the large losses leads the author to point out that as late as the Boer war England had not profited by this experience. In the first flush of war excitement and patriotic fervor, volunteering can be depended upon to supply the raw material for armies, but the wearing quality of that system is poor. The bounty plan proves to be most unsatisfactory, and a rigid draft does great harm to the industries which must supply the means to wage the war. The question how best to maintain an army in a democracy remains for the present unanswered.

In the chapter on Policy and Strategy the author relieves McDowell of all blame for the battle of Bull Run, and condemns McClellan for his campaign of 1862. He declares that it is futile for a general to-day to ask for absolute power, but suggests that he should decline command until the just demands of strategy are satisfied by the government. It might be noted that if this had been done in the civil war, the Army of the Potomac would have been without a commander for a considerable part of the time. Reynolds did decline that command; Meade would have promptly resigned when in 1863 his government refused him permission to abandon the difficult Orange and Alexandria railway and take his position at Spottsylvania.

Of the military situation in 1861 on

both sides Major Redway says, "The conceit of ignorance, the fatuity of enthusiasm, and the machinations of political partisanship combined to produce a phantasmagoria of war which is almost without a parallel." Accepting the claim of the Southerner as to the right of his State to secede, the author does not spare criticism in dealing with Southern strategy and tactics. Jefferson Davis and "Stonewall" Jackson fare no better in this respect than do Abraham Lincoln and his military advisers. The true policy of the South, it is pointed out, should have been to retire slowly before the Northern advance, making the enemy's line as long and as difficult as possible, then to concentrate far to the rear and fight it out in one decisive battle. Compared to the desirable results of such a battle, the fall of Richmond and the impoverishment of Virginia and North Carolina, it is suggested, would have been of slight consequence. On the one side, the secondary operations in the Mississippi Valley drained the strength of the Eastern armies, and gave to the war, in the author's view, its peculiar character of costly inconclusiveness; whereas, the decisive point being east of the Alleghanies, a Union army at Hagerstown would have menaced the flank of any attack on Washington, while the manhood of a population of 20,000,000 would have been available for operations against the Confederate army rooted in front of Richmond. But for this concentration of interest upon Vicksburg to the exclusion of what was about to take place at Gettysburg, in spite of many preliminary warnings, it is within the bounds of military probabilities that an auxiliary army thrown upon Lee's line of retreat would have ended the war in 1863.

For the Confederates, says Major Redway, Virginia as a theatre of defensive war was the worst possible, because it offered to the "Federals" an easy foothold at their very doors. The war, he declares elsewhere, was waged by committees; "the policy was parochial in character and the partial successes of a few able generals blinded the world then to the true military situation, as they have done ever since." To Gen. Patterson is accorded a full measure of censure for his share in the Bull Run fiasco, but it may be well to recall that so competent a soldier as Gen. George H. Thomas thought Patterson had done all that could fairly have been expected of him under his instructions. "Stonewall" Jackson, the author says, was a man of character, a fine soldier, and, in certain situations, a skilful general; but he could only with difficulty be induced to play his part loyally as a corps leader, as one of a team; nor had he apparently the higher gift of leadership, that of persuading abler men to do his bidding. Jackson's treatment of Longstreet after Bull Run is declared to have been neither soldierly nor patriotic:

> He was singularly fortunate in being able to operate for nearly two years over familiar ground against generals to whom the population was hostile; and for an ally he might almost have claimed President Lincoln himself, for Lincoln it was who supplanted Rosecrans and appointed Fremont to command in West Virginia, who selected Banks to be his factotum in the Valley and caused Shields to oscillate between McDowell and Banks under the eyes of Confederate scouts. None of these generals was first rate, but lest they should perchance gain some military insight or develop such a quality as initiative, and so give Jackson some trouble, the telegraph was continually bearing orders and counter-orders from Washington until, individually and collectively, the Federal detachment leaders became incapable of distinguishing good from evil in a military sense.

This criticism seems the more notable from the fact that the author accepts the Southern view of the right to secede, adopts the Confederate names of battles, calls the Union troops "Federals," a Confederate term rejected by the troops of the North, and, although using the United States Government map based on Gen. Michler's surveys, calls it a map of the battlefields of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Certain American writers have declared that Lincoln was the ablest general in the North; Major Redway, on the other hand, thinks it was Lincoln who repaired the error of Jackson at Kernstown and robbed Shields of the fruits of his victory; and he declares that it was Lincoln, not Jackson, who detained the "Federals" in the valley; and that Lincoln's conduct may be regarded either as a manifestation of "pure foolishness" or of a desire to figure in history as another Washington by baiting Jackson with weak detachments of Union forces in the hope that these could be reinforced in good time. In contrasting McClellan and Grant, the author expresses the idea that the man of strong character achieved more than the man with great ability. Lee was "hardly inferior to McClellan as an organizer," but the latter failed as a commander—which, after all, perhaps best accounts for Gen. Grant's opinion that if McClellan had begun as a brigade commander and learned the business of war by practice in a modest station, as all the successful generals did, he would have gone as far as any of them. The concluding chapter is given to Grant's successful operations in the West at Forts Donelson and Henry and at Shiloh. Fourteen loose maps are contained in a cover-pocket.

CURRENT FICTION.

Other Main-Travelled Roads. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

In one who has repeatedly detected himself in the ungracious act of greeting a new book by Mr. Garland with elegiac mention of "Main-Travelled Roads," the present volume must have excited uncommon interest. Here at last (could it be in any measure due to one's own persistent coaching?) was to be a return to the real thing, the product for which Mr. Garland's name is destined to stand. The title virtually implied the old material; would it be treated in the old mood or interpreted in the changed light of "twenty years after"? A glance at the preface disposes of one's best hope. The stories are not new, but "compiled from other volumes which now go out of print." They were written, says Mr. Garland, "at the same time and under the same impulse as those which compose its companion volume, 'Main-Travelled Roads'—and the entire series was the result of a summer-vacation visit to my old home in Iowa, to my father's farm in Dakota, and, last of all, to my birthplace in Wisconsin." This revisiting of old scenes took place in 1887, and in the two or three following years all the stories were written which are contained in this collection, and in its recently revised companion volume.

It must be said the stories now collected pretty plainly represent a second gleaning from that early field. Three or four of them might well have deserved to be added to the half-dozen which made up the original volume. "Lucretia Burns" and "Before the Low Green Door" echo most strongly the sombre note of "Up the Coulé" and "Mrs. Ripley's Trip." The privations and squalor of the farmer's life—a life in which the writer himself had played his painful boyish part—had overwhelmingly impressed the young man on his return from the East. Cherished platitudes about the return to nature, the beauty of contact with the soil, had become a mockery in his ears, and these tales express an almost fierce recoil. He has no notion of recanting at this day: "For the hired man and the renter farm life in the West is still a stern round of drudgery. My pages present it, not as the summer boarder or the young lady novelist sees it, but as the working farmer endures it." This life Mr. Garland does not picture as altogether unvisited by romance; but visited, at best, by a romance of escape. A down-trodden wife escapes her damning drudgery by flight or death; a girl is snatched away by some strong man, translated bodily to some happier air. A man goes somewhere else, does something else; and returns, perhaps, to torment the eyes of the luckless ones who

have remained "close to the soil." Of the devotion of the born farmer to his work, the compensations he enjoys for his undeniable lack of city distractions and luxuries, Mr. Garland has nothing to say. Nevertheless, more and more people are leaving their shops and offices for the farm.

Once Upon a Time. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Under a title that may mean almost anything, from a regret that every author has his day to an honest confession that here is nothing so new, are collected a number of stories which have appeared from time to time in the magazines. Ranging with easy familiarity from Wall Street to London, from the Congo to Central America, from Massachusetts to the Philippines, writer and reader become for the nonce magnanimous cosmopolites, now standing manfully beneath the unbearable sun of an East African coast town, now feeling thoroughly at home in the sweet-smelling Massachusetts countryside, which is the scene of a mimic war. Strangely enough, the reader, whoever he is, probably enjoys the experience almost as much as the author; and the reason for it undoubtedly is that Mr. Davis, with all his nonsense, has a real gift for seeing things dramatically and humanly.

The Doomed City. By John R. Carling. New York: Edward J. Clode.

Not Rome or Cathage, but Jerusalem, is the doomed city of this narrative. The destruction of the temple is the culminating event. The hero is a young Roman, Crispus, identified with that "certain soldier" who, says Josephus, "moved by a divine impulse, seized a blazing torch, and set fire to a golden window of the temple"—the act which resulted in its destruction. Other exploits, named by Josephus or invented by the present author, are attributed to this able young man. Such incidents the story-teller renders with good-humored facility, as who should say, "This is the kind of thing you have to put into an historical romance, so here goes." This element apart, the tale is told with uncommon force and reality. It is clear that the actors in the story have lived and moved in the imagination of the writer; in consequence they do not simply stalk and mouth through his pages. Especially grateful is their freedom from the bombastic and artificial dialect which passes for speech with the ordinary historical romancer. No doubt, Scott had something to do with the invention of this lingo. It cannot be said that the speech he puts into the mouth of Ivanhoe, or Quentin Durward, or Ellen of the Lake, is strictly according to the tongue of men or of angels. But their heightened vocabulary and elaborated syntax, if not according to the habit of Scott's day, was quite according to its tastes. Not even in "Rienzi," or "Uarda," or "Thaddeus of Warsaw" does that elevated lingo seem altogether out of place: it survives, of course, upon our melodramatic stage. But it would be well if the heroes and heroines of the historical romance of to-day might be freed from what has become mere sound and fury. Not a few current novelists in this kind, feeling for a live speech, yet not altogether able to forget the traditions, have produced a medley of Georgian fustian and modern slang. Mr. Carling has mustered a speech which is dignified without being archaic or unpleasantly conventional; and his occasional lapses into modern vernacular are not of the ridiculous sort.

The Lead of Honour. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Sargent Everett is a Yankee schoolmaster who goes South in ante-bellum days, and eventually makes himself a power in that strange land. He begins his career there as tutor to a beautiful little girl of twelve summers. When she goes North to complete her education they pledge themselves to wait for each other, she in childish fancy, he in unreasonable earnest. He is already a member of the bar, and during the years which intervene before the girl's return to her own home, he becomes a more than local celebrity. He is the silver-tongued orator of the old school, and his greatness consists, as one of his eulogists ingenuously declares, in ability to "take all a feller's idees away and make him think jest like he does." His special mission is to defend criminals. If his creed seems a bit muddled, we are to understand that it is all very noble in his own mind. With the enforcement of the law he has nothing to do; his business is to get men off—give them another chance. "The greater the crime," as he puts it, "the greater seems my inspiration, for out of the depths of the deed I see the man's awakening, his regeneration, his approach toward God—for it is only through suffering that we attain the heights." So he utters himself to the girl of his choice, who has come back only for the purpose of being married in the house of her fathers. Her betrothed is an ordinary young man from the North, who gets into a row at cards on his wedding day, kills his man, and is successfully championed by the magnanimous ex-schoolmaster.

At the Villa Rose. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

That the murder which gave pause to even the hectic life of Aix-les-Bains should have been committed by Celia Harland, herself so full of the joy of living, the victim her benefactress, too, readers would be loath to believe, even though all signs should point to her; which is not saying that they do, actually. Otherwise, be sure, M. Hanaud would not have taken the case. The story is made unusually baffling by an old, unexpected device akin to that of hiding one's silver in the vestibule. The choice of the spiritualistic séance chamber for the scene of the murder gives the utmost spur to the reader's speculation. The Dr. Watson of the story is a middle-aged bachelor of Major Pendennis's sort who invests this foil-rôle with no little individuality.

CARDINAL POLE.

The Life of Reginald Pole. By Martin Haile. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $5.25 net.

The story of the life of Reginald Pole and of the ruin of his illustrious family will always remain one of the most interesting and characteristic episodes of the English Reformation. It is intimately connected with the fortunes and policies, internal and foreign, lay and ecclesiastical, of three Tudor sovereigns; it exhibits Henry VIII in his most ruthless and brutal moods, and reveals the pitiful sadness, loneliness, and tragedy of the life of his daughter, Mary. An object of suspicion from his early manhood, partly because of his strong claim by descent to the English throne, and still more because of his loyalty to the Pope, Pole was forced to remain an exile on the Continent during the crucial years of the reign of Henry VIII and during the entire rule of Edward VI, while his relatives were barbarously executed at home, and while he himself was frequently pursued by hired assassins. In the reign of Mary he returned for a brief moment of triumph and reconciled England to Rome, only to see his cherished plans fail because of the disastrous results of the Spanish marriage, and the religious and political developments which accompanied it. English history contains no more pathetic figures than the Cardinal Archbishop and the barren Queen to the maintenance of whose rights he had devoted his life.

The present biography makes no effort to conceal the frankly Catholic standpoint from which it is written. It was begun by the late Rev. Ethelred Taunton, and completed from his notes, with considerable additional research, by Mr. Haile. It proclaims that it is "based not only upon already recorded facts, but upon the vast treasure revealed by the diligent students of the archives of Europe"; it abounds in quotations from the original sources, or at least from the summaries in the calendars, and it shows a somewhat inexplicable disregard of the vast majority of recent scientific works on Tudor

England. So far as the reviewer is able to observe, it adds nothing to our knowledge of Cardinal Pole, and indeed contains very little that is new in any way, save a number of rather startling characterizations of the great figures of the time.

If Mr. Haile finds it necessary to tell us that Martin Luther died "drinking and joking to the end," he ought not in all decency to leave his readers with the impression that this was the sum total of Luther's life; nor do such epithets as "adventurer," "the artful and astute author of Queen Katherine's divorce," etc., etc., give us a fair idea of Thomas Cranmer. And one cannot help smiling when Francis I, of all men, is described as "filled with horror" at "such atrocity and sacrilege" as the trial and burning of the bones of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Furthermore, the author takes unwarrantable liberties with the documents that he assumes to quote. His treatment of Cromwell's letter to Michael Throgmorton (pp. 224-5) is a case in point. Whole clauses and sentences are left out without the slightest indication of their omission, and the general effect of the letter (which, though malevolent and abusive to a degree, is a masterpiece of sixteenth-century style) is thus utterly lost. "Apeynement" should be "apeyrement." There are a number of minor errors and misprints which it would be useless to notice here. And it is extremely confusing to find "Pole's book" indiscriminately referred to as "Pro Unitatis Ecclesiasticæ," "De Unitate," "De Unitate Ecclesiastica," and "Pro Ecclesiasticæ Unitatis Defensione."

It is perhaps unfair to judge such a book as this from the standpoint of serious history, and the reviewer would have gladly refrained from doing so, had not the author virtually demanded such consideration in his preface. The fact is that another life of the Cardinal was scarcely needed when this book was begun. "Each century since that which saw the birth and death of Pole has seen his life and character brought before the judgment of the world," as the author rightly confesses. His biography has been written by Beccatelli, Phillips, and Zimmermann, not to mention F. G. Lee and Dr. Gairdner in the Dictionary of National Biography; and his lettters have been published by Cardinal Quirini. Mr. Haile justifies the appearance of his "twentieth-century biography" chiefly on the ground that Quirini and Zimmermann are untranslated, and Phillips tedious and irrelevant. Doubtless the English-speaking world will be rendered more familiar with an already familiar figure than if this book had not seen the light, and we thoroughly concur in the author's estimate of his hero, whose learning, simple-mindedness, and piety will always be praised by all fair-minded persons, whether Protestant or Catholic. But the reader should be warned that Mr. Haile's estimates of most of Pole's contemporaries, their aims and their policies, and of the general movements of the period as a whole are far less trustworthy, and that though he writes attractively, he is too partisan in his standpoint and too unscientific in his methods to deserve the same measure of respect that is accorded to the unprejudiced historian.

The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D., LL.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $4.

This volume is perhaps the most important American contribution to the study of the Fourth Gospel since the days of Ezra Abbot. Wide learning, historical imagination, ingenuity in framing hypotheses from few and perplexing data, are everywhere manifest. Though the temper is often controversial, the purpose is constructive. The writer does not claim to have discovered any new documentary evidence, but is confident, after having examined diligently all accessible data, that the author of the Fourth Gospel is not the Son of Zebedee, but some Hellenistic Jew living and writing in Asia at the end of the first century and the opening decades of the second century.

The early literary history of this anonymous gospel is difficult to trace. Dr. Bacon, however, is convinced that the gospel, as we now have it, shows signs not of structural unity, but of growth and revision. The chief reviser, it is contended, was a Roman, a contemporary of Papias and Justin, whose aim was to adjust the gospel "to rival forms of the evangelic tradition" and to procure for it "the apostolic authority of the John of Revelation, without detriment to the dominant authority of Peter, by a cautiously suggested identification of 'the disciple whom Jesus loved' with the Son of Zebedee" (p. 224). This reviser, in adding Ch. xxi to the gospel about 150 A. D., shares, it should seem, the view of authorship later expressed by Irenæus, but "instead of plain statement, shelters himself behind purposed ambiguity." But why do we have from the reviser even this cautious suggestion that the author of the Fourth Gospel is the Son of Zebedee? In passing it is to be remembered that the Gospel in its original form is, like the Epistles ascribed to John, anonymous; that Papias corroborates the suggestion of Mark x:39 in stating that John, like his brother James, was murdered by the Jews; and that evidently the Son of Zebedee had never been in Ephesus. Why, then, does it occur to the reviser to connect the Gospel with the Son of Zebedee? The answer is to be sought, not in the fact that there is other and excellent tradition for the Ephesian residence of the Son of Zebedee, but that Papias and Justin accepted Revelation as originating from John. This endorsement of John, however, does not of necessity involve the assumption that the Son of Zebedee had ever been in Ephesus, unless Papias had in mind a temporary sojourn in Patmos; nor does it prove that John is the author of Revelation. For this book is at its core a Palestinian product which later on was revised in Ephesus, at which time the name of John was introduced into the Ephesian envelope (Ch. i-iii, xxii: 8-21) in order that the churches of Asia might accept Revelation as of apostolic authority. The apostolic name of John thus introduced, it was natural to ascribe the Gospel and the Epistles to the same author. The reviser who inserted the appendix into the Gospel accepts this tradition of authorship, though, as we have seen, somewhat hesitatingly. Is it conceivable, we might ask, that the Roman reviser wondered why such an important document as the Fourth Gospel, revealing as it does a man with a strong religious personality, should be ascribed to an apostle who had never been in Asia, who had, in fact, gone to the martyr's grave years ago? Is it possible that the reviser, though a Roman, had his doubts that Rev. Ch. i-iii is really an Ephesian intrusion into the Apocalypse? Dr. Bacon's reading of the evidence cannot countenance such inquiries. On the contrary, the true starting-point of the legend that connects the Son of Zebedee with the so-called Johannine Writings is precisely the "literary fiction by which the Ephesian editor of the Palestinian book of 'prophecy' sought to give it currency and canonicity among the churches of Asia" (p. 183). What this Ephesian editor of Revelation began, the Roman reviser of the Fourth Gospel continued, and Irenæus ended.

To the reader familiar with Ezra Abbot, Lightfoot, Drummond, and Sanday, it is evident that this reading of the early literary history of the Johannine writings involves a thorough discrediting of the testimony of Irenæus, a rigorous insistence upon the silence of Ignatius and Polycarp, and a definite theory as to the origin of the Apocalypse in its present form. This necessary task Dr. Bacon performs with a thoroughness and brilliancy impossible to picture in a brief review. The hypothesis which connects the Son of Zebedee with the Fourth Gospel, even if that connection be no closer than that of Matthew with the First Gospel, accounts rather better for the tradition voiced by Irenæus than the hypothesis of a literary fiction. But apart from the rightness or wrongness of the conclusion, it must be emphasized that Dr. Bacon's treatise is indispensable to students of early Christian literature. It is not easy reading, and the

better the reader is acquainted with contemporary discussion, the more important will the book become.

What's Wrong With the World? By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

It will probably be conceded that when Mr. Chesterton sat down to compose this book he was undertaking a rather large order. Indeed, he himself admits that it a little tasked his ability thoroughly to illumine and ventilate the present malady of the world. When he came to consider the matter more narrowly, he seems to have stumbled upon the discovery that society is afflicted with no one isolable affection, but with an intricate and unruly complication of diseases. It is evidence of this paradoxer's triumphant virtue, his powerful common sense, that his diagnosis of the world's ailments is entirely lacking in the simplicity, unity, and rigid coherence to which we have been accustomed by the trenchant treatises of our sociologists.

To distrust the plausible simplicity of words, and smash resolutely through them to the variegated and disorderly facts which they conceal, is at least a beginning in fruitful social criticism. And Mr. Chesterton, as he goes about his passionate vocation of turning words upside down and inside out, dislodges, besides an abundance of excellent jokes, much matter of serious import. That the Feminist is "one who dislikes the chief feminine characteristics" may perhaps be regarded in either light. The parable of the umbrella stand is undeniably serious. We condense the argument as follows:

> A Socialist means a man who thinks a walking-stick is like an umbrella, because they both go into an umbrella stand. Yet they are as different as a battle-axe and a bootjack. . . . . The whole Collectivist error consists in saying that because two men can share an umbrella, therefore two men can share a walking-stick. Umbrellas might possibly be replaced by some kind of common awnings covering certain streets from particular showers. But there is nothing but nonsense in the notion of swinging a communal stick; it is as if one spoke of twirling a communal moustache. It will be said that . . . no sociologists suggest such follies. . . . At least sixty Socialists out of a hundred, when they have spoken of common laundries, will go on at once to speak of common kitchens. . . . Kitchens and washhouses are both large rooms, full of heat, and damp, and steam. But the soul and function of the two things are utterly opposite. There is only one way of washing a shirt; that is, there is only one right way. There is no taste and fancy in tattered shirts. Nobody says, "Tomkins likes five holes in his shirt, but I must say, give me the good old four holes." Nobody says, "This washerwoman rips up the left leg of my pajamas; now, if there is one thing I insist on, it is the *right* leg ripped up." The ideal washing is simply to send a thing back washed. But it is by no means true that the ideal cooking is simply to send a thing back cooked.

The trouble with the modern world, according to Mr. Chesterton, is that the modern reformers, the Socialists, the Feminists, the new educators, ignore what the people want. In their projects for a golden age in the future they assume a kind of man and woman that has never existed. What the people want, he believes, is what they have *always* wanted. The way to make them happy is to help them fulfil the ideals which they have cherished from the morning of time. Reform must be based not on human nature as presented in the romances of H. G. Wells and the scientific Utopians, but upon human nature as revealed in the history of the race. The history of the race reveals the fact, for example, that man has always wanted a hearth and home—not a share in a communal bed-chamber or kitchen. Begin, therefore, with man in a home and reconstruct society to conform to that ideal, instead of beginning with a communal kitchen and reconstructing man to conform to that ideal. Begin with anything you please, except the theory of a sociological quack. Begin with an order that the hair of all poor schoolgirls shall be cut off for the purpose of cleanliness:

> With the red hair of one she-urchin in the gutter I will set fire to all modern civilization. Because a girl should have long hair, she should have clean hair; because she should have clean hair, she should not have an unclean home; because she should not have an unclean home, she should have a free and leisured mother; because she should have a free mother, she should not have an usurious landlord; because there should not be an usurious landlord, there should be a redistribution of property; because there should be a redistribution of property, there shall be a revolution.

The parable of the red hair sounds distinctly radical; Mr. Chesterton would doubtless assert that, on the contrary, it is distinctly conservative. It is designed to conserve the red hair; it is designed to conserve the world. Mr. Chesterton calls himself a Liberal; within a few years he will probably be publicly thanking God when men call him a reactionary. For at heart he is a kind of philosophical Tory—a twentieth century disciple of the school of Thomas Carlyle. "What's Wrong With the World?" is "Past and Present" modified by the time-spirit. The two prophets, so incongruously assorted in temper, are at one in their diatribes on game-preservers, in their distrust of systematizers, in their hostility to "philosophical radicalism," in their fundamental dogmatism, in their respect for a somewhat remote past, and in their sense of something fixed and eternal in the needs and nature of man. The irony of the comparison is in the differences. Carlyle thought help should come from the House of Lords; Chesterton turns his back upon the lords and calls upon the Commons. Carlyle released his thunder upon democracy; Chesterton embraces democracy and trains his guns upon Socialism. Carlyle derided manhood suffrage; Chesterton swears by manhood suffrage and makes a laughing-stock of votes for women. What will be the conservatism of 1950?

Notes.

Admiral Alfred T. Mahan is publishing with Little, Brown, & Co. "The Interest of America in International Conditions."

Another volume of the "Descriptive Sociology" will soon be issued by the trustees of Herbert Spencer. It deals with the civilization of the Chinese, information concerning which has been collected and arranged by the British consul at Foochow, E. T. C. Werner.

A document newly discovered by Ernest Law in the Record Office forms the basis of a book by that well-known historian of Hampton Court, to be published by Bell. In it some statements usually made concerning Shakespeare's life are tested anew.

"An Account of the English Colony in New South Wales," by David Collins, sometime judge-advocate and secretary of the colony, and edited with Introduction and Notes by James Collier, is reprinted by Whitcombe & Tombs of Melbourne.

The eighth part of Dr. Edwin Abbott's "Diatessarica," entitled "The Son of Man; or Contributions to the Study of the Thoughts of Jesus," is promised by the Cambridge University Press for November 1.

"The Green Helmet, and other Poems" is the title of a new volume of verse by W. B. Yeats, which the Cuala Press of Dublin, will shortly have ready. Besides eighteen new lyrics, the volume will contain a poetical drama.

"Porphyry's Letter to His Wife Marcella," being the only English version of the letter, which after a number of centuries was rediscovered in 1816, is to be published, as a revised edition of Alice Zimmern's translation, by Mayle of the Priory Press, Hampstead. It will be in the form of a shilling booklet.

Alexander Murray of Aberdeen announces for immediate publication "The Teacher's Complete Text-Book of Physical Exercises," by Isabel Murray.

"Pleasant Pages," written by Arthur Guiterman and composed and manufactured under the direction of J. H. Nash, typographer, is in the press of Paul Elder & Co. It is a catalogue of the books and cards suitable especially for the Christmas holidays.

In the list of Brentano's autumn announcements are: "D'Orsay; or The Complete Dandy," by W. Teignmouth Shore; "Storm and Treasure," an historical romance of French life, by H. C. Bailey; "The Merry Past," by Ralph Nevill; "Popular

Drugs," by Sidney Hiller, M. D.; "Mad Majesties; or Raving Rulers and Submissive Subjects," by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport; "Chats About Wine," by C. E. Hawker; "The Second Elopement," by Herbert Flowerdew, and "Ninon de L'Enclos and Her Century," by Mary C. Rowsell.

The *Revue de l'Orient Chrétien* is printing in instalments, together with a French translation by Sylvain Grébaut, an Ethiopic pseudo-Clementine book, wherein Dr. M. R. James has found embedded a large part of the ancient Apocalypse of Peter.

In the military geographical department of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for August there is an interesting discussion of the problems presented by western Russia in case of a war with Germany. Another article treats of the southern Tunisian frontier question between France and Turkey from a military point of view. Dr. G. Meyer contributes an instructive account of the geographical spread of the sleeping sickness, with a map.

"The Land of the Incas," in Peru and Bolivia, judging from a paper read by Sir C. R. Markham before the Royal Geographical Society, and the discussion which followed it, published in the *Geographical Journal* for October, is one of the most interesting places on the face of the earth. No other region possesses such a variety of climates, geographical features, and products, and, though now virtually a *terra incognita*, it was formerly one of the most civilized parts of the world. Several thousands of years ago it was inhabited by an artistic, sensitive people, as is shown by their pottery, than which nothing finer, according to experts, has been seen from the days of ancient Greece to the present; a people who wore elaborate clothing, were well governed, and law-abiding. Abundant evidence is also given to show that since man came there has been an elevation of the region a thousand feet. Mountain slopes, where now cultivation is impossible on account of the high level, are covered with terraced fields, the terraces built up with massive masonry—showing cultivation through long series of years. A map prepared by the society accompanies the paper, which not only covers some hitherto unmapped territory, but also shows for the first time correctly the boundary between Peru and Bolivia as settled by the Argentine arbitration and modified by a subsequent agreement between the two republics.

J. B. Elwell has added to his manuals of Bridge a handy volume containing "The Principles, Rules, and Laws of Auction Bridge" (Scribners). The book presupposes—and properly—a knowledge of simpler Bridge.

Worth Brehm has made a number of illustrations for "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," which express the spirit of the book with admirable zest. They are, too, well reproduced by the publishers, Harper & Bros. If any criticism were to be made of this holiday edition, it would be that the volume is rather heavy for a child to hold; but this heaviness is compensated for by large margins and good type, and "Tom Sawyer" is a good deal more than a boy's book.

We need only record the appearance of Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" in Harper's thin-paper edition of the novels.

Two new volumes, the fifth and sixth, of Scribner's Centenary Edition of Dickens contain the "Pickwick Papers," with a whole sheaf of Prefaces. The illustrations by Phiz are clearly and sharply printed.

A little volume, issued by T. M. Caldwell Co., contains a few of the "Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." The selection offers one a glimpse into the strange courtship of Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley Montagu, and affords a fairly complete view of her interesting life at Constantinople. Nothing is given from her years of retirement in France and Italy, from 1739 to 1761.

"My Mark Twain" (Harper) is perfectly named. Its first and, we gladly add, longer part is W. D. Howells's memories of the great humorist; the second part is a collection of the same critic's reviews of his books, beginning with that of "The Innocents Abroad," in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1869. The genial spirit of the immortal fun-maker himself has touched the hundred pages of reminiscence with characteristic gayety, and it is a vivid picture one gets, not simply of "the Lincoln of our literature," but of a rare friendship between two richly endowed natures. The record has, of course, a charming anecdotal interest. There is Matthew Arnold's astonished query, upon being informed, on his arriving in Boston, that Mr. Howells was not at home to receive his introduction owing to his having gone to see Mark Twain: "Oh, but he doesn't like that sort of thing, does he?" There is, naturally, much of comment and characterizing. Clemens was "almost aggressively truthful. He could lie, of course, and did to save others from grief or harm; he was not stupidly truthful; but his first impulse was to say out the thing and everything that was in him." Religiously, or at least theologically, "he never went back to anything like faith in the Christian theology, or in the notion of life after death, or in a conscious divinity." For him there were but two medicines for loss by death: time and sleep. The delicacy that mingled so strangely with the better-known ribaldry of the man, came out finely in his instinct of "never putting his hands on you" even while he was caressing you with his pity. Elemental to the core, he could not fail to be puzzled by the fact that three such personages as Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes found no amusement in a burlesque upon themselves. Mr. Howells's acquaintance with him began as a consequence of the review of "The Innocents Abroad," and this review opens the second part of the present book. The chronological order of these critiques emphasizes their interest as revealing Mr. Howells's own development quite as much as Mark Twain's. Both men had good ground for felicitation in the critic's early recognition of the humorist's genius. But, while the criticism is usually admirable in its analysis of Mark Twain's humor, the reader will more frequently turn to the first part of the book for its pictures of a humorist who was primarily a man.

The tenth volume (but the eighth to appear, two intermediate volumes being still to come) of Macmillan's new edition of Pater's Works brings the sheaf of reviews gathered from the *Guardian*. It is Pater at his thinnest, with occasionally a page of extraordinarily clumsy sentences. It shows, too, by its uncertainty of judgment when dealing with contemporary books, that Pater was not in the true sense a critic, but a philosopher who at his best could insinuate his own views of life with the finest audacity and the most seductive language into various writers and movements. This lack of real critical insight (or honesty, one hardly knows which) might have been gathered equally from Pater's interpretation of Plato (who said that the last dishonor of the soul is to place beauty above truth) as an epicurean æsthete, and from his portrayal of early Christianity (in "Marius") as a delicate appeal to the senses. Occasionally, but not often, the true and alluring Pater speaks in these "Essays from the *Guardian*."

The issue of the second part of Vol. I of Thomas Hughes's "History of the Society of Jesus in North America" (Burrows Brothers) completes the work, and includes the "documents" from 1773 to 1836. The suppression of the society in 1773 was followed by a period of inactivity except so far as concerned the management of the property it had held in Maryland, and after a decade John Carroll became the leading spirit. A missionary body still, possessing funds of its own, and recognized by the state, the Jesuits were under the direction of the bishop, and extended their labors in the North and West. The college at Georgetown for the education of the clergy derived some benefit eventually from this Jesuit property, but the long contest for control, and the measures taken by the Jesuits to secure their claims, left an unfavorable impression of their methods. That they received what was their due cannot be proved; neither can it be shown that they did not lay claim to lands of doubtful ownership. The disputes were virtually ended in 1826, but in such a way that the Jesuits no longer continued to exist as a body. Mr. Hughes's style is involved and the arrangement of the documents leaves much to be desired, but the series of volumes offers a store of valuable material, drawn from many sources.

M. P. Rooseboom, the author of "The Scottish Staple in the Netherlands" (The Hague: M. Nijhoff), has been somewhat unfortunate in the fact that between the completion and publication of his work another volume on the same subject, "The Scottish Staple at Veere," was put forth by the late Prof. John Davidson and Alexander Gray. As the story which both books tell was summarized in the *Nation* for July 22, 1909, it seems scarcely worth while to repeat it here. Mr. Rooseboom's method of treating it, however, varies widely from that of his predecessors in two important respects. In the first place, he approaches his subject strictly from the historical and chronological standpoint, while that of the earlier work was rather economic and topical. In the second place the sources of Mr. Rooseboom's book are for the most part manuscripts and unpublished documents, while his predecessors relied largely on printed works. Indeed, the greatest value of the present volume lies in the two hundred and forty-odd pages of hitherto unpublished material, carefully collected and transcribed in different national and municipal archives in Scotland and the Nether-

lands, which the author has appended to the more original part of his work. His book shows careful and thorough scholarship throughout, and deserves the same measure of consideration which was accorded to its predecessor.

A. G. Bradley's latest addition to the popular color books is "The Avon and Shakespeare's Country" (Dutton). This facile and always agreeable writer pursues a more discursive course than usual, dilating on the old agriculture and the new, comparing English scenery with American, in general bringing a considerable contribution of rustic customs and humors. The lower Avon and especially Tewksbury is Mr. Bradley's preference, though for Americans he admits and even recommends Warwickshire. Shakespeareans may note the hint that the park-like Warwickshire of to-day is by no means what Shakespeare saw. It was an unkempt pasture region probably without loveliness of any sort. The remarks on Shakespeare's gentility are pertinent as is the reminder that rank in England has ever depended on material success and outward state. From Tewkshury to Rughy, where Mr. Bradley leaves us with recollection of an incorrigible youth, one Walter Savage Landor, one is led pleasantly, hut A. R. Quinton's thirty color sketches are a rather feehle auxiliary to the text.

The current curiosity as to the relation of literature to life is responsible for Charles S. Olcott's "George Eliot, Scenes and People in her Novels" (Crowell). With a high esteem for the lady's hooks, a desire to write a hook of his own, and some leisure on his hands, Mr. Olcott has apparently travelled through Warwickshire, collecting photographs, interviewing "old inhahitants," and relatives of the novelist, and picking up "local color." In preparation for his chapter on "Romola" he has also visited Florence, and looked into the picture galleries and read Florentine history. The refection set before us is light and harmless—the afternoon tea of literary research. He gives twenty-five pictures of places and people connected with George Eliot. He gives us a list of identifications of the characters in "Scenes of Clerical Life," made hy a former resident of Nuneaton. Mr. Franklin's grandson "told the writer that George Eliot must have meant his grandfather when she pictured Rufus Lyon, 'although,' he said, *'my grandfather had blue eyes, and not brown, as she describes him'"* (our italics). Sir Epicure Mammon in the "Alchemist"—to speak of another curious point—had a treatise on Alchemy written hy Adam in High Dutch, "which proves," quoth Sir Epicure, "it was the primitive tongue." Mr. Olcott has seen with his own eyes a stone-tahle and a yew-tree walk mentioned in "Middlemarch"; but, on the whole, as we have perhaps intimated, his contribution to our knowledge of the life-stuff in the novels is not very grave.

The Czar has at last given permission for the publication of the reports written hy the Russian general staff on the Russo-Japanese war, and the first volume has appeared. It hrings us only to the outhreak of the war, so that the complete series, added to the reports of the German and British attachés already published, and to the other works issued in connection with the conflict, will fill a large library. From the historical point of view the Russian work promises badly, and in all prohability it will not be frank, though necessarily it will throw some new light on the campaign. According to this first volume, it seems that just before the outhreak the Russian government was well informed hy its military attaché in Tokio of all Japan's preparations. The diplomatists in St. Petershurg and Port Arthur persisted in helieving, however, that the government at Tokio was only "hluffing." On January 28 the Russian attaché wired, "Rumored internal loan one hundred millions"; on January 29, "Eighty-six transports"; on January 30, "Thirty steamers for the fleet, thirty for transport of troops hy water." Thus, no hlame falls upon the Russian embassy in Tokio. It seems, however, that the Japanese were afraid ahout this time that the Russians would strike some sudden hlow. On January 4 at 4:25 P. M. (How did the Russian get these particulars so exactly?) the Japanese consul in Chefu telegraphed to Tokio that most of the Russian fleet had left Port Arthur on an unknown mission. The Japanese agents at Yingkow, Chefu, and Vladivostok also told of Russian preparations, but apparently the Russians knew the contents of their letters hefore the Japanese general staff. The Russians even knew that the Mikado had called a council and that this council had decided on war.

The Russian story of the war contains several accusations against Japan. They all relate to the detention of telegrams. The Japanese, it is said, detained at Nagasaki or Tokio an important telegram from Count Lamsdorff to Baron Rosen. This telegram was sent on Fehruary 4, hut was not delivered to the Russian minister until Fehruary 7 at 7 A. M. At 2 P. M. on February 6 Baron Rosen was, we are told, invited hy the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs to call upon him. The Japanese Minister then told the Baron that Japan had decided to hreak off diplomatic relations with Russia and requested the haron to leave the country. Five hours hefore this (at 9 A. M., Fehruary 6) the Japanese had seized the volunteer fleet steamer Ekaterinoslav, three miles north of Fusan. While Baron Rosen was in Count Komura's room, the Japanese fleet was seizing the S.S. Mukden of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

Prof. Carlo Malagola, palæographer and director of the State Archives at Venice, took his life last Sunday as a result of criticism passed upon his method of keeping the archives; it appeared that some had heen damaged and others had heen lost.

Science.

Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture. By Cyril G. Hopkins, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.75.

Many years ago, Professor Johnson of Yale issued two small treatises, entitled, "How Crops Grow," and "How Crops Feed," giving in a convenient form the chief facts in regard to soil which were then available for practical use by farmers. It was humiliating to see how small a part in those two works was played by the studies of American agriculturists, whereas the pages were filled with citations from the results obtained in the laboratories of the experiment stations of Europe, then just beginning to attract deserved attention. Within a few years, however, after the appearance of Professor Johnson's treatises, and perhaps largely due to their stimulating influence, many laboratories were established in the United States, and excellent work was done. Soon our agricultural colleges and experiment stations were founded, and coördination of results began. The Department of Agriculture assumed its rightful place as a coöperative factor in this work, and from that time on the achievements in progressive agriculture in our country have been a matter of great pride to all who are familiar with them. To give the gist of these achievements, and to correlate them with the results elsewhere obtained, so far as they refer to soil and its enrichment, has been the task to which Professor Hopkins has addressed himself, and with marked success. He has given us an admirable compilation of first-hand facts, well-arranged, accurately stated, and presented in good perspective. But his treatise is far more than a mere compilation; it comprises also an original exposition of the essential facts which concern the relations of plants to the soil and air. In simple language, the author has restated the fundamental facts in chemistry and plant-physiology, omitting virtually nothing needful, and adding nothing for mere rhetorical effect. Such a method inspires confidence and lends attractiveness, even where the subject matter is not in itself particularly interesting. Those readers who were delighted with Johnson's "How Crops Feed," in any of its numerous re-issues, will be more than pleased by "Soil Fertility," a book fully abreast of the times, and showing by inevitable contrast the vast advance which has been made in agriculture during the last decades.

It is easy to see that Professor Hopkins has enjoyed the preparation of this book, for he now and then becomes rather familiar with the reader, somewhat after the manner of a friendly teacher who can let the strain of the classroom relax a little. For instance, he places in a table the initials, or symbols, of the ten essential elements of plant-food, C, H, O, P, K, N, S, Ca, Fe, Mg., and these the reader "is earnestly advised to learn by groups," but he is aided by the hint given in a note, "The author consents to the students' memory key: C. Hopk'ns' CaFe, Mg. if Mg. stands for Mighty Good, and the omission of I for modesty." This is a useful mnemotechnic device. Another device, capable of wide application, is the employment of round numbers wherever this has been possible, thus placing a large number of com-

parative statistics within the grasp of the reader. Thus, the ingredients in certain soils are given in units of soil (two million pounds in one acre, six and two-thirds inches deep), and speedily the reader becomes accustomed to make his own contrasts. Another thing which serves an excellent purpose is the freshness of citations, bringing the whole treatise up to the date of the issue.

The author makes rightly the distinction between the substances which can be added to a soil for a temporary purpose, and those which contribute to definite and permanent results. Concerning the three important factors in what he terms permanent agriculture, it is worth while to cite the following:

> For practically all of the normal soils of the United States, and especially for those of the Central States, there are only three constituents that must be supplied, in order to adopt systems of farming that, if continued, will increase or at least permanently maintain, the productive power of the soil. These are limestone, phosphorus, and organic matter. The limestone must be used to correct acidity, where it now exists or where it may develop. The phosphorus is needed solely for its plant-food value. The supply of organic matter must be renewed to provide nitrogen from its decomposition and to make available the potassium and other essential elements contained in the soil in abundance, as well as to liberate phosphorus from the raw mineral phosphate naturally contained in or applied to the soil.

The practical management of these three important factors is given in a masterly manner, adapted to substantially all conditions which are likely to be met with in our country. It is seldom that so much judicious counsel is given in a work strictly scientific throughout.

One of the most interesting portions of the treatise is that devoted to an account of the famous Rothamsted experimental grounds, which have been used for something like three-quarters of a century for the specific purpose of testing theoretical views regarding the nutrition of plants. The studies have been in the hands of skilled chemists, who have made faithful records of their results. This private enterprise has become a public benefaction to science, of the highest order. It is difficult to overestimate the value of investigations which cover such a period of time. The results are comparable with those of long-established observatories. Think of asking the soil what it will yield year after year, from wheat sown without any addition of enriching material, and let this question be put for a quarter or half a century, or even more. Plainly, the results of experiments and cultures in all possible directions for so long a time, and under the influence of advancing science, are simply incalculable as guides in practice. From the vast accumulation of acquired results, Professor Hopkins has made a good selection and out of it all has constructed an extremely interesting story. It is not often that so attractive a treatise as this can so nearly approach the character of a cyclopædia. It has not failed to give every important fact, and its explanations are as full as can be presented in the existing state of science.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish October 29 "Leading American Men of Science," by leading men of science.

Exploration for petroleum has now become world-wide, and has revealed new sources of supply in many parts of the earth which are remote from old centres of production. The Dutch East Indies, Japan, Peru, Mexico, and Rumania all number the pumping and refining of oil among their important industries, while elsewhere the possession of "oil-sign" or of a favorable geological structure will in time start the drill. The author, therefore, of "Petroleum Mining and Oil-Field Development," A. Beeby Thompson (D. Van Nostrand), appeals to a widely distributed constituency. His book is based upon extended travel and experience, is very readable, and on the whole excellent, although in some respects it is not abreast of the latest practice in America. The topics treated embrace the following: the geographical distribution of petroleum; the connection of geological structure with the pools; indications; origin and treatment; the general technology of drilling; care of wells; pumping; power-plants; oil as fuel; the natural gas industry. While the work is rather well provided with illustrations, the reader misses maps of distribution. Greater care in statistics is desirable. Thus, it is hardly fair to lump together under Kansas the product of this State, which in recent years has been one to two and a half million barrels, with Oklahoma's forty-three to forty-six millions (p. 10). On pp. 44—46, in the discussion of origin and source, more might have been said of the modern view that seaweeds or algæ are of great importance. Much force has been given to these views by Potonié of Berlin. One or two minor misprints, such as appear in the footnote of p. 104, and in lines 28 and 29, p. 161, may be corrected in a later edition.

The friends and associates of Prof. Frederic Ward Putnam of Harvard University have expressed, in a graceful and becoming manner, the great esteem in which they hold him. On the occasion of Professor Putnam's seventieth birthday he was presented with a work of notable scientific merit, entitled the "Putnam Anniversary Volume of Anthropological Essays" (G. E. Stechert & Company). In the pages of this volume have been assembled contributions from those who have been immediately associated with Professor Putnam in the work of research or instruction, from those who are continuing investigations instituted by him, and from friends who have shared his intimate friendship for years. The book was presented by a wide circle of friends as an acknowledgment of their debt of gratitude, and as an expression, however inadequate, of the vital force Professor Putnam has been in the advancement of anthropology in all parts of the United States. The volume is prefaced by a dedicatory letter to which is affixed the name of Professor Boas of Columbia University, the chairman of the editorial committee. "It has been the wish of your friends," writes Professor Boas, "to bear testimony to the power and gentle charm of your personality that have made you our leader." And further, "By creating and fostering public interest in science, by organizing the work of societies and institutions, and by your own contributions to knowledge, you have liberally contributed to the development of scientific activity in our country." The essays are, without an exception, eminently scholarly, and the majority of them are of so specialized a character that none but a trained anthropologist could intelligently read them. Among the contributions possessing an interest for the general reader are: The Fish in Ancient Peruvian Art, Notes on Religious Ceremonials of the Navaho, Primitive Industries as a Normal College Course, and A Visit to the German Solomon Islands. The volume contains a striking photogravure of Professor Putnam and a bibliography of his scientific writings. His remarkable achievements in the realm of science may be instanced by the fact that twenty-five pages are required for the mere enumeration of the titles of his works, which cover a period of fifty-four years, from 1855 till 1909. In addition to its scientific value the volume possesses a charm in its external details.

Carl Svante N. Hallberg, professor of pharmacy of the University of Illinois and a member of the commission for revision of the national formulary, 1886, 1895, and 1906, died at his home in Chicago last Saturday, aged fifty-four. In 1885 he organized the National Institute of Pharmacology.

The death is reported from Berlin of Prof. Ernest von Leyden at the age of seventy-eight. Having served as a surgeon in the Franco-Prussian war, he was later offered the chair of pathology and therapeutics at Königsberg, from which he went to the University of Berlin, being for twelve years the head of the chief medical clinic. He wrote a number of important works, including: "Klinik der Rückenmarkskrankheiten" and "Die graue Degeneration der hinteren Rückenmarksstränge."

Professor Thiele, whose death occurred about a month ago, was director of the Copenhagen Observatory from 1875 to 1908. Devoting himself chiefly to astronomy, he calculated the orbits of several planets, investigated the conditions of double stars, and wrote one book—in English—on the "Theory of Observations." At the time of his death he was seventy-two years of age.

Drama.

Anathema. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Herman Bernstein has written an English version of "Anathema," the tragedy in seven scenes by the Russian dramatist Leonid Andreyev, which has attracted considerable attention in Eu-

rope by its passionate spirit of revolt. The translation is neither smooth nor idiomatic, but bears internal evidence of strict fidelity and sufficiently proves the imaginative power of an impressive, gloomy, and unprofitable work. For actual theatrical representation it is unfitted by its great length, its subject, its unmanageable details, its unmitigated bitterness, and its indefinite conclusion; but it will provide a strong if not altogether wholesome fascination for many readers in its illustrations borrowed from Biblical personages and incidents, its cynical presentment of the great problems of faith, life, and eternity, and its vivid pictures of conditions in southern Russia.

Anathema is the Devil, a curious compound of the Miltonic Satan, the tempter of Job, and some serio-comic fiend of mediæval legend. In the prologue—a scene of bold and striking imagination—he approaches the Gates of Eternity and calls upon the Guardian to grant but a glimpse of the hidden mysteries, to illumine, however dimly, the way in which the Devil and men alike are groping in darkness. No sign being vouchsafed, Anathema cries that the earth has now become the abode of death, that it is the throne of the Prince of Darkness, and that he will make man himself the expounder of his fate.

The drama proper shows how Anathema, in the guise of a lawyer, seeks out a pious old Jew, David Leiter—slowly dying of misery in a Russian town, but righteous in word and deed—and bestows upon him a fortune of millions. David, unspoiled and untempted, insists upon distributing all to the poor, whereupon Anathema summons all the outcasts of the earth, who speedily strip David of his last kopek and then stone him to death, because he cannot feed and clothe them by miracle. The perplexities of David in his desire to do his whole duty to his fellow-man, his vain appeals to Heaven for guidance and help, his anguish, his patience, his unwavering faith in the face of the grossest injustice and cruelty, and the remorseless cunning of Anathema, are set forth with extraordinary insight into human nature, mastery of pathetic detail, and rare descriptive power. Then Anathema, once more, in an epilogue, approaches the Eternal Gates and challenges the Guardian to say whether David—the embodiment of perfect love and self-sacrifice—did not by his life and death manifest the powerlessness of love, and indirectly cause great evil by provoking strife and bloodshed. The Guardian replies in effect that David has attained immortality, that he will live forever in the deathlessness of fire—whatever that means—but that the secret of goodness and life will be impenetrable to Anathema forever. Anathema replies with blasphemous defiance.

As a manifestation of intellectual revolt against social and religious conditions in southern Russia, and a cry of despair, the piece has great significance and is indisputably a work of positive but undisciplined genius. As an illustration of the folly of indiscriminate charity—whether intentionally or not—it is economically and socially sound. Its spiritual drift, if it has any, is too vague to be worth discussion. Anathema, apparently meant to be the symbol of the most advanced skepticism, is simply a professed agnostic, who cringes before the authority he denies. The play has fatal artistic defects. It lacks consistency and the courage of conviction.

Björnson's comedy, "A Lesson in Marriage; or the Newlyweds," translated by Grace Isabel Colbron, will be brought out next month by Brandu's Publishing Co. This will be the first English version of the play.

John Galsworthy's four-act tragedy "Justice," which has just been published (Scribners), is certainly well worthy of the dignity of print. Drab as is the story, and unlovely as are the characters, it is a work that grips the reader from first to last As a specific instance of the substantial wrong that may be done by enforcing the strict letter of the British criminal law, without reference to extenuating circumstances, it is a most impressive, if terribly gloomy, drama, but as an arraignment of the courts, or the law, it is neither logical nor conclusive. Actually, in spite of its realistic form and manner, it is a bit of sentimental special pleading in which the rights of the innocent are forgotten in the woes of the guilty. Mr. Galsworthy has a weak case, but has handled it with so much skill and power that he sometimes almost succeeds in making it appear a strong one.

The new American comedy, "Keeping Up Appearances," by Butler Davenport, which has just been produced in the Comedy Theatre, may or may not prove a popular success, but it has intrinsic merits which deserve a special word of recognition. In the first place it is a genuine comedy, a study of contemporary life and manners, veracious, sane, humorous, and wholesome, which never degenerates into the extravagance of melodrama or the absurdity of broad farce. If, in its attempted portrayal of an ideal wife and mother, loyal, tender, patient, and self-sacrificing, it comes perilously near the edge of sentimentality and theatricalism—overlooking the social and moral chaos that might result from an excessive liberality—it does present a fine and possible type of noble womanhood, and, by practical and practicable illustration of the efficiency of the golden rule, drives home, without any preaching, a salutary lesson applicable to every-day experience. The fact that the theme is old does not detract from its value in the least. The treatment of it, if it be somewhat crude from the purely technical point of view, is at least fresh and direct. The characters introduced are singularly real and the satirical exposure of the ingratitude, folly, cruelty, and contemptible meanness that are the almost inevitable ingredients of social pretence is as effective as it is abominably true. Undoubtedly the play is compounded of old materials, imperfectly patched together, but its structural defects, which are obviously those of inexperience, are inconsiderable in comparison with its entertaining and instructive truthfulness.

The appearance of Edward Terry and his wife, Julia Neilson, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," in the Knickerbocker Theatre, is a cheerful incident in the theatrical season. It is a romantic drama, adapted from a novel of the Baroness Orczy, by the author herself and Montague Barstow, and deals with the adventures of a dare-devil Englishman and his associates in rescuing a number of aristocrats from the clutches of the French Terror. Into the details of the play it is not necessary to go. It is not a particularly good specimen of its kind, being somewhat clumsy in construction, while the continuity of the action, of vital importance in all pieces of this sort, is often broken. But it is, on the whole, a good stirring entertainment, not without merit as a work of imagination, and absolutely free from all taint of unwholesomeness. In respect of interest it is at least equal to most of our modern emotional dramas, while it is superior to the majority of them as it leaves no bad flavor behind it. Fred Terry, never an ideal romantic actor in his earlier days, now plays a character part with notable address, variety, humor, and spirit. His portrayal of a man of daring who, for purposes of disguise, assumes the airs of sluggardly, cynical indifference, is clever. Miss Neilson does not appear to have grown much artistically, although she retains her power of emotional expression, and her superb personal beauty. The play, which was admirably mounted and efficiently acted—though some of the reputed Frenchmen showed an amazing unfamiliarity with their own language—was received with great cordiality.

The third production of the New Theatre this season will be "The Thunderbolt" of Sir A. W. Pinero, of which a full account was given in this journal when the piece was first presented in London at the Haymarket Theatre. Here Albert Bruning will be Stephen Mortimore; A. E. Anson, Thaddeus Mortimore; Miss Thais Lawton, the wife of Thaddeus; Ferdinand Gottschalk, Colonel Ponting; Miss Olive Oliver, the wife of Colonel Ponting; Miss Olive Wyndham, Helen Thornhill; Frank Gillmore, the Rev. George Trist; Ben Johnson, the solicitor Vallance, and E. M. Holland, the solicitor Elkin. Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh will appear as the wife of James Mortimore, and Mrs. Sol Smith as the wife of Stephen Mortimore.

Robert Mantell has added "The O'Flynn" to his repertory, and will appear in due course as the Irish hero of Justin H. McCarthy's romantic drama, the part created by Sir Herbert Tree in London. Mr. Mantell has no idea, of course, of abandoning his Shakespearean impersonations. His O'Flynn is an addition, not a substitute.

Hubert Henry Davies's new play, "A Single Man," which will be produced in London next month, is a four-act comedy. It deals with English country life and is said to have a particularly strong love interest.

The members of the Incorporated Stage Society of London have selected for their first production this season John Masefield's play, "Pompey the Great," already known in its published form to the reading public.

Both Mr. Asquith, prime minister of England, and Mr. Balfour, the leader of the opposition, attended the opening of Gertrude Kingston's "The Little Theatre," in London, the other evening. The attraction was an English adaptation of the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes, in which a good many liberties had been taken with the text, in the way of modifications, additions, and elisions. The audience, which was of a very special character, appeared to be entertained, but there was not much in the entertainment for the ordinary unclassical theatre-goer.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, after a succession of triumphs in Australia, are back in London, as already announced, and playing in "Count Hannibal" at the New Theatre. They expect the piece to run to the end of the year, but contemplate a series of special Thursday matinées. These are to be devoted mainly to Shakespearean revivals, among the pieces selected being "The Taming of the Shrew," "Othello," "As You Like It," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Merchant of Venice." With these may possibly be bracketed Rudolf Besier's poetical play, "The Virgin Goddess." In Australia the part of Mistress Quickly in "The Merry Wives" was played with such emphatic success by Miss Bessie Major that Mr. Asche persuaded that actress to return to England with him in order to reappear in the character. In January the probabilities are that Mr. Asche will visit the United States. This is to be followed by a return trip to Australia, where he will play for forty-eight weeks.

Music.

Piano Lyrics and Shorter Compositions of Edvard Grieg. Edited by Bertha Feiring Tapper. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

From the Southland. Piano sketches by H. T. Burleigh. New York: William Maxwell Co. $1.

Negro Minstrel Melodies. Edited by H. T. Burleigh. New York: G. Schirmer. 50 cents.

The Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Co. is one of the most praiseworthy exhibits of the American publishing business. The fifty-five volumes so far issued comprise most of the best songs and pianoforte pieces in existence, beautifully printed, and intelligently edited by authorities. Among the volumes of piano music there are three containing selections from Liszt's pieces, edited by August Spanuth; two of Bach's, edited by Ebenezer Prout, and two of Chopin's, edited by James Huneker. Two of the greatest living pianists, Joseffy and D'Albert, prepared the Brahms and Beethoven volumes; the late Carl Reinecke, chief of Mozart specialists, chose and commented on what he considered the best twenty Mozart pieces for piano; and Xaver Scharwenka did the same service for Haydn and Schumann. Thirty Mendelssohn pieces are edited by Percy Goetschius; Otto Singer arranged selections from Wagner's operas; while Isidor Philipp and M Esposito contribute anthologies of French and Italian music for the same instrument. The editors were in each case chosen not only for their eminence, but for their enthusiastic devotion to the composers assigned to them.

To Bertha Feiring Tapper fell the agreeable task of selecting from Grieg's pianoforte works pieces to fill two volumes. One, devoted to his concerto and others of his larger compositions, appeared a year or so ago, and to this is now added a second, containing some of his lyrical pieces and other short compositions. It is to be regretted that she included in her collection so many of the earliest compositions, written before Grieg's genius had begun to manifest its original traits. Thus, of the first fourteen numbers, only four are really Griegish: No. 3 of the "Tone Pictures," "The Watchman's Song," and "Album Leaf" of opus 1, and the "Album Leaf" of opus 28. For the other ten it would have been infinitely better to substitute "In My Native Country" of opus 43; "Valse Impromptu," "Album Leaf," and "Melodie" of opus 47; "Shepherd's Boy" and "Norwegian Peasant March" of opus 54; "Sylphe" and "Gratitude of opus 62; "Peasant's Song" of opus 65, and "Peace of the Woods" of opus 71. It surely cannot be that these delightful pieces were omitted because of the bold, novel, and unique dissonances which characterize most of them. In these days of the Debussyan cult most hearers would find them almost orthodox and "classical."

For these gems the amateur will have to be referred, now as before, to the volume of sixty-six lyric pieces published by Peters. By way of atoning for their omission, Mrs. Tapper has included in her volume Grieg's own arrangements of some of his favorite songs, and of three numbers of the "Peer Gynt" score, besides some miscellaneous works for piano. An introductory essay of seven pages by Samuel Swift is devoted chiefly to comments on the pieces here presented, sympathetic and adequate for the most part, although in the case of the pathetic "Cradle Song" (op. 41) something surely should have been said about the text to guide the pianist to a correct interpretation, the name alone, without the text, being cruelly misleading, for the babe in the cradle is dead.

Grieg's pieces are the best written for pianoforte since Chopin and Liszt, unless we agree with those—and there are good judges among them—who place those of Edward MacDowell a notch higher. This foremost of American composers was deeply influenced by Grieg, and in turn he has exerted a surprisingly wide influence on the younger composers of our country, which would be better understood if their pieces were more frequently played in public. One of these younger men is the negro baritone, Harry T. Burleigh. His declaration that his six piano sketches, "From the Southland," were suggested by MacDowell's "Woodland Sketches" is borne out by internal evidence. They are all interesting, and bear witness to the fact that he profited by his opportunity to learn how to compose, under Dr. Dvorák, at the National Conservatory in this city. When this great Bohemian was studying negro and plantation music with a view to reproducing its moods in his "New World" symphony, Mr. Burleigh gave him the benefit of his thorough knowledge of the subject. Actual melodies from the old plantation songs are introduced in three of his own "sketches" (Nos. 2, 5, 6), and in all of them there is a successful attempt at local coloring. They are the most musicianly pieces ever composed by an American of his race.

That the Schirmer Company should have chosen Mr. Burleigh as editor of their collection of Negro Minstrel Melodies was almost inevitable. As a matter of course he shows a predilection for the songs of Stephen Foster, who is responsible for nine of the twenty-five in the volume. In the entertaining preface W. J. Henderson declares that Foster's melodies are not folksongs; but why not? Is it the peasants alone who can create folk music? To be sure, in the case of most European folksongs, the creator's name is not known; but that is a distinction without a difference, so far as the style and quality of the music are concerned. These songs of Foster's will live forever, while the negro minstrelsy, which first gave them vogue, and which made many think they were real negro songs, has virtually passed away. The modern minstrel moves in a higher sphere.

Liszt centenary festivals will be in order next year. Berlin will lead with one in which Busoni will take part.

Fritz Kreisler will play the new violin concerto of Elgar, not only at the first of the season's Philharmonic concerts, but also at the second, and once again in the new year with the London Symphony Orchestra. The programmes of this orchestra will include an American composition, "The Mystic Trumpeter," by Frederick S. Converse. Regarding the Elgar concerto, a writer in the London *Telegraph*, who heard it privately, makes the following remarks:

I believe that Elgar has succeeded in a very high degree in revivifying the once moribund concerto form, and I believe that that will be the universal verdict on November 10. The music is thoroughly characteristic of the composer of the first symphony; it is permeated with his individuality, and, indeed, it reflects now and then, if only idiomatically, the spirit of the sym-

phony. Melodically it has many a moment of sheer loveliness—my mind goes back to an exquisite little episode in the first movement, and I have been haunted for a month by the song-like theme of the andante.

Chicago now has its own grand opera, and performances begin on November 3. Mr. Dippel's prospectus is extremely inviting, the indications being that the season will be brilliantly successful. The repertory will include many of the best French, Italian, and German operas, and the list of singers is most tempting. To name some of the sopranos alone, there are Johanna Gadski, Mary Garden, Nellie Melba, Carmen Melis, Alice Nielsen, and Marguerite Sylva, besides Geraldine Farrar, who will be one of the five visiting artists from the Metropolitan, the other four being Caruso, Jadlowker, Slézak, and Scotti. During the season of eleven weeks in Philadelphia the Chicago Grand Opera Company will visit New York every Tuesday night for ten performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. The repertory here will consist solely of the works of the foremost French composers, for which there is a special subscription, now open, in two series of five each. At these performances opera-goers will be able to see and hear again the chief successes of the four seasons of opera at the Manhattan—"Thaïs," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Louise," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and "Samson and Delila," under the direction of the incomparable Campanini, and with the same artists that made them popular, among them Maurice Renaud, Mary Garden, and Charles Dalmores. Baltimore and Washington will also have opportunities to hear Mr. Dippel's forces.

Art.

AUSTRALIAN PAINTING.

SYDNEY, October 5.

If it be the case that the art of painting has developed along the same lines as science, and risen, step by step, from the delineation of the inorganic to the organic, and thence to the psychical and the social, then we must say that Australian painting is still on the lower rungs of the ladder. Almost exactly two-thirds of the oils and nine-tenths of the water-colors in this year's exhibition of the Royal Art Society consist of landscapes. Even in those where the organic elements—trees, shrubs, grasses, and wild flowers—form the most conspicuous part of the picture, it is still the action of inorganic agents on these that is the real theme. The effects of light in particular are the main concern of many of the artists. They may well be. Hardly Greece (and who that has voyaged in the Ionian Sea is likely to forget how the splendor of the sunset or the brilliancy of moon and stars is there heightened by the limpid air?) surpasses Australia in this.

Australian painters have been slow to realize their chief asset. The earlier painters knew nothing of it. These, it is true, were birds of passage, and foreigners at that. The pictures of Chevalier and Von Guérard are said to have no atmosphere—at least, the luminous Australian atmosphere is conspicuously absent. The trees, the mountains, the plains, even the skies, are painted heavy and dark, which they seldom are. The Bush is "stern and funereal," as it was to the first novelists and the first poets—Marcus Clarke and Charles Harpur, whereas, in literal truth it is commonly flooded with sunshine. Homesick exiles, they had missed its characteristic note. The Swiss Buvelot, a disciple of Corot, mediated the transition to a greater veracity. As so often happens with poets and even with men of science, his more ambitious works, his oils, were the least true to their objects, while his less considered water-colors more truly depicted the landscapes he really saw. His Bush in oils was Swiss or French; in waters, it was genuinely Australian.

Landscapes and seascapes crowd the annual exhibition. Mr. Salvana has deserted the shy and secret places of the Blue Mountains, which he alone knew, or at least painted, for the more garish aspects of the plains. That is an Australian river, almost arrested in its course by drought, slender enough now, but its height in flood is shown by the bared depths of its reddish sides. The yellows of the difficult foliage, the pale green of the banks, the lovely pale blue of the stream, show the same high key of light and color that is the characteristic note of Australian landscape. It is again mainly a striking series of effects of light that we observe in Evening in Rose Bay. Few finer or richer scenes are to be found than in this portion of far-famed Sydney Harbor, but here nature and art are inseparably joined to form a prospect of striking beauty. The evening sun shines through the whole, lighting up the near stream and its more remote banks, the distant hills and the Bush trees. Perhaps there are some crudeness of coloring and a lack of perfect harmony, but we feel that painting in Australia is travelling from the scenes of wild nature where it has hitherto luxuriated to urban scenes that put the powers of the artist to their severest test.

Return we to our sheep, with Gil Blas, or at least to pictures that represent the Type of a Coming Nation and a Land of Cattle and Sheep. Neither sheep nor cattle are there, it is true, in the picture so named. Only a grizzled bushman, standing beside his horse and dog, and gazing at the vast expanse of sun-browned herbage. There is little in the picture, it may seem, and Darwin, seventy years ago, found little in the scene. Yet on those brown pastures are reared 115 million sheep, and out of them it comes that Sydney is the greatest wool mart in the world. The painting (by a young artist) is remarkable for its lightness of touch and bright coloring.

The president solves a problem that practitioners pronounced insoluble. One of our more famous artists has said that a Northern tree, like the willow, cannot be introduced into an Australian landscape without disturbing its harmony. Mr. Lister's best water-color is a fine study of a willow tree, overhanging a creek. It stands out in relief, assuredly, but not over-boldly; it is not assertive, but pathetic; it is not crude or out of tone, but tender and harmonious. And yet it is a true delineation of an Australian pastoral scene.

Not only is the land not quite the same as in other countries; the sea, too, or rather the ocean, which laves the stones of most Australian cities, has a movement and a complexion of its own. It would be hard to render in a canvas of moderate dimensions "the long wash of Australasian seas," but Julian Ashton (a rebel who does not exhibit with the Royal Art Society) has caught the swell and the hues of the Pacific, and others of the clan (for there are several Ashtons) have shown that in their seascapes they find their truest expression. In a dozen pictures by Will Ashton, almost all of them seascapes, the characteristic Australian color scheme is worked out. One of them shows a stretch of green-blue sea breaking on the rocks of the shore, and the breakers are dazzlingly lighted up, we are reminded of Hook, but if there is less strength in the yet virile South Australian artist, there is greater brightness than in the seas the academician painted so robustly. Perhaps, too, there is something specially Australian in a large and massive painting (by A. J. Burgess) of the moon breaking through clouds and pouring on the sea "a beauteous calm of beams." It is a sombre theme, but the deep blue of the limitless expanse of ocean is typical. Alone among the seascapes, though these are numerous and often admirable, this impressive canvas seems to embody an idea. Are we fanciful in imagining that the flood of silvery light breaking on the billows of the sleeping sea under its dark cloudy sky represents some such idea as Greek mythology embodied in the myth of Zeus pouring a wealth of golden sunbeams into the lap of Danaë? It was in the sea that life began, and it may have been begotten of the contact of light with water.

As is to be expected in a young country, where art must pass through the same stages as it traversed in older countries, the annual Australian exhibitions are still weak in *genre* painting and portrait. The specimens of these on the walls are few, and they are not always good. The really successful delineations of typical physiognomies, as in the procession of human Derelicts—the defeated in life's battle—are the

work of a Neapolitan, an adopted member of the Sydney artist community, Signor Dattilo Rubbo.

Nevertheless, *genre* painting has been successfully achieved by some of the more eminent Australian painters. The *genre* pictures of Tom Roberts are understood to be his most characteristic work, and they render various aspects of Bush life with truth and energy. He is still largely inorganic, or, if animal and human, at best muscular, as when he depicts the effects of heat on a dusty road, the rush of a flock of thirsty sheep to a water hole, or the strenuous activity of sheep-shearing. Fred McCubbin has delineated, with a pathos that reminds us of Millet, the hard struggles of the pioneer with Nature.

If, by such interpretations of Bush life and such revealings of Australian landscape, Australian artists have not established a new school of painting, as they once claimed, or even laid its foundations, as is now asserted, they have at least set up a happy variant on English landscape and *genre* painting. The great legislator of English painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, laid an authoritative ban on blues, yellows, and yellowy reds or whites. Wilkie commended Raeburn for abandoning his Prussian blues and Neapolitan yellows. The Australian school inherits the French color scheme, its reds generally excepted. Yellow and blue are dominant colors in its pictures, because they are dominant colors in the scenes that it paints. The rich and sombre coloring still to be seen in some of the older Australian pictures stamps them as more English than Australian. J. C.

Messrs. MacLehose promise "The Roman Wall from the Clyde to the Forth," by Dr. George MacDonald.

A book on the French line engravings of the late eighteenth century, by Basil Dighton and H. W. Lawrence, containing eighty-two plates, will be published about a fortnight hence by Lawrence S. Jellicoe in an edition limited to a thousand copies.

Interesting articles in the *Rassegna d'Arte Umbra* for August are an "Unknown Painting by Perugino," being a small half-length version of the Madonna, in the National Gallery, London; "Notices of the Beginnings of Perugian Art," with new documents of thirteenth century date, and a "Study of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo," fixing the year of his death, which was unascertained, as 1522. Among the plates that which depicts the new Perugino, formerly in the Sedelmeyer collection, is naturally most important.

"The English Home" (Scribners), by Banister F. Fletcher and H. Phillips Fletcher, is one of the rapidly growing class which concerns itself with the modern country house of moderate cost. It contains a complete and concise description of contemporary English methods of planning, construction, heating, ventilating, and drainage—few of which are in advance of current American practice. The latter half consists of numerous reproductions of photographs and drawings of recent work by the authors' firm and by others of the best known English architects who specialize in domestic building. The plans are well chosen and less intricate than the common run; but the more interesting of them have already been fully described and illustrated in the architectural journals and elsewhere.

Francis Bond's "Misericords" (Henry Frowde) is the first of four volumes to be devoted to the Woodcarvings in English Churches. The misericord, it may be recalled, was a merciful projection from the upturned choir seat against which ancient and infirm officiants who were forbidden to sit during service, might yet lean. These ledges are carved in the most playful spirit; the subjects include the monsters of the Bestiary, sacred and profane legends, domestic scenes, parodies and satires—in short, something like a repertory of the themes that captured plain artisans during the Middle Ages. Mr. Bond has made his text with his customary scholarship and charm, illustrating the carvings freely from contemporary literature and church teaching. There are scores of cuts clear enough almost to reconcile one to the halftone process. Not merely for artists and decorators, but for all students of mediæval art and culture, this collection is a valuable resource.

A monument is to be erected at Zutphen by the Dutch and the English in memory of Sir Philip Sidney.

Frescoes of the late fifteenth century and belonging to the school of Mantegna have been discovered in the Church of Pieve di Coriano, near Mantua. Buffalmacco's frescoes have also come to light in Florence. A discussion of the latter will be found in the *Cicerone*.

Finance.

BANK OF ENGLAND AND WALL STREET.

On Thursday of last week, there were two interesting occurrences in the financial markets. The Bank of England advanced its official discount rate to 5 per cent.—a step which money markets, the world over, at once interpreted as a sign of stringency. News of the Bank's action reached Wall Street before the opening of Thursday's market. It was greeted on the Stock Exchange, not by a fall in prices such as usually follows unfavorable news, but by a violent advance: Steel common shares advancing 2½ points from the day before, Union Pacific 3, and Reading 2¼. These stocks had been the focus of an excited speculation which had already pushed up their prices 5 to 10 points in the two preceding weeks, and Thursday's advance was continued during the next two days.

A 5 per cent. rate at the Bank of England is very high. During the past thirty years it has been exceeded in the third week of October only once—in 1906, when the strain on the whole world's capital reserve had reached the breaking-point. It has been equalled at this date in only three other years in the two past decades, and those were interesting occasions—1909, when the Bank of England, as the whole financial world is now aware, was putting a quietus on New York's rash speculation in the Steel shares; 1899, when the Boer war had just begun and South Africa's gold fields were blockaded, and 1890, barely two weeks before the Baring crisis broke on the London market.

The Bank of England's actual position, at the time of its statement of last Thursday, was peculiar. Its gold holdings were lower than at the corresponding date in any year but one of the decade past, that one year being 1906; on the other hand, Thursday's percentage of reserve to liability was well above that of the corresponding week in 1906, or 1905, or 1903, or 1902, or 1900. But the question of real importance is the rapidity of the outflow of gold in the past eight weeks. This, in round figures, is the amount by which the Bank's stock of gold has been reduced in each of the past half-dozen years, between September 1 and October 20:

	Loss.		Loss.
1910.....	£8,000,000	1907.....	£3,400,000
1909.....	7,200,000	1906.....	8,800,000
1908.....	1,700,000	1905.....	4,500,000

These comparisons make it plain enough that the Bank's immediate purpose, in fixing a higher London rate for money, was to protect its own gold reserve against this swift depletion. Since the gold which the Bank has lately lost has gone in the main to India and Egypt, it should seem that the 5 per cent. rate was not aimed at Wall Street speculation, and at Wall Street borrowers, in the same degree as was the 5 per cent. rate of a year ago last week. But what the bank directors do appear to have had in mind is something which concerns the American market as well as London. Taking along with one another the very recent uncertainties of London's financial situation, the grave public warning addressed to the international markets, three weeks ago, by the president of the Bank of Germany, and this week's procedure by the Bank of England, no one can possibly say that the world-wide money market is in a comfortable position.

Its position, six or eight months ago, we now know to have been extremely bad. But it had been hoped that the Stock Exchange liquidation, here and in Europe, with the simultaneous slackening of trade activity and the pause in creation of new securities, had effectively mended matters. The most that can now be said, in the light of the recent events in Europe's markets, is that equilibrium has not yet been restored. We are still in a period when demand on capital, to sustain the structure of high-priced commodity markets, expanded

trade, and public and private extravagance, seems to be out of proportion to the accumulation of new wealth. As an economic problem, this is exceedingly obscure. It at least suggests to thoughtful men, however, the question whether the state of things is not partly a sequel to the absence of any genuine readjustment of prices in the broader sense, since the break-down of 1907.

But what of Thursday's rapid advance on the New York Stock Exchange, in response to this not altogether pleasant news? Perhaps the simplest way to characterize the episode is to say that when the one thing happened which ought, in the sane and natural order of things, to have called a halt in the speculation of the week, Wall Street to a man predicted that prices would be jacked up faster than ever. The prediction was correct, and it was based on implicit recognition of the fact that the conductors of the speculation had no regard for actual things. That feeling was not inspired by belief, such as Wall Street used to entertain nine or ten years ago, that the Stock Exchange movement had so intrinsically powerful a basis that nothing whatever could shake it. On the contrary, the Wall Street judgment on last week's affair was altogether cynical; it probably went too far in the way of describing the whole speculation as a hollow pretence. The presumption seemed to be that some one with access to great stores of credit, and with entire indifference to anything but a gambling chance, was playing again the familiar game of 1905, and of 1906, and of October, 1909.

This judgment may have been unfair. But a Wall Street which in 1905 had seen two or three stocks, controlled by powerful capitalists, put up ten points or so on news of a deficit in New York bank reserves; which had witnessed the same achievement in the face of a critical strain on capital in 1906, and which had watched, a year ago this week, the process then described as "snapping the market's fingers at the Bank of England"—could not be wholly blamed for cynicism.

Not the least interesting aspect of Thursday's episode was its evidence of progressive development in the indifference of speculators to the realities. A year ago, when the Bank of England raised the bars of a 5 per cent. discount rate, there was at least an outcry from the leaders of the Wall Street speculation. The Bank of England was a financial power, but it had done a senseless thing. Its directors were hysterical; they were dreamers; they were tradesmen; in any case, their interference was impertinent. When the same barrier was raised by the Bank last Thursday, nothing of the sort was heard. The action of Lombard Street was simply ignored. Like the Senator from Ohio in the celebrated free-coinage debate of 1878, the conductors of the Wall Street demonstration might have retorted, "What have we got to do with 'abroad'?" Theirs was a New Finance, which was as much a law to itself in the money market as any one else's New Nationalism could be in politics.

Either from a financial or an historical point of view, the thing is interesting. It is certainly not less so, from the fact that in every one of these clashes of opinion with the speculative powers of Wall Street, the sequel has proved the Bank of England to be right. When the bank rate rose to 6 per cent. in the face of the autumn "Union Pacific boom" of 1906, less than six months were needed to show who had read the future best—Mr. Harriman or Threadneedle Street. When the rate went from 2½ to 5 in the "Steel common boom" of October, 1909, the verdict of events, as between the foresight of the Bank and the foresight of the boomers, was equally swift and unmistakable. In the olden time, financial markets used to learn their lessons and shape their policies from just such episodes in financial history. That, more than any other aspect of the matter, is what makes the Wall Street incident of last week a psychological curiosity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andreyev, L. Anathema. Translated by H. Bernstein. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Armbruster, C H. Initia Amharica. Part II. Putnam.
Arnold, R. F. Allgemeine Bücherkunde, Lemcke & Buechner.
Bacon, E. M. The Boy's Drake. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Barry, R., Habberton, J., and others. The Runaway Flying-Machine, and Other Stories. Harper. 60 cents.
Batchelor, D. O. The Unstrung Bow. Boston: Sherman. French. $1.20 net.
Bearne, Mrs. Four Fascinating French Women. Brentano.
Black, H. Comfort. (Illustrated.) Revell.
Boulting, W. Woman in Italy. Brentano. $4 net.
Boylan, G. D. The Steps to Nowhere. Baker & Taylor. $1.50.
Bracq. J. C. France Under the Republic. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Brown, G. Melanesians and Polyneslans. Macmi'lan. $3 net.
Burrell, D. J. In David's Town. Amerlean Tract Society. 50 cents net.
Carr, S. P. Billy To-morrow in Camp. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.
Cerkez, F. E. de. Driftwood and Other Poems. Boston: Badger. $1 50.
Chance, Mrs. B. Mother and Daughter: a Book of Ideals for Girls. Century Co. $1.
Channon, F. E. An American Boy at Henley. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Crook, W. H. Through Five Administrations (Reminiscences). Harper. $1.80 net.
Cutting, M. S. The Unforeseen. Doubleday, Page.
Dann, H. Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir. Amer. Book Co. 45 cents.
Davis, W. S. The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome. Macmillan. $2 net.
Dean, A. D. The Worker and the State. Century Co. $1.20 net.
De Laguna, T. and G. A. Dogmatism and Evolution. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Dewey, K. F. Star People. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Dickens Centenary Edition. Pickwick Papers. 2 vols. Scribner. $1 each.
Dufferin, Lord. Letters from High Latitudes. Frowde.
Erskine, J. and H. Written English: A Guide to the Rules of Composition. Century Co.
Ewing, J. H. We and the World: a Book for Boys; The Brownics and Other Tales. 2 vols. London: Bell.
Ficke, A. D. The Breaking of Bonds. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Firth, C. H. The Farallel Between the English and American Civil Wars. (Rede Lecture.) Putnam.
Ford, H. J. The Cost of Our National Government. Macmillan. $1.50 uct.
Gascoigne, G. Works. Vol. II. The Glasse of Governement and Other Works. Putnam.
Gaskell, E. C. Wives and Daughters. Frowde.
Gayley, C. M. Idols of Education. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Ghent, W. J. Socialism and Success. Lane. $1 net.
Gilder, R. W. Grover Cleveland, a Record of Friendship. Century Co. $1.80 net.
Gillie, R. C. Little Talks on Temperance. American Tract Society. 30 cents.
Gordon, S. D. Quiet Talks About the Tempter. Revell. 75 cents net.
Hamp, S. F. Coco Bolo. Boston: Badger. $1.
Hardy's A Pair of Blue Eyes. Harper. $1.25.
Harrison, E. O. Princess Sayrane. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Hatton, H., and Plate, A. Magicians' Tricks: How They Are Done. Century Co. $1.60 net.
Headlam, W. Agamemnon of Aeschylus, with verse translation and notes. Putnam.
Herbert, S. The First Principles of Heredity. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Herkomer, H. v. The Herkomers. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Hichens, R. The Holy Land. Illustrated by J. Guérin. Century Co. $6 net.
Horn, K. Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun. Brentano.
Howells, W. D. Imaginary Interviews. Harper. $2 net.
Hudson, W. H. Introduction to the Study of Literature. Boston: Heath.
Jackson, H. H. Nelly's Silver Mine, illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.
Johnson, H. Williams on Service. Appleton. $1.50.
Judson, K. B. Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Kaye, P. L. Readings in Civil Government. Century Co.
Keller, H. The Song of the Stone Wall. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Knowles, R. E. The Handicap. Revell. $1.20 net.
Korea. The Material Progress of Korea (1905-1910). Seoul.
Krout, M. H. Platters and Pipkins. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.
Lang, A. The Lilac Fairy Book Longmans. $1.60 net.
Lawrence, R. M. Primitive Psycho-Therapy and Quackery. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Lawrence, T. J. The Principles of International Law. Fourth edition, revised. Boston: Heath.
Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, Prince and Princess. The Servian People. 2 vols. Scribner. $5 net.
Lee, V. Vanitas. Second ed. Laue Co. $1.50 net.

Financial.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1910.

The Week.

Senator Cummins recently made the valiant remark: "There is nothing which appeals to me as being so absurd as a Republican trying to elect a Democrat to Congress because he is dissatisfied with the tariff bill." It is, indeed, as absurd as a Republican trying to elect an insurgent for the same foolish reason. Is it the mark of a Progressive to denounce the Payne-Aldrich bill as so bad that one must break with a President, if necessary, in order to vote against it, but to explain that it is not bad enough to justify voting against a member of Congress who voted for it, if that would mean voting for a Democrat? The Senator should have made his position clearer during the fight in the Senate, where his language was not suggestive of such delicate discrimination.

It is both amusing and significant to see how unanimous the supporters of the Payne-Aldrich tariff are in the claim that it made heavy reductions in rates and large additions to the free list. It is as if the churches should boast that their operations for the year had resulted in large diminutions in their actual membership and great loss of zeal on the part of many still upon the rolls. A protectionist with real faith in his work ought to be heralding from the housetops the large number of articles around which he had thrown the ramparts of protection and pointing with peculiar pride to the extreme height and solidity of the tariff walls which he had helped to build. If he has voted for a duty of 137 per cent. upon some article which outsiders would like to provide for us at half the present market price, he ought to be printing that fact on a poster bearing his photograph and circulating it all over the land, instead of raking the *Congressional Record* for some roll-call in which he was not present to vote with the standpatters, and pledging himself not to vote for Cannon in the Republican caucus. If our protectionist friends are not careful, they will arouse the suspicion that the only part of their work they are not at heart ashamed of is that in which they were frightened into making concessions to the other side.

In his latest letter to Judge Baldwin, Mr. Roosevelt runs away entirely from his original charge. That was perfectly specific, and met with a specific denial from Judge Baldwin. But without withdrawal or apology, Mr. Roosevelt drops all that and passes on to the discussion of certain judicial decisions of Judge Baldwin which the Colonel declares to have been sadly retrogressive. It never occurs to him, however, to ask whether Judge Baldwin was deciding, not what his own individual opinion might be, but what the law was. In his own letter Mr. Roosevelt confesses that the Federal law had to be changed on the subject of employers' liability and the doctrine of fellow-servant, before the courts could depart from the established precedents; yet he speaks of Judge Baldwin as "Bourbon and reactionary" because he would not, on the bench, make up the law out of his own head.

In Massachusetts the Democrats are begging for more Roosevelt speeches. The one he made there, with his reckless and unfounded attack upon Mr. Foss as a stock gambler, is estimated by the Boston *Transcript*, which is supporting the Republican ticket, to have cost that party 15,000 votes. Mr. Foss is displaying all those qualities as a campaigner which led to his election to Congress, and with unerring instinct he is laying all his emphasis upon the tariff, and demanding that the taxes on foodstuffs be removed. His appeal for freer trade with Canada is awakening many an echo. There, too, the Republicans are falling back in their distress and confusion upon personal attacks. Lieut.-Gov. Frothingham insists that Mr. Foss is but a tool of the Fitzgerald and Curley Boston machine—the Boston Tammany. That issue seems to be taking just as little in Massachusetts as in New York. The result is that Republican confidence in a walk-over has completely disappeared, as have the odds on Draper, and the leaders admit that, impossible as it seemed two weeks ago, they are now fighting for their political lives.

Republican candidates in Cook County are finding it necessary to request the support of so regular a stand-by as the *Inter Ocean*, but in reply that usually certain voice wavers. Its unequivocal announcement in former years would have been that it would support every Republican on the ticket. Now it will support any Republican on the county ticket who publicly will take in good faith a pledge repudiating "the Busse thieves at the City Hall." Even this one might understand, despite the silence of the other Chicago newspapers on the Mayor's thievery. But the declaration does not stop here. "And until such pledge is publicly and unreservedly given, we will support the Democratic opponents of the Republican candidates who have accepted and are accepting the favor and sponsorship of the Busse thieves at the City Hall, and of their allies in the county and State governments." It will be a pity if this fine display of morality and independence does not compel a more equable division of the spoils.

The New York campaign has its asperities and commotions, but it is as tranquil as a summer lake in comparison with the goings on in Ohio. There they have an irrepressible Foraker—or at least a Foraker who wouldn't be repressed until he had fired his shot at Roosevelt; and, naturally enough, Mr. Garfield took up the cudgels for the Roosevelt side. He declared that the party must choose between him and Foraker; that he would not continue on the stump unless Foraker were muzzled. The first consequence was that Foraker announced that he would retire into his shell. But later, Mr. Harding, the Republican candidate, succeeded in inducing the two men to lay down their arms —until after the election. Yet they continue to glower at each other. Gov. Harmon, however, suggests a joint debate between Foraker and Roosevelt as the most interesting thing that could be put before the Ohio voters; but he is probably satisfied with the situation as it is, without the addition of any such feature to the Republican happy-family show.

It is a duller campaign than the pres-

ent one in which the experienced political orator cannot present "issues" that appeal to the noblest sentiments. In Indiana, one of Senator Beveridge's young supporters is "an evangel of liberty," Gifford Pinchot "has the blood of the Huguenots in his veins," and, as the Senator himself says, it is the fireside and the altar which progressive Republicanism is trying to save from desecration. Tennessee does almost as well. The supporters of the fusion candidate for Governor, with his acquiescence, have been presenting to the voters a pretty romance of his early life in an orphanage, his study of law with hard-earned money that scarcely sufficed to buy him clothes, and his carving out of his own fortune. The stupid facts seem to be that at the age of three years he was adopted into the family of one of the wealthiest citizens of the State, and that he was at no time an inmate of an orphanage. How far this unfortunate defect of his childhood will affect the general opinion of his qualifications for the Governorship is uncertain, but there ought to be no uncertainty about the effect of such attempts at deception. Although the line between sentiment and sentimentality is hazier than that between the sublime and the ridiculous, campaign speakers evince a decided instinct for getting on the lower side of it.

The scheme for modifying the second-class postage rate on magazines and periodicals which it is said may be recommended by the President in his coming annual message, is worth consideration. The proposed plan is to continue the present one-cent-a-pound rate so far as regards reading matter, but to charge a higher rate on the advertising. The amount to be paid would, of course, be ascertained by the examination of sample copies, the publishers being required to pay on the whole output in the proportions thus determined. The scheme would seem to be quite feasible, and as to its justice, it may be said that it would be tantamount simply to withdrawing from the advertising a portion of that preferential rate which is granted to periodicals on the express ground of the desirability of encouraging the dissemination of periodical literature. As for the necessity of any such step, and as to the business facts underlying the matter, there has been no little controversy; but Postmaster-General Hitchcock has given to the subject a great deal of attention and caused it to be thoroughly investigated, so that there is at least a strong presumption in favor of his views. If we had—as we may have in the near future—a permanent administrative officer of high class as the practical head of the Post Office Department, questions of this kind would be settled much more rapidly, because the statements and the recommendations of such an officer would be accepted, by the public and by Congress, as authoritative in a degree that is impossible under the present system.

Discussing "Economics in the College Course," in the current number of the *Educational Review*, Prof. H. D. Mussey of Columbia admirably expresses, in one of his statements, a function that this study ought to perform. "A science," he says, "that teaches a student to pick out essential and underlying causes, and at the same time give due weight to temporary disturbing influences, may fairly claim high rank as a means of developing scientific temper and habits of work." The remark is peculiarly interesting at the present time, because of the vast amount of talk about high prices and the cost of living that is going on all over the world, and the extremely small amount of scientific temper and habits of thought that is being exhibited even in the higher intellectual strata, not to speak of the general mass and the shallow appeals made to it. That there is not a greater body of really intelligent thought on the subject is, we feel sure, largely attributable to the comparative neglect into which the first half of what Professor Mussey refers to has fallen in the past generation—the concentration of attention upon essential and underlying causes. Fifty years ago the trouble was doubtless of the opposite kind—the tendency was to exploit a simple and fundamental formula as adequate to the solution of the most complex problems; but nowadays the pendulum has swung so far the other way that the most pressing duty of the economic teacher and writer is to insist that there are some things which are fundamental, and that he who fails to appreciate these is simply unfitted to discuss economic questions at all.

The law should be no respecter of persons, and we hesitate to say a word that might look like criticism of an action in that line. But even in so solemn a business as the enforcement of the customs laws at the port of New York, there is a point at which the sense of humor should step in to mitigate the heroics. When it comes to holding up a private collector who enters a seventeenth-century crucifix as exempt from duty on account of age, because it is possible that the crucifix may be a newly-manufactured counterfeit, we get the sort of thing that is calculated to bring the law into ridicule. One defence of this action of the custom-house inspectors may indeed be suggested, and if this is the ground on which they really acted we have, of course, nothing to say. If it was actually the purpose of the law to protect American makers of counterfeit antiques against the pauper labor of European counterfeiters, no precaution should be omitted to effect this patriotic object. Even if there was only one chance in a thousand that the bringing in of Miss Morgan's crucifix would deprive some home manufacturer of bogus antiques of the easy market to which he is entitled, that would be sufficient justification for the most severe measures. A square deal for the American laboring man must be insisted on at all hazards.

The Supreme Court of Oklahoma has upheld the negro-disfranchising Constitutional amendment adopted August second last. Under it all negroes whose grandfathers were slaves must submit to an educational test, and so must all naturalized citizens from countries where they did not have the right to ballot, as well as all blanket Indians. But the Supreme Court holds that the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, and Osages who form ninety per cent. of Oklahoma's Indian population shall not have to submit to an educational test, as there was an electoral form of government over them prior to 1866. Naturally, the negroes are very indignant at the plight they find themselves in—not because they are afraid of the educational test, but because they know that the test will be applied so as to pass every white man, foreign-born or otherwise, while they will be defrauded of a part in the government—through the Indians' vote—by

subterfuge, by trickery, or open lawlessness. So bitter is the feeling among the colored people that, fearing riots at the polls, the State militia is to be held in readiness on election day. To the credit of the Republicans be it said that they have no part in this fraud, and that their candidate for Governor denounces it.

Mr. Edward Robinson's accession to the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum is the natural result of his intelligent service in that institution, as first lieutenant under Sir Purdon Clarke, and will give general satisfaction. In addition to his special attainments, which won him reputation with scholars while he was in the administration of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Mr. Robinson has the personal qualities requisite in his new position at the Metropolitan. He has, for example, the artistic conscientiousness which would make him insist upon exhibits being absolutely authentic, or, if not, labelled for exactly what they are. This scientific love of truth has, of course, been a ruling passion in the Metropolitan during recent years, but the intrusion of a different spirit has always to be guarded against, and we may be sure that it will be totally barred out while Mr. Robinson is Director. For the rest, we are confident that he will bring to his new duties the most enlightened conceptions of museum administration, and especially that he will do everything possible to make the art treasures of the Metropolitan fully available in the education of the popular taste.

The review by the Hague Tribunal of the Barge award in the Orinoco steamship case is a victory for the United States in its contention of the substantial injustice of that decision. The Tribunal, in thus reopening the case, establishes itself as a court of appeal, although such appeal cannot be taken, of course, without the agreement of the parties in controversy. One of the next steps in the development of the Tribunal ought to be its power as a court of review, to which any aggrieved nation could carry an award for final settlement. In this case the Barge finding was declared null on four points, the remaining American contentions being rejected. The rejection of these four resulted in increasing the money award to the American company, but only slightly as compared with their claim of above a million dollars damages. Nevertheless, the decision settles a long-standing dispute in a way that should be fruitful of international juridic progress.

Prime Minister Briand's success, not only in ending the railway strike, but in securing an overwhelming endorsement in the Chamber, shows once more how strong is the conservative instinct in the French people. They really yield to none in their firm purpose to establish law and order, and to support the rulers who insist upon doing it. The great masses of the population want industry to go on in peace, and every artisan and peasant to have a chance to do his work and make his savings undisturbed; and they are ready to stand by a government which puts down with a hard hand reckless agitators who would break up the whole social order. Hence, the otherwise surprising transformation which comes over Socialists like Clemenceau and Briand when they attain power. They may remain in sympathy with their old views, but when faced in office by lawless outbreaks, or strikes that savor of anarchy, the whole tradition of the government as well as the demand of the sober citizenship leads them to exhaust, if necessary, all the resources of the nation to make head against the danger.

What the London *Times* calls "a necessary change in the British attitude towards the Persian question" is signalized by the presentation of a note at Teheran announcing the determination of the English government to assume the policing of the southern trade routes unless Persia restores their old security within three months. The cost of such policing, if it proves necessary, is to be met by a 10 per cent. surcharge upon the Persian Gulf customs, which are already heavily pledged to British interests. The hypothesis that lack of funds is responsible for the lack of order is only partly correct, as, "with or without funds, the Persian government seems wholly unable to maintain its control over its distant provinces. Even in Teheran itself its authority is constantly called in question, and rival politicians sway the situation from day to day." At the same time, the article is careful to state that the settled policy of the British government, "so far as is possible, to leave Persia to work out her own salvation," remains unaltered by the threat in the note. There is no dream of annexing territory in Persia. The sufficiently heavy burden of the Indian Empire is cited as evidence that "it is quite misleading to discern vast possibilities in a simple and provisional measure of police." All this sounds very much like an anticipation of criticism and objection, despite the presumption "that the note was presented with the cognizance of Russia." The affair has attracted much attention in Germany and France, and is causing misgivings in England. The Manchester *Guardian* remarks that "intervention would mean the virtual destruction of Persian independence which we solemnly promised in 1907 to uphold."

The prompt adoption by the advisory Assembly of China of a memorial to the throne for the early calling of a real Parliament, is not surprising. One way not to placate a people, or the intelligent section of a people, which has begun to demand some hold upon the reins of government, is to give it merely an opportunity to talk. That will only increase the desire for power to legislate. Western sympathy will go out to representative institutions for China; but there is force in the remark of the North China *Herald*, that "one strong personality with progressive ideas and breadth of vision at the head of things is required for her rehabilitation." This personality the *Herald* finds in Yuan Shih-kai, dismissed from office nearly two years ago at the inauguration of the policy of removing strong men from the path of the Prince Regent. If he returns to power, it is likely to be at the solicitation of the Government rather than as a result of intrigue, but the *Herald* hopes it will be only under conditions of absolute freedom from court and official hostility, and upon an offer of the Metropolitan Vice-Royalty, with a seat in the Grand Council. If, however, the report is true that the Prince Regent resists the demand for a Parliament with more than advisory power only because of the attitude of the Grand Councillors, there is a greater opportunity for strong men in the government than there was when he thought himself all-sufficient.

ROOT ON ROOSEVELT.

It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt is not pleased with Senator Root's speech of last Friday. One can easily believe this. Mr. Roosevelt's mind is direct. He cannot readily wind himself into the sinuosities of special pleading, nor understand the Senator's argument that a tremendous blow delivered at Roosevelt in 1910 will make him inevitable and invincible in 1912. They do not reason that way at Oyster Bay. There they are prepared for Democratic victories in Ohio and New Jersey and Indiana, and have a notion that if they could point to New York as the one spared monument, Roosevelt could step forward modestly with the claim that he alone did it, and that he was the only one that could do it in 1912. It is stated, too, that the Colonel is not happy over Mr. Root's assertion that, if defeated this year, the Republicans "might go to Mr. Roosevelt, or they might go to one of the far more radical leaders who are now looming up on the political horizon in North and Middle West." The offence here is two-fold: it is implied that Mr. Roosevelt is very radical, which is injudicious at this moment and in this State; and it is also implied that he could be beaten by somebody more radical than himself, and that is both absurd and insulting.

As little does the Senator's effort to relieve the Colonel from the charge of disrespect for the courts appear to have gratified the friend he was trying to help. Mr. Root sought to pass the whole thing off as simply Mr. Roosevelt's way of "grumbling about decisions of the courts that he does not like," and of doing it "out loud and in public, according to his temperament and habits." This is too bad, and we fear that Mr. Root will soon find himself joined to Mr. Taft and the other former friends who have proved recreant and who can no longer be mentioned.

Of course, Senator Root went on to deny that Mr. Roosevelt contemplates an "attack" upon our judicial system, "or that it is in danger from him or any one else." The assertions to the contrary he declared to be "purely fanciful and devised for campaign purposes only." It may be for more than campaign purposes only that Mr. Root spoke in this way, though we should think it impossible for him, in touch with so many lawyers and judges as he is, to doubt the seriousness of their fear of Mr. Roosevelt. However that may be, if the Senator had been present at the dedication of Kent Hall at Columbia University on Saturday, he would have got some striking evidence on this point. President Butler made a direct reference to Mr. Root's speech of the night before, and said with great earnestness that he was much afraid that the Senator had "underestimated the persistency, the greatness of the malice and the cunning of those who would war against the courts." He added: "It is one thing to analyze and discuss the opinions of a great court; it is another thing to pour ridicule upon its membership and bring discredit upon its capacity and intelligence in the presence of the shouting mob." The audience instantly saw the point, and the hall, which was filled with eminent lawyers and judges—most of them Republicans, as is President Butler himself—rang with applause.

These men knew how vain it is to deny that Roosevelt is the chief issue in this State campaign. He has made himself such, and there is no escaping, so long as he refuses to undo what he has done. Herein lies the pathetic ineffectiveness of Senator Root's speech. It was a great lawyer's argument, full of subtleties and paradoxical reasoning, designed to prove by sheer dexterity what could be proved, if it were true, by producing the client himself. But that was not done. The Senator disclaimed authority to speak of Mr. Roosevelt's intentions for 1912. But that very fact left him very much in the attitude of a counsel who should plead with a jury not to convict a defendant against whom a vast amount of circumstantial evidence had been piled up, but whom he had refused to put in the witness-box to give his testimony and be cross-examined. Mr. Root must not complain if, these things being so, people are a little impatient at his refinements of inference about Mr. Roosevelt, and are anxious for that gentleman to take the stand in his own behalf.

Some despairing Republicans still hope, we know, that Mr. Roosevelt will yet definitely take himself out of the campaign. He can be made to understand, they say, how damaging to his party has been the injection of his personality, and how more and more impossible he is making the election of Stimson, and will patriotically declare that he has no further political ambitions and will never again be a candidate for office. But this is a hope rather than an expectation. Even if Mr. Roosevelt were to do such a thing at the eleventh hour, it would probably be too late to have much effect. That is one reason why Mr. Roosevelt will not now do it, and the other reason is that it would be too humiliating. He cannot be blind to the fact that he is driving thousands of steady-going Republicans, who never saw Wall Street, to vote for Dix—indeed, he rails at these "crooks" every day—but what Mr. Root calls his "temperament and habits" will always prevent him from doing anything which might look like a sacrifice of himself for the good of his party.

AN INSPIRING CAMPAIGNER.

No such display of ability in political speaking has been seen in this country for many years as Woodrow Wilson is showing in New Jersey. He is as direct and vigorous as even Gov. Hughes, while he has much more grace of manner and felicity of phrase. Those who knew him best have been astonished at the unfailing pungency of his speeches, together with their remarkable freshness in handling old topics, and their variety of approach and attack. To turn from the repetition of stale calumnies which has been the mark of the New York campaign, to the addresses of Woodrow Wilson, is to pass to intellectual stimulus and a gentlemanly and chivalrous bearing. It is more and more evident that, in bringing Mr. Wilson to the front, New Jersey happily pitched upon what Disraeli termed "that commodity called a man."

Scornful Jersey Republicans gave Mr. Wilson ten days to speak before "blowing up." He was to make a few academic discourses, and then have nothing more to say. But it is that opinion which has blown up. Wilson has gone on from strength to strength. His grasp on his subjects and his grip on his audiences have been surer from day to day. Always courteous, but always absolutely frank and direct, he has met every issue of the campaign with the utmost fairness. The other day he gave out his replies to a series of questions put to him by Mr. G. L. Record, a "New-Idea" Republican of Jersey City. We presume that the questions were fram-

ed in the thought that they would prove embarrassing to Mr. Wilson, but he made of the difficulty a triumph. His answers would alone stamp him as a man of uncommon force and courage. Without a single quibble or once hedging, he went directly to the point in each instance; while the questions that were expected to be peculiarly awkward for him, he utilized for the expression of some of the soundest political doctrine that has been heard in many a day.

Nineteen questions were asked. To those to which a direct "yes," or a blunt "no," could be given, Mr. Wilson replied with those monosyllables. This is as delightful as it is unheard of in a public man. Without ifs or buts, or a glittering "as it may appear best," Mr. Wilson was as sharp and precise as a business man answering a correspondent. "Do you think that the Public Utilities Commission should have full power to fix just and reasonable rates?" "Yes." "Should United States Senators be elected by popular vote?" "Yes." "Does the Democratic platform declare for the choice of candidates for all elective offices by the direct vote system?" "I so understand it. If it does not, I do." "Will you call upon candidates for the Legislature to pledge themselves in writing in favor of the reforms you favor?" "I will not. That is the function of the voters."

These examples of Wilson's refreshing frankness are fine, but the finest remains. He was artfully questioned about certain Democratic bosses—Smith, Nugent, and Davis. The possible control of Wilson by these men has been bruited abroad by the Republicans, and is really their last despairing argument. But Wilson met the questions without the slightest suspicion of dodging, and couched his replies in plain and unmistakable words. The Democratic bosses, he said, "are not and cannot be in control of the government of the State if the present Democratic ticket is elected." Would he not consult with those men? Wilson's reply was that he should welcome advice and suggestions from any citizen, but he should not "submit to the dictation of any person or persons, special interest or organization." He added, in words that are in themselves half-battles: "I should deem myself forever disgraced should I in even the slightest degree coöperate in any such system or any such transactions as you describe in your characterization of the 'boss' system."

It is the simple truth to say that the New Jersey campaign has revealed, not only to that State, but to the whole country, a first-class political leader. Woodrow Wilson has again reminded us of our unsuspected and undeveloped resources of statesmanship. Of course, Mr. Wilson is no accident. What he is now giving out with such impressive power is the product of long and close thinking. He is not a university man suddenly taking to politics; he is, rather, a man of great political capacity who has happened to engage in university work. But his emergence into public life and the high level of character and the inspiring discussion which he has exhibited there are cause for congratulation, and for fresh courage, on the part of the entire nation.

CRIME AND THE LAW.

The contrast presented by the swift, decent, and orderly process of the English criminal law in the Crippen case, as compared with what we are accustomed to in similar trials in this country, has aroused general attention. Of unfavorable comment on the English procedure we doubt whether there has been a single word. Everywhere it has been recognized that there is not the slightest ground for supposing that the right of the accused to a fair trial was in any respect abridged. Nobody imagines that he is being "railroaded" to the scaffold. The speedy acquittal of Ethel Le Neve, charged with being his accomplice, only served to emphasize the moral of his prompt conviction. Even the motion for an appeal, which has now been made, tells the same kind of story. Appeals in criminal cases are a new feature in English jurisprudence; but, judging from the report concerning this one, there is no inclination there to make of them that clog upon the wheels of justice which they have so widely proved to be in this country. It is possible, say the dispatches, that the hearing of the appeal may cause a postponement of the date of the execution—which had been set for November 8, hardly three weeks from the day of the impanelling of the jury!

Now, the reason we all feel so impressed with the propriety and the soundness of this mode of dealing with a case like Crippen's is that it truly corresponds to the realities of the case. Everybody knows that all the real light that can be thrown upon such a question can be thrown upon it in a very limited time; that days spent in prolonging the trial would be spent not in making it more probable that the final result was in accordance with the truth, but only in affording exercise for legal ingenuity and in furnishing to the public a subject of morbid and demoralizing interest. Nor is that all. If there is anything at all in the deterrent efficacy of legal punishment, prompt and impressive disposal of criminal cases—in so far as it is compatible with the ascertainment of the truth—is of the essence of the matter. Of every hundred men who, reading of the Crippen case in England, had borne in upon them the solemn and terrible connection between crime and punishment, scarcely one would have been impressed in that way if the result had been merely the final outcome of a long-drawn-out trial of skill between prosecution and defence. It is upon the instinctive feelings of men, not upon a mere cold-blooded calculation of chances, that the impression must be made. A brutal murderer like Crippen sternly and decently disposed of in four days, a swindling promoter like Whitaker Wright swiftly tried and sentenced—these are the things that sink deep into men's minds, and erect in the hearts of the weak and vicious a barrier against their base or criminal impulses.

There is, indeed, nowadays, a more or less firmly held conviction in the minds of many who have devoted their lives to the cause of prison reform, that legal punishment is not a deterrent of crime at all. In the current issue of one of our high-class magazines, the sweeping statement is made that "students of criminology are unanimously agreed that punishment is not a deterrent." That this is a gross overstatement, we need hardly insist; of course, no such unqualified opinion is held "unanimously" by students of criminology. In the abstracts of the papers presented by very advanced criminologists at the recent International Prison Congress at Washington, the idea of deterrence as one of the objects of the penal law is admitted again and again. But what we assert is that, even in the case of those who deny it in form, the idea is admitted in fact, in a score of ways. In the parole system, in the working of "golden-rule" methods under

Chief Kohler—in any of the hundred confrontations of humanitarian theory with the immediate demands of things as they are—the idea of punishment as a deterrent is constantly, though perhaps only tacitly, admitted.

As for the supposed inductive basis of the doctrine, it is astonishing how often the same—and a most inconclusive—argument is used in its support. "It is susceptible of very easy proof," says the magazine from which we have already quoted, "that in countries where and in days when penalties for crime are most severe and are most dramatically executed, then and there crimes most abound. When England, little more than a century ago, punished 125 crimes with death, English was a hundred times as criminal as it is to-day." That this argument, as a basis for the general doctrine that "punishment is not a deterrent," is soaked through with fallacy, is obvious. In the first place, it is one thing to prove that there is no efficacy in punishment so savage and undiscriminating as to lose all moral sanction and to brutalize the population familiarized with it; it is quite another to prove that a penal system tempered by humanity and guided by earnest study is likewise futile. And, secondly, there have taken place in England other changes besides those in the penal law—among them, not only general education and sanitation, but also effective policing everywhere, and abundant illumination of city streets, which a hundred years ago were pitch dark. Most grateful must we be for the work of those who have forced the world to recognize the possibilities of reformation and humane treatment; but neither must we lose sight of the fundamental truth which, in spite of all the abuses of the past or present, underlies the whole system of penal justice.

THE TEACHING OF GREEK.

The announcement that no prize was given this year at Yale for the best entrance examination in Greek because none of the papers came up to the required standard, might mean only that this is an off-year. But with the position of Greek fairly unstable of late in our educational system, every sign is scrutinized for its cumulative effect. An even more striking symptom was the recent recommendation of the highest advisory council at Oxford that Greek should be made optional in the work leading to the B.A. degree. Fortunately, a recommendation of this sort, before becoming effective, must be approved by a large percentage of Oxford graduates, who, we believe, are not ready to cleave asunder long-standing traditions.

Now, it is no secret that in this country the teachers of Greek have partly brought upon themselves the attacks which are proving so troublesome. There is a time to dance, there is a time to laugh, and there is a time to settle "hoti's business." But to give too much time to the last was clearly unwise. Yet grubbing for roots became so perpetual a process that it has taken years of hostile criticism to make any alteration. Not that the consideration of parts of speech is in itself an unworthy employment. Browning's Grammarian "was a man born with thy face and throat, lyric Apollo." That, no doubt, was a time when the discovery of roots meant the winning of new means to search a wonderful, forgotten world; knowledge of language was to bring knowledge of life and of "the glory that was Greece." Yet even to-day he who can look down the long vistas of word development, watching the color of meaning come and go and subtly change, may still feel many a thrill of wonder. The fault lies not in linguistic investigation itself, but in its usurpation of the whole field, and in the transfer of the so-called scientific methods of philology to the study of literature. When the study of literature is made a mere subsidiary to philology, it becomes by definition divorced from life, which is nothing of the sort. The excuse for such error in modern times is the less because of the melancholy examples furnished by the ancient grammarians of Greece. Those who have sought amid their futile work for the gems of lyric poetry, there embedded and and employed solely as instances of metrical or grammatical usage, might, it should seem, have learned their lessons. At least, they have learned it none too well; and many a student alert for stimulating ideas has been repelled and shocked to find the leading scholars of the country still wrestling with the enclitic *de*, when they are supposed to be teaching Plato or Sophocles. The elements of the language should obviously be taught in the secondary schools and matters of higher import in college.

Of late—very lately—there has been some improvement. And here is one instance, at any rate, where the elective system has largely availed. The great majority of undergraduates, if uncompelled, were not going to take Greek under the old conditions. Finally, the shrinkage in numbers, especially in the ranks of really interesting fellows, gave instructors serious pause, and reaction set in. To-day, you may hear professors, with the most severe previous records, talking jauntily about Pindar and Greek athletics. The release from the old bondage has begun; and however humorous at times is the change, for every chain broken there will be much gratitude and probably an increase of attending students. For it ought not to be difficult to interest men in this rich past. In the whole range of human expression Greek language and literature show great qualities which have been unsurpassed elsewhere—above all, infinite adaptability coupled with an unfailing freshness of approach. Some educators, we know, disgusted by features of modern systems, have believed the wisest preparation for present needs to be solely an immersion in the Greek life of the past. Extreme though this view may be, there is a modicum of truth in it.

In some colleges where reform has recently begun in teaching Greek, there has been an embarrassing scramble to import exceptional men. The fact is recognized that the ideal instructor of Greek should be acquainted with pretty much everything else. Such has been the influence of Greece and so numerous are the chances for stirring comparisons. Indeed, it has been found almost necessary to approach ancient times by the less remote, Greek tragedy by Shakespeare, for instance. If amid all its strangeness of expression and of stage device, "Œdipus" can be shown to contain much the same human problem as "Lear," a student will explore the older drama often with the real excitement of discovery. The Greek lyric, too, though expressed in its peculiar outward forms, becomes tremendously vital if seen to manipulate virtually all the themes which have occupied lyric poetry since. And to study Aristotle without observing the manner and times of his influence—the fusion of his ethics and logic all through the Middle Ages with the doctrines of the Christian Church; his theory of poetry and fine art accepted as the final author-

ity at the early Renaissance, and his rules of tragedy converted into a tyranny in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—is to take but a small portion of him. And so with every type of Greek literature.

The ideal instructor in such an opulent literature as Greek is, of course, not to be found, for he should possess critical sensibilities of the finest sort and vast intelligence. But if the study of dead forms is replaced by that of ideas we make no doubt that Greek will hold its own even in elective systems. That Greek literature should be held by students too dull to risk is a serious commentary upon either students or instructors—possibly upon both.

PERPETUATING PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

The College of the City of New York is fortunate in having acquired the library of the late Prof. Simon Newcomb. It comes as the gift of an alumnus, who added care to his generosity by providing also a complete catalogue of the books, as well as the shelves to hold them. If it might seem, at first sight, that the City College is not the best possible repository for the highly technical works on mathematics and astronomy which Professor Newcomb collected in his lifetime, two considerations suggest themselves to counteract that feeling. In the first place, the volumes will be accessible not only to the students of the College but to all the specialists in the city who may desire to consult them. It is not at all as if they were placed in some remote library. And there is, moreover, a peculiar fitness in the preservation of Professor Newcomb's books in a broadly democratic institution of learning. For he was a typical democrat himself, in having struggled up to the highest eminence and world-wide fame from humble beginnings, not to speak of his warm sympathy with every forward movement in popular government. It is easy to believe that he would have been pleased at the thought of having his name and life-work perpetuated in the college of a great municipality, free to the children of all its citizens.

No memorial to a scholar or literary worker could be more congruous or significant than the keeping intact of the books with which he had labored and which he had come to love. They are far more than the tools of his trade. Even if they were merely that, they would have acquired personal associations which might well be valued; but there is something special and intimate in the relation which comes to be established between a great student or investigator or writer and his books. As one sees them kept together after he is gone, they seem to be almost a part of himself—certainly a part of his work. His gathering of them year by year; his constant use of them till deepening familiarity made him conscious of each cover and the part of the page on which favorite passages appear; possibly his annotations here and there, at any rate the certainty that he had pored over them and found in many of them the precious life-blood of a master spirit—all this is fitted to evoke a kind of reverence in the presence of such a private library preserved *en bloc*, and to make of it a singularly well-chosen form of commemorating names that we delight to honor.

From the practical side, it is true, difficulties often arise in adding extensive private collections of books to existing libraries. When it is not a case of great rarities, but merely of a working library, the trouble of duplications will arise. Funds for the purchase of books are not so abundant that library authorities may be careless of the fact that one-third or one-half of the volumes of a collection which it is proposed that they should acquire are already on their shelves, in one edition or another. Then there is always the vexed question of housing. Not every one is able to do what Mr. Gladstone did—build a St. Deniols to shelter his books and give both building and contents to the public. When private libraries come into the possession of public libraries, it is usually on such terms of bequest or gift that the volumes cannot be merged with the general stock, but must be kept in a section by themselves. This evidently has its inconveniences sometimes, from the side of space and library administration. Yet sacrifices on either score are well worth while when it is a question, not merely of adding books which have value in themselves, but of erecting a suitable memorial to some athletic scholar or great writer or profound genius, in the shape of his private library kept as a whole for all time. No Boston taxpayer, for example, would grudge the space given up by the Public Library to preserving the books of Prescott. Many of these, of course, are highly valuable in themselves, but there is a peculiar fitness in massing the whole of them in honor of one whose work was an honor to his city, and whose feeling for his own books was really a personal affection. It will not be forgotten that Prescott left directions that his body, before being taken away for burial, should be allowed to repose for a time among the books which had been his prized companions.

Nor should we forget the benefit to the living in thinking of the tribute to the dead. In gazing upon and handling the books of famous men, there may easily come quickening as well as veneration into the minds of young students. With the signs of labor and mastery thus visible before them, their own scholarly ambitions may be stimulated, and their resolves to do honest work made firmer. We do not say that numerous students of the City College will become distinguished astronomers or mathematicians by mere impulse gained from Professor Newcomb's books, but we do say that the very presence of his library, with freedom to use it, may serve to stir the intellectual life and make more intense the moral strivings of many a youth.

THE CENTENARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.

BERLIN, October 14.

The University of Berlin, next to Bonn the youngest in Germany, is a living memorial of the patriotic idealism and untiring energy which placed Prussia in the lead of the German States, and which found classical expression in the words of Frederick William III in reply to the petition of the University of Halle to be transferred to Berlin: "Das ist recht, das ist brav! Der Staat muss durch geistige Kräfte ersetzen, was er an physischen verloren hat." Berlin was well prepared to become a university town. Since 1700 the Societät der Wissenschaften, organized by Leibnitz and reorganized as the Academie der Wissenschaften by Frederick the Great in 1744, had drawn scholars together in the Prussian capital. The residence of Voltaire at Sanssouci as literary mentor of Frederick the Great, and the king's interest in the advancement of enlightened learning, had lifted the standards of culture in Berlin. The romantic movement, with its wide interest in foreign literatures, philosophy, and art, had awakened a cosmopolitan

spirit, and the lectures of Fichte and A. W. Schlegel had quickened the public interest and taste, making the Spree a literary centre rivalling the Pleisse and the Ilm. In the course of the four decades preceding the founding of the university, a number of scientific institutions had sprung up in Berlin.

Like the other great German universities, Berlin had a specific *raison d'être*. While Prague had been founded as the pioneer to bear the learning of Paris and Bologna to German lands, Heidelberg to lay the foundations of humanistic culture in the Rhineland, Leipzig as a refuge for the revolting professors and students of Prague, Wittenberg and the other Protestant universities to foster the humanistic culture of the Reformation, Göttingen as a centre of the new enlightenment of the early eighteenth century; Berlin was to be the academic centre of the patriotic spirit and scientific inquiry stimulated by Fichte's "Addresses to the German Nation," Schleiermacher's "Essays on Religion," and Alexander von Humboldt's scientific expeditions, and was to unite the scattered educational institutions of the city in a modern and more cosmopolitan university. With this new academic foundation began a new epoch in German national science and politics, which was to banish the old particularism and provincialism into the background of the German past. The plan of the university began to assume definite form as early as 1807 in the writings of Fichte, who gave special emphasis to philology and history; and of Schleiermacher ("Gelegentliche Gedanken über Universitäten"), who emphasized the importance of science. The actual organizer of the university was Wilhelm von Humboldt, the new Minister of Instruction, who in a notable essay ("Über die innere und äussere Organization der höheren wissenschaftlichen Anstalten in Berlin") gave expression to that memorable principle of public instruction which should be written over the portal of every university:—"That the State is always a hindrance as soon as it interferes with university affairs." This splendid plea for university liberty, both in learning and teaching, has brought forth golden fruit in the state education of Germany during the century just passed.

The jubilee commemorating the centennial of the university began October 10 at 6 P. M. in the Cathedral, with a sermon by Dr. Kaftan, dean of the Theological Faculty, from the text, "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit" (1 Cor. xii: 4), in which the preacher made a strong plea for the integrity of university instruction. This was followed by a supper to the delegates in the university building, and a torchlight procession in which some three thousand students, representing the several student societies, participated, affording a splendid spectacle as they marched down Unter den Linden and formed in front of the university, singing the stirring old song, "Gaudeamus Igitur." A delegation of five was sent to greet the rector, who made an address in reply.

On the following morning, October 11, at ten o'clock, the first public function took place in the new Aula, in that part of the old palace formerly occupied by the Royal Library. This was the most important of all the official functions. After the army and navy officers and the diplomatic corps had found their places in the centre of the Aula, the academic senate and faculties on the left and the foreign delegates on the right, the Emperor and his court, with the Crown Prince of Bavaria as the royal guest, entered and occupied the seats in front of the rostrum. The Rector, Prof. Dr. Erich Schmidt, the great Germanist, opened the ceremonies with an address of welcome, at the close of which his Majesty the Emperor ascended the rostrum and delivered a memorable address on the achievements of the university and the significance of academic research, making a strong appeal to the wealthy friends of the university for donations in the interest of science, and enforcing this appeal by the announcement of gifts already received for the founding of new institutes of research. These gifts aggregate some eight million marks ($2,000,000). This feature of the Imperial address was particularly interesting and familiar to the Americans present. The Rector responded, concluding his words of thanks with the famous words from "Götz von Berlichingen": "Es lebe die Freiheit" and "Es lebe der Kaiser!" The assembly joined in the salute by rising and singing: "Heil Dir in Siegerkranz." The new Minister of Public Instruction, Von Trott zu Solz, congratulated the university in the name of the state, and presented as the jubilee gift of the state the remodelled Frederician Library, with the new Aula, to the university for academic purposes, and emphasized the importance of the university as a foster-centre of patriotism. The Chief Burgomaster of Berlin then delivered an address of greeting on behalf of the Prussian capital, to which, as to the previous addresses, the Rector made a fitting reply.

There followed the addresses of the speakers of the several delegations in the order given below. Each delegation filed in after its speaker, presented an engrossed address from its university, bowed to the Emperor, and shook hands with the Rector, who announced the name of the place represented. The delegations passed in the following order: Prussia, the other states of the German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, the Romanic group, Great Britain and colonies, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian group, the Slavic group, Greece, the United States of America, Japan. After these university delegations came the technical universities, the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, the other academies and learned societies, the Gymnasia and other schools of Berlin. The function closed with the announcement of donations and addresses by the Pro-Rector, a closing address by the Rector, and "Gaudeamus Igitur" sung by the assembly.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the jubilee dinner (Festmahl) was served to six hundred guests in the Exposition Park. Among the many notable points in the addresses given at this dinner, a few may be mentioned. The speech of the Imperial Chancellor contrasted the gloomy days of Prussia in 1810 with the triumphant German nation of to-day. "He that strives in any field toward intellectual progress takes a political part in the greatness of the nation." The Minister of Public Instruction exhibited his familiarity with the history of the university by recalling the great names on the faculty roll, which stand out as landmarks in the history of research. After dinner the guests adjourned to the Royal Play-House to witness the performance of Mozart's opera, "Die Hochzeit des Figaro," which was given at the command of the Emperor, who sat in the royal box.

The second official function began at ten o'clock on the 12th of October in the new Aula. The programme included the historical address by Professor Lenz, and the conferring of honorary degrees. The most notable name among the honorary doctors was that of his Majesty the Emperor, who accepted the degree of Doctor of Laws. The recipients of honorary degrees were seventy in number, fifteen in the Theological Faculty, seventeen in the Law Faculty, thirteen in the Medical Faculty, and twenty-five in the Philosophical Faculty. Among this number were five Americans, two in the Law Faculty, one in the Medical Faculty, and two in the Philosophical Faculty.

In the afternoon the garden festival was held in the Exposition Park. An interesting feature of the programme was the historical floats, representing the life of the students and of the city of Berlin in 1810. Some ten thousand tickets were issued for this festival. In the evening the great Kommers was given in the halls of the Zoölogical Garden. Some eight thousand students, old and young, participated in the festivities, while several hundred spectators looked on from the gallery. Addresses were made by Cand. Phil. Deiters and Biller, and by Prof. Dr. Roethe, dean of the Philosophical Faculty.

The closing function of the jubilee, not printed on the official programme, was the dinner given by the Emperor in

the White Hall of the Castle in Berlin to some two hundred guests, including representatives of various universities and academies. The Emperor and the Empress, with ten members and guests of the royal family, occupied the centre of the great rectangular table, while the two hundred guests were arranged on both sides. The Imperial Chancellor was seated opposite their majesties, with the Minister of Public Instruction on his right and the Rector of the University on his left. Thus closed the university's first century as it had begun a hundred years before, with a royal act, but this time with Prussia's king no longer trembling before the Corsican, but triumphing as the German Emperor, and still the generous patron of liberal learning.

As one reads the roll of the great names of Berlin professors, and considers the growth of the number of students from 256 in 1810 to 9,242 in 1910, and attempts to compass the manifold activities in the various institutes of the university, one must feel that the words of Clemens Brentano's Festkantate dedicated to the university have been amply fulfilled:

> Der Ganzheit, Allheit, Einheit,
> Der Allgemeinheit
> Gelehrter Weisheit,
> Des Wissens Freiheit
> Gehört dies königliche Haus!
> So leg' ich auch die goldenen Worte aus:
> *Universitati Litterariæ.*

The jubilee also called forth a great mass of literature relating to the university. The two works issued under the auspices of the university are "Geschichte der Königlichen Friedrich-Wilhelms- Universität zu Berlin," by Max Lenz (in two volumes), and "Berlin in Wissenschaft und Kunst," by Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Paszkowski. These works, and a bronze medal struck off in honor of the jubilee, with an equestrian statue of Emperor William II, were presented to the delegates by the university authorities.

MARION DEXTER LEARNED.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The most important collection of books from the press of Benjamin Franklin which has appeared in the auction room since the sale of the first part of Gov. Pennypacker's library will be offered in Philadelphia by Stan. V. Henkels on November 11 and 12. It forms a part of the library of the late William Fisher Lewis, which includes also a perfect copy of the "Altkin" Bible (Philadelphia, 1781), the first Bible in the English language printed in America; Thomas's "Pennsylvania and West New Jersey" (1698); William Penn's "Some Account of the Province of Pennsilvania in America" (1681); "The Frame of the Government of the Province of Pennsylvania" (1682), and his "Letter to the Committee of the Free Society of Traders" (1683); two of the exceedingly rare Army Lists of Officers serving under Sir William Howe, 1777 and 1778, printed in New York by Macdonald and Cameron; a number of Revolutionary tracts, etc. Among the books printed by Franklin are three of the very rare "Treatics with the Indians of the Six Nations," being the Treaties held at Philadelphia in July, 1742, at Albany in October, 1745, and at Lancaster, in August, 1762. The last of these seems to have been unknown to Hildebrun, who records five others—Philadelphia, June, 1748; Philadelpbia, November, 1747; Lancaster, July, 1748; and Carlisle, October, 1753—all printed by Franklin, besides two or three more printed by Andrew Bradford. These thin folio pamphlets must have been printed in a small number. Gov. Pennypacker did not have a single specimen. Bishop Hurst had two and one duplicate.

Several books printed by William Bradford are included in the Lewis collection; one, Daniel Leeds's "News of a Trumpet Sounding in the Wilderness" (New York, 1697), is of excessive rarity, no copy having appeared, apparently, in the auction room since Brinley's, which brought $185 in 1880. There is a copy in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, one in the E. D. Church collection, and two in the Lenox Library. One of the latter, evidently intended for the English market, is the identical book, except for the title, which begins "A Trumpet Sounded Out of the Wilderness of America," and has the date 1699 instead of 1697.

Another portion of the library of the late E. B. Holden, being his books relating to the Fine Arts, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. on November 9, afternoon and evening. Smith's "British Mezzotinto Portraits," 5 vols., and portfolio of plates; Beraldi's "Graveurs du XIXe Siècle," 12 vols., and other important reference books are included. Besides his art works there are several books containing specimens of early American engraving, a collection of almanacs and several rare eighteenth-century New York pamphlets.

On November 10 and 11, the Anderson Co. sells a large collection of books on natural history including Blanco's "Flora de Filipinas," 5 vols., with 477 colored plates; Johnson's "Ferns of Great Britain," 2 vols.; Pratt's "Flowering Plants of Great Britain," 6 vols.; Seebohm's "Monograph of the Turdidae or Family of Thrushes," 2 vols., folio, with 149 colored plates; R. Bowdler Sharpe's "Monograph of the Paradiseidae or Birds of Paradise," parts i-vi only, with 60 colored plates; and several hundred less notable though valuable works on birds, plants, shells, etc.

On November 7 and 9, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. will sell a collection containing Lincolniana; a long series of magazines containing articles by E. A. Poe, and books about him; books on the West, etc. On November 10 and 11 they offer a collection of miscellaneous books.

In Boston, on November 15, 16, and 17, C. F. Libbie & Co. will sell the libraries of the late Dr. William Everett of Quincy, Massachusetts, and of his father, the Honorable Edward Everett. The most notable book in the sale, and the most notable to appear in the auction room this season, is a perfect copy of the first edition of Eliot's Indian Bible, printed at Cambridge by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson, the New Testament being finished in 1661, the Old Testament in 1663. Except that, for some unknown reason, the diamond-shaped printer's ornament has been cut from the New Testament, the copy is fine and perfect. It has the Indian title-page and is one of the copies printed for the use of the Indians. Being a thick and heavy book and subject to hard usage by the Indian students, copies are almost always imperfect. No such copy as this has appeared in the auction room for many years. It is one of the most famous of American books and may be expected to bring a high price.

Among the other rare Americana in the Everett library are some of the standard State Histories such as Haywood's Tennessee, both series (1823); Marshall's Kentucky (1824); Martin's Louisiana (1827); Martin's North Carolina (1829); and Proud's Pennsylvania (1797-98). Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana," first edition (1702); John de Laet's "Novus Orbis" (1633); and Ramusio's "Navigatione et Viaggi" (1554-65) are important books of earlier date. Audubon's "Birds of America," 7 vols. (1840-44); Michaux and Nuttall's "North American Sylva" (1854), and Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology," 13 vols. (1808-33), are important natural history books, with colored plates.

Correspondence.

PRIZE POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I for one am weary of the charge that the students of our universities are unintellectual. If meant relatively it is unjust, for those who make it forget that many of our boys belong to a class which never until this generation has been so much as interested in higher education. If meant absolutely it is nonsense. Intellectual and æsthetic powers make less noise in the college world than physical ones, partly because they are less noisy. They exact more from the circle that admires them, and, consequently, that circle is small. But they are more frequent and more highly estimated in college than the superficial observer suspects. I know no better evidence of this than the series of Yale prize poems, which, by annual award, has this year reached the number of thirteen.

Since the competition was established in 1898 by Prof. Albert S. Cook, seven undergraduates and six graduate students, one of them a woman, have won the prize. On the committee of award have been such poets and critics as Gilder, Woodberry, Johnson, Perry, and More, with professors of English from many universities. As many as seventy manuscripts have been submitted in a single competition, and the winning poems have been regularly published in like format. Two have been five-act dramas, three have been collections of sonnets, one a romantic narrative, two dramatic dialogues, three dramatic lyrics, and two of them collections of lyrics grouped about central themes. Some of these are much above mediocrity, none below it. When assembled, they make up a volume of recent American verse so varied and so indicative of mind and imagination that a reviewer cannot regard them merely as poetical exercises, of value for youth; he must see in this series a vigorous attempt to express

tho poetry which lies in an American university.

As such, they deserve a reading which shall be as respectful and more sympathetic than would be given to an equivalent amount of professional verse, for it is our young men who should see tho visions of which tho next great poetry will be made. After such a reading, after a labor to reduce their dissimilarities of style and merit to a unity which might be called a Yale prize poem, I find sincere admiration and a vague disappointment as the two incongruous results.

The admiration is sincere. It would be difficult, I believe, to select as much verse from thirteen numbers of a standard magazine and find there more dignity than in these college productions. It would be still more difficult to bring together from such a source so much evidence of poetical labor nobly attempted and honestly done. In felicity of expression, in the manipulation of metre and of form, the comparison would be less favorable, but it is precisely in such matters of technique that we can afford to wait until a greater maturity than prize poetry permits of. If one may use "worthy" of poetry as one uses it of men, then in worthiness this verse takes rank with work of a much greater pretentiousness. The critic who seeks evidence of intelleetual power among students will find it here. And yet to be really critical one must set one's ideal of college verse higher than a difficult intelleetual task well done.

How much in these poems is there of the flame of poetry that should flicker or blaze in all youthful hearts? It is when we ask this question that vague disappointment creeps in. Such a disappointment is not new. It has often accompanied the reading of selected poems which some industrious reviewer has chosen from the books of the year. But with college verse, if no more natural, it is more poignant. For you know both throng and singer. You have felt, though dumb, what he must feel; crude and uninterpreted as were your own eollege days, you think that by a more expressive heart they might be interpreted. Out of those blind hopes, those painful uncertainties, those shocks, thrills, and ardors, passion, you believe, might find a way to expression, especially if gifted with elear verse such as these authors possess. But passion and these fruits of passion the prize poems most lack. I must speak with qualification, for what is wholly true of most is searcely true of some; yet certainly I find, again and again, correetness, calm, or at most a timid romance, in place of the daring self-expression, the warm sensuousness, the impetuous liberty which were associated, in the last great poetie period, with youth.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. It is not *Sturm und Drang*, not emotionalism or sentimentality that I seek. Young men of our generation neither weep nor rave—even in private; why then should they do so in verse? But the peculiarly intense relations of youth with the world are no less vivid in the experience because, outwardly at least, we take them more calmly. In many respects we are more impressionable at twenty-one than were our great-grandfathers. Such things as beauty, heroism, the inspiration of great books, friendship, and love must move us, as them, strongly in the time of youth. And therefore in reading these poems one is more surprised that intensity is ever absent than impressed by an occasional passionate appeal. Has budding love so little color that a young poet can afford to write with coldness on other themes? Or, if the old fires have lost their heat, has the death-struggle of our faith little significance, for of it—except for an exeellent sermon in verse—one hears only a few weak and wandering cries! Does the grip upon power mean little for a youth entering upon a world where there was never before so much to conquer? It is well enough to say, "I cannot compare with an old man" in skill, in poise, in restraint; but if youth writes poetry at all it should spring from passion. It should express his mind if he has one; it should at all eosts speak for his burning heart.

Some will object that it is not a lack of passion which is at the root of the difficulty, so much as a powerlessness to give form to the intensities, which burn themselves away into the ashes of a correet but passionless verse. Is not this an unjustifiable inversion of the truth? Will not the poet, when worthily inspired, find out some way whieh, even through crudities, will let the fire be seen? Can any student of technique equal for an instant him who passionately desires to express? I am borne out in this by the evidence of the poems themselves. The technique is not worst, but best, where feeling is the strongest, and many a colder poem shows more skill than is needed to give some hint at least of a soaring imagination or a tumultuous heart.

And yet there is one technical difficulty which has impeded, though it could not prevent, the flow of emotion into this prize poetry. It is a difficulty, or better, a misfortune, which belongs to all contemporary poetry, but by the young poet is it most keenly felt. I mean the laek of a style for poetry of our period, the eclecticism in our choiee of models which makes our poetio literature a sample book of all the ages. In turning over these prize poems one passes from Shakespeare to Stephen Phillips, from Sophocles to Browning, from the twentieth century to mediævalism. It is like walking down a new residence street in an American eity, where architects have tried their hands at all the styles that have been and some that never will be—save that there is nothing so monstrous in this poetry as are half the houses in a city block.

One is willing to be *laudator temporis acti* after such a perusal; would almost welcome back the easy days of the eighteenth century, when a young poet could see his first steps marked out before him in the heroic couplet, and know what he first must learn. I am not proposing that future prize poets should write in couplets, nor do I dare to name a style for the twentieth century upon which they should form their work, although I am sure that if there were one we should have better poetry from our young poets. And yet the very medley of these poems suggests that, in default of a modern style, any tried and proven mode of expression is an aid and a relief. And, indeed, the very best of these Yale poems are unquestionably those which are written in a style and often with a model that one can name. They are imitative; the author treads where greater men have trod; but this has kept his feet more sure, has freed his faculties for self-expression. For an apparent loss of originality there has been a real gain in freedom and in power. If he has chosen to write, like one poet of this series, in a measure used by Hood of a story such as Poe used, he has known his medium from the start, and, like the Greek sculptor, has been able to add his own individuality to the type. If I were writing of rhetorieal exercises instead of prize poems, I should say that this imitation of a well-defined style was the only way to begin. As it is, in spite of the dangers of slavishness and heterogeneity, it is the best and safest way, and may result in all but the most original poetry. Tennyson, and many another great name, is warrant for asserting that it may lead even to that. Yet those who adopt it should follow their leaders consciously, and not, as often in this series and out of it, half unawares. It will not do to eatch at the form and miss the spirit, or seize upon the subject-matter and fail to master the form. To imitate the mannerisms of a great poet, and to write in his style, are two different things; it is the latter, naturally, that I advocate.

A sincere attempt to choose and learn a style would prevent some lamentable encounters with literary forms too difficult for the writer. The drama, for instance: no half-hearted imitation of the Elizabethans will make narrative dramatic. A deeper consideration of the masters of the five-act form, or of the nature of a romantic story, would, perhaps, have been profitable for two authors in this series; might have led them to believe that one thing at a time is enough, especially when dramaturgy is one and poetry the other. Or the sonnet—the sonnet in a sense is a style; perhaps that is one cause of its irresistible fascination for young poets. But its difficulty need not be reëmphasized here. Only one of the three groups of sonnets among the prize poems is really successful, and there it is a passionate reverence for the strong figures of the Odyssey whieh beats the verse into form.

Perhaps the most thoroughly poetical of the Yale poems is a fiery dramatic lyric of Ixion, lover of Juno, bound to his wheel, and turning eternally in endless pain. There is no difficulty in naming the style of this poem, for it is written in that modification of Keats and Tennyson which Stephen Phillips made popular in the nineties, and will bear comparison with the original. But here there is a new element of success. "Ixion" suggests our own imagination and our own time in a fashion not common in this poetry. It makes one wonder whether contemporaneousness for our college writers is not a possible alternative to the choice of a classic style. The author of "Ixion" owes some of his success to his imitation of a practised poet, and to the comparative freshness of that poet's style; and yet a further reading of the prize poems strengthens the conclusion that if he had relied upon contemporaneousness alone he would still have gone far. For instance, there is one poem whieh is excelled only by the best of those imitative in style, a poem on a mediæval theme, yet thoroughly modern in its feeling for the mystical charms of faith. "Passio XL Martyrum" is the title. A dramatized martyrdom of a Roman centurion and the thirty-nine Christians he renounces all to join, it has the studied simplicity, the some-

what too mediæval *naïveté*, the throbbing undercurrent of significance which Maeterlinck and Hauptmann, for example, have taught us to expect in such a tale. It lacks glory of language, in fact it can scarcely be said to have a style, and so far fails perhaps of complete effectiveness, but it grips the imagination nevertheless, and partly, I am sure, because it touches an imagination which is specifically of our day. If I am right, any poetical effort which sprang from a feeling for our problems, our loves, our aspirations, and our hates would have the same effect. The task is difficult, for it is hard to find the poetry at the heart of this generation, and it is still harder to extract it from the brief and artificial period embraced in the few years of college life. But one feels, nevertheless, that if our college poets can be contemporary, which does not mean, of course, to write of football and Young Men's Christian Association work; if they can be expressive of the subtle emotions which are moving their own or the greater world, they may succeed greatly in spite of the unhappy lack of a modern style.

Nothing is more dangerous than to generalize upon the virtues and defects of thirteen poems and groups of poems written in as many years, and by authors who had in common only the environment of university life. The delicacy and the difficulty of the task may excuse the lack of more specific criticism in this review. And yet the conclusions I have outlined above do seem to rise inevitably to the surface of this eddy in Hippocrene. One feels convinced, to repeat, that young poets are most effective when they choose a style with as much sincerity as good architects must use. Or, if they wish to be free from the shackles of precedent, if they wish to strike out boldly for themselves, that they are most sure of success when they link themselves determinedly with the world that is their own, our own, and no earlier age's. By such means their hearts and our own may be unlocked, the pulse of the young men felt beating.

And yet, though these aids to inspiration seem to have been truly helpful in the case of these Yale poems, should we not, even in proposing them, ask first for more frankness and for more passion from the college poet? Surely until there is passion flinging from the heart it is scarcely time to give counsel as to subject or form. There *is* such passion in Americans, though, save for Whitman, we have been so ignorant of ourselves, or so heavy of speech, that it has seldom found vent. Much of this fire of our life burns in our universities. It spurts with jets of passing flame in many quaint and many excellent fashions—at the games, in friendship, in loyalty to the college which gave us our social and intellectual birth. But the American in college is shy in the presence of his emotions and reticent beyond the reticence of a none too expressive world outside. All forms of sentiment but the athletic he distrusts, and hides æsthetic speculation with his prayers and his mother's picture in his inmost chamber. He reads far more poetry than he confesses; he thinks far more, but seldom dares declare it his own. It is for the poet to give this frozen world relief. It is for the poet to speak out with passion if there is fire at the heart of our colleges. He may blunder, but if his need to speak is strong the proper means of expression will be grasped by him more readily than by another. I for one would be sure of finding, sooner or later, sufficient technique, if we could count upon intensity in the writers of our prize poems.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Yale University, October 26.

PRONOUNCING SPANISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent (the *Nation*, October 20) regrets that misinformed travellers speak slightingly of the language used in Spanish America; as if it were on a level with pidgin English, whereas, he says, it is good Castilian, and he refers to authorities. Inasmuch as Spanish-America has produced writers who have commanded the respectful attention of Spain's literary circles, he is correct, but the emphasis should not be on Castilian. Even uneducated Spanish-Americans speak their language with far more grammatical correctness than Americans speak English after several years in school, but the Castilian pronunciation is not used, just as it is not used in Andalusia, whence so many emigrated to the New World.

"Castilian" is not a language, but a particular way of pronouncing a language. Thus, in Spanish, pica type is called *cicero;* the Castilian pronounces it *thithero,* while the Andalusian and the Spanish-American pronounce it *sisero.* The most marked difference is in the sound given to soft c and to z. The Andalusians did not bring along and perpetuate the pronunciation used in their province by the ignorant, which consists chiefly of dropping the final s or substituting for it the guttural j. As some Americans affect "English" English, and succeed quite well if they speak slowly, and repeat the word now and then, so sometimes an Andalusian or a Spanish-American may mouth after the Castilian fashion and succeed quite well, provided he does not become excited. He may write *cizaña* and say *thithaña;* but if his temper rises, whatever he may write, he will drop the mushy Castilian and say *sisaña.*

HENRY J. SWIFT, S.J.

New York, October 26.

UNIVERSITY ADVERTISING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In these latter days of university advertising, when rumors are abroad that a Western institution is about to employ even the moving picture machine to flash its alluring university "life" before the wondering gaze of the prospective freshman, it may be of interest to your readers to see the very first recorded attempt to advertise a university.

In the spring of the year 1229 a very serious town and gown riot in Paris occasioned a temporary break-up of the great French university. Masters and students left Paris and dispersed to other old seats of learning, or established new ones. Many came to Toulouse in southern France and laid the foundation of a new university, which soon was recognized and privileged by the Pope. Towards the end of the year 1229, the masters of Toulouse sent out the following circular letter to advertise the newly founded institution. A copy of the original Latin letter was found appended to the fifth book of the "De triumphis ecclesiæ libri octo" of John of Garland, an Englishman, who was a professor of grammar, and had come from Paris to Toulouse in 1229. In all probability John of Garland was the author of the letter. This supposition is strengthened by the numerous classical allusions in the letter. By 1229 interest in the classics had almost died out at universities, but this very John of Garland stands out as virtually the sole humanist among university professors of his age.

The following is a translation of the circular letter, with some minor omissions:

To all the faithful in Christ, and especially to the masters and students wheresoever they may be studying, who see this letter, the whole body of masters and students of the University of Toulouse, which is just being established, wish a long life of happiness and a blessed death.

No undertaking has a solid foundation which is not established firmly in Christ, the foundation of Holy Mother Church. With this in mind, we have made the greatest effort to lay, in Christ, the durable foundation of a philosophic university at Toulouse, upon which, along with us, let others build, and may their good intention to do so be illuminated by the shining rays of the Holy Spirit. . . .

In order that the difficulty of beginning such work may not deter you, we have prepared the way, we have done the first irksome tasks, we unfurl before you the banner of security, so that with us preceding as your armorbearers, you, as soldiers of philosophy, may be strong to fight more securely by means of the art of Mercury, the shafts of Phœbus, the lance of Minerva. Moreover, that you may have confidence in the stability of the new institution, we have taken up this work with the authority of the church. For our Moses, the lord cardinal legate in the kingdom of France, next to God and the lord Pope, our leader and protector and founder, was so eager to get things started that he decreed that all studying at Toulouse, both masters and students, should obtain full pardon for all their sins. Therefore, on this account, and because of the regularity of lectures and disputations which the masters engage in more diligently and more frequently than they did at Paris, many students pour into Toulouse, seeing that the flowers have already appeared in our land and the time for pruning of trees is at hand. Hence, let no Deidamia delay our modern Achilles, champion of philosophy, from going up to another Troy, of which some modern Statius of Toulouse again might say:

Omnis honos illic, illic ingentia certant
Nomina; vix timidæ matres aut agmina cessant
Virginea; hic multum steriles damnatus in annos
Invisusque Deo, si quem hæc nova gloria segnem
Præterit.

Therefore, let each worthy individual assume the part of bold Achilles, lest the timid Thersites obtain the laurel promised to the noble Ajax, so that, now that the war is over, he may at least admire this school of soldiers and this school of philosophers. In order that students may better appreciate the splendor of Toulouse even apart from its university, they should know that this is a second land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, where the abundant pastures are green, where groves of fruit trees are in leaf, where Bacchus reigns in the vineyards, where Ceres is supreme in the fields, where the agreeable climate was preferred by ancient philosophers to that of all the lands of the earth. . . .

In order that you may not bring your mattocks to unfruitful and uncultivated fields, the masters teaching at Toulouse have removed the thistles of rustic ignorance, the thorns of rough unfruitfulness, and other obstacles. For here theologians from their pulpits instruct the students, and on the crossroads they preach to the common people; logicians in the liberal

arts teach the beginners in Aristotle; grammarians fashion the tongues of the stammering children to the analogies of language; organists soothe the ears of the populace with the honey-throated organ; teachers of law praise the Justinian code, while near by the teachers of medicine vaunt Galen. Here the books on natural history, which have been prohibited at Paris, may be heard by all who wish to investigate thoroughly the innermost recesses of nature. What, therefore, will you lack? Scholastic liberty? By no means; for you will enjoy your own liberty subject to the control of no one. Perhaps you fear the hostility of a violent people or the tyranny of an unjust lord? Have no fear, for the liberality of the count of Toulouse has given us adequate security, both concerning our salary and our servants going to or from Toulouse. If, however, they should suffer loss of goods at the hands of robbers in the dominion of the count, he will pursue the criminals to our satisfaction, by means of the civic police, just as he does for citizens of Toulouse. . . .

We must not fail to dwell upon the urbanity of the citizens of Toulouse. It even seems as if urban wit had here made a compact with the soldiery, as well as with the clergy. Therefore, if you should wish to marvel at even more good things than we have foretold, leave the paternal roof, sling your wallets on your backs, so that you may learn the meaning of this moral of Seneca: "I shall regard all lands as mine, and mine as belonging to all, because I shall live as though I realized that I was known of all men; for it is noble in man to attempt lofty things, and to plan even greater things."

Our boldest modern institutions might learn a lesson from this mediæval master of advertising.

LOUIS J. PAETOW.

Urbana, Ill., October 20.

"BACK OF."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the "Minutes of the Commissioners for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies in the State of New York," recently published at Albany, I find this sentence in an entry dated November 9, 1780:

Col. Anthony Van Bergen appeared before the board and informed us that a number of disaffected persons have of late associated back of Cooksakie.

"At the back of" is standard English, but "back of," for "behind," I have always regarded as a comparatively modern Americanism. Does any one know how early it came into usage?

C. M. ANDREWS.

New Haven, Conn., October 27.

Literature.

PEARY'S GREAT ADVENTURE.

The North Pole: Its Discovery in 1909, under the Auspices of the Peary Arctic Club. By Robert E. Peary. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, and a Foreword by Gilbert H. Grosvenor, Director and Editor, National Geographic Society; with numerous illustrations, including eight full-page reproductions of photographic enlargements colored by hand. New York: The Frederick H. Stokes Co. $5 net.

It would be hard to give a satisfactory rational explanation of the interest which mankind has taken in the search for the North Pole. The time was when polar exploration gained something from the accessory idea of a "northwest passage," practicable for commerce; but that idea had its life finally chilled away, and polar exploration went on. No appeal to human greed, no likelihood of rich prizes to tempt the lust for gold and land, lies behind the sacrifice of time and energy and comfort and life which at last reached its goal in the voyage described in the volume before us. And how easily one might belittle it all, if so disposed. A United States flag sticking in a mound of snow, gradually to be whipped to pieces by the chill winds, and by it a bottle containing, over the discoverer's signature, these words:

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America. I leave this record and the United States flag in possession.

Passing beyond the point determined to be the Pole and then back again, the discoverer reflects that he is treading a trail "which none had ever seen before or would ever see again." Though various phenomena indicate the presence of a large body of land, or at least shoals, somewhere in the yet untraversed Arctic wastes, yet the soundings nearest the pole have shown deep water, and it seems established that the "polar pack" of ice on which our record of discovery and possession stands is itself not stationary in position. Clearly, the only material gain in sight from "our new possessions" (the Philippines are, of course, dislodged from that title) consists in the millions which we shall save from the impossibility of their fortification.

And yet if it were only as a demonstration of human persistence in the search for knowledge, only as a display of the hold which an *idea*, with no promise of material gain, can maintain upon the human imagination, from century to century, the adventure would be worth the cost. That there is something more than this, something of positive scientific value to be deduced from the observations of Peary and his assistants, we may, of course, take for granted, though sufficient time for the careful analysis and evaluation of such material has not as yet elapsed. In the present volume we have simply the story of the voyage related for the general reader, and it is a story of intense interest, effectively told. "I knew it was my last game upon the great Arctic chess-board," says the author in his opening chapter. He was fifty-three years of age, a point beyond which no one, perhaps, with the exception of Sir John Franklin, has ever attempted the rigors of Arctic exploration. It was success now, or final defeat in the effort to which nearly a quarter-century of his strong manhood had been devoted. Each succeeding failure had been carefully studied for its record of avoidable mistakes, until he felt that all that human foresight and intelligence could contribute to success in this closing venture had been done. But there was one untoward possibility not capable of elimination. Again, as in the trial of 1905-1906, a season of violent and continued winds might disrupt the polar pack and leave him separated from his supporting parties, to face the alternative of retreat or starvation. As it turned out, the forces of nature withheld their dreaded veto, and human skill and persistence, schooled by the well-studied lessons of previous failure, at last won the day. After reading the whole story one cannot fail to realize how exceedingly slim is the possibility that any mere Arctic adventurer, devoid of scientific training and of scant experience in such work, with no trained assistants and no carefully detailed preparations, should by any lucky combination of circumstances beyond his own control ever attain to the goal which it took Peary such long years of well-directed effort to reach. "Fortitude and endurance alone," says Peary, "are not enough in themselves to carry a man to the North Pole. Only with years of experience in travelling in those regions, only with the aid of a large party, also experienced in that character of work, only with the knowledge of Arctic detail and the equipment necessary to prepare himself and his party for any and every emergency, is it possible for a man to reach that long-sought goal and return."

Of course, the fact of a successful outcome does not make the record of sledging experiences, crossing fresh leads, battling with pressure ridges, building igloos, killing weak dogs to feed to their more fortunate survivors, etc., essentially different from that of previous expeditions. It merely gives an added zest to the reader, which no amount of quotation could carry through the medium of a brief review. We have already said that the story as such is effectively told, and it is hardly necessary to say more on that point. An interesting side discussion deals with the question how nearly the location of the Pole can be determined. The character of the instruments, the personal accuracy of the observer, and the number of observations taken, are all involved. All thought of a mathematically exact determination Peary demolishes in one brief sentence: "If there were land at the Pole, and powerful instruments of great precision, such as are used in the world's great observatories, were mounted there on suitable foundations and

used by practised observers for repeated observations extending over years, then it would be possible to determine the position of the Pole with great precision." An ordinary single observation at sea, we are told, with sextant and natural horizon, as taken by ship masters, is assumed to give the observer's position within about a mile. But that is within the latitude of ordinary navigation. The special difficulties of observation in high latitudes, due to the extreme cold, are usually overestimated, Peary thinks. The difficulties to the observer himself he does not regard as great if the weather is calm and the temperature not exceeding 40 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Yet he admits that there is room for discussion and decided difference of opinion as to the amount and character of error which may creep into such observations from the effect of the cold upon the instrument. As for the observer, the great difficulty is with the eyes, subjected as they have necessarily been to days and weeks of unremitting daylight, much of it brilliant sunlight upon ice and snow, and strained by the task of continually setting the course with the compass. After all this, "the taking of a series of observations is usually a nightmare; and the strain of focussing, of getting precise contact of the sun's images, and of reading the vernier, all in the blinding light of which only those who have taken observations in bright sunlight on an unbroken snow expanse in the Arctic regions can form any conception, usually leaves the eyes bloodshot and smarting for hours afterward." He readily admits that during a series of observations under such conditions the eyes become "extremely tired, and at times uncertain," but he is personally inclined to think that an allowance of five miles for error due to all these causes is equitable. With that in mind, he crossed and recrossed, in various directions, the area within a five-mile radius of the spot which his observations indicated as the Pole, and set his face toward home again convinced that "no one except the most ignorant will have any doubt but what, at some time, I had passed close to the precise point, and had, perhaps, actually passed over it."

The author has subjected himself to a wise restraint as to the episode which set the civilized world by the ears a little more than a year ago. It is not difficult to pick out passages here and there which might have been expressed differently, or left out altogether, if the claims of Dr. Cook had never been put forth; but his name is mentioned only once or twice, and then in no controversial relation. If so many thousands of intelligent people all over the world had not lost their heads to some extent during those weeks, one might find it in his heart to censure the successful explorer because he did not show the calmness of temper to which his knowledge of the facts entitled him, and which would have insured to him a far richer harvest of the possible fruits of his victory than it has been his lot to reap. As it is, the attitude of every right thinking man must be one of thankfulness to Peary that he has kept his pages free from any revival of the controversy and of ardent desire that the unhappy fiasco may pass out of the public consciousness as soon as possible.

The introduction, by Theodore Roosevelt, is merely a personal tribute to Commander Peary, embodying an inferential denial of the possibility that the claim of another to the discovery could be true. That this is only inferential, and not a tremendous thwacking with the linguistic club, proves the possibility of wise self-restraint even in quarters where it is not usually manifested. The "foreword," by Dr. Grosvenor of the National Geographic Society, is a brief sketch of polar exploration, from the time of Henry VIII of England to Peary's successful voyage. He pays to Peary a high compliment for unusually good care of his men, as shown by the fact that of the hundreds whom he has taken into the perils of the Arctic ice, he has brought back safe and sound all but two, and the lives of these two were lost in accidents for which the commander was in no way responsible. Of the several appendices, the most important is by R. A. Harris of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and deals chiefly with the soundings and tidal observations of Peary and others as bearing upon the probability of the existence of a large tract of still undiscovered land, somewhere in the Arctic basin. The conclusion is:

> Taking various facts into consideration it would seem that an obstruction (land, islands, or shoals) containing nearly half a million square statute miles probably exists. That one corner lies north of Bennett Island; another, north of Point Barrow; another, near Banks Land and Prince Patrick Island; and another, at or near Crocker Land.

In its material makeup the book is worthy of its place as the record of the triumph of polar research. The subject has in it the possibility of only one successful competitor of Commander Peary's volume. That prize will fall to the man who can write an adequate history of the "North Pole Idea" in the human imagination.

CURRENT FICTION.

Whirligigs. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The knowledge that O. Henry has told his last story, and shaken the ashes from his pipe, and gone home to rest makes one linger over this book with a distinct sense of regret. A definite and positive personality has withdrawn from the little circle of those who break up the tedium of contemporary fiction. He sometimes raised a doubt as to the quality of the pleasure he imparted, but he always made an incisive attack upon the attention—there was a magnetic masculinity in him. His irreverence for linguistic purity we may deplore, but should not censure apart from its purpose; like the stylistic insolence of the later cantos of "Don Juan," it is an indispensable means to a proposed end. It was a part of his relish that he combined brilliant technical skill with a business man's contempt for the girlish graces and solemn gravities and decorums of art. "Get your effect," was his maxim, "and with God—or the critics—be the rest." Why pour out ink like water to suggest a summer evening in the country when you can accomplish your object with "katydids and moonlight and long drinks and things out on the front porch"? His effort to attain a speech both rich and curt may be fairly related to his master characteristic: he seems to have combined an omnivorous appetite for the colors and forms and sensual surfaces of the actors with an experienced and fundamental contempt for the show.

"Whirligigs" is half-derisive journalese for what the tragic novelist of Wessex would call life's little ironies—men and their affairs are here presented as serio-comic playthings gyrating unaccountably in the winds of chance. That the unexpected always happens is the essence of the plot, because it is the essence of that informal philosophy of "the people" which underlies the author's work, and gives a point and value even to his most trivial illustrations. Most of the twenty-four stories in this collection, many of indifferent merit, turn on the unforeseen influences of propinquity and environment, and on the tricky perversities of human nature. A man and a woman in an island exile, believing themselves murderers, are drawn by a curious sympathy to the brink of marriage; suddenly discovering themselves technically guiltless, they flee from each other as with the wings of a dove. Don Señor Johnny Armstrong, gold-hunter, rescues an opera singer from the Indians high in the Andes; near the snow line he sees himself and the woman invested with spiritual qualities answering to the grandeur of mountain heights; after a descent of three days they commune agreeably, but at the moral level of the foot-hills; at the sea level she is singing "coon-songs" and he is playing billiards. A Cumberland mountaineer and his old wife spend their last five-dollar bill to procure a divorce; as soon as it is granted they experience a change of heart; the divorced husband in disguise robs the justice-of-peace of the sundering bill and later restores it to him as a fee for tying the knot again. This,

the most complete whirligig, is a little masterpiece: perfectly symmetrical, intensely poignant and vital, incredibly brief.

The Other Side: Being Certain Passages in the Life of a Genius. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is not Mr. Vachell's first study of the "artistic temperament," but it is decidedly his best. In one respect it differs strikingly from all other studies of the kind with which we are acquainted. Its action, physical or spiritual, turns in no wise upon the "other woman" consideration. David Archdale goes the way of most of the world by marrying a girl who is much too good for him, so far as moral stability is concerned; but her rival with him is the world, and not at all the flesh or the devil. His genius is for music. He has been trained in an austere school by his adopted father, organist in a provincial Abbey. He becomes a man and a married man without having been diverted, or even strongly tempted, from his serious ambition to compose an oratorio. The great work is begun, but its progress is arrested by the discovery that it is unlikely to find a publisher or producer. On the other hand, the greatest music-publisher in England discovers in Archdale a facile talent for melody which promises a golden harvest. He becomes a famous composer of popular songs and musical comedies. He despises this work, and intends to make it a mere stepping stone to independence and the opportunity to work as he pleases. But the city life and the cheap success get hold of him, so that when the time of his revolt comes, he is no longer able to compose in the lofty strain. His mind is full of the melodious tinklings which have brought him fame of a sort. His wife dies, virtually a sacrifice upon the altar of his worldliness.

From this point the story strikes deeper. The married pair have agreed that whichever dies first shall return, if possible, to the survivor. Archdale waits in vain for some sign from "the other side." Years pass: his popular success and his worldly habits increase upon him. His only daughter grows up petted and neglected by him. Then he is smashed up in a motor accident, picked up for dead by two French peasants, and pronounced dead by medical authority. Thereupon follows his experience of "the other side." He finds himself confined to a sort of limbo, unable to find the spirit of his dead wife, or to leave the region of earth. At last his human pride is broken, and the voice of his wife sends him back to earth to fulfil his mission. On his return to consciousness, a return regarded as miraculous, he mistakes that mission. Peace comes to him only when he finally recognizes it as a matter of simple human duty, and not of more or less selfish ambition. Fiction has made repeated attempts of late to deal with the adventures of the soul immediately after the death of the body. Most of them have seemed fantastic or even whimsical. Mr. Vachell's interpretation is impressive in its simplicity and dignity.

Cumner's Son. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

Upon the evidence of these tales, the rill of Sir Gilbert Parker's talent would seem to have become a slender trickle indeed. "Magazinable" they all are, no doubt, but what one of them can honestly be judged more than that? There is little fire or spontaneity in them: they appear to have been turned out by a capable workman, and that is all. Their sole element of freshness consists in a shifting of scene to more distant portions of that empire whose glories Sir Gilbert, like his great original, Kipling, so loves to celebrate. The Union Jack here sheds its blessing upon the southern seas: these tales have to do with the triumphs in love, war, and administration of imperial Britain at one of the farther bournes to which her energetic sons resort. Though the native is not invariably disposed of in these tales as a nigger in the most invidious sense of the word, he is seen to be really admirable only in the display of a dog-like devotion to his English betters. Even that display is not always what it seems, as is ironically shown in the story of the native police officer who protects a Jew from a howling mob of outraged Moslems, not out of fidelity to English authority, but because the Jew owes him the price of a donkey, and cannot be permitted to slip out of life without paying up. The other note is struck in "An Epic in Yellow," the tale of a faithful Chinaman, whose supreme reward for his devotion to an English master is somewhat quaintly rendered in the form of a Union Jack for a shroud. But in "The High Court of Budgery-Gar" lynch law is frankly invoked as the last resource of Anglo-Saxon against nigger. Most of the tales are of "storiette" brevity; but the title-story attains the proportions of a "novelette." Odd sizes seem the fashion just now. Cumner is the British Governor at "Mandakan," and his son is destined by way of various daring and romantic adventures to become "Dakoon," or supreme ruler, of that tropical realm. He may be commended to admirers of that blond and blue-eyed hero upon whose exploits the sun is never permitted to go down.

The Paternoster Ruby. By C. E. Walk. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

It is a little disheartening at the end of this detective story to find our suspicions of the ruby confirmed. It really was stolen from an Eastern temple, and the usual sly Orientals—all Orientals are born with detective powers that put Sherlock Holmes to the blush, and a memory that holds a thousand years as yesterday—are on its track. The real protagonists in the contest, however, are two giant wheat speculators of Chicago, one of whom, a lover of rare gems, stole away the other's sweetheart in the old days and has ever since been the victim of the other's relentless vengeance. The detective is this time a central officer—neither a wizard nor an ass, as central officers commonly are in fiction, but a man who blunders and succeeds like ordinary mortals. He falls in love, unfortunately—when will writers learn that the so-called "love interest" is almost necessarily out of place in detective fiction? For the rest the story starts well and maintains its legitimate interest well to the end. The surprise in the dénouement is justified and the game with the reader played fairly—except for the Orientals who, however, are kept in the background.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.

Three Philosophical Poets: Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe. By George Santayana. Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, Vol. I. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University.

A few words from Professor Santayana's "Conclusion" will show the ideas for which the three poets stand in his philosophical criticism, and the relative value he ascribes to them:

> Goethe is the poet of life; Lucretius the poet of nature; Dante the poet of salvation. Goethe gives us what is fundamental—the turbid flux of sense, the cry of the heart, the first tentative notions of art and science, which magic or shrewdness might hit upon. Lucretius carries us one step farther. Our wisdom ceases to be impressionistic and casual. It rests on understanding of things, so that what happiness remains to us does not deceive us, and we possess it in dignity and peace. Knowledge of what is possible is the beginning of happiness. Dante, however, carries us much farther than that. He, too, has knowledge of what is possible and impossible. He has collected the precepts of old philosophers and saints, and the more recent examples patent in society around him, and by their help has distinguished the ambitions that may be wisely indulged in this life from those which it is madness to foster—the first being called virtue and piety and the second folly and sin.

There is a stream of subtle reflection in the three chapters in which he discusses the source and meaning of Lucretius's naturalism, of Dante's idealism, and Goethe's romanticism. To one reader at least he is most successful in his treatment of Goethe, both in his appreciation of the wealth of beauty and experience in "Faust" and in his clear recognition of the final lack of "steady purpose or standard" which makes the

poem almost fatuous (the critic himself uses this harsh word) at the end. One suspects that Professor Santayana is perhaps keenest in his analysis of "Faust," because, beneath his classical sense of form, his own philosophy is an effort, not wholly successful, to escape from the romantic illusion. He is least successful in his treatment of Lucretius, seeming, to us at least, to fail in his attempted reconciliation of the poet's apostrophe to Venus with the Epicurean philosophy of atoms, and to fail also, though in less degree, in his interpretation of what Lucretius has meant to mankind and may still mean.

At bottom the comparative failure of the chapters on Lucretius and Dante—comparative only, for they are filled with suggestive comment, particularly that on Dante—is complicated with a lack of central veracity in the critic's own philosophy. Lucretius and Dante believed intensely in their vision of the world as a reality; it was no conscious creation of their imagination, but a revelation and an appeal to the will. This earnestness of belief, this clutch of reality in the imagination, is to Professor Santayana a mode of feeling utterly inconceivable—so we judge from his books. Truth in his philosophy is not something apprehended, but something created by the mind; he is, so to speak, a pragmatist of the imagination as Professor James was a pragmatist of the will. So he observes that mankind is in a state of barbarism until it has "removed the centre of its being, or of its faith, from the will to the imagination"; and that "the true theory [of the world] like the false resides in the imagination." At the end he sums up his criticism thus:

> To play with nature and make it decorative, to play with the overtones of life and make them delightful, is a sort of art. It is the ultimate, the most artistic sort of art, but it will never be practised successfully so long as the other sort of art is in a backward state; for if we do not know our environment, we shall mistake our dreams for a part of it, and so spoil our science by making it fantastic, and our dreams by making them obligatory. The art and the religion of the past, as we see conspicuously in Dante, have fallen into this error. To correct it would be to establish a new religion and a new art, based on moral liberty and on moral courage.

There is in this philosophy a disquieting touch of "make-believe"; we are to know the hard facts of prosaic life, and then we are to weave about them our ideas as in a play and imagine these ideas to be true. This, at least, is the only way in which we can understand Professor Santayana's theory of the imagination. But great literature does not as a matter of fact grow in this fashion. Lucretius and Dante were great, not in spite of their faith, but because they believed that what they saw was in the likeness of a reality in which their conscious imagination had no part. There is, to say the truth, something approaching the naïve in Professor Santayana's notion of the perfect poet (he has never yet existed) of the "new religion" and the "new art," who shall take his dreams very seriously, yet know there is nothing obligatory about them. Mankind is not likely ever to take home to its heart and conscience a poetry built on so shadowy an idealism as this. Curiously enough, the element in "Faust" to which Professor Santayana objects is really just such an empty idealism which Goethe carried over from his immersion in romanticism.

Professor Santayana's taste goes right where his philosophy goes wrong, and we enjoy him most when he is more the literary critic and less the systematic metaphysician. There is nothing, perhaps, in the present volume quite so critically penetrative as the chapter on Browning and Walt Whitman in his "Poetry and Religion," but we could from these three essays string together columns of subtle comment and fine appreciation. We must be content with this example from the essay on Lucretius; it will bear reading more than once:

> Horace, usually so much slighter than Lucretius, is less cursory here. Not only does he strike much oftener the note of friendship, but his whole mind and temper breathe of friendliness and expected agreement. There is, in the very charm and artifice of his lines, a sort of confidential joy in tasting with the kindred few the sweet or pungent savour of human things. To be brief and gently ironical is to assume mutual intelligence; and to assume mutual intelligence is to believe in friendship. In Lucretius, on the other hand, zeal is mightier than sympathy, and scorn mightier than humor. Perhaps it would be asking too much of his uncompromising fervor that he should have unbent now and then and shown us in some detail what those pleasures of life may be which are without care and fear. Yet, if it was impossible for him not to be always serious and austere, he might at least have noted the melancholy of friendship—for friendship, where nature has made minds isolated and bodies mortal, is rich also in melancholy. This again we may find in Horace, where once or twice he lets the "something bitter" bubble up from the heart even of this flower, when he feels a vague need that survives satiety, and yearns perversely for the impossible. Poor Epicureans, when they could not learn, like their master, to be saints!

In the end a word is due to the series which this volume opens. If it can maintain the excellence and character of these essays it may do something to uphold the credit of "comparative literature"—a phrase which, unfortunately, is beginning to gather about it associations with various sophisms and pretensions of education.

Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone. Selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury, In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Mr. Gladstone had a strong bent for the Church and, but for his father's wishes, would have taken orders. If he had, he would infallibly have been one of the great ecclesiastics of his day. One would not say so confidently that he would have been a great theologian. Yet to theology and church questions he devoted an amount of time, all his life, which seems enormous in view of his other absorbing occupations; and the copious outpourings of these two volumes show what a mass of material Lord Morley had to pass by in writing the life of the statesman. As he explained, he was compelled to leave unwritten "the detailed history of Mr. Gladstone as theologian and churchman." To make good that necessary omission, Mr. Lathbury has selected and grouped letters covering a stretch of sixty years and relating to all the great religious controversies that arose in Gladstone's lifetime. His present editor has supplied a candid and useful introduction to each chapter, tracing the development of Mr. Gladstone's thought, especially as related to the Established Church, and showing where it was but a natural growth and where but apparently inexplicable turnings forced upon him by political stress. A clear line of severe consistency can hardly be drawn between the youthful Gladstone of "The State in its Relation to the Church" and the man who destroyed the Irish Church and came to speak confidently, at the end of his life, of Disestablishment in England as certain to come, though not in his time. But through all the long sweep of discussion and legislation affecting education and religion, this at least comes out in the correspondence, that Gladstone came to every question with remarkable intellectual powers and a personal devoutness that is beyond dispute. Some of the letters to his children are indirect but convincing testimonies to that inbred and unaffected piety which sometimes made his enemies mock, but which enabled his friend, Dean Church, to say that it was a simple fact that the Prime Minister went each day to the business of the nation from his knees.

And it must be said that it was a vital as well as grand conception of the Church which Gladstone cherished. While valuing externals, he always struck for the essentials. Thus Mr. Lathbury remarks: "Where spiritual gains and losses were concerned Mr. Gladstone had no faith in statistics. Lists of new churches, of additional services, of young men's clubs, of mothers' associations, of all the nominally religious machinery which makes so fair a show on paper, left him unmoved by

the side of the fact that the incoming tide was steadily covering fresh ground." And how far he was content from simply having the Church proudly lift her mitred front, as Burke wished her to do, may be inferred from a letter to his father, written in 1847, in which he spoke of the kind of Protestantism with which he had "no sympathy whatever":

It is the Protestantism which grew into fashion during the last century and has not yet quite grown out of it; that hated everything in religion which lived and moved; which lowered and almost paganized doctrine, loosened and destroyed discipline; which neglected learning, coolly tolerated vice, and, as it has been said, was never enthusiastic except against enthusiasm; which heaped up abuses mountain high in the shape of plurality, non-residence, simony, and others more than I can tell, drove millions into dissent, suffered millions more to grow up in virtual heathenism, and made the Church of England—I say it with deliberate sorrow—instead of being the glory, in many respects the shame of Christendom.

His fullest expressions on all these subjects, Gladstone made to his friends, Hope and Manning. Both of them, to his grief, went over to Rome. But of neither did he say or think anything comparable to what he wrote of Newman, at the time of the latter's becoming a Catholic. Indignation almost overbore sorrow in Gladstone's letter to Manning in which he said that Newman stood before the world "a disgraced man." This feeling of resentment wore away with the years. Gladstone came to a more lenient view of Newman's character, and even of the step which carried him to Rome and the Cardinalate; while no tribute to the man on his literary side could be heartier than that which Gladstone paid in 1866, when he wrote to Sir F. Rogers:

I do not know if Newman's style affects others as I find myself affected by it. It is a transporting style. I find myself constantly disposed to cry aloud, and vent myself in that way, as I read. It is like the very highest music, and seems sometimes in beauty to go beyond the human. . . . It calls back to me a line in which, I think (but it is long since I read it), Dante describes his own *religious* ecstasies: "Che fece me da me uscir di mente."

Joan of Arc. By Grace James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The case of Joan of Arc enjoys, besides its many other forms of appeal, the special charm resulting from the fact that it can never be settled. No theory explains all the facts, and there are not facts enough thoroughly to ground any theory. Such as they are, the facts are substantially agreed upon by scholars, and the general public has become familiar with them in connection with the recent recognition of Joan by Rome. These facts have the property of bringing out, as it were by chemical reaction, the philosophic system of the mind that comes in contact with them. In recent biographies it can be seen what excellent re-agents they are for the exhibition of the pietistic habit, the patriotic, the positivist, the materialistic, the psychotherapic, the common-sensible, the sentimental. Miss James's book (and Mr. Shandy would have inferred it from her name) gives us the pragmatic. The part of her book that deals with what Professor James used to call the "existential judgment," is clear and sufficient. Even Mr. Lang admits that her statements of fact are generally correct. Hers is probably, therefore, the most satisfactory popular account of Joan in English, for Mr. Lang's spirited narrative is too polemic to be thoroughly intelligible to a reader who does not realize from having read M. Anatole France what is really the matter with his author.

When it comes to the "proposition of value," Miss James sweeps away with a vigorous pragmatic gesture those difficulties which have at the same time charmed and baffled so many students. "Although the theory of medical materialism may be new, true, and interesting, it is of no account in judging the value of Joan of Arc's religious experiences. Discussions as to the health of her mind and body are in this connection utterly beside the mark. If the Maid had been stolid, placid, a sturdy peasant lass, these facts would affect the worthiness of her mission not at all, were it in itself not credible and profitable. And if her mission is proved true, credible, and profitable, what can it matter if she was visionary, emotional, hysterical, or if her father was subject to curious dreams?"

The War in Wexford. By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

This is an interesting book. It tells, chiefly in the words of contemporaries, the thrilling story of the fiercest struggles of that bloody rebellion against the English rule in Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century, which led on to the Act of Union in 1800-1. The authors have made liberal use of three sources, which have apparently not been at the command of any of the numerous previous historians of the conflict. These are the correspondence of Arthur Annesley, Earl of Mount Norris, the Detail Book of the loyalist body of Camolin Yeomanry, of which he was the moving spirit, and the journal of Mrs. Isabella Brownrigg of Greenmount, County Wexford, covering the period from May 26 to June 21, 1798, when the troops under Sir John Moore relieved Wexford, and the battle of Vinegar Hill was fought. The horrors of this desperate struggle are not surpassed in the annals of modern history, though some of the episodes of the Peninsular and Carlist wars in Spain may be regarded as equalling them; and the government forces were fully as guilty as were the rebels. Wholesale massacres in cold blood of defenceless prisoners by the insurgents were more than counterbalanced by brutal floggings to extort information, and even the occasional application of still more inhuman torture on the part of the loyalists. The practices of covering the heads of prisoners with caps lined with heated pitch, and of cutting cruciform furrows in the hair, filling them with gunpowder, and setting fire to it, were not unknown.

That these events have been recorded in a spirit of bitter partisanship by both sides can be no cause for surprise; and it is greatly to the credit of Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley that whenever they have desisted from quoting the sources, and permitted themselves an original opinion, they have maintained on the whole a strictly judicial attitude. They approve of the policy of men like Abercromby, Cornwallis, and Moore, whose "justice was tempered with mercy," rather than that of the adherents of violent coercion, like Camden and Lake; but, on the other hand, they emphasize the necessity of suppressing the revolt with a strong hand, and are unquestionably correct in asserting that, whatever their earlier mistakes, the English saved Ireland "from herself in the latter days of the eighteenth century, and from the iron fetters with which Jacobin France would most surely have bound her." In that last clause lies a truth which most of the passionate bewailers of Ireland's past wrongs are too apt to forget. We hold no brief for the English administration of that island, but we maintain that the difficulties of it can never be fairly estimated without constantly bearing in mind the fact that Ireland had been a place of refuge for English malcontents and pretenders, and an obvious and usually sympathetic base for an attack by French and Spanish foes since the accession of the House of Tudor. At no time was the closeness of the connection between Irish revolt and hostile continental invasion clearer or more menacing than in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

The Coming Religion. By Charles F. Dole. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1 net.

The Gospel and the Modern Man. By Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The rôle of the prophet is traditionally difficult. To have any value, visions of the future must be based on just appreciation of the past as well as keen analysis of present tendencies. Too often seers merely declaim their enthu-

siasms and set them forth as prophecies, and in their pronouncement of that which is to be the wish is father to the prediction. Dr. Dole's description of the religion of the future is of this sort. His spirit has been moved by a few of our modern doctrines, and forthwith he declares that these are to be the doctrines of the coming generations. He has not inquired as to what beliefs have held their power through the ages, working their way into the consciousness of nations and races, and holding their own through centuries of political and social revolution. Neither has he sought with any diligence for those religious beliefs which to-day are strongest in the great masses and which give clearest evidence of persistence.

Dr. Dole declares that the message of the coming religion will be that the world in which we live is God's world, therefore a good world, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding; that God is the father of all men, whether they realize it or not; that men are more religious than they suppose, and that no violent struggles for spiritual attainment, such as the great saints of the past have experienced, are really necessary. The old idea of the world as a conflict between good and evil was altogether mistaken, and there is no need of a religion of redemption. Joy is to be the keynote of the new religion, not deliverance from evil.

Unless the experience of the ages goes for naught, this is altogether too light a gospel to hold the allegiance of men's hearts. It does not meet the deeper needs of life or the sadder realities of human experience. The men of the past have not found error an impotent thing and injustice no real power, as Dr. Dole declares them, and there are no present signs that future generations will be more favored. We need not go back to Calvin's Institutes, but we are likely for a long time to come to be faced with the sad realities of evil deeds and smitten consciences with which those serious volumes attempt to deal.

As an advocate of a milder faith, Dr. Dole is not tactful. He stirs opposition when he needs to conciliate, as when he sets down the gospel miracles as acts of magic and defines the atonement as a doctrine that "a God died on a cross to buy entrance to paradise for Christians, and especially the orthodox variety of Christians, while all Buddhists, Mohammedans, and heretics were thrust down into hell." Not thus are the orthodox converted, and, indeed, it may be doubted whether any one will be moved to accept a religion which is "no extraordinary thing."

Professor Mathews is more penetrating in his description of a gospel adapted to modern life. "Our modern life," he says, "needs a call to moral discontent. We are too complacent, too ready to think that we are good because we are prosperous. Much of the appeal made to-day in the more progressive pulpits overlooks the fact that multitudes of people are bad. God is a Father, we are told, and men should come to him because he is loving. That is true; but no religion has ever long gripped humanity that has deceived itself into believing that men are better than they are." Not only does Professor Mathews see clearly the moral needs of the world, but he has also a discerning historical perspective. He estimates fairly the religious values of the past. His essay is an endeavor to go back to the moment when Christianity was first preached as a distinctive message, interpret it accurately by just historical criticism, and translate the message thus derived into the terms and symbols of the present. He does all of this with unusual success, and in a manner to inform and conciliate the pious of the older sort, while asserting for men of progressive spirit a gospel of moral earnestness and of high religious aspiration.

A History of Verona. By A. M. Allen. Edited by Edward Armstrong. The States of Italy Series: General Editors, Edward Armstrong and R. Langton Douglas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Miss Allen is manifestly of the opinion that history is a science and not an art, and that, therefore, the whole duty of the historian consists in the collection, digestion, and ordering of facts. Everything else is mere surplusage. With this view we might have no quarrel. If we are to understand the past, facts are, after all, the only things which can really help us, and it is certainly no part of the business of science to make a popular appeal. We are rather weary of writers on things Italian who impudently thrust their twentieth-century personalities and twentieth-century preconceptions between us and the Middle Ages, and we are prepared to extend a hearty welcome to a work which deals exclusively with facts. Unfortunately, however, the range of Miss Allen's facts is hardly wide enough for the title of her book. "A History of Verona" she calls it, but it is a history of Verona with the Veronesi left out. Apparently, she has never resided in the town, and, although she tells us that she has twice visited it, she would seem to have found but little time for studying the idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants. After reading her book through from end to end we know no more of the specific characteristics of the Veronesi, whether ancient or modern, than we did before we opened it. All her facts are drawn from books and manuscripts; study of codices, not intercourse with the people, has been her means of preparation for the task she has undertaken; and we venture to suggest that in a second edition, the volume should be called "A *Political* History of Verona." It is as such that we propose to review it.

Now, a political history of a mediæval town must be judged exclusively from the point of view of the student. If it does not satisfy his requirements, it is useless. It can have no other *raison d'être*. And here Miss Allen does not fail us. Within its limited field her work is worthy of all praise. Not only has she read virtually everything that has ever been published on Verona, whether in Italian, German, French, or English, but she has also made extensive original researches among the archives of Verona, Venice, and Mantua. She is scrupulously accurate, and so skilfully has she marshalled her facts that her book may even please the general reader, though it certainly was not written for him. In one particular only does she fall below the highest standard, and that is in the matter of references. As a rule, these are all that can be desired, but, now and then, we come across an assertion which we should be glad to have the means of verifying. A case in point will be found on page 15, where she deals, all too briefly, with those *consorterie* or private associations out of which, according to the most recent theory, the Italian Communes are supposed to have developed. A footnote citing her authorities would have been very welcome; also, on page 100, her fugitive allusion to "reprisals" (*rappressaglie*) might well have been supplemented by a reference to the standard work of Professors Del Vecchio and Casanova. In a book of this character authorities ought to be cited not only frequently but at every step.

The last two chapters are devoted to the painting, sculpture, and architecture of Verona. They are entirely correct and unimpeachable, but, like the historical chapters which precede them, they throw no light upon the character of the Veronese people. If we may borrow a phrase of Prof. Langton Douglas's, Miss Allen seems to "regard the House of Life as though it were divided into air-tight and emotion-tight compartments." Her art chapters, for anything they have to do with the rest of the book, might almost as well have been published under a separate cover.

The volume is illustrated with maps and photographs and contains a serviceable bibliography. The index occupies no less than nineteen pages, but it is not altogether satisfactory. The following are a few of the subjects mentioned in the text, but omitted from the index: Agriculture, S. Bernardino, Gambling, Games, Prisoners of War, Reprisals, Roads, Strolling Players. *Corte bandita* also should be included, if only with a cross reference to *curia*, an alternative title with which many are unfamiliar. These, however, are comparatively slight blemishes in a painstaking

and scholarly work which does no discredit to the excellent series to which it belongs.

Notes.

Cassell & Co. have a third edition of John Foster Fraser's "Australia: The Making of a Nation." The volume contains fifty-six illustrations from photographs.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for early publication "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur," edited by Theodore Stanton, and "Corporation Finance," by Edward S. Meade.

The Glasgow Scottish History Exhibition will display literature connected with Burns, Allan Ramsay, and Walter Scott.

The *English Review* of November contains the censored act of Laurence Housman's new play, and "Paris Nights" by Arnold Bennett.

A book which discusses the relation of the general historical setting of the Old Testament narratives to Egyptian history will be issued shortly by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. Its title is "Egypt and Israel," and the author is Professor Petrie.

Dr. Johannes Strickler, who died recently at Berne, was the author of a "History of Switzerland," and of treatises dealing with special periods of Swiss history.

F. J. Britton is now engaged upon a new edition of his "Old Clocks and Watches and Their Makers," and would be glad to have additions and corrections sent to his home, Silverdale Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, England.

"A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects" is the title of a unique bibliography which has been prepared through the coöperation of more than twenty teachers in Harvard University. Each instructor has contributed a list of the more noteworthy books in his special field, and in almost every case has added a brief criticism or analysis. The book will be published by the university early in November.

Prof. John E. McFayden, recently appointed to succeed Prof. George Adam Smith in the chair of Old Testament at the United Free Church College, Glasgow, is engaged upon the Epistles and Revelations, which are to appear in a single volume, and which form a part of the series of Commentaries on the New Testament.

By mistake the title of Mrs. John Martin's new book, published by Baker & Taylor Co., was announced by us as "Parlor Socialists"; the announcement should have read "Is Mankind Advancing?"

The United Company of New York will issue this month "Beautiful Art in Beadwork," a book purporting to give instructions for making purses, dress trimmings, beaded slippers, etc.

"Crow-Step" is the title of a romance by Georgia Fraser, which is promised shortly by Witter & Kintner of New York.

The University of Chicago Press has in its announcements of forthcoming books: Educational: "The Public School," by Ella Flagg Young; "Recent Developments in Agricultural Education," by Benjamin M. Davis; "The Higher Education as a Training for Business," by Harry Pratt Judson. Literary: "Elkanah Settle: His Life and Works," by Frank C. Brown. Philosophical: "Pragmatism and Its Critics," by Addison W. Moore; "Some Phases in the Development of the Subjective Point of View during the Post-Aristotelian Period," by Dagny G. Sunne; "The Psychology of Ritualism," by Frederick G. Henke. Biblical and religious: "Introduction to Religious Education," by Theodore G. Soares; "Christian Ethics," by Gerald B. Smith; "The Psychology of Religion," by George A. Coe; "Ethics of the Old Testament," by Hinckley G. Mitchell; "Child Mind and Child Religion," by Edwin D. Starbuck; "The Finality of the Christian Religion," part ii, by George B. Foster; "The Hebrew Prophets or Patriots and Leaders of Israel," by Georgia L. Chamberlin; "Heroes of Israel" (Teachers' Manual), by Theodore G. Soares. Historical: "The Greek Theatre," by Roy C. Flickinger.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's new story, "The Secret Garden," after appearing serially in the *American Magazine*, will be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Wessels & Bissell Co. have been appointed agents for the publications of Harvard University. The current publications will be carried in stock in New York.

Among the books soon to come from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons are "The Great Illusion: A Study of the Relation of Military Power to Economic Advantage," which is an amplified edition of Norman Angell's pamphlet, "Europe's Optical Illusion"; "African and European Addresses," by Theodore Roosevelt; "The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries," by Adolf Harnack; "Primitive Christianity," Vol. III, by Otto Pfleiderer; "The History of Medicine," by David Allyn Gorton; "The Orator's Manual," by George L. Raymond; "The Writer," by George L. Raymond and George P. Wheeler; "The Historic Mohawk," by Mary R. Diefendorf; a handsome edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," with water-color drawings by Edward Hopkins, and "The Clipper Ship Era," by Capt. Arthur H. Clark.

The same house, acting as American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces the publication of the following volumes: "The Bacchants of Euripides and Other Essays," by A. W. Verrall; "The Romantic Movement in French Literature" (traced by a series of texts selected and edited by H. F. Stewart and Arthur Tilley); "Lanarkshire" (Cambridge County Geographies), by Frederick Mort; "Nottinghamshire" (Cambridge County Geographies), by H. H. Swinnerton; "The Acts of the Apostles" (the Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools Series), by H. C. O. Lanchester; "The Gospel According to St. Mark," revised from the edition of C. F. Maclear, in the series the Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools; "Selections from the Confessions of St. Augustine," newly translated by W. Montgomery, and "The Imperial Civil Service of Rome," by H. Mattingly.

Some members of the bibliographical staff of the *Publishers' Weekly* office have been at work during the past summer on a classified directory of "Private Libraries in the United States." It is planned to arrange the material in three alphabets. The first will be by names of collectors, with addresses and some mention of the collector's specialty; the second will be geographical, by States and cities; the third, topical, showing under each subject the names of all who have similar tastes. The little volume will probably not be ready before the end of the year, so that names of collectors not yet represented may be included, if sent in during the next month. The names of owners of purely professional libraries, those relating to law, medicine, or theology, will not be included, unless the collection is rich in some special subject; for instance, a law library strong in, say, "admiralty law" would be included; a medical library with exhaustive lists on "Tuberculosis," "X-rays," etc.; a theological library with "Liturgics" as a marked feature would find place in the list.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for October opens with some impressions of the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, in East Africa, by Mr. O. W. Barrett of the United States Agricultural Department. He describes it as one of the richest countries in the world in agricultural possibilities, and also one of the least known. He gives a favorable account of the natives, for "the farther away from civilized centres we went the more *respectable*" the natives became. An account of a trip in the interior of Asia Minor, to study the problem of its gradual sterilization in the past twenty centuries, is given by the well-known traveller, Ellsworth Huntington. He shows conclusively that it was not due to the fact that the inhabitants gave up the cultivation of the soil to become nomads, but to the deterioration of the soil itself. To use his words, "it is not the people who have nomadized the land, but the land which has nomadized the people."

Volumes XV to XVIII of Scribner's memorial edition of George Meredith bring us "The Tragic Comedians," "Diana of the Crossways," "One of Our Conquerors," and "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." The first has very appropriately for frontispiece a photogravure of Ferdinand Lasselle, whose adventures with Helene von Racowitza gave Meredith the plot of the novel. "Diana" has for illustrations the portrait of the author at the age of seventy-two, from the etching by Mortimer Menpes, and a photograph of the Crossways Farm House. Meredith, aged sixty-nine, in the photograph taken by Mrs. H. P. Sturgis appears in "One of Our Conquerors."

Bohn's Library, of G. Bell & Sons, still holds up its head as the chief collection of uniform editions, and a new volume is always a little event in the world of letters. One can only regret that the publishers ever abandoned the old quaintly stamped covers for the now characterless style. The latest issue contains Robinson's translation of "The Utopia of Sir Thomas More," with the original Latin text of the first edition (1516), Roper's "Life of More," and a few of More's letters. The editing has had the care of George Sampson. In the case of the "Life" he has twice collated the four MSS. in the British Museum, once for the folio in the Chiswick Library of Noble Writers (1903), and a second time for this reprint. Mr. Sampson's text differs only in matters of detail from Singer's text (1817 and 1822), which has hitherto been the

standard. Singer modernized the spelling, whereas Mr. Sampson preserves the old orthography througbout—a doubtful advantage. Mr. Sampson's notes, at the bottom of the pages, are excellent for their brevity and appositeness. A. Guthkelch contributes an Introduction and Bibliography. Altogether the edition, not omitting the type and paper, is thoroughly satisfactory.

Sixteen heroes appear in M. I. Ebutt's "Hero-Myths and Legends of the Britisb Race" (Crowell). The roll includes Beowulf, the Empress Helena, the Emperor Constantine, Havelok the Dane, Howard the Halt, Roland, Cuchulain, Gameiyn, William of Cloudeslee, Sir Gawayne, King Horn, Robin Hood, and Hereward the Wake. Original sources are followed rather closeiy, and while there is some wavering between archaism and modernity in the style, we find nothing serious to criticise except the choice of blank verse for translation from lilting baliad metres. Since direct quotation is rare, the drawback is slight. We could wish Gawayne had been represented by the adventure with the Black Knight rather than by his troth with the ioatbly Lady. There are wasb drawings by various bands, Byam Shaw being the most notabie contributor. It is an excellent book for boys.

John Tweedy's "History of tbe Republican National Conventions from 1856 to 1908" (published by tbe author, Danbury, Conn.) is a reprint with additions and revision of a series of newspaper articles. Mr. Tweedy does not to any extent go into causes and consequences, nor does he discuss issues or the influences that led to the nomination of this candidate or tbat. Nevertbeless be has compiled a book of considerable usefulness, which, would, however, be greater from the general point of view were it not so crowded with data in regard to Connecticut's participation in the events recorded. The explanation of this feature is that the book was written for Connecticut readers. The writer, himself a native of that State, attended the conventions of 1860, 1868, 1872, 1876, and 1880, and the personal reminiscences and anecdotes which are interspersed through tbe four hundred pages of his history are in many respects its most valuable and interesting parts.

The publication of Henry E. Bliss's new classification of books, an outline of which with sample schedules was printed in the August *Library Journal*, will be looked forward to witb interest, especially if the work proves really to be, as the author claims, a classification for *books*, not for notes and clippings, as in the minutely subdivided schemes of Dewey and Cutter. It is too early as yet, of course, to speak about the comparative value of the order of the sciences in the new classification and in the three older systems of Dewey, Cutter, and the Library of Congress, but we might point out tbat in Mr. Bliss's general synopsis Medicine and Religion and Theology are classed as antbropological sciences, Education as subordinate to Psychology, and that Social Sciences are divided into Sociology, Ethics, Political Science (including Jurisprudence), and Economics, and are followed by Useful and Fine Arts.

In the "Merry Tales and Three Shrovetide Plays by Hans Sachs, now first done into English Verse" (London: David Nutt), William Leighton introduces English and American readers unfamiliar with Germah to one side of his author's activity. Besides the title, a motto from Longfellow confesses that this volume is restricted to Hans Sachs the humorist. One of the best books ever written on the cobbler-poet of Nuremberg, that of Schweitzer, finds that the salient points of his character were *solidité* and *bienveillance*. We could wish that Mr. Leighton's "Forewords" were less perfunctory, and were comprehensive enough to include fuller consideration of Hans Sachs's more serious qualities. But Sachs was a merry old soul withal, and it is pleasant to make his acquaintance as such. Though Mr. Leighton has not succeeded in preserving much of the quaintness of his sixteenth-century original, he has produced a version that is throughout fairly close to the German and is in quite flowing and readable English. His selections do as well as a single volume could do for the author of six thousand poems. Hans Sachs is here represented by two score "Erzählungen" and "Schwänke" and two "Meisterlieder," as well as by three "Fastnachtsspiele." The last were probably the most difficult to render acceptably. They seem wordy when compared with the narratives, in which a certain loquacity is not out of keeping with the tone of humorous moralizing.

The popular but scholarly volumes of H. W. C. Davis, Innes, and Trevelyan, in the seven-volume history of England, of which Prof. Charles Oman is the general editor, are already favorably known. Mr. Oman himself has now added an initial volume on "England before the Norman Conquest" (Putnam). Though he does not cumber his pages with learned apparatus, he shows in every chapter his familiarity with the best monographic material and with the researches of such scholars as Rice Holmes, Haverfield, and Chadwick. As one might expect from his earlier writings, the author is more interested in narrative and military history than in economic and constitutional development. There are, to be sure, chapters on the social and political condition of England in tbe eighth century, but his statement of various tbeories appears perfunctory and lacking in personal convictions. Occasionally he overemphasizes the obvious. But after all this volume must be regarded as one of tbe most satisfactory accounts of Roman and Anglo-Saxon Britain. There are good maps and genealogical tables. Particularly interesting are tbe author's reasons for refusing to join with most other historians who optimistically accept the Battle of Hastings as an act of Providence and regard the Norman Conquest as a blessing for England.

A trenchant and refreshingly outspoken bit of military criticism is printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Charles Francis Adams's paper on Washington's neglect to employ cavalry in the Revolution. That the British commanders also failed to use their opportunity in the same line is no excuse for the American, and more than once a well-directed cavalry attack on either side might have had a destructive effect, and by terminating the war have saved some exhausting years of conflict. By rare good fortune the English failed to follow up their successes, and omitted to develop an arm of the service that was admirably adapted for the campaigns in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. They remained inactive when the American army was in their power, and when they had a fair opportunity to annihiiate the already demoralized force which Washington held together with difficulty. From this point of view Washington was as culpable as Howe, and he comes in for some sharp criticism, just as John Adams criticised him at the time for too close an adherence to a Fabian policy. The judgments passed upon his strategy are fully justified by the array of facts which Mr. Adams has gathered, and the form and temper of the paper are excellent.

The spirited "Chronique du régne de Charles IX," by Mérimée, reappears in new and handsome form in the Oxford Higher French Series (Clarendon Press). The editor of this volume is Prof. A. T. Baker of the University of Sbeffield, whose introduction, editing of the text, and notes, are carefully done. One is hereby induced to hope that English publishers will henceforth entrust the editing of French texts to first-class English teachers of French to a greater extent than they have done heretofore. For, without disparaging the good teaching work done by many Frenchmen in Englisb-speaking countries, a glance at their text-annotations usually shows what in itself is *a priori* self-evident, that the French are not the best judges of the difficulties their language offers to foreigners.

The fifth book of Lucretius has a more general appeal to younger students than tbe other books. This has led W. D. Lowe to prepare an edition of this book for lower forms (Clarendon Press). He divides it into two volumes—one, containing lines 783 to the end, is edited for more elementary students than the other (lines 1-782). His theory is that the creation of things in the world might easily precede, as being simpler, the more complicated account of the creation of the world and the formation of the heavenly bodies. In this country Lucretius has always been reserved for the later years in college, on account of the many textual difficulties and the philosophical technicalities of the narrative. But many portions, specially the fifth book, partake so much of the nature of pure poetry that they may be read with profit by unphilosophical students. The brief introductions to the two volumes have exactly the same arrangement, that of the later volume being slightly more elaborate. In both no regard is paid to controversial matters. The text is that of the new Oxford edition, with running English at intervals. Tbe commentary is intended to assist the student rather than to do his work for him. Certain notes are, however, over-scholarly and impractical. Of what value to the student is the bare statement that, for instance, *pennipotens* is a Lucretian coinage, or tbat *animal* (v. 823) is found only here in Lucretius in the singular? The small paragraph in the introduction on peculiarities of Lucretian usage is quite inadequate, and the statements of the various notes are nowhere collected so as to give any idea of the position of Lucretius in the history of the Latin language. For those students for whom the book is intended a vocabulary might well have been added. But even without it, the book is a serviceable one, and it is to be hoped tbat it may help to introduce Lucretius to many students who now quit the study of Latin before they reach him.

The training of backward children is the subject of the book, entitled, "Auxiliary Education," which is translated from the German of Dr. B. Maennel by Emma Sylvester, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. A sketch of the rise and development of this work as a part of public school effort shows that it began in Germany fifty years ago, and is now a recognized department of the school systems of most cities in that country. Our own efforts toward the training of the exceptional child came a long time afterward, and have been largely influenced by German experience. Characteristic German thoroughness is exhibited in the plans by which the physical, mental, and moral condition of backward children is examined into, the home life investigated, and the history of their parents scrutinized. With equal detail the traits of the pupil admitted to the auxiliary school and their modification as a result of training are recorded and closely studied by successive teachers. The equipment of these special schools or classes, the environment of the child, the daily watchful care of his health, the modified curriculum, and the training of teachers for the work, are all discussed. The State has promptly recognized that the establishment and maintenance of these auxiliary schools is not merely a duty toward poorly endowed children, but that it is a social need. The book closes with a chapter on the training of backward children in this country, both in State institutions and in the public schools.

The Rev. Morton Dexter, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Congregationalist*, died suddenly last Saturday, aged sixty-four. He was much interested in colonial history, on which he wrote two books: "The Story of the Pilgrims" and "The England and Holland of the Pilgrims."

Sir William Agnew, for many years head of the firm of Thomas Agnew & Sons, publishers and art dealers, but more recently chairman of Bradbury, Agnew & Co., publishers of *Punch*, died last Monday at the age of eighty-five. In 1880 he was elected to Parliament, and devoted himself to the Liberal cause. Essays, addresses, and notes of travel which he wrote were circulated privately.

Science.

Science books announced by the University of Chicago Press include: "The Meaning of Social Science," by Albion W. Small, and "The Problem of the Angle-Bisectors," by Richard P. Baker.

Some three years ago we printed a qualified approval of a third edition of the "Personal Hygiene" (W. B. Saunders Co.), which Dr. W. L. Pyle edited, and to which seven other writers also contributed. A fourth edition has now appeared with all the typographical excellence we are accustomed to expect from these publishers. The only obvious change in the book is the addition of a new and suggestive chapter of nearly twenty pages on certain hygienic aspects of "Body-Posture," written by Dr. J. E. Goldthwait, whose keen interest in this topic is well known to his professional brethren. In our former notice we commented especially on the unsatisfactory account of the stomach pump, the inconsistency in the treatment of poisoning by oxalic acid as given on two almost successive pages, and on the glossary. In these matters the text is unchanged.

Modern garden books easily fall into two general classes. In the first we find those which endeavor to give instruction, pure and simple, and are useful handbooks of practical horticulture. The second class comprises works which are profusely illustrated and are filled with pleasant descriptions of cultivated plants. To this latter class belongs Nelte Bianchan's "American Flower Garden" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The illustrations are well chosen and well executed. A few of the sketches are among the finest we have yet seen, and may fairly be regarded as happy solutions of difficult problems in landscape gardening. The planting lists are judiciously selected and are accompanied by excellent advice as to special treatment. Taken all in all, the work is safe and sound. It has no impracticable suggestions which will sooner or later drive the amateur wild with despair; it simply leads him by easy steps to what ought to be a successful management of our northern horticultural treasures. The treatise can be confidently commended to the attention of all who are fond of picturesque gardening.

Dr. J. F. Rogers in "Life and Health" (Lippincott) seeks to present the hygienic problem from the point of view that the harmonious working of the body is the true basis of health. In doing this he discusses the activities of the body in a decidedly unconventional fashion and with a novel neglect of any systematic description of parts and functions. While this method carries with it a lack of precision and definiteness of advice, it has the advantage of freshness, and will probably awaken the interest of the ignorant reader of the better sort and lead him to wish to take greater care of himself. Despite the rather vague character of the directions concerning the conduct of life, in marked contrast to many books on the subject, this book nowhere seriously misleads the reader and promises to be really helpful.

The little book on "Hygiene and Morality" (Putnam), by Lavinia L. Dock, R.N., is professedly intended as a guide for her sister nurses. It deals ostensibly with the venereal diseases and their prevention and with the problem of prostitution. The introductory account of the diseases in question is brief and in most respects good, although the author here and there flounders in water somewhat too deep for her. In other parts of the book, also the medical reader will find fresh evidence that the professional nurse is far too ready to express opinions on purely medical matters. Later on the book reveals itself as really a plea for the extension of suffrage to women on the ground that only their participation in legislation will bring about a removal of the social evil and thus the elimination of the specific diseases.

Dr. W. T. Brigham, director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, and author of "The Volcanoes of Kilauea and Mauna Loa" (Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press), first visited Hawaii in 1864, in company with the late Horace Mann, for the purpose of studying its geology and botany. During the forty-five years which have elapsed since then, he has kept in close touch with the progress of the volcanic outbreaks, and since 1888 has made Honolulu his home. Interest in vulcanology has led him to travel extensively among the cones, active and extinct, of other lands. The present work is chiefly a careful record of what has been published upon the Hawaiian vents. The earliest accounts date from 1789, and have been passed down by oral testimony from native eye-witnesses. The first record of a white man based on observations was made in 1823, and since that time, both from missionaries and from scientific travellers, full descriptions have often appeared. Dr. Brigham has compiled these with care, and, adding to them his own experiences of nearly half a century, has made a valuable history of the two most famous craters of the Hawaiian Islands. Maps, drawings, and paintings are freely reproduced. Of the causes of volcanoes, and of the petrography of the rocks, the author says nothing, restricting himself to descriptions and records which may be the basis of such discussions by subsequent investigators.

In the reconnoitring expedition of 1903 in Central Asia, conducted by Prof. W. M. Davis, Dr. Raphael Pumpelly was led to select the oasis of Anau, 300 miles east of the Caspian Sea, as a promising spot for excavation, and the results of later investigations are now published in two folio volumes under the title "Explorations in Turkestan, Expedition of 1904: Prehistoric civilizations of Anau, origins, growth, and influences of environment" (Carnegie Institution). The various sides of the extensive work were entrusted to assistants, most of them specialists: archæological excavations to H. Schmidt; glazed ware to H. H. Kidder; description of the mounds (Kurgans) to E. Huntington; chemical analysis of metallic implements to F. A. Gooch; physiography of deserts and oases to R. Welles Pumpelly; animal remains, especially the horse, to J. U. Duerst; some skulls to G. Sorgi; some human remains to T. Mollison; wheat and barley to H. C. Schellenberg; stone implements and skeletons to L. Warner. A general discussion of results is given by R. Pumpelly, the director of the expedition. Beginning with a description of undrained Central Asia as anciently a series of great and small landlocked basins containing residuary seas, with a general trend toward aridity, he goes on to describe the successive ancient civilizations that he thinks traceable in Anau—a succession produced by alternation of fertility and aridity. He distinguishes four periods of culture, separated by unknown periods of stagnation, and recognizable by their agricultural implements, their domestic animals, their use of metals (in the order lead, copper, tin, iron), their flint instruments and pottery, and their burial customs, and also defined to some extent by stratigraphic data. From these facts, by comparison with other civilizations, Babylonian, Mycenæan, Ægean, he reaches the conclusion that the beginnings of the settlement of Anau are to be placed in the third millennium, B. C.; he adds that the absolute chronology of the culture epochs of prehistoric Anau stands on a very weak basis, but he expects future investigations to produce better chronological data. Meantime, taking the rate of growth of the mounds to be two feet a century, he concludes that the North mound

(the older) was founded between 8000 and 6800 B. C., and carries back the beginnings of Central Asian civilization to 9000 B. C.—figures about which one will naturally reserve opinion. So, with regard to Dr. Pumpelly's theory that civilization moved from Central Asia westward to the region east of the Tigris (the Sumerians), thence to the Tigris-Euphrates valley, and then into Europe, it must be held that the data now available are not sufficient to warrant a decision of the question. Apart from these large theories, however, Dr. Pumpelly's Introduction (Part I of the work), based on the reports of his colaborers, is full of enlightening and suggestive remarks. His conclusion (p. 67) that "the agricultural stage preceded the nomadic shepherd stage in Asia, and that before domestication of animals, mankind in Central Asia was sharply divided into settled agriculturalists on oases and hunters wandering within a limited range," may excite surprise, and yet something like this state of things was and is found on the American continent. It is to be hoped that these explorations, already fruitful of results, may be continued.

Dr. Frederick Holme Wiggin, formerly president of the New York State Medical Association, honorary member of the Congress of German Surgeons at Berlin, and member of the council of the New York Academy of Sciences, died last week, aged fifty-seven.

David Pearce Penhallow, professor of botany at McGill University, Montreal, died a week ago, at the age of fifty-six. Chief among his writings, which consist largely of pamphlets, is his "Review of Canadian Botany from the First Settlement of New France to the Nineteenth Century."

Arthur Erwin Brown, secretary of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, and active head of the Zoölogical Gardens, dropped dead there last Saturday, from heart disease. He was widely known in scientific circles as a zoölogist and biologist; was a member and worker of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he was curator and vice-president; he was a member of the board of managers of the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and honorary member of the New York Society. He was corresponding member for the Zoölogical Society of London, and wrote zoölogical and biological articles for journals and meetings of societies. At the time of his death he was sixty years of age.

The death is reported of Louis Anthelme Gregori, best known, no doubt, for his unsuccessful attack upon Major Dreyfus, after the funeral ceremonies in honor of Emile Zola. He wrote extensively on military subjects.

Drama.

Richard John Cunliffe is the compiler of "A New Shakespearean Dictionary" (Imported by Scribner) upon which considerable labor and care have evidently been expended. Doubtless it will be welcome to students, as it offers in convenient form much instructive matter collated from different standard authorities—such as Schmidt's Lexicon, the best known concordances and glossaries, various annotated editions, the notes of Dr. H. H. Furness, the New English Dictionary, etc.—together with the fruit of the author's original study and reflection. The book, perhaps, would have greater weight if some of the interpretations were fortified by the specific authority, but, so far as can be judged from a somewhat rapid examination the explanation of obscure or obsolete words and phrases is full and correct. Whether all of it was necessary is another question. In many cases Mr. Cunliffe seems to put a very low estimate upon the ordinary intelligence of the real Shakespearean student. The Elizabethan language is not quite so much of a dead tongue—to persons capable of reading Shakespeare at all—as he appears to suppose. He says that he has "endeavored to exclude all words and senses of words that are still in good literary use," but in this he has been only partly successful. He often discerns a difficulty where none exists and his volume would be none the less useful as a book of ready reference if it were rid of superfluous matter. But conscientiousness, even when excessive, is in its way a virtue.

In his latest Wall Street drama, "The Gamblers," which was produced in Maxine Elliott's Theatre on Monday evening, Charles Klein seems to have had a double object in view: first, an illustration of the desperate and lawless expedients to which the spirit of speculative gambling may lead normally honest men to resort, and, secondly, an attack upon the alleged unscrupulous methods employed by government agents—as in the procuration of State's evidence, for instance—in the prosecution of financial offenders. One of his chief figures, a public prosecutor, is held up to scorn for his indulgence of private enmities and his remorseless employment of the evidence supplied to him by a cowardly traitor. He has not been particularly successful in either instance. His bankers are creatures of the theatre, not of actual life, and most persons, probably, would agree that his prosecutor is sufficiently justified in his action by the evidence in the case. Much that is specious or disingenuous in the play is plainly due to the necessity of creating sympathy for the hero, who, having broken the law, is, by the exigency of the plot, compelled to pay the penalty. It is to the credit of Mr. Klein that he carries his piece to a logical conclusion, and has not been willing to ignore everything for the sake of a happy ending. The most noticeable feature of "The Gamblers" is the excellence of its mechanism. As serious drama, it is not of much account, but it is an uncommonly effective bit of melodrama, in which the action, after the first explanatory scene, is constant and swift, the incidents ingenious, varied, and stirring, and the development reasonable. Mr. Klein is making a steady advance, apparently, in the art of dramatic construction. The performance of his play is entirely creditable to the Authors' Producing Company, of which it is the first enterprise. There are seven prominent personages in the cast, and each one of them is efficiently played. The level excellence of the representation is something uncommon enough nowadays to merit a special word of recognition.

William Gillette, in the past, has been accounted one of the successful play makers of the country, but his reputation in this respect is not likely to be increased by the nondescript piece, called "Electricity," which he has produced in the Lyceum Theatre. Following what is just now a popular lead, he has chosen Socialism, and the immemorial conflict between capital and labor for his themes, but his treatment of them is so shallow, cheap, and insincere, and his illustrations so puerile, that it is not easy to understand his real intent. A young millionaire disguises himself as a workman in order to make love to an heiress who affects to despise the idle rich and utters many childish platitudes concerning them, but all this does not prevent her from accepting her suitor, after discovering his identity. She stipulates, to be sure, that he shall earn his own living hereafter, but the whole course of the play is so tricky and theatrical that nothing in it can be taken seriously.

"The Seventh Daughter" has been decided upon as the name for a new play by Richard Harding Davis, which Liebler & Co. have accepted for immediate production. The title has to do with the leading character, who is a spiritualistic medium. This part will be played by Chrystal Herne.

It appears that Henrietta Crosman is not to persevere much longer with Percy MacKaye's "Anti-Matrimony." She will try a piece called "The Duchess of Suds," on the 21st of November. This sounds like an echo of "Madame Sans Gêne."

When "A Woman's Way" has come to an end at the London Comedy, Arthur Hardy will, by arrangement with Arthur Chudleigh, produce at that theatre an entirely new dramatization by F. Anstey of his own early novel, "Vice Versa." The first stage version of that story was presented at a Gaiety matinée, in April, 1883. When the piece was originally played, Charles Hawtrey appeared as the pompous Mr. Bultitude, while the part of Dick was sustained by Edward Rose, the adapter. These parts will be played in the present version—which is in three acts—by Fred Volpé and Spencer Trevor.

The rehearsals of "The Mellstock Quire," A. H. Evans's version of Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," are going on at Dorchester, England, where the play will be produced at the Corn Exchange. The carols to be sung at the performance are "Behold! good news to man is come," "O! what unbounded goodness, Lord," and "Behold the Morning Star arise." The carols and tunes have been chosen by Mr. Hardy, and harmonized by a Dorchester musician, Boynton Smith, who is said to have caught the right spirit for these quaint old things. The play will probably be seen in London on or about November 24.

"Grace," the latest play of W. Somerset Maugham, which has just been produced in the Duke of York's Theatre, London, seems to be a piece created for its situations, not at all as an exemplification of life or manners. The heroine is supposed to be a good and charming middle-class young woman, who has made a brilliant match by marrying the squire, and soon becomes heartily sick of the frigid airs and condescension bestowed upon her by members of the exclusive county families who hold that her husband has made a mesalli-

ance. So, being bored—though her husband loves her dearly, and trusts her utterly—she surrenders herself to a lover for whom she cares nothing at all. Soon afterward a poor girl upon the estate, a gamekeeper's daughter, who has been led astray, commits suicide because the squire insists upon her banishment, lest she should come into contact with his flawless wife. All this makes Grace extremely uncomfortable, and she even meditates confession—upon the advice of the village parson—but from this she is dissuaded by a strong-minded woman friend, who says that her most effective penance will be secret remorse, and that the best thing that she can do is to make her husband happy. This she proceeds to do, to the best of her ability, and the good man is exceedingly flattered, gratified, and happy. Just what is the moral, meaning, or significance of all this it would be difficult to say. Evidently the plot is manufactured to provide one or two desired situations. But Mr. Maugham is said to have put some good work into the piece, and Irene Vanbrugh is reported as having been exceedingly effective in the central character.

A Shakespeare Memorial and Theatrical Exhibition is in progress in the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where there are collected portraits of old English actors, supposed representations of Shakespeare, early editions, facsimiles, etc. School children and others are to present some of the plays.

Music.

Standard Biographies. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75.

If Paderewski, who is not only the greatest of living pianists but the leading composer for his instrument, should come across Mr. Upton's latest volume, read the first three lines of the preface: "It has been the purpose of the compiler of this volume to present biographies of the composers whose works are most familiar in the concert room," and then glanced at the table of contents, he would doubtless be equally amazed and amused to find the names of 104 men, but not a word about himself. Yet he has given the world more than any other living master of that commodity—melody—which Mr. Upton so sadly misses in contemporary productions. His surprise would increase if, on further examination, he found included in this "handbook of reference for the concert-room" the names of composers who are known exclusively by their operas, such as Bellini, Donizetti, Leoncavallo, while the one modern Italian who has devoted himself successfully to the composition of chamber and other concert music—Sgambati—is also utterly ignored. The Polish pianist-composer might also wonder at the picture facing the title-page, entitled "Meyerbeer and His Ideals"—Meyerbeer, whose chief ideals were sensationalism and applause, as the author himself virtually admits on p. 305.

Apart from these peculiarities we have noticed nothing in this useful handbook that does not call for cordial praise. The title is perhaps somewhat misleading, inasmuch as the purely biographic features have been condensed into the fewest possible words, most of the space being given to general estimates of the composers in hand and enumeration of those of their works which have survived, a page being given in each case to a bird's-eye view of the most important pieces. Mr. Upton's own estimates are remarkably sane and just, and he has added the opinions of other distinguished critics. Of some of his favorites he writes with real affection, notably of Schubert. Not a few of the composers Mr. Upton has known personally, and this enables him to introduce anecdotes and information at first hand. Concerning Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony" he says: "Of this great work the writer has it from the composer's own lips that the first movement represents wind and water, the second an evening on the ocean, the third a dance of Tritons and Naiads, and the finale a procession of Neptune and his attendants." Rubinstein subsequently added two more movements, and when asked what they signified, he humorously replied: "Getting on dry land again."

It is interesting to note how the nations fare in this author's choice of the 104 names. Of the composers listed, 37 are German, 17 French, 16 American, by birth or adoption; 9 Russian, 9 Italian, 6 British, and as many Scandinavian, while Bohemia is represented by Smetana and Dvorák, Poland by Chopin, and Hungary by Liszt. For giving Americans so prominent a place Mr. Upton does not apologize; quite the contrary, he explains that some of our own composers are omitted, not because their music is of a low order of merit, but because it is not found in the programmes of the present. His American list includes Buck, Chadwick, Converse, Foote, Foster, Gleason, Hadley, Kelley, Loeffler, MacDowell, Paine, Parker, Root, Shelley, Stock, Van der Stucken. Two of these, Loeffler and Stock, were born abroad, but they have become Americanized. Stock, to whom, it is rumored, has been offered the conductorship of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra after the departure of Gustav Mahler, was brought to this country by Theodore Thomas, who recognized at once his thorough musicianship and soon made him assistant conductor. When Thomas died, some of the directors were for engaging a foreign conductor of international repute. Fortunately, their advice was disregarded, and Stock succeeded to the conductorship of the Chicago Orchestra, the duties of which he has since "exercised with marked ability and increasing success." Mr. Upton might have added that the great pianists, violinists, and singers always look forward to appearing at a concert under Mr. Stock's direction, one of his most enthusiastic admirers being the Polish pianist who is so incomprehensibly slighted in this volume.

Philip Hale announces that an exhaustive catalogue of the programmes of all the concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra outside of Boston, as well as in that city, is now being prepared. The catalogue is so made that any one looking, for instance, at "Beethoven: Symphony No. 1," will see at a glance how often and where this symphony has been played, with the date of performance.

The Kneisel Quartet opens its twenty-sixth season and nineteenth season in New York with one of the largest subscriptions in the history of the Quartet. The regular subscription series of six concerts will be given on Tuesday evenings: November 15, December 13, January 17, February 7, March 14, and April 4. No matinées will be given, as Mr. Kneisel has decided to limit the annual number of appearances of the Quartet. The November tours take the Quartet as far West as Duluth, sixteen concerts being played in that month.

One of the most interesting novelties of the season will be produced by the Adele Margulies Trio at Mendelssohn Hall on the evening of November 17—a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, by Erich Korngold, the thirteen-year-old composer (he is a son of the eminent Viennese journalist, Dr. Korngold), whose pieces are astonishing the leading European musicians.

What can be done toward creating an interest in music in a town that has been indifferent to its higher manifestations is shown once more in the case of Charlestown, W. Va., a city of 30,000 inhabitants, and a centre of the mining world. A few years ago William S. Mason, a pupil of Brodsky and D'Indy, arranged for some concerts of chamber music by a good quartet. A few soloists, also, were engaged, among them Bispham, Fanning, and Petchnikoff; but most of the music was furnished by the quartet. For the first two years there was a deficit, but for the present season the subscription has doubled. The future looks bright, and ere long, no doubt, the quartet will grow into an orchestra.

Little is known in this country about Italian chamber music. That this music deserves to be better known—very much so, indeed—is the conviction of Giuseppe Aldo Randegger; and, what is more, he intends to demonstrate its artistic merits by having the best of it performed by the Randegger Società per la Musica Italiana at three Mendelssohn Hall concerts, on the evenings of January 11, February 15, and March 21. Mr. Randegger will play the piano parts and his associates will be two prominent players, the violinist Leonardo Brili, and the violoncellist Paul Kefer. Other artists are to be presented in quartets, songs, etc.

Boris Hambourg, brother of the famous pianist, and no less eminent himself as a violoncello player, will make his New York début at Mendelssohn Hall Saturday afternoon. Mr. Hambourg is as popular in

England as May Mukle, and he has been equally successful on the Continent. He is a player of the Fritz Kreisler type, and, like Kreisler, he has unearthed a number of old pieces for his instrument which had been prematurely buried, and which now add special interest to his programmes. He is editing a collection of these seventeenth and eighteenth century pieces, which will soon be published.

Art.

ART EXHIBITIONS IN NEW YORK.

The New York Water Color Club opened the art season last Saturday with an exhibition at the American Fine Arts building, in West Fifty-seventh Street. It cannot be called a propitious opening, for the two galleries abound with poor drawings. One room, and that rather sparsely hung, would have sufficed for those that are worth considering. You do not wonder so much why such things are produced as you marvel that any one should care to exhibit them. It was hoped that the president of the club, H. B. Snell, would show several pictures based upon his recent visit to India. He exhibits only one, A Dak Bungalow, which is not particularly interesting. But his Fishing Boats with brown sails on the pale waters of the Zuyder Zee is one of the gems of the exhibition, for Mr. Snell knows how to paint water, and he can make his boats move, however lazily. Charles Warren Eaton has three pastels of the Italian Lakes, gorgeous in their blues and purples, and a strong contrast in their serenity to the dazzling brightness of Edward Dufner's September Sunshine and Summer Days, with the stiffly drawn figure of a woman seated on the bank of a stream. Two charming works are the Mt. San Jacinto and the Desert Shower by Marion Kavanagh Wachtel. In the former a shadow falls across the foreground, where stand gnarled cypress trees and rocks; beyond, a lovely valley filled with sunshine and dotted with red-roofed cabins, and then the foothills leading up to the mountain with snow still glistening near its summit. In the latter low clouds sweep across the desert and gleams of light pour between the low mesas in the distance.

James Verrier's Summer Sea bears the stamp of Japanese influence by which a beautiful effect has been produced with slight means. The colors used are perfectly pure, principally a deep blue for the rippling sea, while the surf is represented by the white paper untouched by any color. Jane Peterson's sketches of Brittany scenes are clever, but a dozen of them at a time are apt to pall, for they are all very much alike. Jerome Myers exhibits several of his sketches of East Side scenes. E. M. Bicknell has a particularly good sea and rock piece, Foggy Morning. A river scene at closing day, with some exquisite grays in it and a few lights from the houses on the further shore, is by Adele Williams, and Mary C. Trask has chosen a Saturday Night on Bleecker Street as the scene of a drawing full of life and color. Colin Campbell Cooper shows two large paintings of old German houses and the porch of a church at Semur, France, which is a notable piece of architectural painting. Taber Sears's Hamilton Bay, with its gray water and white houses, is good, especially in the perspective of the long string of boats tied to the shore. Elmer Livingston MacRae exhibits several interesting Boston scenes. Marion H. Beckett's Three Fates walking behind each other is a pastel drawing with great beauty of line, reminding one somewhat of Whistler. The Beal prize of $200 for the most meritorious water color in the exhibition has been awarded to Miss Tony Nell for a Study in Black.

It is one of the charms of Frank Partridge's gallery, at No. 741 Fifth Avenue, that the place is not crowded. Each piece of old English furniture has plenty of room about it. Every opportunity is afforded to examine it thoroughly. There are also a few specimens of Chinese porcelain, among them four figures, two of the Ming period. But the figures of Chinese gods do not appear yet to have acquired the vogue in this country that they have abroad. Then there are a few pieces of jade, bowls of exquisite color and form, and the statuette of a god carved in such a wonderful piece of jade that even if you do not care for the figure, you cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of the stone. And there is a Buddha in white porcelain which is believed to be the largest specimen ever made in that material. For our part, however, we much prefer old furniture to Buddhas, and we therefore turn from that intensely and rather aggravating complacent expression of his to look at a delightful *table à jour* painted by Angelica Kauffman with medallions of nymphs and graces and flowers on a rich green ground. Not the highest possible art, perhaps, but a mighty pretty art. Then we come across a commode of Sheraton's painted on satinwood, in a bolder style than Angelica's, with bouquets of flowers and borders imitating Wedgwood, pale blue porcelain, and with panels on the doors of the rich wood.

A. G. Schulman, a young teacher in the art department of the College of the City of New York, shows much promise and much good work already done in a collection of paintings which is on exhibition at the Haas Art Gallery, No. 648 Madison Avenue. There is great beauty in the glowing atmosphere that the artist gives to several of his scenes on the Connecticut shore. One, of a clump of cedars, with a stretch of pale blue water in the distance, is permeated with the light of a setting sun. There is a painting of an interior of a forest, in which a great oak stands prominent, filled with the same glowing atmosphere. In nearly all his pictures, Mr. Schulman shows that he has paid close and vigilant attention to nature. He has learned the construction of trees, though sometimes, as, for instance, in the painting of the edge of a forest, the foliage is inclined to woollenness, and he has shown that he can use sunlight to produce pleasing and restful sensations. The exhibition, which is well worth a visit, will remain open until November 19.

Walter Scott Perry, director of the School of Fine and Applied Arts, is giving a series of illustrated lectures on Architecture, Sculpture, Decoration, and Painting at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Mr. Perry has already given two of his lectures on Indian art, and will give five more on the same subject, and two on Japanese art. Italian, French, Dutch, Spanish, and English painting will be the subjects of the remaining eight lectures, which will be delivered on Wednesday afternoons from four to five o'clock.

Two handsome portraits of Spanish origin have been recently added to the Brandus Galleries, No. 712 Fifth Avenue. They are three-quarter-length portraits of men representing Sculpture and Music. The figure of the beardless young man posing as Music is particularly striking.

The Mond Collection, an Appreciation. By J. P. Richter, Ph.D. 2 illustrated vols., 4to, with a portfolio of 41 photogravures. London: John Murray. 15 guineas net.

In 1884 Dr. Ludwig Mond commissioned the well-known art historian, Dr. J. P. Richter, to form a collection of old masters. No monetary limitations were imposed, and the sole condition was that the pictures should be of museum rank. After ten years of selection and elimination, the Mond gallery was virtually complete. It formed a congruous gallery of examples of the great Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Sienese school being omitted and preponderance given to North Italian painting. A splendid Peruginesque Raphael was its most famous feature, but it contained also a finished drawing for the Virgin with St. Anne, in the Louvre, by Leonardo da Vinci, three pictures of different periods by Giovanni Bellini, a signed Madonna by Gentile Bellini, a superb Mantegna, fine predellas by Signorelli, two decorative panels by Botticelli, and an admirable late Titian, not to mention such secondary artists as Sodoma, Luini, Crivelli, Montagna, Palma Vecchio, Fra Bartolommeo, Francia, Catena, Antonio Canale, and Guardi. Dr. Mond died while this elaborate catalogue was in the press,

leaving the most important pictures of the collection to the National Gallery.

Dr. Richter has produced a catalogue of a remarkable and interesting sort. Instead of the usual alternation of plates with brief descriptions and records of provenance, each picture is fully interpreted in a kind of essay. Besides the discussion of attribution and of place within the artist's *œuvre*, minutest attention is paid to literary sources and religious symbolism; in short, to all historical facts that bear upon the picture. From his ripe erudition Dr. Mond makes considerable contributions to iconography. We may only specify the clarifying interpretation of Mantegna's The Infant Christ at the Fountain. The volume is so full of information of this sort that one must regret that the index was confined to persons and places. The catalogue is delightful reading, and while it is of a kind that presupposes zeal in the publisher and extraordinary knowledge in the compiler, we think the type will be imitated. By assembling all relevant information about a collection, not merely its enjoyment may be greatly enhanced, but also a substantial contribution made to the history of art. Dr. Richter has worked independently very much along the humanely discursive lines followed by John La Farge and A. F. Jaccaci in their remarkable catalogue of "Noteworthy Paintings in American Private Collections."

Dr. Richter's opportunities for estimating these pictures have been so favorable and continuous that your reviewer records with diffidence one or two dissenting opinions. We think few critics will set Botticelli's St. Zenobius panels, which have been reckoned as among his latest works, before the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, 1481. Dr. Mond is led to this revolutionary opinion by the bright color of these panels. But we think that a kind of wincing emotionalism and a curious disequilibrium in these interesting compositions could hardly be paralleled in Botticelli's early work. The gay colors may have been dictated by the decorative destination of these *cassone* fronts, and Dr. Richter's comparison with the color of the dated epiphany of 1500 in the National Gallery seems misleading. It is possible that the Zenobius panels with their pendant at Dresden have been set a little too late, but we doubt if Dr. Richter will persuade anybody to date them earlier than 1490. Your reviewer holds by Mr. Horne's view that these panels must be dated after 1500. A Portrait of a Lady, Tuscan School (plate xxxi), which Dr. Richter associates with the beautiful and enigmatical profile in the Poldi Pezzoli Museum, makes a deplorable impression in the reproduction. The portrait has an uncomfortably modern suggestion. The oblique perspective of the shoulders alone is very odd for a profile portralt of the mlddle of the fifteenth century. In the list of Michele Giambono's works an admirable little Pietà in the Metropolitan Museum should have been included.

Dr. Richter's prefatory essay on the course of collecting and connoisseurship in England is very judicious. His disinclination to attribute certain ambiguous classes of pictures is praiseworthy, and his pungent remark that to ascribe pictures to such protean dabblers as Sebastiano Lazzari and Botticini is in the nature of a "game of chance," deserves to be pondered. There is a considerable contribution of new information about minor artists of the Venetian and Veronese schools—most noteworthy, perhaps, is the identification of an allegorical lunette from the Venetian mint as the work of Giuseppe Porta, an able follower of Paolo Veronese.

In general this catalogue deserves almost unqualified praise. It is beautifully made. The two vellum-clad volumes of text, which contain illustrations of the smaller pictures and of pictures cited collaterally, are light in the hand; the folio prints in the portfolio are of most careful execution. The work is not merely necessary to the scholar, but charming reading for the cultured layman. This "appreciation," as Dr. Richter modestly calls his book, makes an ideal complement to the task of assembling the collection. One rarely finds a great scholar in so genially communicative a mood, and with such an opportunity for leisurely self-expression.

"Das Kinderalbum," by Adolpb Menzel, being reproductions of twenty-five gouache and water-color sketches in tbe Royal National Gallery at Berlin, has been handsomely issued by E. A. Seemann of Leipzig and imported by Lemcke & Buechner.

Arts and Decoration, a magazine, the first issue of which appears this month, contains: "A New Idea in American Architecture," "Homes of the Barbizon Painters," "Sergeant Kendall, Painter of Children," "Living American Painters," "Artists Who Have Made Furniture and Decorated Rooms," and "The Gentle Art of Picking Up Antiques."

Until direct color-photography can be applied to engraved plates, we must be satisfied with the three-color reproductions of *Lumière* transparencies. A successful example of it lies before us in the charming volume, "Summer Flowers of the High Alps," by Somerville Hastings (Dutton). The forty engravings are chosen from the fruits of many studies, and are effective as showing the capabilities of this roundabout method. It is doubtlessly widely known that the most successful process of catcbing tbe natural colors of well-lighted objects which are perfectly stationary, is that by which colored granules of starch on a glass plate are so disclosed by openings in an otherwise opaque screen as to give precisely the colors which exist in nature. But in order to multiply this colored photograph, it is neccssary to print three or more "three-color" plates, one over the other. In such cases, everything depends upon the skill of the operator. In the volume which gives the alpine flowers, we have a fair copy of the exact record made by sunlight on the sensitive film. The engravings are accompanied by well-written text.

"A Catalogue of Paintings in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute," by William H. Goodyear and A. D. Savage, contains about five hundred titles. Owing to lack of gallery space only a half of these pictures are exhibited. In the main tbe collection has grown by gifts, hence irregularly. Of late years, however, modern American pictures have been purchased systematically and judiciously out of the museum's own funds. A large group of water-colors by John Sargent, and a handful of sketches, by Barye, are especially alluring features. In old masters a beginning has been made with a fine *predella*, of six panels, by Taddeo Gaddi, not to mention varied exhibits of seventeenth century date, mostly loans. There are also some good early American paintings by artists, for example, Quidor, not elsewhere to be seen. Except for bibliographies of Sargent and Whistler, this concise catalogue follows the usual model, and in omitting measurements shares a usual defect. In the introduction we read that of tbe 252 pictures now shown only tbree belonged to the museum when it was opened in 1897. The figures speak eloquently for the public spirit of the officers and supporters of this institution.

So many handbooks of pottery and porcelain have appeared of late that each new work ought, seemingly, to contain much that is original, either in subject matter or in treatment, to justify its publication. "Porcelain, Oriental, Continental, and British," by R. L. Hobson, B.A., assistant in the Britisb Museum (Frederick A. Stokes Company), is a comparatively small book of wide compass. Its most obviously valuable feature is that it gives virtually equal emphasis to the porcelain manufactures of China and Japan and those carried on in European countries since Böttger's discovery of kaolin, in 1709. The justness of the author's sense of balance offers a certain excuse for the work, for the tendency among writers on this subject is either to make a mere preface of the Oriental story, or, telling tbat at length, to leave tbe reader with an impression that certain rather inferior Occidental manufactories of hard and soft paste porcelain also ran for a century or so. Mr. Hobson skilfully avoids display of erudition, so that his text is readable and interesting. His insistence on "paste, glaze, and decoration as the safest guides to the acquisition of genuine specimens, marks being regarded as of secondary importance," is in line with the best opinion among collectors. Not only is it true that "controversial points have been either as lightly touched as possible or entirely eschewed," but that the author has obviously tried not to show any personal predilections. He comes nearest to revealing enthusiasm in his exposition of some of the excellences of Japanese porcelains, which, because of the superb qualities of the Satsuma and Kioto earthen wares, have not generally been appreciated at their real worth. He exhibits an evident distaste for the cult of the archaic in

his strictures on "the perverted æstheticism of the Cha-jin," the connoisseurs of the Japanese tea clubs who have "united to honor common clay vessels of the rudest imaginable forms, covered with splashes of thick treacly glaze which look more like accidents of the kiln than purposeful decoration." The sub-title of the book, "Porcelain of All Countries," which is printed on the cover though not on the title page, is a misnomer, for no mention is made of American porcelains, such as those produced in Philadelphia by William Ellis Tucker about 1825 and a little later by several potters. In general, the object "to give in compact and inexpensive form all the facts which the collector really needs, besides as many practical hints as can be compressed in a general work of portable size," has been creditably attained.

The excavations conducted by the Archæological Institute of Vienna, at Ephesus, have had satisfactory results. They have already brought to light the Roman Forum; the theatre with a stone-paved path leading to the sea; the great præstoa; and three arches, one bearing a dedication to Augustus and Agrippa. Many statues and bas-reliefs of the period of Antoninus were found built into a wall of later date and these have been partly transported to Vienna. Among the former is an interesting statue of Celsus Polemianus, who was consul in 92 A. D., and proconsul in 106-107 A. D. It is above life-size, and represents the proconsul wearing armor with representations of a gorgon and griffins, and grasping the hilt of his sword with his left hand. The bas-reliefs seem chiefly to record the victories of Marcus Aurelius over the Parthians. Of great interest is one representing Semele as Artemis, driving a chariot drawn by deer, preceded by Hesperus and approaching Night. The deer are traversing the sea, which is represented as a goddess with waving locks, grasping a helm and leaning upon a sea-monster. On a relief, which is somewhat larger than the others, is depicted the Emperor in a chariot, drawn by three horses, with Victory standing before him and grasping the bridles of the horses. The chariot is preceded—as in the relief on the Arch of Titus—by a figure symbolizing strength or virtue, behind whom rises the Sun, crowned with rays; beneath the horses appears the Goddess of Fortune grasping ears of corn, flowers, and fruit.

John Adams Acton, the English sculptor who died last Monday, was educated at the Royal Academy Schools. There he quickly distinguished himself, carrying off the highest honors for studies from the antique and the life, and winning the travelling scholarship. He was sent to Rome, under the presideney of Sir Charles Eastlake, and became the pupil of Gibson; he remained in Italy for ten years. He was the author of many busts and statues, both of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. The Wesley memorial in Westminster Abbey came from his studio. He produced also the George Cruikshank monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, and monments in other cathedrals and churches. He made notable statues of Gladstone for Liverpool and Blackburn, and created a well-known effigy of Beaconsfield. Examples of his work are frequent in India, and are to be found both in Canada and the United States.

Finance.

A LANDMARK OF THE TIMES.

When Disraeli, thirty years ago, spoke of "the sweet simplicity of the three per cents," he was talking of British consols, and he was plainly enough making reference to the contented equanimity with which the British investor might leave his money in consols, assured that, when he wanted to take it out again, he could do so on a substantially unchanged basis of valuation. Consols are not 3 per cents now; but what is more to the point, they are certainly not characterized, in the markets of to-day, by sweet simplicity. On the contrary, the movement of their market has of late been such as to baffle and perplex the financial mind. Last week they sold on the London Stock Exchange for 78¾, and that was the lowest price since 1847.

This is a very remarkable incident of the times; not less so, in view of the facts that British consols sold at 113⅞ as lately as 1897, and that even when peace was signed in South Africa in 1902, after a billion dollars had been sunk in war expenditure, they were quoted at 97. The controversy as to the cause of this decline—their interest rate in those two years having been only ¼ of 1 per cent. above to-day's—has pitched alternately on a dozen different explanations. The reasoning has been based on financial exhaustion from the war; the high British income tax (which is deducted from interest payments on consols); the Liberal party's programme of social experiments; the unprecedented borrowings by other governments; the struggle over the House of Lords; high cost of living, which is supposed to make investors want securities with a higher rate than 2½ per cent.; admission of colonial bonds to the field of British savings bank investments, previously monopolized by British government securities; the tendency to stock speculation, tempting capitalists to sell their gilt-edged holdings so as to raise more money for a "flyer"; the world's increased gold production, which of itself is imagined, in some way not usually identified by the reasoner, to hurt creditors and help debtors, and hence to depress bonds while raising stocks—and so on, *ad infinitum*.

This is certainly pretty far away from sweet simplicity. But the concern in the matter, on the part of the financial world at large, arises from the suspicion that, whatever may be the collateral causes of the decline in British consols, the fundamental cause is something which is common to all securities of their class. In other words, the phenomenon is a landmark in financial history.

The fact that the price of consols fell, on Wednesday of last week, to the lowest actual price in sixty-three years, and that the price was 35 points under that of thirteen years ago, suggests still another field of inquiry, in which one may be able to find some instructive coincidences or contrasts. If it is true that consols have not touched last week's low price since 1847, it may then be asked, what brought them so low on the earlier occasion? If they reached a vastly higher valuation in 1897, what was the reason? We shall find, in this historical inquiry, both contrasts and coincidences with the circumstances of to-day, and if they do not solve the problem—they probably will not—they will at least throw light upon it. When consols in 1847 sold at 78¾, having sold at par less than two years before, the financial and political situation was curiously upset. This was not, as in the decade past, because of war. England had then been engaged in no great war since 1815. But in two other respects, 1847 resembled the present time. It followed two years after 1845, when the wild railway promotion and speculation had culminated in panic. It came just one year before the famous popular uprisings of 1848, when half the European governments were shaken, when the King of lower Italy was dethroned, and Louis Philippe fled from France, and the people fought the soldiers in the streets of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, and the Irish rebels rose, and the Chartists met in the London squares to demand Parliamentary reform.

Now whatever may be said as to actual causes of the decline in consols, then or now, it is certain that, both in 1847 and 1910, the price of 78¾ was touched in a period which followed overdone exploitation, unprecedented issue of new securities in the transportation industry, rash speculation, and financial collapse, and which was characterized by world-wide political unsettlement. In the bursting of a financial boom, 1907 was a very fair parallel to 1845; in ferment of politics throughout the nations, one need only recall, as at least partial present-day coincidences, the Turkish revolution, the struggle over the House of Lords in England, the dethronement of the King of Portugal, the parliamentary ferment in Germany, and the "insurgent movement" in American politics. While conditions in these directions present so curious a resemblance, conditions in the matter of gold production provide no parallel at all; for in 1847 gold had not yet been discovered in California or Australia, and production was not increasing.

But how did they reach the high-level price of their history in 1897? Not because of decreased gold production. The world's gold output of 1897 was 13 per cent. above that of 1896, and greater by nearly 100 per cent. than in 1890. But prices for commodities touched, in 1897,

the lowest average level in half a century. Accumulation of capital had been very rapid, because of low price of materials and low cost of living. Governments were at peace; they had been so since 1871; therefore there were no hulking public loans to build navies, and no 6 per cent. British income tax. Furthermore, the world-wide spirit of speculation had not been stirred up; thrifty people were willing to keep their money in government securities. French government bonds that year sold 10 per cent. higher than to-day; Imperial German 3 per cents were 16 points above this week's quotation.

But within a year after 1897, speculation was spreading rapidly. Cost of existence was mounting; governments had begun to quarrel—England with the Transvaal, the United States with Spain, Japan with Russia. Navies, increasing in size by arithmetical progression, put in their appearance. Issues of new securities at London, which were $785,000,000 in 1897, rose to $825,000,000 in 1900 and $911,000,000 in 1909. Listings of new securities at New York, which were $140,000,000 in 1897 and $440,000,000 in 1900, got up to $1,000,000,000 in 1909. It was along with all this that the 35-point decline in British consols came.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baldwin, M. Two Schoolgirls of Florence. Dutton. $1.50.

Balet, J. C. Military Japan. Translated from the French hy C. A. Parry. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

Bangs, M. R. Jeanne d'Arc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Barrie, J. M. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Barss, J. E. Writing Latin. (Book One.) Revised ed. Boston: Heath.

Bartlett, F. O. The Prodigal Pro Tem. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.

Beach, E. L. Midshipman Ralph Osborn at Sea: a Story of the U. S. Navy. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.

Belknap, R. R. American House Building in Messina and Reggio. Putnam. $2.

Blanchard, G. Phil's Happy Girlhood. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.

Bishop, W. S. The Development of Trinitarian Doctrine. Longmans. 75 cents net.

Brown, K. H. White Roses. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Browne, H. B. Short Plays from Dickens. Scribner. $1 net.

Browning. Sonnets from the Portuguese. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.75.

Burnet, I. Platonis Opera: Apologia, Meno. Frowde.

Burr, A. J. Plays in the Market Place. Englewood, N. J.: Hillside Press.

Cannon, H. L. Reading References for English History. Boston: Ginn.

Carlyle's Lectures on Heroes, Hero-Worship, and The Heroic in History. Edited by P. C. Parr. Frowde.

Chatterbox, 1910. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.25.

Clark, J. K. Systematic Moral Education. A. S. Barnes Co.

Confessions of a Rebellious Wife. Boston: Small, Maynard. 50 cents net.

Cooper. The Last of the Mohicans. Illustrated. Holt. $1.35 net.

Corbin, J. Husband, and The Forbidden Guests: Two Plays. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Crawford, M. C. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Cromwell, J. H. The American Business Woman. Second, revised, edition. Putnam. $2.

Cust, R. H. H. The Life of Benvenuto Cellini, 2 vols. Macmillan. $9 net.

Danby, F. Let the Roof Fall In. Appleton. $1.50.

Davey, R. The Tower of London. Dutton. $3 net.

Davidson, E. B. The Bunnikins-Bunnies in Europe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.

Dawson, W. The Scourge. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.

Doane, R. W. Insects and Disease. Holt. $1.50 net.

Dumas. Episodes from Dumas's Les Trois Mousquetaires, edited, with notes, by I. H. B. Spiers. Boston: Heath. 45 cents.

Eaton, W. P. At the New Theatre and Others. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

Elson, W. H., and Keck, C. Elson Grammar School Reader. Book Two. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp). The Silence of Amor; Where the Forest Murmurs. Duffield. $1.50 net.

Flowerdew, H. The Second Elopement. Brentano. $1.50.

Folk Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by H. W. Mahie. Douhleday, Page. 90 cents net.

Forrester, I. L. Those Preston Twins. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.25.

Freeston, C. L. The High-Roads of the Alps. Scribner. $3 net.

Fulton, R. I., and Trueblood, T. C. Essentials of Public Speaking. Second ed. Boston: Ginn.

Gallizier, N. The Court of Lucifer: a Tale of the Renaissanee. Boston: Page. $1.50.

Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Edited for school use. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

G. H. P. The Little Gingerbread Man. Putnam. $1.25.

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Haviland, M. D. Lives of the Fur Folk. Longmans.

Hawthorne's A Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Illus. hy M. Parrish. Duffield.

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International Studio. Vol XLI, 1910. Lane Co.

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Jones, S. C. Out of Drowning Valley. Holt. $1.50.

Jordan, D. S. The Call of the Nation. Boston: American Unitarian Assn. $1 net.

Journals of the Continental Congress. Vols. XVII and XVIII. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Jowett, G. T. The Apocalypse of St. John. Frowde.

Kanoldt, J. Guide Through the Old Pinakothek of Munich. Trans. from the German by C. Hellwig. Munich. Heinrich Jaffe.

Kleiser, G. How to Argue and Win; How to Develop Self-Confidence in Speech and Manner. 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25 net, each.

Kipling, R. Collected Verse. (Illustrated.) Doubleday, Page.

Knight, S. S. Human Life. Fenno.

Law, F. H. Sister Clementia: a Novel. Fenno. $1.50.

Lindsay, F. Panama and the Canal Today. Boston: Page.

Lloyd, J. The Invaders. Fenno. $1.50.

Loisy, A. The Religion of Israel. Translated. Putnam. $1.50.

Lucas, E. V. The Second Post. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Mangoid, G. B. Child Problems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Marshall-Browne. The Spendthrift. By P. E. Browne, novelized from the play hy E. Marshall. Dillingham. $1.50.

Mott, F. W. The Brain and the Voice in Speech and Song. Harper.

Münsterherg, H., Ribot, T., and others. Subconscious Phenomena. Boston: Badger. $1.20 net.

Murdoch, J. A History of Japan. Vol. I. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

Nicholson, M. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.

Okey, T. Venice and its Story. Revised edition. Dutton. $4 net.

Oxford Book of Italian Verse. Chosen hy St. John Lucas. Frowde. $2.50 net.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. IX, T-Tealt. Frowde. $1.25.

Paine, H. E. Old People. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Palmer, W. S. The Diary of a Modernist. Longmans.

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Schütze, M. Judith: a Tragedy in Five Acts. Holt. $1.25 net.

Scudder, H. E. The Children's Book. New holiday edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Seidel, H. German Christmas Eve. (From Leberecht Hühnchen.) Chicago: Ahhey Co. 50 cents.

Seymour, F. Up Hill and Down Dale in Ancient Etruria. Appleton.

Seymour, W. Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life. Appleton.

Sharp, E. A. William Sharp (Flona Macleod). Duffield.

Shotwell, W. G. Life of Charles Sumner. Crowell. $1.50 net.

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Steiner, E. A. Against the Current. Revell. $1.25 net.

Stoner, J. R. Logic and Imagination in the Perception of Truth. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.62.

Sweetser, K. D. Ten Boys from History. Duffield.

Taggart, M. A. Betty Gaston, the Seventh Girl. Boston: Wilde Co. $1.50.

Tarr and McMurry's New Geographies. First Book.
Tappan, E. M. An Old, Old Story-Book: Compiled from the Old Testament. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Taylor, E. R. Lavender and Other Verse. San Francisco: Elder. $2.
Tennyson. The Princess: a Medley. Edited by H. Allsopp. Frowde. 50 cents.
The Book of Friendship. Introduction by S. McC. Crothers. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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Walsh, J. J. Education, How Old the New. Fordham Univ. Press. $2 net.
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Woolley, C. L., and Randall-Maciver, D. Karanòg. Vols. III and IV. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania.
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With the movement—now widely known as University Extension—Cambridge has been closely identified since 1871, when Professor James Stuart urged strongly that Universities were not "local clusters of private establishments," but national institutions, and that they should seek to enlarge the scope of their intellectual influence. In the development of the same idea, the Cambridge University Press, an important department of the University which has itself a history of nearly four hundred years, has in recent times devoted itself to the production of books held by the University to be of permanent value. The addition to its catalogue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th Edition) is another step with the object of extending the influence of the University beyond academic or local limits. The greatest work of reference, the repository of the widest research, the most useful book known to the Anglo-Saxon peoples, is now issued by an ancient institution of learning whose leadership in the world of science is unquestioned.

Carlyle's famous saying that the true University is a collection of books would have been nearer the whole truth had he said that the true University is a collection of books *issued by a University*, for books bearing the *imprimatur* of a great institution of learning are, from the nature of the case, good books, books worthy of a long life; in a word, books that are indispensable to correct knowledge.

The position of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* among works of reference has for more than a century and a quarter been one of undisputed pre-eminence, its prestige being due primarily to the fact that more than any other work of the kind it has sought to embody in its contents the broadest scholarship and the expert knowledge of specialist investigators in all fields of knowledge. To be invited to contribute to the work was, as the late Algernon C. Swinburne said, "the highest honour that can be bestowed on a mere man of letters."

Founded originally in 1768, and issued in Edinburgh by "A Society of Gentlemen in Scotland," it has been the pattern and the basis upon which all other encyclopædias have been built. Yet its own authority has never been equalled, nor has any other work even been suggested as approaching it in authority. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been the one work to which an Englishman or an American could have recourse in the eager pursuit of knowledge amid the multiplied and highly specialized activities of the modern era, confident that in its pages he would find the information he was in search of adequately set forth at the hands of an expert. As evidence of the popularity it has gained during a long and illustrious career, may be cited the fact that of the Ninth Edition alone between 400,000 and 500,000 copies, in one form or another (including mutilated, garbled and pirated American reprints), were sold.

Editorial Expenses of the Eleventh Edition, £163,000 ($815,000).

The remarkable advances made in every field of effort during the last twenty-five years—discoveries which have involved a virtual reconstruction both in the premises and the conclusions upon which a large part of the knowledge of the early eighties was based—have necessitated a new creation from start to finish. *The editorial cost alone*—the sum paid to contributors, editors, and editorial assistants during the last eight years—has been £163,000 ($815,000), more than twice the literary cost (£60,000) of the Ninth Edition. Nearly all articles in the last edition have been superseded by new ones, and thousands of new headings, never before entered in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, have been introduced. In those cases where a fresh survey, in the opinion of experts, could discover no better basis for an exposition of a subject than the article in the Ninth Edition or its Supplement, it has been carried forward with necessary alterations. Of the 40,000 articles in the new edition, 85 per cent. are entirely new, and 15 per cent. are traceable, with changes slight perhaps in extent, but often important in quality, to the old work. Thus the University of Cambridge feels justified in asserting with perfect confidence that the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th Edition) constitutes the best and most conscientious treatment of universal knowledge the present day can afford.

A Work of International Scholarship.

The scholars and specialists of the whole world have lent enthusiastic co-operation to the making of the new work; not Cambridge alone, but Oxford, London, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Paris, Berlin, Göttingen, Vienna, Kyoto; and in America, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Toronto—and many more—universities and centres of research everywhere have given their ablest minds to the preparation of a new and comprehensive summary of all that is known in every department of human knowledge in 1910.

In fact, one of the principal new features of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th Edition) is that it is a work of international scholarship. The Editors of the 11th Edition have recognized that in the last twenty-five years there has been a closer communion of scholarly aims between the nations of the world, and a readier acceptance of the achievements of other countries than ever before. In a large sense, the whole civilized world is now one in thought, in intellectual sympathy, and in aspiration. The Editors have therefore approached their task in no merely national spirit, but in the spirit which recognizes that scholarship to-day knows no nationality. For the first time an encyclopædia has been produced as a co-operative effort, by the most competent authorities without regard to country. The 40,000 articles in the work have been written by some 1,500 contributors, representing the highest scholarship and the best practical knowledge of the twentieth century wherever these can be found. In pursuance of this policy, not British scholars alone, but the leading American, French and German authorities were enlisted as contributors.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

11TH EDITION

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

11TH EDITION

The 1,500 Contributors.

The quality of utility, an attribute of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the attainment of which has been the inspiring motive of the Editors ever since the inception of the work in 1768, is inseparable from authority. There is but one method of assuring to any work of reference this essential authority—the employment of the services (1) of *men of learning*—the original scholars who formulate great principles or develop important discoveries or master some one subject to which they have devoted special and long-continued investigation. In this class are university professors, scientists, philosophers, divines, historians, economists—independent thinkers who are themselves the source from which all that is known of a subject flows as a stream from its fountain-head; (2) of *men of action*—soldiers, sailors, men of affairs, jurists, administrators, architects, surgeons, artists, inventors, explorers, engineers, sportsmen, manufacturers, financiers—the men who apply their knowledge to constructive results in the every-day pursuit of their profession or vocation; and (3) of *practical experts* who are engaged in the advancement of industrial undertakings for the welfare of mankind. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th Edition), being first and last a repository of all knowledge, it is just as essential to its completeness and authority that it should give practical information about road-making, bridge-building, and ship-building, as that it should contain treatises on astronomy and geology—it should instruct the reader on oil-engines and the boring of oil wells and on the practical side of forestry, on the making of glass or paper, and on carpentry, not less intelligently than it expounds the Copernican theory and the philosophy of Hegel. As a matter of fact, what the general reader most often looks for in his encyclopædia is just this sort of practical information — information which it may be he can turn to immediate profit, but cannot obtain from any other source. On its purely practical side—the massing of exact knowledge covering every kind of activity to which the genius of modern industry has been directed—the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* is a veritable storehouse of the latest information, the Editors having been not less careful in selecting the leading experts to write articles of a utilitarian character than in choosing writers of articles of a purely theoretical sort.

The new ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA is a fresh and original survey of human thought, learning and achievement to 1910, written in the light of the latest research and with immediate reference to the needs of the day.

It is a work covering the whole circle of knowledge—theoretical and practical—a work that treats of everything which can possibly interest or concern a civilized people. It has been built upon a new foundation, with thousands of new articles and new methods of treatment. This vast body of information, greater than has ever been contained in such a work, has been compressed into twenty-nine volumes (including an Index volume) of about 960 pages each, with an average of 1,500 words to a page.

The new ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA combines comprehensiveness with brevity—in consonance with the demand of the day for exhaustive exposition of major subjects with greater facility of reference in the case of minor ones, which are now dealt with alphabetically under separate headings.

In this respect the gain to the reader will be immense. Many thousands of short articles are included in the new work which would have been merged in the extended treatment of main subjects. These new articles will be found under the most obvious headings, and the reader will be able to refer to them instantly. Especially useful will be the method of dealing with technical terms. Unfamiliar words, especially those of a scientific character, or having to do with the investigations of specialists, are explained after the manner of a dictionary, with a view to the conveyance of information not easily accessible.

The new ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA (11th Edition) was written as a complete whole instead of volume by volume as in the past, thus insuring a larger amount of information, avoiding repetitions and over-lapping, and making the first volume not less recent in its information than the last.

The Ninth Edition was issued during fourteen years (1875-89), and the first volume was out of date when the last one was finished. The Editors of the 11th Edition have had the whole of the work under view before a single volume was printed, the article on Architecture being as recent in its information as the one on Zoology. All the volumes, therefore, represent a uniform date (1910), and it has been possible to eliminate repetitions and to provide space for a considerably larger body of matter than ever before. The Editor estimates that the 11th Edition contains twice as much information as the Ninth. The entire twenty-nine volumes will be issued practically at one time—in the beginning of next year.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910.

The Week.

For the first time in nearly two decades the Democratic party finds itself within hailing distance of control of the national government. In the House of Representatives, when the present Congress expires, the Democrats will have a good working majority; and even in the Senate they will probably come so near a majority as to make joint movements with Republican Senators of insurgent proclivities an easy possibility. The campaign just closed was distinguished from all the campaigns that have preceded it since 1896 by the complete absence of the Bryan issue. It is a Democratic sweep in which there was no distinction between Cleveland men and Bryan men, no looking forward to a renewal of the perennial candidacy of the "peerless leader." The party is thus, on the surface at least, in excellent shape for the Presidential contest of 1912. It is in the fortunate position of having a strong place in the political battleground, and yet being exempt from the responsibility of the actual administration of the government; but if it shall rest content with this advantage and rely for success simply on a continuance of public wrath against the Republicans, it will certainly not deserve, and in all probability will not receive, the prize now apparently within its grasp. Above all, it must show that it is in earnest with the great questions of the day, such as the tariff, and is ready to deal with them at once vigorously and intelligently.

The absurd allegation that the only issue in New York State was the menace of an alliance between Wall Street and Tammany Hall is effectually disposed of. For, if there is one thing that stands out above all else it is that Dix owes his election not to a tremendous Tammany vote, for the plurality in the greater city has several times been exceeded, but to the falling off in the Republican vote up the State. Precisely as the independent Democrats left their party in 1906 and 1908 to make possible the election and reëlection of Charles E. Hughes, so independent Republicans all over the State have voted John A. Dix into office. Mr. Dix carried the alleged stronghold of Tammany and Wall Street by 105,081, where Coler's plurality in 1902 was 126,000. Obviously, whether because of the labor issue or for some other reason, Dix disappointed Tammany's hopes in the city and would have been defeated had Stimson polled above the Bronx the Hughes vote of either 1906 or 1908. So far from being menaced by "corrupt" influences in New York city, the real danger to the Stimson-Roosevelt campaign lay all the while in the sinister activities of the "ticker-crowd" among the farmers and the "burglar-vote" in the small towns.

The complete overturn in New Jersey is at once a proof of the discrimination and independence of the voters of that State and a splendid triumph for Woodrow Wilson. He was aided, of course, by the general Democratic drift, but the outstanding fact in connection with his election as Governor is that he, a politically unknown man, should have made his own campaign and, by sheer appeals to intelligence, should have so manifestly won the votes of thousands of Republicans. We have never seen in this country a more striking example of what can be done by a man of great ability debating public questions upon the very highest plane, and throwing himself upon the mind and conscience of the voters. It was no partisan victory that Wilson has won, but one born of the general good sense of citizens who simply could not refuse to avail themselves of the services of a man of such demonstrated capacity and character.

Nothing is so astounding as the news from Massachusetts. That, in a campaign of less than three weeks, after the misbehavior of the Democratic Convention, Gov. Draper could be defeated no one could have imagined. The Governor himself, after the Faneuil Hall riot, was so sure of success that he made several speeches upon the hopeless political incapacity of the Democrats. Well, they have now turned him out of office in the shortest campaign on record, thanks to Mr. Roosevelt's attack on Foss, the great unpopularity of Senator Lodge, and the general dissatisfaction with the Payne-Aldrich tariff. The rebuke to the Republicans is the more marked because the rest of their ticket appears to have been elected, and the Legislature remains theirs. The significance of this cannot be misunderstood; hidebound protection Massachusetts wants no more of the Payne-Aldrich-Cannon kind of tariff revision. As for the independent Democrats, there will be rejoicing among many of them that the defeat of the candidates for the minor offices will be something of a check to the Fitzgerald-Lomasney machine, which is beginning to be as feared in Boston as is Tammany here. Finally, Senator Lodge must still be trembling in his shoes; so many of the Republican legislators have pledged themselves against him.

The decisive victory won by Gov. Harmon in Ohio is matter for hearty congratulation. In a State strongly Republican, he was elected to the Governorship two years ago by a plurality of 19,372, in the face of a Republican plurality of 69,591 in the vote for President. This remarkable tribute of public confidence has now been renewed, after he had been subjected to a two years' trial in the office of Governor, with all the difficulties and perplexities which that entails. Mr. Harmon represents a type of sturdy Democrat which it is most gratifying to see at the front, and it is of good augury for the party in the nation that his credentials as one of the foremost figures in the party have thus been emphatically confirmed. A special reason for taking pleasure in the result, aside from its larger significance, lies in the circumstance that the irresponsible attack made in the closing days of the campaign upon the integrity of his conduct as receiver of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad has received the rebuke it deserved. To the credit of the Republican press of the State, not a single newspaper of standing, it is said, gave any editorial support to this reckless charge.

We have no wish to rub salt into any man's wounds, but it is plain, in the cold light of "the morning after," that Mr. Roosevelt's course since his return

in June has been one long series of political blunders. On the supposition, which his closest friends have sedulously fostered, that his heart was fixed on a nomination for the Presidency in 1912, it can only be said that he misread the situation utterly, and acted like a man whose famed political skill had entirely deserted him. Had he gone quietly to Oyster Bay and maintained a dignified silence throughout the campaign, defeat would have come to his party, but a great cry for him as the only compeller of victory would have been heard. He was probably misled by over-zealous friends. They flocked to him at Sagamore Hill and informed him that the country was not only clamorous for his return to power, but was ripe for radicalism. The touring of the country followed; the car-end harangues: the ostentatious ignoring of the President; the mischievous Osawatomie speech. Instantly the reaction set in, big with the threat of revolt, but the more he was protested with and opposed, the more headstrong and violent Mr. Roosevelt showed himself. He could brook no question of his infallibility, and bore himself as one whose word was necessarily a fiat with the people. As a result he stands now as the chief architect of disaster. He has demenstrated the fact that there are thousands of Republicans who will not vote for him or his nominees or his novel doctrines. There has appeared to be a fatal quality in his endorsement, so that nearly every man whom he lauded in different parts of the country has been defeated, while the men that he singled out for vituperation—Dix, Foss, Baldwin, Harmon—have been triumphantly elected.

It is always gratifying to see young Americans displaying the independent spirit that made this nation. It is especially gratifying to see it displayed in the halls of learning. There can be, accordingly, but one opinion upon the fight of the Columbia "men" for the abrogation of the university rule forbidding smoking in any of the lecture rooms or hallways of the buildings on the campus, with the exception of the two dormitories. As they argue, with unanswerable logic, the members of the faculty are able to step into their offices between lectures for a quiet smoke, while the students are discriminated against. Perhaps the agitation will lead to a juster view of the prerogatives of an instructor. But the most interesting, not to say significant, feature of the affair is the reputed origin of the anti-smoking rule. Even before the existence of the rule, there was one place where there was no smoking, and that was Hamilton Hall, the assigned reason being "the wishes of Dean Van Amringe." The university authorities, it is reported without a trace of a smile, "having observed the manner in which the dean's wishes were respected," grew bold, and decided to extend formally to all buildings a condition which prevailed informally at one of them. And so, once more, law received the acknowledgment of unwilling obedience in a matter in which deference had been cheerfully granted to a personality.

All Kentuckians will agree with the assertion of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* correspondent that the best English is spoken in that land of fair women and fast horses. James Russell Lowell used to urge the same for the English of his native Cambridge, which Mr. Howells granted—when Lowell himself was there to speak it. Nowhere is the eagerness of the human race to die for a cause they do not understand more strikingly illustrated than in the domain of language. The inhabitants of the mountains of eastern Kentucky, we are assured, are to-day speaking the language of Shakespeare, *argal*, theirs is the best English. Yet if we could resuscitate a Jacobean, we fear he would meet with instant repudiation at the hands of these very Kentuckians for speaking like an Irishman. By the same reasoning, moreover, the speech of the educated Londoner is the worst English in the world, since it has probably departed furthest from a Shakespearean norm. As a matter of fact, the best English, if by that is meant the best talk, is a fairly uniform commodity in London, in New York, in Sydney, and among the cultivated classes of Kentucky. As for pronunciation, that changes from age to age, from region to region, and the best is to be found among the people one likes—for whatever reason.

Positive assurances come from London that the conference between Liberal and Conservative leaders is to issue in a much broader scheme than was thought of when the committee was first named. Appointed to devise some means of quieting the controversy about the veto of the House of Lords, it has been led on, in the course of meeting after meeting, to consider a comprehensive plan to make over the House of Lords entirely, to grant some form of home rule to Ireland and also to Scotland and Wales, and to give the self-governing colonies representation at Westminster and a voice in the British Government. Such a vast project involves constructive statesmanship of the highest order; and it is naturally felt that no mere report from a conference committee, however able and authoritative, nor any precipitation of the great subject upon Parliament, would meet the needs of the case. Accordingly, there has for some time been a rumor that the recommendation of the conference would be to call a constitutional convention to pass upon the whole matter; and it is now stated that this plan will, in fact, be laid before Parliament as soon as it meets. Analogies from American and recent South African experience are freely cited. There is, however, one marked difference: the Annapolis and the Philadelphia and the Bloemfontein conventions met in order to form "a more perfect union." But the British constitutional convention, if we are to have such a novelty, would consider relaxing and modifying a union which has proved unworkable. For details we must wait till the official statement is made to Parliament, but the very fact of the long-continued and friendly conference of the leaders of opposing parties has already had a marked influence in allaying political bitterness in England, and if the final result be of the nature indicated, we are on the eve of momentous changes.

That the expeditious and business-like conduct of great criminal trials in England does not mean any less regard for the rights of the accused, or for the interests of truth, than is to be found in the long-drawn-out trials customary in this country, will be apparent to any one reading the full report of the last day's proceedings in the Crippen trial, as printed in the London *Times* of October 24. Not only was the summing-up of the evidence by the Lord Chief Justice, who presided at the trial, a masterly presentation of the testimony

in all its important bearings; but the closing argument for the prosecution showed such accuracy and definiteness of aim, such clear and convincing reasoning, such a sticking to the points really bearing on the determination of the truth, as one associates rather with the idea of an address to a body of scientific thinkers than with that of a speech to a jury. Crippen was convicted because the evidence really left no room for reasonable doubt that he had committed the crime; and he was convicted so promptly—he was sentenced to death within five days of the impanelling of the jury—because the whole mechanism of the law was adjusted to the single purpose of getting at the essential truth of the case. The putting in of a mass of factitious matters, erecting artificial difficulties, and calling for the solution of irrelevant problems, so far from conducing to a more perfect working of the machinery, clogs it with dust and all manner of obstacles, and makes its action not only vastly slower, but also far less certain and less accurate.

American politicians are not often called upon to address universities, but in Great Britain the custom still holds. Public men count it an honor to be elected rector of one of the Scottish universities, as Mr. Asquith was a few months ago. His Rectorial address was recently given, and in the course of it he made a special plea for the cultivation of style. Dwelling for a moment upon the possibly unavoidable perils of specialization in modern education, and expressing a regret at the diminishing numbers of "all-round" scholars, the Prime Minister argued that, apart from either genius or special knowledge, there was such a thing as sense for literary form which every literary man ought to feel it a duty to nourish and develop. It is not the higher kinds of writing that Mr. Asquith had in mind; what he referred to was precision, fitness, and harmony in expression. And there was force in his contention that such qualities are not beyond the mastery of ordinary men if they will but take pains. He said:

> A vast deal of the slipshod and prolix stuff which we are compelled to read or to listen to is, of course, born of sheer idleness. When, as so often happens, a man takes an hour to say what might have been as well or better said in twenty minutes, spreads over twenty pages what could easily have been exhausted in ten, the offence in a large majority of cases is not due so much to vanity or to indifference to the feelings of others as to the inability or unwillingness to take pains. And the uncritical world, just as it is apt to mistake noise of utterance for firmness of character, has an almost invincible tendency to think that a writer or orator cannot be eloquent unless he is also diffuse.

The British Premier is a physician who has taken his own medicine. His speeches are seldom long, compared with those of other Parliamentary orators, and are, as a rule, marked by a lucid compactness.

The resignation of the French Cabinet, following directly upon a strong vote of confidence in the Premier by the Chamber, is reasonably explained as due to the desire of M. Briand to organize a united and homogeneous Ministry. This task has already been laid upon him by President Fallières, and Briand has accepted. It certainly seems that this is no time for France to swap horses while crossing a stream. Briand has shown himself a strong man whom the country is ready to support in a crisis; and if he has a positive programme to deal effectively with such a threatening difficulty as lately confronted France in the strike of the employees on the state railways, it is desirable that he should work with colleagues entirely in sympathy with his measures. Two or three members of the Cabinet are known not to have been; and we shall probably see now a reorganization of the Ministry able to remain in office for some time to come. Yet French precedents of recent years are not in favor of Ministerial stability; and if Briand falls after having scored a victory in the Chamber, he will not be the first Premier to have done so.

The beggar vote evidently does not influence the official actions of the Amir of Afghanistan, who has ordered the poor of Jellalabad to clear the "jungle of drought-resisting shrubs" which bear the deceptive name of the Lakhi forest. The order is accompanied by a promise of grants of land in the vicinity for three years, rent-free, and of water from a "projected" canal. The Calcutta *Englishman* is doubtless quite right in its assertion that, "even if there were any intention of constructing a canal," no amount of water would make the barren and rocky soil productive, but we do not suppose that this fact will cause any deep grief among the beggar population. These men, literally wearing the cloak of religion, by day "demand money by threats and at night are daring thieves." However much "real humor" there may be in setting them to work, and whatever the Amir's motives may be, there can be no doubt that one of the best things that could happen, for them no less than for their victims, would be their adoption of an honest livelihood. It would doubtless be involuntary, but that would be nothing against it. It is a question how many representatives of the enlightened nations would work with no spur except that of their own wills.

Politics in Liberia presents certain parallels to politics here. There is an oddly archaic echo, for example, in the statement that but for the anti-third-term spirit, "as well as the President's own declaration against a return to the executive mansion, there would not be the slightest doubt as to his securing, without an opposing voice, the nomination." Passing from President Barclay, the *Liberian Register* remarks that Vice-President Dossen, who was one of the commissioners to this country in 1908, will probably be brought forward. "He has an imposing figure, standing six feet in his boots, impressive and fluent in his speech. And we may say he is not without some of the qualifications that would make a good President." That is surely no undue hero-worship. But the Vice-President has signed his own political death-warrant. "It cannot be said that Mr. Dossen is quite as popular now as he was when on the Supreme Court bench. He seems to forget that bills which he may introduce or favor in the Senate cannot be necessarily accepted as were his decisions delivered from the bench." The Secretary of State declines to permit the use of his name at the Presidential nominating convention in January because of his preference for a post which makes him the adviser of all Presidents. This leaves only the Secretary of the Treasury. But he seems thoroughly fit for the place. "Mr. Howard is popular. His popularity is of the Rooseveltian sort. He is affable, yet positive. Consistency with him is a virtue." That makes it look, at any rate from this distance, very much like Howard.

THE BOLTING REPUBLICANS.

Mayor Gaynor's letter, read at the Dix meeting in New York before the election, referred to the great and happy increase in independent voting looked for in both parties, and spoke of those "intelligent Republicans who are not mere slaves to partisanship." The number of Republicans who did vote for Dix was undoubtedly large. Every test of the returns from up the State and on Long Island, as well as in this city, indicates that a great party revolt is astir. Its extent is without a parallel in the history of the Republican party. In 1884 there was, indeed, a conscience Republican vote that could not be brought to vote for Blaine. In that defection many men of great weight were included, and they displayed a fine moral courage in standing up against a storm of abuse and obloquy; but there was not the avalanche-like slipping away of Republican votes which we have witnessed in New York this year.

Of it, as a whole, it may be said truthfully that it is a wholesome and even inspiring demonstration. We hold this not merely because it accentuates the tendency to independent voting. That of itself is full of promise. Every fresh proof that there is a growing body of citizens who cannot be misled by party names, is an excellent thing not only for the commonwealth but for parties themselves. But in this particular case there is an added element. The motives of the disaffected Republicans were not personal, but patriotic. It seemed to them that the time had come for them to render to their country the very highest service within their power --and that was to record their solemn protest, in the most effective way open to them, against political doctrines which they regard as full of peril and a personality which they consider a menace.

In this sense, the present Republican bolt is of a piece with the long revolt of conscientious Democrats against the domination and perversion of their party by Bryan. Year after year the latter broke old political associations to vote for what they believed to be the highest good of the nation. That their attitude was patriotic in the truest meaning of the word, was all along admitted by Republicans themselves. But the turn of the latter has now come. They used to say, half-jokingly, that the display of public spirit made by the anti-Bryan Democrats was impressive, and that Republicans would emulate it if the occasion ever arose, but that it never could arise since there was no possibility of the Republican party being captured by a demagogue or led away after false lights. Yet the danger thus laughed at has suddenly become vivid; and, to their credit be it said, thousands of intelligent Republicans have met it as they said they would.

Especially addressed to this class of bolting Republicans, a committee of Mr. Stimson's friends issued an appeal in which they asked, among other questions, "If you, regarding Roosevelt as an evil, are against Stimson on that account, in all candor is not your attitude an expression of personal dislike or hatred?" This was, to be sure, a trifle better than to call the bolters crooks, but the suggestion of personal motives was bound to be futile. In the great majority of instances at least, the Republicans in revolt against Roosevelt had no conceivable personal interest in the issue, except as their concerns are wrapped up with those of their fellow-citizens. They might, of course be mistaken in their determination, but they based it upon unselfish and public grounds. They dreaded, and dread, for their party and even more for their country, the effect of what would undoubtedly have been acclaimed as a Roosevelt victory in New York. To those who told them that their fears were imaginary, or, at any rate, premature—that they ought to have waited till 1912 before trying to settle its business—they were ready to reply in the words of Burke that "an early and provident fear is the mother of security."

Such a cleavage as that now going on in the Republican party has its immediate significance, but there is something in it that runs beyond the day and the occasion. This is the gratifying assurance it gives once more that we have secure resources not only against the excesses of party madness, but against the arts and the assaults of self-seeking agitators. When we see that the same sobriety and independence of partisan control which rebuffed Bryan and repulsed Hearst can be counted upon to oppose even Theodore Roosevelt, we certainly are able to face the political uncertainties of the future with a lighter heart.

THE BACKBONE OF SOCIALISM.

An interview with Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, recently printed in the New York *Times*, presented in juxtaposition two aspects of the Socialist situation, which, taken separately, are sufficiently familiar to everybody, but which are not so often thought of together. In the first place, in response to his interviewer's questions about the spread of Socialism in this country, he cited a number of striking facts bearing undeniable testimony to the growth of the movement not only as regards the number of its declared adherents, but as regards the penetration of Socialist doctrines, more or less unavowed and indeed more or less unconsciously held, into the magazine and newspaper literature of the day. And in the second place, he gave his own confession of faith—the statement of that doctrine which alone he regards as truly entitled to the name of Socialism, and which is, in a word, the embodiment of the simple and clean-cut dogma usually associated with the name of Karl Marx.

Now, we all know that there has been this great spread of the Socialist tendency, and we all know that the Socialism which is represented in it has a thousand forms, many of them bearing only the faintest resemblance to the "orthodox" Socialism of Marx. What we do not know, and what Mr. Stokes's fervent declaration of faith suggests as a question of keen interest, is the degree in which the original ferment still leavens the whole lump—the relative part which Marxian dogma still plays in the maintenance of the agitation and the determination of its spirit. And, while no clue to the answer to this question is directly furnished by anything in Mr. Stokes's statement, the very nature of it indicates what the true answer in all probability is.

The essence of the doctrine that Mr. Stokes lays down consists in the unqualified denial of the right of owners of capital, as such, to any share in the product of industry; and the ground of this denial is as simple and unqualified as is the denial itself. The people who draw interest and dividends rob the laborers of that portion of the product of their labor which goes to the making of these payments, without themselves having contributed anything toward the creation of that product. What the true Socialist must say to the present owners

of capital, when the time of his power shall arrive, is—according to Mr. Stokes's declaration—just what a rightful owner would be called upon to say to a robber who has too long held, by an alleged prescriptive right, that to which he had no claim in justice or equity: "We will forgive you for the wrongs which you have done to us; we will ask no recompense from you for all the robberies you have inflicted on us; but hereafter we will use the money capital which we ourselves provided, and the buildings and machinery which we ourselves have made, and the tracks which our own hands have laid."

Now, it is plain that this simple doctrine, preached with the ardor of conviction by scores of enthusiastic propagandists, has an immeasurable advantage over any more refined or more qualified form of socialistic teaching. Nothing is easier than to show that it rests upon the most palpable ignoring of an essential factor in the case; and, to the credit of intellectual Socialists be it said, it has been repudiated by what are now called the scientific Socialists of our time. But when it comes to the rank and file of the Socialist body, we may be sure that it is upon this simple gospel, and not upon any more recondite teaching, that they build their faith. And on the other hand, it is because this simple doctrine involves a fatal falsehood that upholders of the existing order are justified in their confidence in the power of that order to withstand the tide of Socialism.

In his elaborate analytical reply to Mr. Stokes's statement, Prof. Irving Fisher uses a happy phrase when he says that while in some specific cases it may be true that confiscation would be justified, this procedure must be based on something other than "the fiction that interest is robbery." To say that the owners of capital have contributed nothing to the creation of the product is equivalent to saying that to set aside for productive purposes a portion of what one has acquired, instead of consuming it all, is to render no service to production. This is so palpably untrue that it would be a waste of words to insist upon the matter. In order to carry on those processes of production which have so enormously increased the total product of man's labor, it was absolutely essential that some persons should refrain from consuming the whole of what fell to their share, and should either themselves use, or permit others to use, the stored-up capital for purposes of future production.

Now, it is a perfectly tenable position that this service might be performed by some collectivist arrangement, and that such arrangement might be preferable to what has actually been done in the past. But so far from this proving that the individualist system of capital has been robbery, it proves almost the exact opposite. It is precisely because the existing system has demonstrated the indispensableness, and the enormous efficacy, of savings in the form of capital, that the collectivists assert the necessity of those savings being controlled and owned by the community as a whole. Not that the owners of capital have done no service, but that the service they have done is of such vital importance that hereafter it must be provided in a better way than in the past, is the true basis of collectivism. But when you get the thing on this basis you come down to the debatable question whether or not a better way can actually and practically be provided. The "fiction that interest is robbery" must then be wholly abandoned; and with that gone, the backbone of Socialism as an emotional crusade is broken.

THE UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS.

There is something attractive in the plan for a Universal Races Congress to be held in London next July. Its purpose is "to discuss in the light of modern knowledge and the modern conscience the general relations existing between the peoples of the West and those of the East, between so-called white and so-called colored people"; and, of course, the result hoped for is a friendlier feeling, a heartier coöperation, and a better understanding. What could be more natural, what more desirable, than such a give and take? Somehow or other, the colored men and the whites have got to arrive at a mutual basis of respect and good will, if the world is to develop in peace and without bitter hatreds and possibly even fearful calamities. Nothing to be thought of at present can contribute so much toward this end as a joint meeting at which the different points of view can be stated and the races of the East explain their aspirations and ideals. Without some direct touch, some such frank expression on a basis of mutual friendliness and self-respect, the world at large will be entirely too ready to dismiss the whole subject with a glib "East is East and West is West."

Now even the dominant white races, which have been so sure they are of the Lord's anointed when it comes to showing those they deem their inferiors how to manage their affairs, have begun to feel some qualms of conscience and doubts as to their ability to regulate their conquered distant provinces. These have recently been expressed by no less a pro-consul than Lord Cromer himself. The difficulty seems to be that, while it is easy to rebuild wasted cities, to refinance a country, enlarge its crops, and to introduce modern sanitary and police methods, the beneficiaries decline to become or to remain content. Good government refuses to satisfy them, as is the case in Egypt to-day, and the reason is that it is not *their* government; they would rather be dirtier and more diseased and far less progressive, if only they could do things their own way and develop according to their own ideals. So it is that, whether the colonizers are English, French, Germans, or Americans, the dissatisfaction grows the longer the overlordship continues. Lord Cromer's own experience in Egypt is a perfect case in point.

One reason for this is that the so-called civilized nations approve, in their mental inflexibility, no methods which are not their own. The native of Dagupan must not only live in a clean house; he must wear clothes of American woollen or shoddy, cut in American style. If he refuses, there is no attempt whatever to study his own desires and ask him the whys and wherefores; he is simply set down as a heathen whose mental processes no one can understand. The fact that the races at their points of contact are usually at daggers drawn is still another reason why neutral ground should be chosen for an attempt at better understanding. But it is not only those who are being forcibly uplifted whom the congress will include. Japanese and Chinese, Turks and Haytians, are as well to be represented in the effort to smooth out racial misunderstandings and bickerings. How desirable this is even from the point of view of foreign offices and state departments is obvious if one stops to consider the political conditions in the Far

and Near East. The tremendous awakening in Japan and in India alone has made the chancelleries of Europe shiver. The open door, with its guarantee of a fair start for the business of China, may be an open door to other things than trade. The East is nearing the West; its natives have always known how to die and they are learning now how to die with the white man's rifle in their hands. This fact alone counsels such a congress as is to meet in London in the name of peace and good will. The phrase, "mastery of the Pacific," conceals a struggle, some tell us, that will yet convulse half the globe. Were this true, it would only prove this to be eminently the time for all the peoples of the Pacific to get better acquainted before they are inflamed by irresponsible journalists and needless war scares beyond the hope of friendly appreciation of one another's aims and aspirations.

Essentially, the congress is to be non-political. Questions of a pressing, rasping nature are to be avoided as a matter of course. Critics will doubtless be found to assert that only the outskirts of the problem will be touched. Yet it is by passing through the outskirts first that one comes to the centre of things; and later congresses—we trust there will be a permanent organization and regularly recurring world-conferences—will define their own scope. The all-essential thing is that representatives of the races shall get together, not as inferiors and superiors, but as human souls, to find the best means of dwelling together in peace and harmony and of preventing a split along the color line—something that was unknown in the days of antiquity, before the dawn of Christianity, when what we are pleased to term barbarism, and not civilization, ruled the world. That Americans have a peculiar interest in such a congress is obvious. Nowhere else is the problem of black and white so serious or so pressing; nowhere else is there so much need for sanity and detachment in its discussion. We trust that the executive secretary, Dr. Gustave Spiller of London, who is here to organize American interest in this undertaking, will meet with the hearty support to which the magnificent possibilities of the undertaking so obviously entitle him.

SCHOLARSHIP AND ATHLETICS.

"The student who studies is an anomaly." "Usually our undergraduates live two lives—distinct; one utterly non-academic. The non-academic is for them the real; the scholarly an encroachment." Two such statements as these, the first made recently by the president of Smith College and the second in a book by Professor Gayley of the University of California, might, it should seem, start a scandal. It is as though two prominent clergymen should fling out the charge that church members look down upon any who go to church to worship God. That the trouble with the colleges does amount to mistaken worship is manifestly what Professor Gayley, at least, believes, for his book is called "Idols." If President Burton and Professor Gayley had exploded their bombs a few years back, they might have caused an upheaval. But the college has been under fire so much of late that anything more than the usual din is a matter of indifference; even President Lowell's admission a week ago that scholarship was never held in lower repute by the undergraduate excited no great comment. We are glad to hear, however, that faculties have begun to shoulder the responsibility for the present evils, instead of shifting them with the plea that students of to-day have not the quality or the capacity that was possessed by men of their own day. By a professor at Yale the reverse has just been asserted with some impatience and vehemence. And Professor Gayley says frankly: "The long and short of it is that we educators don't educate. We are fuddled with educational fads; and we fuddle the schools in turn."

To make the situation more embarrassing the institution with which teachers have had most to compete—athletics—is being conducted with business-like efficiency. A Harvard professor makes no secret of his opinion that not a course in the college can show the organization which undergraduates regularly demand of athletic coaches. This is not an overstatement. Any one who has followed college athletics must have been impressed by the hard work, the drudgery, to which boys submit, their devotion never flagging meanwhile. To go out and run a mile, rain or shine, or grind away at the oar day by day, even the youngest of professors would find extremely irksome. Nor is it quite true that the hero-worship coming to members of "the team" is all that boys have in mind who go through their ordeals. Reward nevertheless comes to him who "serves" his college. He is almost sure to make a desirable club.

Recognition of this sort would not be forthcoming, however, unless the undergraduate body regarded athletics as the chief common bond among students to-day. As such, athletics have to be reckoned with. To see rich boys and poor boys fast friends because they are on the same team, or because they lose themselves in their enthusiasm in the cheering sections, is to watch a great force making for democracy. And the college "loyalty" created is no trivial thing. This we may admit without blinding our eyes to the immense follies and dangers of the athletic obsession.

And we may also say that it is only fair to admit that, with conditions such as they are, opportunities for a common bond other than athletics hardly exist. What the distracting elements are and how long they have been operative, educators are trying hard to ascertain. They consult their own memories or such a book as Professor Beers's "The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus," and observe that not more than forty or fifty years ago robust and attractive boys were glad to talk of Plato or to swap a Latin phrase, and to pay homage to one who could turn a verse or write a thoughtful essay. Since then the elective system has been introduced pretty generally, and it has been blamed indiscriminately for the change; especially on the ground that it broke up the traditions of general courses where students met together in large numbers. Harvard has apparently felt convinced of this, and is calling a halt.

Yet we believe that another result of the elective system is quite as much to blame—we mean the high specialization of instruction, by which the curriculum is split up into dozens of courses of tiny range. So circumscribed are these courses that a man of no imagination and no reading, provided only he be the product of the Ph.D. system, can often give them with apparent satisfaction; that the information so imparted has any place in education, we very much doubt. This condition, coupled with the small salaries,

has resulted in a type of instructor for which the student has little respect —certainly, not nearly so much, as a rule, as he has for the mental equipment of his athletic coach. The lack of respect, itself, is no secret. It was stated as one of the reasons for raising the large sum of money a few years ago at Cambridge; the salary of the instructor, and even of the assistant, was to be increased so as to attract more desirable men to the staff. We believe, however, with Professor Gayley and others, that by far too many subjects are offered—foreigners have often ridiculed the multiplicity—and that the mere elimination of a multitude of minor topics from the curriculum would do much toward bringing back into our faculties men who by their intellect and personality command admiration and a following. That would be a long step toward restoring intellect itself to the eminent place of honor now occupied by muscle.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, October 25.

"Une Cause célèbre au XVIIe siècle" (H. Champion), by Dr. Philippe Maréchal, with a preface by Arthur Chuquet of the Institut de France, and 40 inset plates of ancient châteaux and ruins, portraits and escutcheons, forms a bulky volume in which the author has laudably used family papers of an ancestor who figured largely in the case. Beatrix de Cusance, to set a crown upon her head, began by attributing to Charles IV of Lorraine a child who was really the son of her first husband, the Prince of Cantecroy-Granvelle. She had been but a few days a widow when she thus drew Charles into marrying her secretly—though he was already married. It took popes, kings, emperors, parliaments, and courts of justice interminable to put an end to the ensuing entanglement of bigamy, abduction, child-substitution (the *posthume* when he grew up persistently claiming his real father's heritage), and all the rest. The book is quite prolix, with letters and other copious *pièces justificatives*. Incidentally, it throws light on a minor period of history. Perhaps its chief interest is in its showing how real life worked out an historical romance.

"Episodes et Portraits" (second and third series: H. Champion), by Arthur Chuquet, make up two new volumes of historical miscellanies. The author, besides his position at the Collège de France, is known for his many books, chiefly on Revolutionary and Napoleonic history. A summary of the memoirs of Primi Visconti (published a year ago by Jean Lemoine: Calmann-Lévy) telling how that Italian adventurer found the Court of Louis XVI, *la plus belle comédie du monde;* Berthier's letters to Joséphine, keeping her maritally informed of Bonaparte's doings during the Italian campaign; Metternich as one more *liaison* for Madame de Lieven, Guizot's friend, who appears in so many recently published memoirs; Madame Hamelin, the Creole from San Domingo, who was one of Napoleon's best spies, and lived faithful to his memory to see the dawn of the Second Empire; curious pages from the German memoirs of an Alsatian archivist, who knew Mérimée at Strasburg and Stendhal at Rome—are a few specimen subjects with which the general reader is made acquainted, while they are indexed for the historical student.

"Versailles royal" (H. Champion), by Juste Fennebresque, treats its subject from quite a novel point of view. To the futilities of court life it opposes the multiple utilities of the royal parks and institutions, "combating a prejudice of too long standing against our kings' creations at Versailles. It is necessary to acknowledge that, while some of them have not been respected, others, let what will be done, remain indestructible." A first part gives the history and particular description of this "Petite Venise" with its Grand Canal; the vast engineering works for bringing water, and the landscape artists' work; the corporation in charge, with its flotilla, and their history from Louis XIV to the Second Empire; and the present state of things. The second part describes the Potager, with its medicinal garden for the poor, and the famous Orangerie; Madame de Pompadour's Ermitage; the replanting of parks and gardens by Louis XVI, and the itinerary of the royal walks just before the Revolution, with pathetic details of Madame Elisabeth's domain so ruthlessly annihilated; Versailles as an experiment station of war and botany, agriculture and ballooning, under Louis XIV, XV, and XVI; and, among other things, the Petit Séminaire of Madame, founded by the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in memory of them, and here made the occasion of a note of sharp criticism of Turquan, the latest biographer of the unfortunate princess. There are seven pages of an index of sources, documentary and printed.

"L'Effondrement du Royaume de Naples—1860" (Lausanne: Payot), by H. Remsen Whitehouse, is a French work on an historical subject which the author treated in English some years ago. It describes in chronological detail a series of events belonging to the history of our own times, from which contemporary passions and exaggeration have not yet disappeared; and it is written with unusual intelligence and moderation for such history. The minute index of proper names and the summary analysis of the various chapters published as a table of contents give peculiar value to the book for purposes of reference.

"Le Romantisme et les mœurs" (H. Champion), by Louis Maigron, professor at the University of Clermont-Ferrand, is an historical and social study from unpublished documents on a question of more than literary interest. Half an historic age, at least, was bred upon romanticism. After preliminary observations on the romantic æsthetics and ethics, their individualism, hypertrophy of imagination, and sensibility at the expense of reason and will, and the dangers of the system, our author, in a first book, treats formally of Romanticism and the Individual, its exotic and romantic tastes, and its influence on men of letters. He does not proceed by dissertation, but by flesh-and-blood examples and living words from real men and women, like Théophile Gautier. Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Flaubert, and his scarcely less real Emma Bovary, Berlioz, George Sand, Baudelaire, *e tutti quanti*. Among the latter are not the least profitable witnesses, such as Philothée O'Neddy and Frédéric Soulié, in their disclosures of "misunderstood souls." The hypertrophy and its consequences, in which love, of course, demands a chapter, its neurasthenia, Satanism, *sadisme*, and suicide, are taken up successively and pitilessly in real utterances and examples. A second book, on Romanticism and Society, goes into *Antonisme*, for which Alexandre Dumas, playing with the centuries, was responsible in a disdain for all authority, and which became chattering hatred among smaller people; and into George Sand's equal disdain for conventional marriage. The third book of the volume deals with the disavowal made by the romantics themselves of romantic morality. The value of the book to all interested in literary criticism and the influence of literature on history may be estimated from the eight pages of bibliographical index. On the whole, the volume gives the high-water mark of the present reaction against the romantics, their works and words, and may be curiously compared with the sweeping religious condemnation which assailed their advent.

"La Question sociale en Espagne" (Alcan), by Angel Marvaud, is far and away the most quintessential work to be consulted by those who care to follow right reason in the present passionate and prejudiced controversies about Spain. There, as in other Continental countries of Europe, the study of revolution, socialism, anarchy, Church and State, and all the rest cannot safely be separated from that of the economic and social conditions of the people. The author has investigated at first hand, in connection with the Musée Social of Paris, the present labor movement in

Spain, in its origin before and during the Internationale, in the development of anarchy and socialism, and in the new reorganization of the Internationale under the form of revolutionary syndicalism; the condition of the industrial proletariat, with definite results of much patient research in desperate statistical sources, and in the same way the condition of the country population; individual or collective reforms undertaken independently and state action in favor of industrial and farm laborers, with the connected questions of property, schools, emigration, and land improvement. A few moderate, hesitating pages are given to the Barcelona days of July a year ago, which have excited universal curiosity and ended in darkening counsel by words without knowledge. In chapters written before those violent explosions, M. Marvaud gives facts, ignorance of which has much biassed recent controversies—the consistent growth of far-reaching social work on the part of Catholics. "Socialists are naturally the enemies of the Church, whereas the Catholic social movement has precisely its origin in the desire to struggle against socialism and to stop its propaganda in the proletarian world. . . . Conflicts may be forescen between these rival tendencies, calculated to endanger even the tranquillity of the country, if they are left alone face to face with each other." Time has quickly proved the foresight of such words. Even those who refuse sedulously to listen to any reasons and conclusions except their own will find useful the fifty pages of tables giving statistics not easily obtainable elsewhere. S. D.

Correspondence.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The historical teaching of English has undoubtedly done much good. It has helped us to see how in each age literature is a reflection of life, it has shown us the continuity of literature and enabled us to arrange our knowledge conveniently. And yet it may be questioned whether the system has given us enough to compensate for what it has taken away. To be sure, the taking away has not been a necessity, and could, indeed, be easily prevented. The effect, however, has often been to fill the students' heads (temporarily) with names, dates, and facts to the exclusion of all else. A dull writer is studied for his historical importance, while a genius is slighted because he is not typical or epoch-making. Thus an unclassified author, for instance, Landor, has a poor chance. The questions asked in examination are not: What poetical qualities appealed to you in "Childe Harold?" but: Show how Byron exemplifies the contemporary spirit of individualistic revolt against conventions. The English instructor is *ex officio* a literary historian, and a critic as well, though the latter character requires a far higher type of mind than the former. An historian, in the narrower sense here implied, has but to record facts, whereas the critic endeavors to determine by fixed canons the artistic value of a given work. It is therefore easy to see why the absolute worth of a poem, apart from time and circumstance, is often left unconsidered.

I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point. I understand from experience the value and the pedagogical expediency of the historical method; it seems merely a case of: These things ye ought to do and not to leave the others undone. The practical result on the student should be examined. He knows that by memorizing lectures and synopses of the required readings he can pass in the course, he is lukewarm in his interest, finds the lectures dull, and has no temptation to read for himself. How shall his apathy be overcome? Obviously by teaching him to appreciate literature as such. The modern professor with a superior smile says: "Oh, we don't attempt to inculcate a love of literature; the student must do that for himself." By all means, let him—if he is able. But who, at a first reading, can perceive the possibilities of a great poem? Who does not remember a hard passage made straight or a splendid line illuminated by the comment of a friend or a teacher of the old school? Very recently a noted professor of English said to me: "We need more intensive and appreciative literary courses." By reading aloud in class, or by analyses which are not dissections, the instructor may awaken a permanent interest and a desire in the student to look deeper and apply for himself the careful sympathy which has been shown him. Perhaps this may seem like taking a leaf from the book of the despised public lecturer, but why should we not? Is the power of reading musical verse musically and noble verse nobly a detriment to a college instructor?

The ultimate question is this: What is it that makes literature worth while? Is it valuable for itself or only as a "human document" to show the life of the individual or his time? If the latter position is correct, then the work of any sixteenth century scribbler may concern us as legitimately as that of Shakespeare. Perhaps it is to avoid the risk of such a mistake that the English have been slow to introduce the systematic study of their own literature. But nearly every one feels at bottom that the true value of poetry is absolute. Genius is not a matter of evolution, says an able critic. Homer enthralls us not because he pictures the heroic age of Greece, but because he is Homer. Call the Iliad a syndicate product, you will not affect its charm. The greatest English master "was not for an age," nor need we study his age to appreciate his greatest qualities. We have followed too blindly the dictum of Taine that all literature is the result of the time when and the people by whom it is produced. From this remorseless scientific spirit we may be again compelled to take refuge in mysticism. Scott, the frankest and least affected of bards, writes: "In sober reality, writing good verses seems to depend upon something separate from the volition of the author." This something, the *vera causa* of the poet, has not yet been defined; by the doctrine of *nihil ex nihilo* it must come from somewhere, but the most minute study of environment fails to account for it. So it is that the biographical and the historical systems of teaching threaten to come between us and the apprehension of what is best in literature. Charles Wharton Stork.

University of Pennsylvania, October 31.

AMELIA BOOTH AND LUCY FEVEREL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A comparison of some of the realistic novels of the eighteenth century with those of our own day has many points of interest. For example, let Fielding's "Amelia" and Meredith's "Richard Feverel" be read with a view to such a comparison, and it will be found that the aim of both authors is the same—to present problems and tendencies of the period in which the story is set, and to portray individuals which shall stand as types of that period. Making due allowance for the personal equation, the resulting difference lies largely in the changes in English life and thought.

Points of likeness are not hard to find when one has shaken off the bewildering effect of Meredith's bustling, crowding thoughts and unique personality; it is soon evident that both Fielding and Meredith scorn artificial sentimentalism, but have a decided taste for real sentiment, and that the attitude of each toward women is that of a kindly, though searching, analyst. In both stories the conception of the heroine's character is perhaps the best basis of comparison; and surely among Meredith's daughters (to use Stevenson's term) no kindlier choice could be made than Lucy, for the gentle Amelia might justly feel overshadowed if placed beside some of the more brilliant ladies of modern fiction. As Amelia possesses some qualities not usually found in heroines of her day, so Lucy has much of the trustful, clinging-vine sweetness now associated with the old-fashioned heroine.

Amelia's accomplishments are wholly of the domestic order, and she weeps and faints with the ease and grace demanded of a lady of refinement in her day; nevertheless, the author endows her with the somewhat unusual gifts of courage and humor. In our time, when woman's lack of humor has become an axiom (with no convincing Q. E. D., however), it is refreshing to go back into the eighteenth century and find Amelia's keen sense of the ludicrous pointed out as one of her most engaging qualities; though it must be confessed that the proofs are not especially convincing. Even so, she is in this respect rather in advance of Lucy, whose humor is more negative than that of most of Meredith's heroines.

We are apt to consider the robust heroine as a growth of the modern novel, perhaps because of the generation of pallid, delicate beings immediately preceding her; but it is to be observed that Fielding is an ardent admirer of health and vigor. Amelia's fine constitution and ability to endure are often alluded to with pride by her erring but appreciative husband; they must have been remarkable, indeed, to persevere in spite of the utter disregard of physiology indicated by her waist in Cruik-

shank's illustrations! Her personality does not suggest the Venus of Milo as strongly as that of Meredith's vigorous damsels, notably Carintbia; but tbe autbor describes honest, capable health, of a kind calculated to please even a scientific humanist.

One minor touch of similarity in the two young women is their recourse to the gentle art of cookery, on occasions when Man is to be placated or beguiled. Amelia waiting, after a misunderstanding, for Bootb to come home to the favorite supper which she has prepared, and Lucy striving to win a place in the esteem of the "wise youth" by her devotion to Dr. Kitchener, have much in common, and proceed along well established lines. As Mrs. Berry sagely observes to Lucy, "kissing don't last; cookery do."

In the matter of conversation, the difference between the two books is wide. The talk of Fielding's characters, lengthy, stilted, and detailed, does not suggest a deep penetration below the surface as a rule, while Meredith's crisp, concentrated sentences give an almost uncanny revelation of the human heart and its workings. Both Amelia and Lucy take a minor part in the conversation of tbeir respective circles; but when the eighteenth century lady has an idea to express, it is spread thin over a deal of space, whereas Lucy accomplishes wonders with half a dozen words and a twist of her expressive brows.

Amelia's life was beset with many trials, and the author sometimes makes us feel that she suffered, for instance when her husband goes to join his regiment. But it should seem that people recovered more easily from great emotional crises in tbose days, if we may judge from tbeir chroniclers. Did they really take for granted a larger proportion of open wrong in public and private life, so tbat their nervous systems were unconsciously braced for tbe ordeal, or were the writers of tbat period less skilful in portraying suffering? Tbere may be truth in both suggestions. In any event, let us be thankful that in the old books we are spared the modern clinical studies of morbid conditions, mental, moral, and physical. Surely the laws of morality and social observance are not more frankly broken now, though tbe psychological effect of wrong or misfortune may be more powerful in this more introspective age. May it not be that Meredith goes too far in this direction, overemphasizing the corrosive power of mental and spiritual distress? After the crisis of Amelia's trials, she is rapidly restored, and the last years of her life are happy. Lucy's troubles, on tbe surface, are not widely dissimilar, but with a greater capacity for mental suffering, and a more complex world about her, sbe succumbs. Here, in spite of the dramatic power and beauty of tbe closing scenes of her life, is not the older novelist the better artist, though the more conventional one? Even at tbe expense of possible inconsistency, would not most readers prefer to let the innocent young victims of tbe System pass from under tbe shadow of their wrongs and finally reap the benefit of what life holds of good? One somehow feels entitled to just rewards and retributions in the story world, and the conclusion of "Richard Feverel" seems needlessly painful.

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Philadelphia, November 3.

WESTERN RAILWAYS AND FARMING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In the *Nation* of September 22 an editorial note calls attention to the work certain Eastern railways are doing for tbe improvement of farming in the districts served by them, and suggests that some Western roads might take a lesson from this. Permit me to tell briefly what two Western railways are doing in Oregon and Washington to promote the same end. For two or tbree years the two leading railways of these States have run demonstration trains over their several lines in connection with the two State agricultural colleges. The object sougbt and the metbod by which it is sought will best appear from extracts from the announcements of these trains issued by tbe traffic managers. This, from tbe announcement of one of the railways for the season of 1908:

The purpose of this movement is to encourage diversified farming through a continuous occupation of the land. . . . It is believed that existing methods can be improved through rotation systems of cropping and the employment of various cultural metbods for the conservation of moisture, and the Traffic Department, witb the coöperation of the Washington Agricultural College, has organized this course for the benefit of those directly interested in agricultural pursuits.

A bulletin by tbe same railway two years later, announcing a train to be run in connection with the Oregon Agricultural College, shows a marked development in the movement, in the amount of time given, in the extent of territory covered, and in the number of subjects presented, with a corresponding increase in the number of men from the Agricultural College and experiment stations accompanying the train as demonstrators and lecturers:

Among the subjects to be discussed, according to the conditions in each locality, may be mentioned the following: Poultry, dairying, horticulture, more and better live stock, chemistry of the soil, rotation of crops, conservation of moisture, general cultural methods.

An announcement by the otber railway of a similar train showed the equipment furnished by the companies:

It will consist of one stock car, one flat car, tbree large baggage cars, and coaches for the accommodation of the party in charge. The equipment covers in a very thorough manner dairying, poultry, horticulture, forage crops, soils. The stock-car will carry good and poor dairy cows for demonstration purposes, and first-class beef-type cows, and representative individuals of some of our leading breeds of sheep.

To these demonstration trains a hearty reception has been given by the people in all sections of the two States. They are likely for some years to come to be regarded by the colleges as valuable opportunities for agricultural college extension, and by the railways as an effective means of tbe intensive development of the country they serve. J. R. WILSON.

Portland, Ore., October 29.

CALENDAR REFORM IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: We have all been confused by the appearance of Christmas on a different week-day each year, by the coming of Thanksgiving on a different day of the month each year, by the variable recurrence of school terms, election dates, etc. If the German reformers agree among themselves and tben bring the rest of the civilized world to tbeir way of tbinking, all tbese difficulties will vanish.

Delegate Pachnike, in tbe Prussian Abgeordnetenbaus, has already demanded that that body take action on such a reform, and tbe mathematicians are busy all over Germany with plans for effecting the desired regularity. Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, in the *Kölniscbe Volkszeitung*, proposes to call New Year's Day zero (0), which will leave the counted days 364 in number and begin each year with tbe same day of the week. Most of the calculators do substantially the same thing, but dispose in various fasbions of tbe additional uncounted day wbich appears with the leap years. Elsa Koopman, in *Monismus*, suggests that the leap-days be allowed to accumulate for twenty-eigbt years, and then be disposed of in an uncounted "leap-week." She would set her calendar in motion with 1911, tbus throwing her leap-years 1939, 1967, 1995, 2023, etc. She would omit tbe Sunday as Herr von Hesse-Wartegg proposes, would give January, April, July, and October thirty-one days each, the other months thirty; would set Sunday, April 14, as Easter; Cbristmas for tbe fourth Tuesday of December, Thanksgiving for tbe 29th of November. Her January, April, July, and October begin on Monday; February, May, August, and November on Thursday; March, June, September, and December on Saturday.

It is doubtful whether the standing still of tbe calendar for a week every twenty-eighth year would not occasion more confusion than the present arrangement. A calendar wbich accomplishes all that she can claim for hers and would promise to operate with less difficulty, could be constructed as follows: Apportion the months as Fräulein Koopman proposes, tben begin with a year tbat comes in on Sunday, as she does—1911, 1922, 1928, etc.—but leave an uncounted day between December and January, and in leap-years another between June and July. We may call the extra days New Year's Day and Leap Year's Day, and thus locate tbem adequately without numbers. Tbe first montb of each quarter begins witb Sunday, the second with Wednesday, and tbe tbird with Friday.

A division substantially like this has met with general favor and is possibly tbe calendar of the future.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Magdeburg, Germany, October 22.

"THE STORY OF AL RAOUI."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: I have been making some investigations which lead me to the conclusion that William Beckford was not the writer of this little work. As the volume is now very rare, I transcribe the title-page of my own copy:

The Story of Al Raoui, a tale from tbe Arabic. Second edition. London: printed by C. Whittingham, Dean Street, Fetter Lane; for C. Geisweiler, Pall Mall; sold also by G. G. and J. Robinson, and H. D. Symonds, Paternoster Row; J. Richardson, Royal Exchange; G. C. Keil, Magdeburg; B. G. Hoffman, Hamburg; G. J. Goeschen, and J. G. Beygang, Leipzig. 1799. 8vo. pp. 59.

The book is entirely anonymous. The

dedication is merely signed, "The Translator." The volume comprises an English version, "The Story of Al Raoui" (pp. 10-24), a German version (pp. 25-44), and Verses (pp. 45-59). There were two editions issued in the same year. In the catalogue of the British Museum the book is entered under "Raoui," but in the Dyce and Forster copies at the South Kensington Museum, there are MS. notes attributing it to Beckford.

In the preface to the first English edition of "Vathek" Henley—not Beckford—professes that "the original of the following story, with some others of a similar kind, collected in the East by a man of letters was communicated to the editor above three years ago." Beckford rightly asserted that "Vathek" was not a translation but an original work.

In Ouseley's Oriental Collections, January-February-March, 1798 (Vol. II, No. i, p. 30) there is a table of contents of Jonathan Scott's MS. of the "Arabian Nights," and this includes the "Story of a lover whose mistress was killed by a lion." This story is printed with the Arabic text in No. iii, July-August-September, 1798, p. 349. It is No. 145 in W. F. Kirby's "Bibliography of the Arabian Nights." From this we may conclude that the decision to print this version was reached between March and September, 1798.

The story (which has strong resemblance to the Pyramus and Thisbe theme) has suffered at the hands of some of the editors and translators. One calls it the history of a courtier, which it is not; another calls it the history of a courtezan, which is still more inaccurate. Another turns Al Raoui into Al-Kavi. The "Story of Al Raoui" may mean the story of the story-teller or it may mean the story told by the story-teller. (See Chauvin: "Bibliographie Arabe," V, 117.)

The indications seem to point to Henley and not Beckford. Dyce and Forster may have been led by the mention of "Vathek" in the preface to regard "Al Raoui" as by the same author. There is another curious point. The *Monthly Review* for May, 1772, contains a notice of an anonymous poem entitled "Conjugal Love," which appeared at Cambridge in 1772. This stanza is cited:

> Then in my boys, some lovely maid I'll woo,
> Whose virtues and whose form resemble thine;
> While in your girls, shall pay his court to you,
> Some honest youth, whose bosom throbs like mine.

On which the critic quotes a verse from Gilbert Cooper's "Winifreda":

> And when with envy Time transported,
> Shall think to rob us of our joys;
> You'll in your girls again be courted,
> And I'll go wooing in my boys.

Now the poem on "Conjugal Love" identified by this quotation, appears on p. 48 of "Al Raoui." In a prefatory note we are told that "the verses which follow were long ago printed, but with more defects than their own. They are here annexed for the sake of correcting them." In 1772 Beckford, who was a boy of thirteen, was not likely to be writing and printing a poem on conjugal love. On the other hand, there is a difficulty in the fact that Henley in that year was out of England. He was then professor of moral philosophy at Williamsburg, Va. He may, however, have sent his MS. to some Cambridge friend, and his distance from the press would perhaps account for the mistakes of which he complains. Could not some one on your side of the Atlantic give information as to the Rev. Samuel Henley's American career? At present all that seems to be known is that he printed some sermons while still at the Virginian college. The probability that Henley was the author is very much strengthened, if not made absolutely certain, by the fact that "Al Raoui" was publicly attributed to him in the year of its publication. It was noticed in the *Magazin Encyclopédique* (v. année, tome 4, pp. 286-287), by A. L. Millin, who unhesitatingly speaks of "la traduction angloise de ce conte Arabe, par M. Henley." And Millin liked the story so well that he inserted a French translation of it in the same volume (p. 343). The reference to this French critique I owe to Professor Chauvin's remarkable "Bibliographie Arabe," and I have to thank his courtesy for a transcript of the article.

It is most likely that "Al Raoui" is a result of the Oriental studies of Beckford and Henley, and had remained in the hands of the latter for the sixteen years or so he mentions. This would give about 1783 as the date of composition of the little book. It looks as though Henley, when he knew that another version of the Arabic tale was likely to appear, could not resist the temptation of getting his own out in advance.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Manchester, England, October 28.

CREVECŒUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For several years past I have been collecting material toward a biography of St. John de Crèvecœur, who was appointed consul to this country from France at the close of the American revolution, but who is better known as the author of the "Letters from an American Farmer." Nearly a thousand items have been gathered together in the bibliography relating to Crèvecœur, containing the various editions of his works, letters and dispatches, published and unpublished, which refer to him in any way, newspaper articles by him and about him, criticisms, notices, reviews, etc. In order to make this bibliography and the work which depends upon it as complete as may be, I should be grateful to hear through your readers of any further sources of material relating to Crèvecœur. Although many of his letters have come to light during this investigation, only one has come to my notice in this city. This is to be found among manuscripts recently given to the Lenox library by Mr. J. P. Morgan.

J. P. MITCHELL.

No. 430 West 118th Street, New York, November 3.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. Since industrial education means giving a "practical" training for the ordinary man's life-work, no intelligent man will deny its advantages. Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and any system of education which does not consider seriously this necessity is valueless. But industrial education does not cover the whole ground of "practical" education. A man may be an expert mechanic, and yet his skill will not suffice him if he commits murder or theft. In other words, every man is not merely a working animal, but he must be at the same time a social, a political, and a moral animal. This "practical" lesson can be best impressed by the judicious study of the record of human experience in history and literature. Industrial education is a good thing, but not at the expense of liberal education, for this, too, is a part of "practical" education.

The young man who is being trained to skill with his hands should not be deluded into believing that it is all the education he needs. Since the beginning of time there have been thousands of good workmen for every one good thinker; but progress and civilization are due to the thinkers. Surely progress and civilization are "practical" results.

JOHN PATTERSON,

University of Louisville, November 1.

Literature.

POLK'S DIARY.

The Diary of James K. Polk During His Presidency, 1845-1849. Edited by Milo M. Quaife; with an introduction by Andrew C. McLaughlin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 4 vols. $20 net.

The conditions under which Polk became President made it difficult for him to fill the office successfully. As a Jackson man he had the opposition of Calhoun, and as the one who took the prize from Van Buren, he could not have hearty support from the New Yorker. He thus had two Democratic factions against him at a time when the Whigs needed but a few votes to control the Senate. Besides Calhoun, three powerful party leaders were to be conciliated. Benton, strong with the older Jackson group, was an original Van Buren man. He was getting old, had his whims and his pride, and did not easily submit himself to leadership. He never supported Polk heartily. Buchanan and Cass, both aspirants for the Presidency, were too busy with their own prospects to unite cordially with the President for a party policy. Altogether, the situation was too complex for a man of Polk's ability. His "Diary" is witness to his perplexity.

The first trouble was in connection with the Oregon question. By the Democratic platform, which he accepted, he was pledged to demand fifty-four degrees forty minutes. Cass and the Northwest supported the demand. The extreme Southerners were willing to take less, some of them favoring the Columbia River. Polk, ever a nationalist, had to reconcile the two sides; for he could get no bill passed without the consent of both. Fifty-four degrees forty minutes meant war with England, and war could not be declared or fought without the consent of the South. Polk took a practical position, and renewed Tyler's

offer of the forty-ninth parallel to Puget Sound. It was rejected with scorn. He then recommended Congress to give the necessary year's notice for ending the joint occupation of Oregon and taking steps to establish our sole jurisdiction there. He thought that if England saw we were in earnest, she would settle the matter amicably. The plan required unity and promptness; but the disaffected men in the party supported it most grudgingly, delaying action for more than five months, until England doubted if Polk's plan would succeed at all. In the meantime, some important nominations were defeated in the Senate, through a combination of Whigs and insurgent Democrats. Buchanan gave most trouble. Although Secretary of State, he constantly desired compromise and was overruled by the President. At last it was evident that England would accept the offer she rejected the preceding summer. Polk now took the dignified position that the proposition come from the other side. Buchanan thought we should renew our offer. He was exceedingly anxious to get the affair off the political stage. Polk overruled him, but found it necessary to exercise the most careful scrutiny of the dispatches lest the Secretary of State should give the intimation of retraction which England might make a basis for renewing the negotiation. At last, he forced that Power to accept a treaty which proved satisfactory to all but the Northwest. It was charged later that he sacrificed Oregon in the interest of the South. His "Diary" shows that he of all Southerners was most bent on a firm policy with England.

The "Diary" throws little new light on the Mexican war, but it proves that Polk was not an ardent pro-slavery man. He was of the school of Jackson, opposed to Calhoun and loyal to the Union. He was an expansionist and a nationalist. He wanted California to complete our Pacific coast-line. He would purchase it, if he could, and fight for it if he must. In the same way, he desired Cuba. But he says nothing to show that his motive was chiefly to extend slavery. On the contrary, that desire is not mentioned, and it seems to have been incidental merely. Like other expansionists, ancient and modern, he was not scrupulous in his methods.

He thought the Wilmot Proviso a political trick to discredit certain Presidential aspirants, and he regretted the serious manner in which some Southerners took it. He even pronounced their action selfish and malicious. He opposed the meeting to protest against the opposition to slavery in the District of Columbia. The best way, he said, to preserve the interests of the South was to maintain the Democratic party as a national organization. Let the meeting, if it must be, appeal to the sense of fairness in the sober men in the North, let it express confidence in them and not indulge in threats or recrimination. Calhoun's resolutions, he thought, tended to disunion through their influence on the people of the South.

The best thing in the book is the revelation of the man who wrote it. He had industry, patience, capacity in detail, good judgment, fairness to his associates, and loyalty to party. He was an excellent husband, a faithful churchgoer, with Methodist inclinations, and a gentleman in both public and personal affairs. Courage, or pertinacity, was his strongest quality. He was not mentally broad, he knew not how to dominate others, and he shows little magnanimity. He had the ordinary human virtues, and the ordinary human failings. He was President through accident, but in the period from Jackson to Lincoln, there was not a larger man at the head of the government.

Polk gives us a useful picture of Cabinet proceedings. He submitted to his advisers all kinds of business. They passed on the selection of a new Cabinet member as well as on a policy of state. He repeats with fulness what he said to his associates, but says little about their replies. From this report, they seem to have been a complaisant group, all but Buchanan, who is presented as capricious, selfish, and inconsistent. "Mr. Buchanan," we read, "is an able man, but is in small matters without judgment and sometimes acts like an old maid."

The most persistent note in the narrative is the complaint against office-seekers. From the beginning to the end of the Administration he was beset by applicants. "Lazy loafers" and "my old customers," he called them; and it was a good day when he did not have to give two hours to their requests. Probably the patronage was then at its lowest plane. Partisanship was rampant, and men applied for place who had not the slightest notion what they wanted or what they could do. One applicant had heard that some treaties were to be made and thought he would be a good hand at making one. The hunger of the office-seekers, said Polk, was our greatest political danger. It disorganized parties, defeated important measures, and impaired the civil service. He vowed that after his retirement he would write an exposition of the evil for the enlightenment of the people. Unfortunately, he died before he could perform the vow.

It is natural to compare him with other prominent American diarists. He is more subjective than John Quincy Adams and not so versatile; but he wrote when public men seem smaller and less cultured. He is as straightforward as Adams and less given to personal antipathies. As a record of Cabinet activity, the "Diary" is very valuable, but in this respect, it is perhaps excelled by that of Gideon Welles, now being published. Polk tells what the President said in Cabinet, Welles tells what all the members said.

Polk's "Diary" covers the period from August 26, 1845, to June 2, 1849. Thirteen days after it ceased, the author died of cholera. For the years included, it is an important source of information. Several recent writers have used it in manuscript. Its publication extends its area of usefulness. The publishers are to be commended for using good paper and handsome type; but the index is inadequate and most of the editor's notes are perfunctory.

CURRENT FICTION.

Burning Daylight. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In "Martin Eden" this brilliant short-story teller produced a novel which, however fantastic, was not of the sort to be laid down half-read, or forgotten on the instant of its completion. "Burning Daylight" has some points in common with it. Elam Harnish is an Alaskan pioneer who foresees, and makes a fortune out of, the gold strike at the Yukon. Having proved himself the best man on the frontier, he leaves it, with his eleven millions, to see what he can prove himself in civilized life. There takes place no such while-you-wait conversion into a man of brilliant accomplishments and profound culture as fell to the experience of Mr. Martin Eden. Mr. Elam Harnish (known throughout Alaska as "Burning Daylight") acquires the tailoring and superficial manners of the cities, but remains himself. By nature a gambler, the only question he asks is what game he shall play. All business presents itself to him as gambling, and he quickly makes up his mind that the players are a far less "square" lot than his old antagonists at the Klondike. A supposed friend robs him of half a million; and three Eastern financiers lure him on to New York with the express intention of stripping him bare. They do get his fortune, whereupon he gets it back by a delightfully (if impossibly) direct Western method.

He goes back to the Pacific Coast hardened and sharpened as a player at the money game. His days are given to battle, and his evenings to the drink which supplies the necessary "inhibitions" to his over-active brain, and so finally wins him sleep before the next day's fight. He constitutes himself the enemy of the big operators, the owners of corporations, and the manipulators of trade. In short, it is his professed purpose to rob those who rob the poor; but he is really more anxious to beat them than to protect their victims. He becomes steadily coarsened, loses the splendid physical strength which has made him the hero of the Northwest,

and is on the road to the gross estate of the money-hog, when the love of woman saves him. He suddenly wakes to the situation, tosses away his millions, and flees with his bride to a ranch in the hills, where he earns a sufficient living by his own labor, wins back his old strength of body and youth of spirit, and becomes more than ever a man.

The remarkable thing is that, as Mr. London tells the story, not one reader in fifty will be disposed to regard Daylight's act as anything but inevitable and sensible. A possibly unnecessary touch of melodrama is supplied at the last moment by Daylight's discovery of a marvellous vein of gold on his ranch, his momentary excitement, and his final concealment of the fact, even from his wife. But this is by all odds the most interesting, as well as most wholesome, long story Mr. London has written.

The Rosary. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

If cleanliness is the sole requisite in a novel—and there are novels which make one think so—then "The Rosary" is entitled to unmixed praise. Besides being clean, it is single-minded and high-souled. It tells a tale of faithful love and self-denial. It enters as an expert into the experiences of the blind. It pictures men, women, places, and a parrot with a touch both light and sweet, and sometimes humorous. It is definitely religious in tone without cant. Thus much is but justice to the story. Justice to the reader requires mention of the gush, mush, slush of sentiment in which the story is served. There is gush musical centring in one song and one hymn which sound throughout the book; gush medical, matrimonial, Platonic. Much gush over Jane, the plain, massive, gentlemanly-lady heroine. She wears thoroughly described and perfectly fitting clothes. She is triumphantly athletic. Her "large capable hands" figure so often in the story that one receives the impression of a lady Briareus in golf skirts. She is proverbially plain, but highly captivating and atmospherically admonitory to boy-kind. She calls her friends "Boy," or "Dear Boy," or—to her subsequent sorrow and chastisement—"Mere Boy." In her capable, tailor-made way she has inspired all the good deeds of the story. Orderlies, doctors, and soldiers in Africa would have given their right hands for her. The flagging tennis player at the sound of "that dear voice" saying, "Play up, Dal!" smiled, and with a lightning-like serve won game and set. With one singing of a song she can sing an old comrade into an entirely new state of exaltation over her so that he exclaims in a low voice, vibrant with emotion—"My God! Oh, my God!" Yet this same lover three years later can be deceived into thinking for weeks that the voice of the nurse who is ministering to his blindness is not his Jane's, and that that voice proceeds from the supposed low altitude of a "little dainty person" and not from Jane's five feet eleven inches. Possibly three years of battening on two articles of musical diet had blunted his ear. At the wedding we have sentiment sandwiched with vaudeville, the old Scotch nurse following the ceremony audibly, the English duchess giving her niece away with a short comic speech. For those who like five lumps of sugar in their music and their emotions it is the very book.

Freda. By Katherine Tynan. New York: Cassell & Co.

From the anguished moment when the lonely, ill-used orphan of eleven is rescued from beneath the cane of the debilitated villain—chivalrously rescued by Lionel Dampier, "young, handsome, generous"—to the ecstatic instant nine years later when "she held his face away from her with her two hands," all that transpires is, in the author's explicit phrase and the sage judgment of sweet sixteen, precisely *comme il faut.* Freda's life was not monotonous: she outlived the debilitated villain and the effects of hard usage, profited by the education of a *jeune fille,* with British independence turned her back on France and a French *parti,* scoured London for proof of her parentage, narrowly escaped being murdered in the slums of the East End, served luxuriously as lady's companion in a country house, single-handed captured a burglar, held at her mercy the wicked uncle who had usurped her patrimony, did good to her surviving enemies, married Lionel Dampier—maintaining throughout an aspect of enchanting loveliness and a demeanor irreproachably, adorably, *absolument, comme il faut.*

Jeunes filles can safely rely on "Freda" as a book of correct usages. In cases of debated identity "a Debrett" and Who's Who supply the only authentic clues. No such thing as a spade is ever rudely mentioned by its ugly name. Thugs and burglars are mercifully "put away" in prison. The least exalted sensations are recorded in classic phrase—even the fainting villain "knew nothing more until the late afternoon sky . . . *swam into his ken.*"

Storm and Treasure. By H. C. Bailey. New York: Brentano's.

The French Revolution continues to present itself to the ardent romancer as a fruitful field for his more or less ingenuous activities. The "Tale of Two Cities" did not exhaust the possibilities of the scene or the action of that spectacular drama. Many later stories of the Revolution have hung more closely to the fact—not a few of them far too closely, after all, since a romance is not a monograph in disguise. Mr. Bailey's instinct has led him to avoid the greater revolutionary figures as puppets for his action. And in choosing a hero like his Vicomte de Jan he has given an "up-to-date" flavor to the old story. The Vicomte de Jan, indeed, is the whimsical, indecisive, irresponsible hero of this present hour—a Septimus or Senhouse with sword and queue. He is the son of a noble who has fled from the Vendée to England. The Vicomte is summoned to play his part in that beggarly Grand Army of the Vendée which is making unreasonable headway against the republican forces. The vicomte drifts vaguely into the thick of the conflict, to find himself disgusted with the brutality and banality of it all. He declines the post of honor which is offered him at the head of his fellow-Vendéans, and expresses his opinion of them very frankly. But there is a girl of good blood among their leaders, who scorns him for his indifference to the cause. Of course, she is really attracted to him and he to her. To rescue her, he presently finds himself fighting: they are both captured by the republicans, and condemned to death. Needless to say, they escape, to suffer manifold adventures, and to be permanently united in the end, after the fashion of the youth and the maiden since romance began. The story is told with unusual buoyancy, and the Vicomte de Jan and his ally, Mr. Wild, are not less witty than their prototypes (for that is the word to use) in current fiction.

The Meddlings of Eve. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The meddlings of Eve and her somewhat consciously quaint chronicler, Adam, with the love affairs of certain acquaintances, give this book whatever substance it may be said to have. The "clammer" here maintains his sprightliness, if with perhaps a trace of effort. The setting is the familiar one, that idyllic abode of Adam and Eve, fronted with Adam's clam-bed and, beyond, with an incidental ocean; and flanked by the magnificence of "Old Goodwin." Old Goodwin plays his whimsically benevolent part in the present leisurely action, the most blameless ogre that ever gnashed his teeth in print. To him Eve owes that balmy background of millions which gives her own personal idyl its timeliness. Where would be the peculiar piquancy in the relation of the paradisiacal pair if she were the daughter of another clammer, professional or amateur? We here find their existence in continued oscillation between clam-bed and motor-car, love in a cottage and love à la mode. The latter species of passion, to be sure, directly concerns other persons, but they themselves are delightedly involved in its conduct. Of course, everything comes out according to Eve's moving and Adam's seconding.

There seems to be no reason why Mr. Hopkins should not go on indefinitely with the mild adventures of this ingenious pair. But it is not well that a work of whimsical sentiment should have too many sequels. "Sentimental Tommy" came to a timely end; and the "Bachelor" fortunately did not carry his reveries beyond their second series.

The Siege of the Seven Suitors. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A witty and wise gentleman whose business it is to cure smoky chimneys goes out to the house of an eccentric and wealthy old lady in Westchester County to deal with a flue that has fallen into inexplicably bad habits. The old lady has with her a niece whom she is determined to marry after a crotchety scheme of her own, which is the occasion of the seven suitors and of the chimney-man's surprising adventures. The besieged niece, by the way, has a sister who has a share in the adventures and in the adventurer's fate.

The interest of the tale is in the fantastically whimsical manner that Mr. Locke has made so popular. Mr. Nicholson's humor is a trifle thin if compared with that of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "Septimus," and will, we suspect, meet with very different acceptance from different readers. Those who take up the book in the right mood and bring to it a proper and docile fancy of their own, will find it charming and refreshing. Some of them may even be tempted to hunt for the mysterious Asolando café somewhere just off Fifth Avenue, though that haunt of virgin æsthetes makes a pretty strong demand on the most willing reader's imagination. Mr. Nicholson's style—and style is everything in this sort of writing—would profit if, out of deference to Lindley Murray, he would learn not to say, "It was ordered . . . that you become." That is the first sentence in the book, and it is not the only example of false sequence of tenses.

DR. JOHNSON.

Six Essays on Johnson. By Walter Raleigh. New York: Henry Frowde.

If, as the saying goes, to abuse Boileau *porte malheur*, it is equally true, and for somewhat the same reason, that to praise Dr. Johnson brings good luck. There is a tonic quality in his wisdom and in his intellectual veracity which saves the critic from the pitfalls that waylay him when dealing with more imaginative writers. Professor Raleigh always has himself pretty well in hand, even when he writes under the spell of the Wordsworth cult, but he is particularly sound in these six essays which treat various aspects of Johnson's life and works. We get the keynote of his criticism in the opening essay, which was delivered as the first Leslie Stephen lecture at the University of Cambridge. "A commonplace, I take it," he there says, "is an oft-repeated truth which means nothing to the hearer of it. But for the most perfect kind of commonplace we must enlarge this definition by adding that it means nothing also to the speaker of it. . . . Almost every number of the *Rambler* contains reflections and thoughts which cease to be commonplace when the experiences that suggested them are remembered." There is, perhaps, a hitch in Professor Raleigh's logic as it is set down, but at bottom he answers a question which every reader of Johnson must have asked himself many times. The *Rambler* and, to a less extent, Johnson's other works are filled with solemn reflections on the oldest and tritest of themes—on death and time and the vanity of life and the deceitfulness of the human heart and the consolations of religion. There is no attempt to renovate these ancientest of topics by paradox or unexpected applications, and the language is often slow and sometimes overweighted. Why, then, do these commonplace reflections on man and the world have to the true Johnsonian a meaning and a power of conviction that make the cleverness of England's modern school of essayists seem like the crackling of thorns under an empty pot? Professor Raleigh suggests the true answer. It is because, however they may sound to the inexperienced reader, they were not commonplaces to Johnson himself, but the fruit of vivid personal experience. His philosophy might be described as the sublime of the commonplace. So it is that Dr. Johnson has "come to be regarded as a kind of Chairman to humanity, whose business it is to cry 'Order, Order,' an embodiment of corporate tradition and the settled wisdom of the ages."

There is much else to commend in Professor Raleigh's essays, as he takes up the discussion of Johnson's style and other topics of the kind. His estimate of the "Lives" is admirable, and we like particularly his sturdy defence of Johnson as the critic of Shakespeare. After comparing two statements from Johnson and Coleridge and showing that the earlier critic has not been superseded, Professor Raleigh, who has shown himself in his other books to be in no wise blind to the virtues of the romantic movement, continues:

> He has been neglected and depreciated ever since the nineteenth century brought in the new æsthetic and philosophical criticism. The twentieth century, it seems likely, will treat him more respectfully. The romantic attitude begins to be fatiguing. The great romantic critics, when they are writing at their best, do succeed in communicating to the reader those thrills of wonder and exaltation which they have felt in contact with Shakespeare's imaginative work. This is not a little thing to do; but it cannot be done continuously, and it has furnished the workaday critic with a vicious model. There is a taint of insincerity about romantic criticism, from which not even the great romantics are free. They are never in danger from the pitfalls that waylay the plodding critic; but they are always falling upward, as it were, into vacuity. They love to lose themselves in an *O altitudo.* From the most worthless material they will fashion a new hasty altar to the unknown God. When they are inspired by their divinity, they say wonderful things; when the inspiration fails them their language is maintained at the same height, and they say more than they feel. You can never be sure of them.

On one or two points we might take issue with Professor Raleigh. In his zeal for the great Cham he even questions Boswell's account of Johnson's voracity. Now, Macaulay's paraphrase of Boswell, which represents Johnson as "tearing his meat like a tiger and swallowing his tea in oceans," is—just a bit of Macaulay's rhetoric. But there is too much confirmation of Boswell's picture—by Chesterfield, for instance, whom, perhaps as an enemy of Johnson, Professor Raleigh does not mention—to suppose it is not true. It is a more serious, and quite unnecessary, error into which Professor Raleigh falls when he compares the attitude of authors toward pay for their work with the attitude of men in business. "Yet iron-founders and cotton-brokers," he exclaims in a fit of strange excitement, "do not, in discussing the operations of their profoundly beneficent trades, express themselves wholly in terms of genius and virtue." Quite true, and neither, for that, does the self-respecting author. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the relation of a business man's work to his reward in money is totally different from that of an artist's or author's. The former is working in a field where ability and success are measured directly in pecuniary quantities, whereas with the artist pecuniary success can afford no such measure. We do not believe that Dr. Johnson would have countenanced the deductions made by his present critic from his famous remark on writing for pay.

Introduction to Political Science. By James Wilford Garner, Professor of Political Science of the University of Illinois. New York: American Book Co. $2.50.

This book, which is intended as a text-book for students, covers a wider range than is usual in treatises of the kind. After defining the scope and the methods of political science, it treats of the nature, form, constitution, and the essential elements of the state, and of the various theories propounded as to its origin and proper functions. It also includes chapters on the distribution of the powers of government, on the legis-

lative, executive, and judiciary departments, besides also treating of citizenship, nationality, and the electorate. A bibliography of the best literature in English, French, German, and Italian is placed at the head of each chapter, and many additional authorities are cited in the footnotes.

It is evident that a thorough discussion of all these subjects would be impossible. The author frankly confesses that he makes no pretension to having covered the field in an exhaustive manner. We notice, however, some omissions which should have been supplied. While there is a full discussion of the representative system, there is only an allusion to the system of direct legislation, while the referendum, the initiative, and the right of recall are dismissed with a few words and without reference to the form in which they exist at the present time. No mention is made of the official recognition of parties and the regulation of their primaries, which is one of the most characteristic features of American public law. Where the author discusses the distinction between bureaucratic and popular government, from the standpoint of the organization and spirit of the administrative service, there is nothing said of the civil-service reform, by which it is sought to secure the efficiency of bureaucratic government while avoiding its dangers.

The author expresses his dissent from those who, without regard to the actual facts, would solve political problems by the application of abstract conceptions. In discussing the theory of state functions he comes to the conclusion that no *à priori* solution of their relation can be found, and that the comprehensive ground of general expediency is alone common to them. Yet when he undertakes to discuss the doctrine of sovereignty, which he rightly characterizes as one of the most important topics, if not quite the most important, in political science, he is a doctrinaire of the doctrinaires. Sovereignty he regards as unthinkable unless it is unlimited and undivided. Even the limitations prescribed for making changes in a state's own constitutional organization are merely instances of self-limitation and not legal restrictions, since "it is a matter of common knowledge that such provisions have in the past been time and again set aside for other methods." But as the author himself says in another part of his book, this is "ignoring the fundamental distinction between power legally exercised and power usurped and illegally exercised."

Unless we go back to the theory, repudiated by the author, of the existence of a sovereignty of the people, independent of and superior to the constitution, it is difficult to say why such limitation is not a limitation in the true sense of the word. The importance of this point is perhaps merely academic. But his theory that there is no sovereignty unless it is undivided leads to serious practical results. Although he admits that text-writers and also the Supreme Court of the United States have unanimously held to the theory of the existence, under our Constitution, of a dual sovereignty, yet he cites with approval the statement of Willoughby, in his book on the "Nature of the State," to the effect that under our system the States "are not States but administrative districts with larger powers of autonomy than are given others." He adds that this is "legally an absolutely correct statement of the status of the so-called States of the American Federal Republic." But he does not adopt the view that the central government is sovereign. There is, according to him, somewhere a power over and above both which can redistribute the powers of government between them, and "wherever it is, there is the sovereign." He complains that the task of "running the sovereign to cover" is not easy, and "that it is difficult to say whether the sovereignty resides in the people of the country at large, or in the people of three-fourths of the States, or either." The difficulty would be increased if he had remembered the provision of the Constitution that no State can be deprived, without its own consent, of its equal representation in the Senate.

To us it should seem that there can be a question of seeking where the sovereignty in a state resides, only after it has first been established that we have to deal with a sovereign state. Such a search, if we agree with the conclusions of the author, that in this country we have no sovereign governmental organization at all, must be futile. Nor do we see how a concept, which has been repudiated by the Supreme Court of the United States and every court since the Constitution went into effect, can be said to be an absolutely correct statement of the law.

It may be that, in the course of evolution, the change which seems to be in accord with the wishes of the author will take place; that the nation, as a whole, will be supreme, and that the States will be administrative divisions with a certain amount of autonomy. But when the author asserts that they are so now, merely because they do not come up to his abstract definitions of sovereignty, he is guilty of the same dogmatism which he rightly condemns in others.

Romantic California. By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Ten years ago Charles Dudley Warner wrote a delightful book on Southern California which he called "Our Italy," because of climatic and other similarities. He also referred to that region as "Our New Italy without malaria," and for this lack and divers other reasons seemed to prefer it to Italy itself. Not a few Italians have apparently shared this preference; California has appealed to them because of its soft breezes, its blue sky and sea, its oranges and figs, and also because of its being a land of gold—"a bit of his own Latin land, and an adventurer's land, too." It is to these Italians that Mr. Peixotto devotes a large part of his latest volume; he searches out the veritable bits of the motherland to be found on Californian soil, and tells his readers what he has seen in these colonies that retain traditions intact, live the picturesque life of the old country, cultivate their patches of *basilico* for the *minestra*, dry their strings of garlic on the roof-tops, and mend their brown nets in the sunlight by the sea. He also takes us to the Italian quarter in San Francisco, one of the first to be rebuilt after the great fire, a region with genuine Italian *trattorie* and theatres, but with a language now getting mixed, like "Pennsylvania Dutch," as illustrated by a sign advertising apartments to rent and concluding with the information, "La chiave al janitor in rear."

Having paid his visits to the Italians, our author calls upon the Spaniards, inspecting the old missions, which are now benefiting by the spirit of conservation which has begun to sweep over the land; indulging in souvenirs of the past; and making excursions to some of the towns that retain the romantic charm of the Spanish occupation—towns whose thick-walled adobe houses are still roofed with pottery tiles, while the streets are cooled by alamedas of pepper trees and tall files of eucalypti. His next excursion is through Bret Harte's country, and in this chapter he seeks to confute those critics who maintain that that story-writer did not correctly portray the life of the early mining days. Jimtown, to be sure, is now Jamestown, and can be reached comfortably by the recently constructed Sierra railway; but Angels is still as much a mining camp as ever, and what one sees there and in other places shows that the embroidery Bret Harte put on his stories "is but a varnish over cold fact." Romantic California is further illustrated, in word and picture, by an exploration of the coast, and finally by a few days' sojourn among the seals and birds of the Farallones, thirty miles at sea from the Golden Gate—islands on which blow at times storms of such fierce intensity that the lighthouse-keepers must climb the winding path on their hands and knees. The fact that the Farallones can be visited only by special permit, difficult to obtain, will fortunately preserve them from the unhappy fate of Santa Catalina, off Los Angeles, which

has become a fashionable summer resort.

Even if the 219 pages of reading matter in this volume were less alluring, the profuse illustrations would make it a strong ally of the tourist maxim, "See America first." There are no fewer than sixty-eight of them, mostly in this artist's happiest vein, and no one, surely, can look at pictures like Strange Groves of Cypress Point, In the Gaviota Pass, Point Lobos, San Francisco Bay, Los Farallones de los Frayles, Cormorants on their Nests, Shasta, without developing an eager desire to visit these romantic spots.

The History of Gruffydd ap Cynan: The Welsh text with translation, introduction, and notes. By Arthur Jones, M.A. Manchester: University Press.

It is a satisfaction to receive from the press of the University of Manchester continued evidences of the work of the school of Celtic studies, established there by the late Prof. John Strachan. A volume by Tomás O'Maille on the language of the "Annals of Ulster," begun under Strachan's supervision, is announced to appear in the university publications, and the work now under review, together with another that is promised on the legal vocabulary of the "Black Book of Chirk," testifies to the activity of Manchester students on the Brythonic side of Celtic philology.

Mr. Jones's book is a useful, though hardly a distinguished, piece of work. The "History of Gruffydd ap Cynan" deals with an important figure in the national life of Wales during the early Norman period, and while it is by no means to be regarded as a trustworthy narrative, its testimony on many points, as Mr. Jones shows, cannot be left out of account. The material, at all events, is historical, rather than legendary, and its composition, perhaps in an earlier Latin form to which some indications point, may date from the generation just following Gruffydd. This possibility gives the document a special claim on the attention of the historian, and at the same time connects it with a period of great interest to the student of Welsh literature—with the century of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The "History of Gruffydd" has very little in common, however, with the legendary narrative of the "Historia Regum Britanniæ." It is rather to be associated, as a piece of eulogistic biography, with the numerous poems of praise written by the contemporary bards for the kings or tribal chiefs under whom they served. It makes a kind of prose counterpart to these most representative products of the Welsh poetry of the time.

Such is the interest of the document, which has been accessible hitherto only in late and inferior texts. Mr. Jones's chief service consists in having made an edition and translation from the thirteenth century MS. Peniarth 17, and supplied in his introduction and notes valuable explanatory material drawn from other histories and chronicles. He has made the work for the first time easily available for study. His translation, so far as we have examined it, is careful and trustworthy, and, in point of English style, it is better, oddly enough, than the introduction, in which the author had a freer hand at composition. The ineptness and occasional obscurity of Mr. Jones's language suggest an inexperienced writer or one not quite familiar with English idiom. The Welsh text of the "history," we have, of course, not been able to collate with its source. We have found no reason in reading it to doubt its accuracy, though it departs in trifling details from the excerpts of the same manuscript printed by Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans for the Historical Manuscripts Commission. But the typographical errors which disfigure other parts of the book (such as the omission of "been" (?) on p. 25, and the misprints 1908 for 1098 on the same page, *corum* for *eorum* on p. 22, *Gogadh* for *Cogadh* on p. 186, and *Earchmarcach* for *Eachmarcach* on p. 77) rather shake our confidence in readings that we cannot control.

The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Based chiefly upon original family letters. By Allan McLane Hamilton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

While this volume of varied interest makes no pretence of throwing a great amount of new light upon either the public career or the private life of Hamilton, it does much to complete the picture of both. We get a fresh and firmer conception, for example, of the unflinching labor which went along with Hamilton's genius in achieving what he did in the law and in statesmanship. It is made pretty plain that he had given more time, and earlier, to his legal studies than had been supposed, so that it could hardly be said, in the phrase of one of his latest biographers, Oliver, that he "began at the top of his profession." The specimen briefs and outlines of legal arguments here printed show with what care of preparation Hamilton entered court. For the rest, Dr. Hamilton draws from the family archives a store of letters and accounts relating to his grandfather's courtship and marriage, early housekeeping (specimen entries show that the high cost of living troubled people even in 1791), income from professional earnings, and so on. Particular attention is given to the duel with Burr, the conflicting testimony of the seconds being set forth fully, and the medical reports being, as is natural, carefully weighed. In the matter of Hamilton's parentage, the facts are printed without either mystery or exaggeration, so that the reader is put in a position to understand what and how little force there was in the charge that he was illegitimate. Nearly thirty illustrations and facsimiles add to the value of the book, which is handsomely printed with full appendices and an index. The author's style is adequate to the matter, but a little loose at times. Thus, in referring to Hamilton's affairs with women, his grandson speaks, with a severity which we presume was not intended, of his *lâches*. It is probable that what he had in mind was the less offensive law term, "laches."

Notes.

Chatto & Windus are publishing a handsome edition of Stevenson's "Prayers Written at Vailima," illuminated in missal style by Alberto Sangorski; also his "Virginibus Puerisque" and other essays in type designed by Herbert Horne, and in pocket form "Father Damien" and "Talk and Talkers."

Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane," with illustrations in color by Harrison Fisher and Arthur Keller, is in the hands of the same house.

Dr. Gollancz, who has been appointed director of the Early English Text Society, has induced the society to issue, as a memorial to the late director, Dr. Furnivall, the founder of the society, facsimiles of great MSS. of old English literature. Donations to the fund may be sent to Dr. Gollancz at King's College, London.

"The Life and Times of the Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes, 1853-1902," by Sir Lewis Mitchell of the Executive Council of Cape Colony; "Edgar Allan Poe: A Critical Study," by Arthur Ransome, are announced for immediate publication by Mitchell Kennerly. Somewhat later will appear a series of essays entitled "Interpreters of Life," written by Prof. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina, on George Meredith, George Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck, Wilde, and Ibsen.

Admiral Paulding, U. S. N., is the subject of a biography by his daughter, Rebecca P. Meade, announced for early publication by the Baker & Taylor Company, who will also issue "The Paper of Lending Library Books," by Cedric Chivers.

Richard W. Hale of No. 60 State Street, Boston, American secretary and treasurer of the Selden Society, advises us that the delayed volumes of the publications of that society for 1909 and 1910 are expected before the end of the year.

Longmans, Green, & Company have become agents in the United States for the sale of the publications of the University of Manchester. The same firm has arranged with the trustees of William Morris for the publication of a collected edition of his works in twenty-four volumes. The edition will be limited to one thousand and fifty copies.

B. W. Dodge & Company will publish this month "The Memoirs of Prince John de Guelph," and "When Cattle Kingdom

Fell," by J. R. Stafford, a story of Western life.

"Hidden Water," by Dane Coolidge, is in the press of A. C. McClurg & Company.

Wallace Irwin is publishing with B. W. Huebsch "The Teddysee," an epic of "Big Noise."

T. Fisher Unwin has in preparation "The Unfolding of Personality," by H. Thiselton Mark.

At the first meeting of the new session of the British Academy, on November 16, Prof. W. P. Ker will deliver the first Warton lecture, on "Thomas Warton and the Poetry of the Middle Ages."

A "Scots Dialect Dictionary," compiled by the Rev. Alexander Warrack, with an Introduction by W. Grant of Aberdeen, will be issued before Christmas by W. & R. Chambers.

The third volume of papers bearing on the war of 1870, which are published by the French government, is in the press. It is one of a series of probably twenty volumes, which are to be issued in the next ten or fifteen years.

There were 83 Rhodes scholars from the United States in residence at Oxford during the academic year 1909-10, with 79 from the colonies and 12 from Germany. Jurisprudence was the course of study pursued by the largest number, and a student from Washington, F. D. Metzger, gained the highest honor in it, natural science and history being the subjects ranking next in popularity.

The Berlin Academy has commissioned Dr. Kuno Meyer of Liverpool University to arrange for the publication of the manuscripts of the late Prof. Heinrich Zimmer, the well-known Celticist. Their subjects are, roughly: the earliest Irish literature; Patrick (a work embodying exhaustive investigations); the Celts and the Urbevölkerung, treating of the Zahlensystem Zeiteinteilung, matriarchy, polyandry, etc.; the so-called Celtic spirit in English and French literature (in opposition to Matthew Arnold); the abuse of the term Celtic; notes on Irish and Welsh grammar; the Arthurian legend, etc., etc. The complete works will be printed by the academy in their original form; the unfinished papers are to be edited by Dr. Meyer and brought out in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie* (Max Niemeyer, Halle).

One dramatist's method of starting to work on a play is suggestive of Freytag's formulas of rising and falling movements, climaxes, and catastrophes. As described by Vanderheyden Fyles, in an article entitled "Dramatists at Work" in the November *Metropolitan*, Eugene Presbrey first draws a diagram. He begins with a line representing the desired rise and fall of dramatic interest. "The effect suggests the record of a fever patient's temperature on a trained nurse's chart; the previously blocked-out acts—three, four, or five—corresponding to the hours on the chart. Then Mr. Presbrey returns to his starting point and traces lighter lines representing the different characters, and showing where they rise and fall with the main story; where meet; where separate; where cross; where end." But this is a very individual method. Most playwrights seem to have a rather haphazard way, not only of beginning, but even more, of ending, the final form of the play often not being determined until after actual presentation before an unconsciously collaborating audience has disclosed its real weaknesses. Pinero is another exception: "The peculiarity (and confident daring) of the system lies in the fact that the playwright finishes each act as completely, as irrevocably, as though it was a drama in itself. . . . Once he regards it finished, he has it printed and turns to the next act."

The extraordinary amount of knowledge displayed in Dante's works has been as puzzling to his commentators as the like phenomenon in Shakespeare's plays. Bruni, in his "Life of Dante," explains that "by study of philosophy, theology, astrology, arithmetic, and geometry, by reading histories, by turning over many and varied books, by vigil and sweat in his studies, he acquired the knowledge which he was to adorn and expound in his verse"; but this is lacking in details of time and place. Barbara Smythe, in "Notes on Dante's Education," in the last number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, thinks it may be safest to assume that the poet was almost entirely self-taught. "That Brunetto encouraged him in his studies, as Bruni tells us, is likely enough; that he actually gave him instruction is improbable." How long and at what time he studied at the Universities of Bologna and Padua are uncertain, despite the testimony of Boccaccio as to the former and of Benvenuto da Imola as to the latter. Boccaccio's words are not precise: "The first elements, as above set forth, he got in his own native city; and thence, as to a place richer in such food, he repaired to Bologna; and when already verging towards age he went to Paris." Benvenuto is more definite. "In his youth he studied natural philosophy in Florence, Bologna, and Padua." But, while certain passages in the "Commedia" support the last quotation in its reference to Bologna, there is no known proof of Dante's having studied at Padua "in his youth." The probability is "that he went there in 1306." His statements that Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ" and Cicero's "De Amicitia" were unknown to him until he was twenty-five years old, and that he had not previously studied philosophy at all, make it plain that he had received no learned education in his youth, but do not necessarily preclude the possibility of his having been at a university. Much would depend upon what he studied while he was there.

For Petrarch's little-known "Secretum" Prof. J. H. Robinson, in the *Romanic Review*, claims the distinction of being the earliest example of honest and comprehensive self-analysis that we possess. In three short dialogues between St. Augustine and himself, Petrarch reveals the bitter conflict in the breast of the "first modern" between temporal ambition, a doubting desire for literary fame, and the mediæval view of life as a mere probation. Augustine points out the dangers of Petrarch's inability to carry through his ascetic meditations, adding:

> So it comes to pass that, as many things brought into a narrow space are sure to interfere with one another, so your mind is too choked up for anything useful to take root or grow. You have no settled plan, but are turned hither and thither in an amazing whirl; your energies are never concentrated; you are never wholly yourself.

It is the trivial anxieties of ambition that distract him:

> And your reading, what does it profit you? From the mass that you have read how much sticks in your mind, how much takes root and brings forth fruit in its season? Examine your mind carefully, and you will find that all you know, if compared with your ignorance, would bear to it the same relation as that borne to the ocean by a tiny brook shrunk by the summer heats.

Petrarch pleads a consciousness of his own insignificance, really, he is told, the most noxious form of pride. Augustine encourages the allegorical interpretation of Vergil, no matter whether Vergil himself when he wrote thought of it or not. Professor Robinson's analysis of the "Secretum" is to be continued.

The Voltaires, Rousseaus, and Montesquieus of Southern secession have not unnaturally been somewhat neglected for the Dantons and Mirabeaus. In an article in the current number of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, Henry G. Ellis partly supplies this lack of attention by a consideration of the "Influence of Industrial and Educational Leaders on the Secession of Virginia." The divergence between the eastern and the western sections of the State was clearly shown in "the acrimonious discussion that preceded disunion." Each section had its industrial and educational leaders. When the slavery question began to eclipse in interest the tariff, Thomas R. Dew, professor of political economy at William and Mary, became an active pamphleteer defender of the "peculiar institution." His "Essay on Slavery" appeared in 1833, and, long before his death in 1848, what he wrote was "read with avidity and eagerly adopted by many of the slave-holders of the entire South." The leading exponent of the western section was also a prominent educator. In 1847 the Rev. Henry Ruffner, D.D., published "An Address" which he had delivered at Lexington. "This was the famous Ruffner Pamphlet, and it became, to a large extent, the gospel of the west." Ruffner spoke solely as an economist, denouncing slavery as an economic evil. Following the appearance of this pamphlet, a new leader arose in eastern Virginia, this time an industrial representative, Edmund Ruffin, who, besides being a practical planter, for years had been an authority in agricultural matters from New England to Georgia. He had grown rich through slavery, and his experience thus joined with his editorial training in enabling him to defend his views with a reasoning at once forcible and clear. In December, 1856, he published in the Richmond *Enquirer* an "Essay on the Causes and Consequences of the Independence of the South." This was followed in 1857 by a pamphlet entitled "The Political Economy of Slavery, or the Institution Considered in Regard to Its Influence on Public Wealth and the General Welfare," and in that same year by another pamphlet, "Consequences of Abolition Agitation." In 1859, "African Colonization Unveiled" and "The Colonization Society" and "Liberia" appeared. In 1860 Mr. Ruffin published a four-hundred-page book called "Anticipations of the Future to Serve as Lessons for the Present Time." No doubt the unobtrusive work of the pamphleteer had a large share in the task of "bringing

the people of Virginia to the point of secession, even at the cost of half her domain."

An extensively illustrated volume of folklore and historical fact concerning peoples of the eastern Pacific has been compiled by F. W. Christian. It is entitled "Eastern Pacific Lands: Tahiti and the Marquesas Islands," and comes this week from the press of Elliot Stock, who also announces "The Oak, its Natural History, Antiquity, Folk-lore, etc.," by Charles Mosley.

Henry Frowde has put out a fourth edition of Spinoza's "Ethic," translated by W. Hale White and Amelia Hutchison Stirling. Of the excellent translation nothing need now be said. In form the book has the solid attractiveness common to the work of the Oxford University Press; only one criticism is here deserved: the absence of the number of the "part" from the running titles makes it difficult to refer to any desired proposition. In the preface, Mr. White has used Freudenthal's "Lebensgeschichte Spinoza's" to make some additions to the biographical part, and has revised the critical part. For those who wish to read the "Ethic" as Goethe read it, for its philosophical stimulus, and not as an historical student of metaphysics, Mr. White's introduction will be helpful. We think, however, that, for any purpose, he waives too lightly the letter in which Tschirnhausen asked Spinoza how he derived the various manifold world from absolute unity and mere extension. That question Spinoza never properly answered, indeed could not answer, and there runs through the whole of the "Ethic" a sophism which quite vitiates its intellectual, though not its moral, value. He who would comment fruitfully on Spinoza ought first of all to lay bare this sophistical union of the absolute and the relative in the "Ethic," and then to show where the metaphysical sophism ends and the ethical truth begins.

Another volume in that stream of amateur biography that is pouring from the British presses and finding its way to this country. R. Ellis Roberts tells us in the preface to "Samuel Rogers and His Circle" (Dutton) that his purpose is to reduce the material in the books of Sharpe, Dyce, and Clayden to convenient bulk, and to add interest to brevity. The design is laudable, and such a work, undertaken by a man trained in literature and biography, might have been highly entertaining. Mr. Roberts's telling of the story is spoiled by a considerable amount of superfluous and, at times, very amateurish commenting on things in general. It scarcely seems necessary, for instance, in a life of Samuel Rogers, to say, even if the remark were not rather childish in itself, that "the true history of Hellas will never be written unless some one has sufficient imaginative sympathy to describe Socratic or Aristotelian philosophy from the standpoint of Xantippe and Pythias." The second part of the book consists in a number of chapters of mingled gossip and criticism about various friends and acquaintances of Rogers. The gossip is often amusing, and shows considerable reading; the criticism is for the most part at once pretentious and empty. We may seem more severe upon this volume than its failings, if compared with those of its kind, demand. But something ought to be done to stem this flood of amateur biography that England is producing—fortunately, no doubt because the source-material is not abundant here, little of it comes originally from this country. These books, printed in bulky form, and sold at exorbitant prices, are probably doing as much to demoralize the book trade as any other one cause. It is more difficult to write a good biography than a good novel, yet apparently any English man, or woman, who can make grammatical sentences will turn jauntily to writing the life of any one about whom he has read a few books, or of whom he has seen a few manuscript letters.

With the publication some months ago, by the University of Chicago Press, of the first volume, chronologically considered, of Prof. W. C. Bronson's "English Poems," this admirable series of selections was brought to completion. Each of the four volumes has been noticed heretofore in the *Nation*, to wit: The Nineteenth Century, February 13, 1908, p. 153; The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century, July 16, 1908, p. 53; The Elizabethan Age and the Puritan Period, April 28, 1910, p. 430; Old English and Middle English Periods, September 8, 1910, p. 214. In addition it may said that the series, which aims chiefly to meet the needs of survey courses in college, is consistent throughout in following the methods of selection and editing which were a part of the original plans. Its superiority to Ward's "English Poets" lies mainly, we should suppose, in its greater range and in the fulness of its notes.

W. Max Reid's "Lake George and Lake Champlain" (Putnam) is an addition to the American Waterways series, in which heretofore have been included volumes on the Hudson, St. Lawrence, Connecticut, Niagara, Mohawk, Ohio, Colorado, Columbia, and Mississippi Rivers, with other volumes dealing with the Great Lakes and Narragansett Bay. Some of the writers have been well equipped for their tasks, notably Mr. Dellenbaugh, who wrote of the Colorado River, and Mr. Hulbert, whose theme was the Ohio. Mr. Reid, before writing his present volume, had already contributed to the series the volume on the Mohawk, and had published "The Story of Old Fort Johnson," that fort being the early residence of Sir William Johnson. Mr. Reid has collected a considerable mass of historical material. Unfortunately, this industry has not been allied with literary skill in using the material for book purposes. His volumes have been scrappy and disconnected chronicles. It has been possible to dip into them at almost any point and scarcely suffer for want of knowing anything which has gone before. Chronology in narrative and anything like coördination in the arrangement of material have been strikingly absent. In the present case by means of illustrations, handsomely reproduced, and with large type for the text, an attractive volume has been produced. The lack of anything like digestion of the material before the product was printed is illustrated in various chapters indiscriminately arranged one after the other. The reader finds himself entertained in one chapter by an account of Israel Putnam, in another by one of "Old Bill Harris." The story of Ethan Allen's exploit the author leaves to the hands of Judge Thompson, author of that famous book of an older generation, "The Green Mountain Boys." Material taken from Judge Thompson's book serves as two regular chapters of Mr. Reid's. Strange inaccuracies, or solecisms, not only of diction, but of actual fact, are met with. We are told that "to Columbus and other adventurous Spaniards (*sic*) is given the honor of the discovery of America," and then reminded that a party of Basque fishermen probably visited the American coast before Columbus, but no mention is made of the Norsemen, whose visits, if made at all, antedated those of fishermen by centuries. Sir William Johnson is represented as superintendent of the "Five Nations," although the Iroquois in Sir William's time comprised "six" nations. The reader will have no excuse for forgetting the drowning of Corlear, inasmuch as he is informed of it in three places—on page 48, and then, as he turns over the leaf, on page 49, and once more on page 100. The Bay of Fundy is presented to us as "the Bay of Fonda." The British ambassador has his name spelled "Brice." The scene of Champlain's famous battle with the Onondagas is not indicated, although it has been accurately identified.

Richard Watson Gilder's recollections of Grover Cleveland, which have now been published in book form (Century Co.), make little pretension to a biography; they are rather, as the author styles them, "a record of friendship." This friendship extended over more than twenty years, and in the personal reminiscences which Mr. Gilder puts down we see the workings of Mr. Cleveland's mind upon many of the problems which vexed him. It has been said that Mr. Cleveland often expressed his surprise that no one had risen to defend him; this is borne out to some extent by his letters which are quoted in this volume, although he modestly averred that he was not anxious to have an autobiography "on exhibition." There is, too, the note of despondency so often found in his letters. Writing from Princeton in July, 1905, he said:

> Mr. ——— and all the forces about him have lately importuned me, in season and out of season, to write, say twelve autobiographical articles, offering what seems to me a large sum for them; but I have declined the proposition. I went so far (for I softened up a bit under the suggestion of duty and money) as to inquire how something would do like talking to another person for publication; but that did not take at all. I don't really think I would have done even that, but the disapproval of merely a hint that the "I" might to an extent be eliminated made it seem to me more than ever that the retention of everyhing that might attract the lovers of a "snappy life" was considered important by the would-be publisher. There is a circle of friends like you, who I hope will believe in me. I am happy in the conviction that they will continue in the faith whether an autobiography is written or not. I want my wife and children to love me now, and hereafter to proudly honor my memory. They will have my autobiography written on their hearts where every day they may turn the pages and read it. In these days what else is there that is worth while to a man nearly sixty-eight years old?

"Abraham Lincoln and Other Addresses" (Century) has the charm of the clear style and the dry wit of which the Hon. Joseph H. Choate is so consummate a master. They were delivered to English audiences whose acquaintance with American history and institutions was slight. It cannot, therefore, be expected that the lectures on Lincoln,

Franklin, and Hamilton should contain much new or original matter. A cheerful optimism is the prevailing spirit of the addresses on the Supreme Court and on education. The Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, has fixed the principles regulating the respective spheres of Federal and State power with accuracy for all times. Owing to the general adoption and the complete success of the elective system an undergraduate can develop his talents to the highest degree; our people are sober and economical, and the education received in the common schools enables every citizen to judge with some degree of intelligence of the great problems submitted to him, and has made them industrious readers of the best literature. A cheerful picture indeed. But when he delivered his lectures Mr. Choate was American ambassador, and although an ambassador is no longer to be defined as one who is sent to lie abroad for his country, he can scarcely be blamed if he presents only the bright side of things.

With "The Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur" (Scribners) Howard Pyle completes the fourth and last volume of his illustrated transcription of Malory's famous history. Mr. Pyle has done his task of literary adaptation skilfully and with evident enthusiasm. His pictures, executed broadly with the pen, have a gravity befitting the theme. In fact, the pictures and ornaments deserved a better typographical setting than this over-heavy quarto with its scamped margins. But the book is chiefly intended for young readers, and had to be kept within a price possible for the average fond father. In this romantic vein and in the somewhat archaistic technique he properly affects for these drawings, Mr. Pyle has no rival among our illustrators. The rugged simplicity of his manner fits a theme that oddly enough captured the morbid fancy of Aubrey Beardsley. As decorations Mr. Pyle's cuts are less notable than the Beardsley travesties. In everything that makes for sound illustration only the handful of Arthurian designs in the pre-Raphaelite Tennyson bear comparison with the best of Mr. Pyle's inventions.

William Henry Brewer, professor emeritus of agriculture in the Sheffield Scientific School, died last week at his home in New Haven, aged eighty-two. He graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School in its first class, that of 1852. Continuing his education abroad, he studied at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, and later received the degree of A.M. from Yale, 1859; Ph.D. from Washington and Jefferson, 1880, and LL.D. from Yale, 1903. In 1858 he was appointed professor of chemistry and geology in Washington College, Pa. In 1860 he was first assistant in the geological survey of California, and in 1863 was made professor of chemistry in the University of California. In 1864 he came to Yale as professor of agriculture in the Sheffield Scientific School, and was active in that position until 1903, when he retired.

Professor Brewer had been a member of the National Academy of Science since 1880. From 1892 to 1909 he was president of the Connecticut Board of Health, and from 1894 to 1909 was president of the Arctic Club of America. He was also a member of the Connecticut Academy of Sciences, its president in 1887 and 1897; of the American Society of Nationalists, the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, etc.; and held several important government positions, being on the topographical survey of Connecticut; on the commission on cereal production in the United States in connection with the tenth census; on the United States Forestry Commission in 1896, and on the scientific survey of the Philippine Islands in 1903. Chief among his published works is the "Botany of California."

Sir Clifton Robinson of England, who received his knighthood from King Edward five years ago, in recognition of his services as a builder and organizer of traction lines, died last Sunday, at the age of sixty-two. He was the author of several treatises on tramways. For one of these, "The World's Tramways," he received the silver medal of the Society of Arts in 1902.

Science.

Prof. Stéphane Leduc's "Théorie physico-chimique de la vie et générations spontanées," which has been translated by Dr. W. Deane Butcher, will shortly appear from the press of Messrs. Rebman.

"Landscape Gardening Studies" (Lane), by Samuel Parsons, is the work of a man accustomed to do rather than to talk. Its brief and almost dry presentment of the results of more than a score of undertakings of the most varied kinds is a record of achievement rather than an explanation of methods; it is only seldom that Mr. Parsons pauses to show either principles or processes. Nevertheless, the book is suggestive. Its illustrations, from photographs and plans, are worth much study; and its chapters on evergreens and rhododendrons are valuable for their advice and lists of varieties. Perhaps the most needed chapter in the book is on a Japanese tea garden, with suggestions calculated to bring hesitation to those who have yearnings toward imitation of the characteristically foreign.

Several years ago the Swiss government published a wall map of their country for school use, which was then and still is the finest work of its kind. An "Atlas für Schweizerische Mittelschulen" has now been issued, which enables Switzerland again to break former records in educational cartography. The atlas is published by the Kartographia-Winterthur - Actien - Gesellschaft, 1910 and is to be ordered through the "Sekretariat der Konferenz der kantonalen Erziehungs-direktoren" in Zurich. It contains 133 pages, with an extraordinary variety of maps, some 280 in number, mostly physical and political, but showing also language, religion, industries, geology, and products. The intelligence in planning and the skill in executing the work are admirable. Projections and scales have been systematically chosen and are conscientiously indicated. The color schemes for altitudes on the relief maps, for temperatures on the climatic maps, for density on the population maps, and so on, are uniformly graded through the entire volume. Cities are not crowded in to fill blank spaces, but are critically selected, and their names are printed in a different sized type to indicate their population. A great number of inset maps show districts of special interest. The large scale relief maps of parts of Switzerland are unusually effective in representing form. A little corner map of Switzerland, set into the maps of distant lands, illustrates relative areas. When shall we reach a standard of educational publication to be compared with that here set by the little mountainous republic of Europe?

The mathematico-astronomical public will welcome the appearance of the third volume of Sir George Howard Darwin's "Scientific Papers" (Cambridge University Press, Putnam). The title of the volume, "Figures of Equilibrium of Rotating Liquid and Geophysical Investigations," fairly indicates the general nature of the content. Of the fifteen papers included, the first, which deals with the question of geological changes on the earth's axis of rotation, discredits a current view of geologists regarding the causes and effects of the glacial period. Time has deprived the second and third papers of the relatively little value they originally had. The same cannot be said of the next four, which have to do with the figure of the earth. Before its completion the ninth paper was virtually superseded by Poincaré's now famous memoir on the equilibrium of a rotating fluid mass, a fact that Darwin was prompt to see and prompt to own. The chief of the remaining papers are devoted mainly to extension of the results achieved by the great French savant, whose genius thus accompanies and interfuses that of Darwin in this third volume as did Kelvin's in the two preceding ones.

"Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene," by Dr. Philip Zenner (Robert Clarke Company), is described as "a physician's message" on topics whose presentation to the young is much discussed just now, both here and abroad. A considerable part of this little book contains talks to school children and to college boys, as actually given by the author. They are said to have been directly productive of good results. There is also a general, though very brief, discussion of the scope and method of such instruction which may well be helpful to those who are interested in these questions.

Drama.

Husband and The Forbidden Guests: Two Plays. By John Corbin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Corbin is a welcome addition to the ranks of American dramatists. In these two plays he exhibits not only the powers of observation and reproduction, which are among the chief qualifications of the playwright, but the ability to select a difficult subject of permanent interest and the courage to treat it with sincerity. He says, in a breezy preface on the relative positions of the sexes and the mutual responsibilities of conjugal union, that he hopes he has not written thesis plays, but he will probably find them very commonly allotted to that category, and there is no reason why the definition should be displeasing. It is not easy to understand why a stirring comedy of life and manners

should be the less valuable, even as entertainment, because it happens to enforce a true and valuable social lesson.

From a purely dramatic point of view, undoubtedly, there is too much discussion in proportion to the action in "Husband," which is the more ambitious and important of the two plays. This does not mean, however, that the story is lacking in incident or excitement. On the contrary, it is well supplied with both. As the piece is to be seen on the stage before long, it is not necessary at this time to describe it in all its details. It is a study, and, in the main—notwithstanding its occasional extravagance—a keen, witty, veracious, and trenchant study of notorious conditions which have wrecked many a youthful romance, brought misery to many homes, and filled the newspapers with scandal. In theme and spirit it is a genuine American comedy, with a message delivered with honest conviction and well worth hearing. Antony Wayne, the hero, is a young American of the most solid type. Of unimpeachable pedigree, he has won triumphs—intellectual and athletic—at college, and comparative wealth at the bar. He has been prominent in East Side work and as a reformer; and, when the curtain rises, he is the independent candidate for an important public office, and the terror of all political machines. He married for love, and for a time was ideally happy. But as his prosperity and the number of his interests have increased, he has become more and more absorbed in his work, while his wife, Clara, childless by her own determination and with no serious purpose in life, has devoted herself more and more to social ambitions and frivolities. So they have gradually drifted apart, he finding solace only in his work, and she deeming herself cruelly neglected. Restless under matrimonial ties and aspiring to an imaginary freedom, she is beguiled by the fallacies of free love, and, at this crisis of her fate, encounters a gay young English nobleman—the betrothed of one of her dearest friends—whom she soon learns to regard as the ideal man. Lord Iffley, on his part, is fascinated by her from the first, and when he seizes a favorable opportunity to declare his passion, she, in a moment of pique, promises to leave her husband and join him as soon as she can get a divorce.

But she purposes no secret flight. Holding that her true life—a life of perfect union—is now to be fulfilled, she frankly tells her husband of her resolve, in a scene which, however clever it may be from a dialectical point of view, or effective theatrically, is scarcely in accordance with the instincts of ordinary human nature. Wayne argues passionately that she is the victim of hallucinations, that her brain has been addled by her spasmodic dalliance with subjects beyond her grasp, while she dilates upon the nobility of the free soul. The debate is ended by the entrance of Iffley, whereupon Wayne orders both out of the house. In the closing act, however, by a series of calculated and unconvincing incidents which need not be related here, Clara is made to realize the essential selfishness of Iffley, the certain unhappiness and shame of her further connection with him, and lastly, the fact that deep in her own heart the love of her husband is still strongly rooted. Thus a reconciliation is effected, while she declares her intention of playing hereafter the full part of wife and mother.

This skeleton of the main plot, without reference to subordinate episodes, is sufficient to indicate the general nature of the play. It would be easy to point out more than one weak place in the general scheme, so far as the individual actions of the personages are concerned. In the crises they are too clearly the mouthpieces of their creator. At moments of tense emotion men and women do not argue their respective cases with such reasoned particularity. But the dialogue itself is excellent—compact, clear, and characteristic, and well adapted to stage purposes. The speech of all the personages is facile, natural, and consistent. But the external traits of manner are one thing and the truths of human nature, under stress, another. For his first two acts, Mr. Corbin—on the whole—proceeds naturally and logically toward the culmination of a common but poignant domestic tragedy, but his ultimate arrival at a happy ending, is artificial and theatrical. His conclusion is a practical stultification of his premises. But it probably means the popular success of his play.

"The Forbidden Guest" is an imaginative, and, to the thoughtful, a solemn little piece, fit only for the closet, which touches scientific and spiritual mysteries, of which even the author, perhaps,—for it will not bear the test of ultimate analysis—does not grasp the full significance. It is the vision of a dying widow, who in delirium sees and talks with the spirits of the children to whom she had denied earthly existence. The treatment is delicate, pathetic, and imaginative. To the materialist, the suggested moral will appear a bit of ridiculous and ignorant sentimentality; to the religious, it will be partly true and wholly trite; to the speculative, it will be ingenious, but unconvincing. The pure scientist will say that reproduction is the rule of nature. It is a vexatious topic.

The production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with which the New Theatre opened its second regular season on Monday evening, is but another demonstration of the futility of the attempt to rejuvenate an Elizabethan piece by the employment of modern methods. It may prove a popular success, for it has the prestige of Shakespeare behind it, is most attractive pictorially, and is sufficiently vivacious in its illustration of comic incident, but, inasmuch as it sets its main reliance upon the extravagances of a somewhat clumsy plot, and not upon the delineation of character or the elucidation of the text, it is not entitled to much serious consideration as a Shakespearean enterprise. The play, of course, is not a masterpiece. Falstaff, who is the central figure, is but a poor replica of the Fat Jack of "Henry IV," resembling him chiefly in his size and his profligacy, but he shares many of the same attributes in an earlier stage of their development. He has, at least, the saving grace of humor, a quality almost entirely absent from the impersonation of Louis Calvert. This actor, who has displayed much versatility here, and has had a long training in the Shakespearean drama, played the part with assurance, fluency, and vigor, but in a hard, dry, monotonous manner, with scarcely a touch of mellowness, unction, or luxurious imagination. Natural, in a certain narrow sense, he may have been, but he was not Falstaffian or Shakespearean. The fact that he was suffering from a cold cannot explain the barrenness of his conception. Another vital character, subdued to a fatal naturalness, was that of the brazen go-between, Mrs. Quickly, but the tameness in this case may have been due in large measure to the extreme age of the actress, whose selection was a managerial blunder of the first dimension. The wives themselves, of course, being normal women, present no particular difficulties to any fairly well-trained actresses. In the hands of Edith Wynne Matthison and Rose Coghlan, they are a source of unalloyed enjoyment. Here the obvious interpretation was given with fine skill and buoyant spirits. The Anne Page was charming, but not at all in accordance with her author's design. Pedro de Cordoba furnished a striking and capable sketch of Pistol, and Albert Bruning was clever as Evans, but both were condemned to unconscionable extravagances. The Shallow of Ben Johnson is also entitled to a word of commendation. Of the other performers no individual mention is necessary, except in the case of the Slender of Mr. Gottschalk, who adapts himself naturally to all Shakespearean eccentric parts. The directors of the New Theatre stage will do well to stick to modern pieces until they have realized that the older drama, whether in prose or poetry, is not the new.

"Ralph Royster Doyster," the first regular English comedy, will be presented by the Philolexian Society of Columbia University in Earl Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, November 18 and 19. The play was written by Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton, for the use of his pupils, and was first produced some time between 1534 and 1541. Prof. Algernon Tassin of the Department of English is coaching the cast, and the staging has been designed by Prof. Brander Matthews. As far as possible the play will be given in the Elizabethan manner.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been engaged by Charles Frohman to play the part of the wife in "The Foolish Virgin," an adaptation of Henry Bataille's drama, "La Vierge Folle," which was produced last

January at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, and is still running at that theatre. It will be produced in this city on December 5.

Louis N. Parker has finished the manuscript of his new comedy, "Pomander Walk," which is to have its first production in New York in December. It is to be played here by an English company. Mr. Parker will superintend the final rehearsals. "Pomander Walk" is thus described: "England of 1805; a crescent walk around a lawn facing the Thames, and bordered by six houses. The same scene for the three acts; little plot, only a discursive narrative about the six families who live in these houses; no villain."

James B. Fagan is finishing a dramatic adaptation, in four acts, of Robert Hichens's noval, "Bella Donna."

The *Quarterly Review* has an article on "The Censorship of Plays," in which are revealed the follies and inconsistencies of this office as it is now conducted.

Music.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. V. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.

No English composer except Sullivan is so widely known in the musical world as George Grove, who edited and partly wrote the first great dictionary of music and musicians in the English language. The French had their Fétis, the Germans their Mendel, and when Macmillan & Co. decided that England ought to have something similar and better, they asked Grove to carry out the project. He accepted the Herculean task while doubting the adequacy of his scholarship. As a matter of fact, his erudition proved insufficient to prevent him from allowing a considerable number of errors to get into the text, particularly in the writing of several contributors in whose accuracy he put too much faith. But these flaws were a bagatelle compared with the merits of his dictionary, which in some respects surpassed all other works of its kind. His own most important contributions, the biographies and estimates of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, were so comprehensive that they might have been printed as separate volumes; and he wisely put the other leading composers into the hands of special admirers and authorities; Schumann, for instance, being written by Dr. Spitta, and Wagner by Edward Dannreuther.

The first volume of "Grove," as this monumental work is now called for short, appeared in 1878, the last in 1889. The musical world moves fast, and it became evident in course of time that instead of issuing supplementary volumes it would be far better to prepare a new edition, with additions that should bring it abreast of the time. To Fuller Maitland, the critic of the London *Times*, the editorship of the new issue was assigned. The first volume of the new edition was published in 1904, and now the work is complete—a great improvement on its predecessor, not only because of the many additions, but because of certain eliminations, like Rockstro's interminable "Schools of Music," which went over the ground covered by scores of other articles in the same work. There is still a lack of proportion in not a few of the articles, as when Tablature, in which only students of mediæval music are interested, gets seven pages, while Tenor, a subject of universal interest and hero-worship, is disposed of in two columns. Tempo is discussed at fitting length by Franklin Taylor, whereas Tempo Rubato, the most important of all subjects for both vocal and instrumental interpreters, is most inadequately and incorrectly treated, both under Tempo Rubato and under Rubato. To define the Rubato in the year 1910 as "a style of performance in which *some portion of the bar* is executed at a quicker or slower tempo than the general rate of movement, the balance being restored by a corresponding slackening or quickening of the remainder," is inexcusable. Whatever the dictionary meaning of the word rubato may be, in actual musical practice it refers to tempo, that is to the pace of a whole bar, or a group of bars, and not to a rhythmic change (dotted notes) within a bar.

Upon the whole, the articles relating, like the one just criticised, to matters of expression are the least satisfactory in the Grove volumes, new and old, Riemann's "Musik-Lexicon" being far superior in this respect. Riemann also includes articles on all the prominent English and American writers of books on musical topics, whereas Maitland, with one exception (that of a contributor), omits them, though he includes German authors like Tappert and Wallaschek, in whose untranslated books English and American readers of "Grove" surely cannot be as much interested as, for example, in the writings of Ernest Newman, Bernard Shaw, or James Huneker. American composers are more considerately treated; but in the case of artists like Lilli Lehmann and Anton Seidl the most important part of their careers, which happened to be in America, is almost completely ignored. The omission of the names of two of the four most popular American singers—Farrar and Homer—might be excused on the ground that when the volume in which they belong was issued they were less famous than they are now. But why were they not included in the 67-page appendix to volume V? And why, in this same appendix, is there room for mention of the fact that the one American critic included in these five volumes has written a new book, whereas under Grieg nothing is said concerning three books, one German, one English, and one American, about that master, which have appeared within a few years? The dates of Sousa's birth and of MacDowell's death are incorrectly given; and Max Bruch, in his German home, will be surprised to read that he died in Vienna on September 17, 1907.

Probably, since Grove completed his labors, the most important change in the concert world is the rise of the Russian school. The new editor showed excellent judgment in asking Rosa Newmarch to write up the masters of this school; it was she who edited and translated Modest Tchaikovsky's life of his brother, the greatest of the Russians, and her thirty-two columns on this composer are a model of condensed information. She is by no means a blind admirer; on the contrary, she rather under than overrates his songs and pianoforte pieces. Her assertion that his songs are inferior to those of Dargomijsky and Balakirev, even if questionable, will doubtless do good in calling attention to the productions of those two men. Other important articles in this final volume are on Tone, Tonic Sol-Fa, Touch, Transposition, Trombone, Trumpet, Tuning, Turn, University Musical Societies, Variations, Violin, Verdi, Violin Playing, Wagner, Waltz, Welsh Music. The author of the five columns on the most popular of dances achieved the extraordinary feat of not even mentioning by name the younger Strauss, universally known as the "Waltz King," which is like writing on the opera without naming Wagner. He deserves praise, however, for emphasizing the importance of Schubert in the development of the waltz. Concerning the Viennese tradition of introducing ritardandos and accelerandos, the very soul of the waltz, he says that, charming though it is to a musician, it "has never been caught by any English conductor of dance music, and probably would be found impracticable in England, where dancers may be seen exhibiting their lack of sense of time and rhythm by waltzing to the music of a polka."

Mr. Maitland and his contributors have wisely adhered to Grove's principle of making the articles in this dictionary interesting to the general reader as well as to the musical student in quest of information. To this it owes much of its success, which is fully deserved; it is a monumental work, a complete musical library in itself.

Several prominent American composers have been members of the faculties of our leading universities, but so much was exacted of them in the line of teaching that little time and energy was left for their creative work. It remained for Western College, of Oxford, Ohio, to show the world

that Pegasus should not be hitched to a wagon. That institution has bestowed on Edgar Stillman Kelley a fellowship which will require him to deliver some lectures during the year, while leaving him ample leisure for composing. A better man could not have been chosen for such a post and privilege. For several years past Mr. Kelley has lived in Berlin, where he has taught, besides composing some chamber music and songs which won the cordial praise of experts.

The Parisians were pleased that Mme. Nordica should have taken the trouble to learn the rôle of Isolde in French; and still more pleased when they heard her do it. Some years ago, when she impersonated Isolde in Munich, the leading newspaper in that city declared it was a delight to find that this rôle can be actually sung, and the Parisians were similarly impressed by the American soprano's rare art of combining *bel canto* with dramatic expression. "Her success was triumphal," declared *Le Figaro* of October 21, and the critics were unanimous in their praise. The eminent composer, Alfred Bruneau, wrote in the *Matin:* "She gives to Isolde a magnificent character of proud vehemence; she imparts to it a superb nobility of attitude and expression. To sum up, her art has force, grandeur, and beauty."

The Paris Opéra Comique will present "Macbeth," an opera in three acts, founded upon Shakespeare's play, by George Bloch.

A Beethoven festival at Paris in the early summer of 1912 is being arranged, it is said, by Alfred Gutmann.

Art.

COLOR PRINTS OF JAPAN.

I.

This corrected and amplified translation of Von Seidlitz's standard work on Japanese prints* appeals both to the collector and the general student of art. With its abundant reproductions and artists' signatures in facsimile, it serves very well as an historical manual, while it has the peculiar merit of endeavoring to make an æsthetic appraisal of the material. This needed badly to be done. Such English experts as Anderson and Strange have, on the whole, approached the subject in an antiquarian spirit, while Edmond de Goncourt and Bing merely confirmed the exaggerated vogue of Hokusai and Utamaro among the pioneer collectors. The late E. F. Fenollosa, in his remarkable catalogue, "The Masters of Ukioye," 1896, was the first Western scholar to work through the entire field from the point of view both of history and pure criticism. His work, since it was merely a catalogue for a loan exhibition, has never had its due recognition, and Von Seidlitz deserves credit for accepting so candidly the judgments of his American predecessor. The emphasis of the present work, then, is precisely where Fenollosa laid it, on Kiyonaga and his eighteenth-century precursors. Here is Fenollosa's rating, which our author apparently accepts: Of first rank as artists are the precursor Matahei, Okumura Masonobu, Harunobu, Kiyonaga, and Hokusai. Such favorites as Koriusai, Utamaro, and Shuncho are relegated to second place, while to the heroes of many of us, Toyokuni of the actors and Hiroshige of the landscapes, is grudgingly awarded third rank. The early nineteenth-century prints that are the staple of the market, Kunisada, Kuniyoshi, etc., Fenollosa left in the limbo of the fourth class. This book, then, reaffirms a quite definite scale of values which the enthusiast may do well to consider. It indicates that, with the exception of Europe's first Japanese love, Hokusai, the tendency has been to collect the prints of minor importance. To possess Utamaro, Toyokuni, and Hokusai, with Hiroshige as a second choice, is still the ambition of the average amateur.

Now it is no wonder that the pioneers, the Goncourts, Duret, Gonse, Whistler, Alfred Stevens, and our own John La Farge and Russell Sturgis should have been enraptured by the first prints that came over. These earliest importations included the giant Hokusai, but for that matter what Fenollosa scornfully calls a fourth rate print was an infinitely refreshing apparition in the heyday of Victorian and Third Empire art. If the pioneers had not loved the languid Utamaro too much, should we now be devotees of Kiyonaga? Will our successors in turn have passed altogether beyond eighteenth century Japan?

II.

A Japanese amateur would be in no doubt as to the answer. For him the cult of an art which he regards as vulgar both in its spirit and processes is a deplorable aberration. We face the disquieting paradox that an art which no native adept takes quite seriously has captured the finest connoisseurs of the western world. Who is right? Or is there some misunderstanding that puts both East and West partly in the wrong? Is there perhaps a common ground on which Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Okakura Kakuzo might yet meet? These questions are all important, but have never been fairly met. Here they naturally cannot be elucidated, yet the hint of a compromise may be given. To do this we must understand the position of the Japanese connoisseur. He scorns the color-prints, first because they represent for him a decadent school. *Ukioye* (the fleeting world) is for him an unworthy subject. He condemns the practitioners of the style, both for their vulgarity and frivolity. They stand apart from that idealism which is the soul of Japan. Hear Mr. Okakura:

> The Popular School, though it attained skill in color and drawing, lacks that ideality which is the basis of Japanese art. Those charmingly colored woodcuts, full of vigor and versatility, made by Utamaro, Shunman, Kyonobu, Harunobu, Kyonaga, Toyokuni, and Hokusai, stand apart from the main line of development of Japanese art, whose evolution has been continuous ever since the Nara period. . . . Great art is that before which we long to die. But the art of the late Tokugawa period only allowed a man to dwell in the delights of fancy. It is because the prettiness of the works of this period first came to notice, instead of the grandeur of the masterpieces hidden in the daimyos' collections and the temple treasures, that Japanese art is not yet seriously considered in the West.

Here we have to do with a condemnation both æsthetic and patriotic. The absolute superiority of the traditional schools of painting is asserted, and *Ukioye* is regarded as a defection from sound national ideals. In the same spirit purists have ruled out the "gallant school" of eighteenth-century France as essentially frivolous or vulgar. And the *Ecole galante* has so many affinities with *Ukioye* that we may say that to condemn Kiyonaga one must logically scorn Watteau, while Utamaro and Fragonard must stand or fall together, both being consummate interpreters of those women whose forte is a refined sensual charm. Here we reach an ineluctable issue of principle. Is it possible honestly to like the severe portraiture of Philippe de Champaigne and the coquettish designs of Eisen, the noble abstract landscape of Sesshu, and the more literal transcripts of Hiroshige? Impressionist critics have denied that the same heart can honestly harbor these discrepant pleasures, and, clearly, the Japanese heart cannot. In the West, however, taste requires no such exclusive and doctrinal devotion. The sincerity of Théophile Gautier will hardly be impugned, and he knelt impartially at the shrines of Ingres and Delacroix. More significantly, Fenollosa, of all students of the ancient traditional painting of Japan the most learned and sympathetic, was also a most discriminating admirer of the masters of *Ukioye*. We might add that connoisseurs who, like C. L. Freer, have sought out the finest scrolls of the earlier centuries have remained unabated enthusiasts for the eighteenth-century masters. In short, the finest Western taste is flexible enough to admit the superior glories of traditional painting in Japan and still to love both the exquisite craftsmanship and the infinite human variety of the smaller art of the popular school. We evidently face one of those ultimate antitheses of race which may hardly be adjusted. Let the Oriental beware lest logical severity deprive him of some excellent pleasure,

**A History of Japanese Colour-Prints.* By W. von Seidlitz. Translated by Anne Heard Dyer and Grace Tripler. About 100 plates, including 16 in color. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., $6.50 net.

and the Occidental lest in the easy fringe of his standards more undesirable visitants than Utamaro and Fragonard find a lodging.

III.

Admitting once for all the technical and spiritual superiority of older Japanese painting, the color-prints, both on the side of craftsmanship and subject, make an irresistible appeal to the catholic collector. As superb facsimiles after great designers, these sheets far outrank, in merely technical interest, the woodcuts after Dürer and Holbein. The cotton paper, once impregnated with pigment, gains a peculiar loveliness of texture, a chastened brilliancy quite its own. The impressions which are made without a press, by careful padding, yield an extraordinary variety of velvety black lines, cunningly varied flat tints, and even embossing of a most restrained elegance, serving merely as accent. The linear pattern is conducted scrupulously in calligraphic swirls, which yet give the character of the subject; every trick of repetition, opposition, and counterpoise is practised, and the effect remains delightfully simple and clear. Upon this carefully arranged and ever rhythmical foundation of continuous black lines is superimposed a bolder system of color masses. Nobody has understood the art of balanced spots as the painters and printers of Japan. Harmony is secured first by an instinctive equilibration of these flat masses of color, and, again, though the procedure is never allowed to annul the broad contrasts of color, by introducing a little of the neighboring hues in each mass. These humble workmen employ more flexibly that instinctive, almost mathematical, color-sense which we note in the rug weavers of the Nearer East, a faculty which has been vouchsafed but sparingly to Europe since Gothic times.

How subtly intellectual the composition of these unpretentious subjects is may be judged from the fact that the single sheets which have delighted European amateurs often turn out to be merely detached members of compositions of two, three, or more sheets. The arrangement is so planned as to be perfect, whether in the single prints or the ensemble. As regards the mind, the isolated sheet may be incomplete; as regards the eye it is unitary. Evidently, the successful articulation of compositions complete in themselves requires forethought and shrewd calculation. Formulas may help somewhat, but in technical resources the artists of the popular school are not inferior to the great masters of the earlier centuries. Even the purists, like Mr. Okakura, admit this, and merely deplore the inferior inspiration of the realists. As masters of composition, these popular artists are perhaps most engaging in those tall strips called *kakemonos*. Within these strait limits they will set a figure and accessories, sometimes several figures, horses, boats, always without crowding and always with regard to the vertical scheme. Here they achieve not merely remarkable feats in perspective, but do wonders in making figures fully expressive and satisfactory though cut into by the frame. One does not need to go to the master in this kind, Koriusai, nor yet to the rare *kakemonos* of Hanunobu and Kiyonaga; the later men will supply admirable examples. There is, for example, a Yeizan print of a Samurai with his bride, half-length figures, each with a hawk on wrist, in which the pattern undulates through curved wing and back of the falcons and tilted heads of the hunters, being held true to the vertical by spacious masses of blue. Such variety within a formal scheme is characteristic of all genial design, and especially of that of Japan.

For such reasons any lover of beautiful design, not bound by an exclusive æsthetic, will perforce admire, and, as he may, possess Japanese color-prints. It is true that the enthusiasm for them is still somewhat indiscriminating. Secondary artists are exalted, and mediocre prints are sold at absurd prices, but the amateur who is lucky enough to acquire Kiyonaga, Harunobu, or Masonobu, and is clever enough to discern good Hokusai from poor, to cull out the really desirable sheets of Utamaro, Kuniyoshi, and Hiroshige—such an amateur will not have either æsthetic or financial cause to regret his foible for the school of the fleeting world.

Since monetary value depends largely on condition, and the slightest defect in register or inequality in printing rules a print out, it is regrettable that Von Seidlitz has not laid greater stress on this matter. Happily, the cult of condition plays into the hands of the impecunious collector. He buys for a dollar or two the prints which in immaculate state are held in the hundreds. Only let him not persuade himself or his wife that, fiscally speaking, he is getting bargains. Artistically, there is much to be said for the poor print. Its defects are often microscopic, while frequently it has acquired through age and wear an adventitious beauty all its own. The present writer knows of a smoked and browned Koriusai which, though the learned deny it, is æsthetically a "unique example." In the gift and anniversary sheets, *surimono*, the dexterity of the color printers appears at its height. They love to powder the paper with sparkling foil or mica. Of these charming confections our author is somewhat scornful, considering them over-elaborate in polychromy and embossing. *Surimono* are, as a matter of fact, so hard to come by that nobody really needs to be warned against them; moreover with some tendency to fussiness they contain some of the masterpieces of *Ukioye*. A most delicate ingenuity is employed in hinting at favorite occupations or depicting favorite instruments of the person complimented.

IV.

From the early seventeenth century when the painter Matahei founded the popular school, through the years when black or hand-colored prints were the rule, to the beginnings, with three pigments, of true color printing, and Harunobu's invention of the five color blocks, in 1765, Von Seidlitz conducts the reader cautiously and with tact. Due stress is laid upon the close relation of book illustration to the derivative art. The ultimate complication of the color schemes in the artists of the early nineteenth century is condemned as sterile virtuosity. The most famous works are listed, and many signatures are reproduced. This book in short, while in no sense a complete catalogue, is an agreeable introduction to the subject, and a useful manual for the collector. If he adjusts his standards by it he will not go far wrong, for more detailed information a friendly Japanese adviser is better than many books. Fenollosa's catalogue is inaccessible and heavy reading. To study it in a print collection would be a liberal education in this branch. Next to this course would be to buy and read this excellent book which has embodied so much of Fenollosa's teaching. As for the fleeting world of eighteenth century Japan, a visit to it involves some hazard of bad company. It is a chance, however, that an adventurous spirit will take cheerfully. The courtesan, parading, dressing, bathing, reading romances, bulks pretty large in this world. But her appeal is so demure and hieratic that only a very uneasy conscience could resent her presence. She fits naturally and quite modestly into a human scheme that includes chivalric heroes, samurai hunting or in other rural disport, workmen at their trades, hardy fishermen and peddlers with their sumpter beasts, actors in rigid yet expressive poses, prosperous folk on water parties, children at play, toilers in the rice swamps—of this motley world she is in a manner the queen, but she rather partakes of its decorous gayety than communicates her own corruption. Utamaro in his later work has given her a portentous and graceful melancholy. Her features are elongated and rounded with a paradoxical resemblance to a saint of Simone Memmi. And this pathetic conception of the woman of pleasure, corresponding to the end of the great century, means that the glory of *Ukioye* has passed into decadence. There will still be place for the robust illustration of Hokusai; Hiroshige, and occasionally Kuniyoshi, will yet give us visions of that solemn Japan of forest and

mountain that overlooks eternally the fleeting world of city and coast, but the vein that has produced for nearly two centuries is exhausted. The fleeting world will lack its artist chroniclers, Fuji will aspire in the distance and will be stencilled on a million pots for the delectation of the careless foreigner, but no Hokusai will enwreath that sacred cone with expressive arabesques every element of which is an idiomatic trait of Japanese life. *Ukioye* is dead, as dead as the fêtes of Watteau and frolics of Fragonard, but it keeps a kind of life in those who love the human show and value the exquisite gesture with which a disciplined hand obeys the orders of a seeing eye. And as for the issue of frivolity, a fleeting world in the flesh or on paper must contain much to offend a moralist, but a fleeting world that wants to be exquisitely depicted is for the artist at least a most serious and consoling reality, and by the time the overt frivolity of his subject matter has filtered through his imagination the residuum should be limpid enough for a stoic. Real vision and imagination are always antiseptic. Surely we must count Watteau a serious artist—and Kiyonaga.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Many readers who know and enjoy European architecture would like to learn something of the conditions that gave rise to the various styles, and something of the distinctive features that characterize these styles; but find it irksome to dig their facts out of the ordinary books of the reference shelf. "Romanesque Architecture" (Macmillan), by Edith Browne, is just such a book as they desire—simple, clear, and admirably adapted to their needs. It traces the racial and political influences that brought about and modified the Romanesque style, and describes its structural development so well that one could wish the story not quite so brief. It is an uncommon pleasure in a work of this kind to find that the author is less concerned with questions of chronology or of decorative sculpture and painting than with the architectural qualities of the buildings described. The illustrations are especially well chosen. Other volumes of the series—"Great Buildings, and How to Enjoy Them"—deal with Gothic, Norman, and Greek architecture.

Dr. A. J. Evans and Dr. Duncan MacKenzie have continued their excavations on the site of the great Palace of Knossos, with important results. The exploration of the deep vault previously found beneath the Southern Porch led to the conclusion that it was a great tank for supplying the palace above it with water. This view is strengthened by the discovery of a spiral staircase terminating at what would be the water-level when the reservoir was in use. A similar rock-cut cistern was found at the southeast angle of the palace. These cisterns, Dr. Evans thinks, belonged not to the palace found above them, but to an older palace, of which all traces have disappeared.

Investigations were also conducted in the neighborhood of the "Little Palace"; here was brought to light a fine façade of Minoan masonry belonging to what was evidently an annex of the palace, and connected with it by a kind of bridge. Among the objects found here were a votive marble slab, with a beautiful relief of a youth on horseback, and a Doric metope representing Heracles and the Calydonian boar.

Of great interest is the discovery of six chamber tombs on the headland of Isopata, which overlooks the site of the harbor town of the ancient Knossos. They surpass any hitherto known of this class, both for their size and for the interest attaching to their contents and arrangement. There were found stone and bronze weapons and implements, a beautiful collection of painted vases in the best "Palace style," and a small gold signet ring engraved with a design of two goddesses clasping bands, with their shrines behind them. Of importance was the appearance of a new class of painted vessels, evidently used exclusively for sepulchral purposes, with unfixed colors, chiefly black. In the largest of the six tombs—a chamber about twenty feet square—were found two double axes and two libation vessels. The arrangement in this tomb was peculiar. To the right of the entrance was a raised stone platform into which the pit that formed the burial cist was cut; along the outer face of this platform and around the remaining sides of the chamber ran ledges, and a pier jutted out from the back wall, decorated on its front face with a column in low relief. It is possible that this chamber was used for some memorial function.

C. H. Shannon's portrait drawing of the late Dr. Furnivall has been placed in the National Portrait Gallery.

Charles van der Stappen, the Belgian sculptor and director of the Académie Royale des Beaux-Arts, who died recently in his sixty-eighth year, had decorated many structures in Brussels, among them being the Académie, the Hôtel de Ville, and the Alhambra.

The death is reported from London of Robert Walker Macbeth, the painter, at the age of sixty-two. The son of an artist of some note, Norman Macbeth, he was educated at Edinburgh and Friedrichsdorf, Germany, and later, in art, in the Royal Scottish Academy Schools. He was a member of the Royal Academy and the Royal Water Color Society, an original member of the Painter-Etcher Society, and a correspondent of the Institute of France.

William St. John Harper, an artist and illustrator, died last Friday, aged fifty-nine. As a painter, etcher, and illustrator, Mr. Harper has been prominent in the art world for thirty years, coming into general notice when he was elected president of the Art Students' League in 1881. He is best known probably for his painting of Autumn, which won for him the Clark prize in 1892, and Winter's Veil, which received honorable mention at the Buffalo Exposition in 1901. Among his other paintings are The Beach Patrol, An Opera Night, A Legend of Spring, A Fairy Tale, The Village Street, East Hampton, May Flowers, and numerous Long Island landscapes. He studied under Bonnat and Munkacsy in Paris. In 1878 he became art director of the New York *Daily Graphic*, then the only illustrated daily paper in the country. It was after this that he became head of the Art Students' League, and after filling that position for three years, took up work as an instructor in several schools, among them being the League, the National Academy of Design, Cooper Union Art School, School of Arts and Crafts, and the Emma Willard Art School of Troy, and the Summer School of Painting at Northport, L. I., with which he was associated at the time of his death.

Finance.

LENDING TO CHINA.

The recent announcement that a Chinese Government loan for $50,000,000 had been taken by New York bankers appears to have excited much surprise in Europe, and to have caused some perplexity even on our own money markets. London financial dispatches had at first expressed incredulity as to the subscribing for so large a foreign loan by a market which was resorting to European lenders to finance its own railway loans at high rates of interest. New York itself was puzzled to understand how a $50,000,000 Chinese loan could be taken here, when the very banking community which took it was advising New York city not to press a $50,000,000 loan of its own at the present time, because the American market was not in good shape to absorb it. These were perfectly natural perplexities—not less so, certainly, when it is hardly to be supposed, on general principles, that the average American investor would clamor for Chinese bonds, and when the savings banks could not be among the buyers.

It is safe to say, however, that the operation is distinct, both in character and purpose, from the bringing out of a New York city loan, or a Pennsylvania Railroad loan, or even a United States Government bond issue. In those undertakings the underwriting banker would, so to speak, be in immediate touch with the ultimate consumer, and that consumer would be the American public or the American banking and investing institutions as a whole. Our public, it is true, has taken Cuban Government loans and Japanese Government loans; but Cuba is, in a business way, a part of our own domain, and Japan's American borrowings of 1904 and 1905 were not only facilitated by our people's strong sentimental sympathy with Japan in her war with Russia, but were offered to investors at a price which yielded 6 to 7 per cent. per annum.

No recent Chinese loan has been offered at any such figure; China's outstanding 5 per cents—the rate which the new loan will also bear—are quoted in London well above par. Yet that very quotation shows that somewhere in the international investment market the price can be commanded and the market can be obtained. Presumably the American bankers who have taken the $50,000,000 Chinese 5 per cents at

95 have done so in the belief, derived from their knowledge of the whole world's investment markets, that they can find advantageous sale for them, though not necessarily in America. They agree with China to find the money; it is indifferent to China where they find it.

In London, which has hitherto been the principal market for Chinese bonds, the comment on the American underwriting seems to be that it is a notably clever achievement, not in finance primarily, but in diplomacy. It has, in fact, been an open secret that our State Department was extremely desirous of placing this loan through the United States. The Administration was in all probability the prime mover in this last operation; it certainly took an active part in insisting that to our bankers should be allotted a portion of the recent $30,000,000 Hankow Railway loan of China.

For this governmental policy there appear to be two reasons, recognized both in Europe and in America. One has to do with the stipulation, sometimes made to a borrowing state, that the proceeds of such a loan shall be invested in materials and supplies bought in the country which financed the issue. The other bears on the presumption, very common in European diplomacy, that the state which lends the money will thereafter have a controlling voice in the politics of the state which borrows it. On no other theory could such an episode be explained as the extraordinary quarrel between four European governments, after China's disastrous war with Japan, as to which should have the privilege of procuring for China the money to pay the heavy war indemnity.

This diplomatic theory, taken as it stands, would explain the wish of our Government and bankers to get China's $50,000,000 loan, and their triumph over the achievement. The question cannot wholly be ignored, however, whether the ulterior purpose is so sure to be attained. That a market holding the bonds of a government which elects to default upon the interest will take a hand in that government's internal policy—to the extent at least of receiving and allotting the yield of its customs and excise revenues—is now accepted international tradition. But that is nothing more or less than appointing a receiver in bankruptcy, and our bankers are certainly not taking Chinese bonds in the hope of such a sequel. In China's case it is pertinent at least to ask who is to be the diplomatic favorite, when (as happens to be true) four separate states are among her existing creditors. More than this, the question will intrude as to how we are to compel political good-will from China on the ground of our money-market civilities, if the Chinese Government should have other inclinations.

Were New York the only market where Peking could borrow, one might answer that financial necessity would involve political friendliness. But as we have seen, the case is just the opposite. China, to judge from current international comment, has conferred a particularly gracious favor on America in letting it have the loan. Why should not China, then, itself demand diplomatic favors in return?

This aspect of the matter gives a touch of the grotesque. If it be replied that such conduct would not be in accord with diplomatic rule and precedent, then what shall be said of Turkey? For years past, through good and ill, London has financed the needs of the Turkish Government, with Paris a more recent participant in the task. Yet when one turns to the "foreign-affairs leader" in the London newspapers of to-day, he finds it filled with indignant protests at the rumored decision of the Constantinople Government to cast its diplomatic fortunes with Germany and the Triple Alliance. England and France denounce both the irregularity and the ingratitude; but Turkey may be imagined as smiling broadly, while she points to the energetic competition among the bankers of London, Paris, and Berlin to obtain the privilege of lending.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andersen, H. C. Fairy Tales. Illustrated. London: Dutton.
Andersen. Stories From Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mrs. E. Lucas. Illustrated. Dutton.
Arabian Nights. Edited by Anna Tweed. Baker & Taylor. $1 net.
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Abridged Report from The London Times, Saturday, October 22, 1910

The Encyclopædia Britannica

THE NEW EDITION

A DINNER was held at Claridge's Hotel last night, by invitation of the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the occasion of the undertaking by the University of the publication of the new (eleventh) edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The Chancellor (Lord Rayleigh) presided, and among those present were the following officers of the University:

The Vice-Chancellor (Mr. Scott, the Master of St. John's), the representatives in Parliament (Messrs. Butcher and Rawlinson), the Master of Corpus Christi, the Master of Downing, the Master of Gonville, and Caius, the Provost of King's, the Master of Magdalene, the Master of Pembroke, the Master of Peterhouse, the Master of St. Catherine's, the Master of Selwyn, Sir Clifford Allbutt, Sir Robert Ball, Sir George Darwin, Sir James Dewar, and Sir Joseph Larmor.

Among the other guests were the American Ambassador, the Bishop of Ely, the Chancellor of the University of Manchester (Lord Morley), the Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen (Lord Strathcona), Lord Gorell, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, Lord Justice Buckley, Sir Alfred Lyall, Mr. Alfred Lyttleton, M.P.; the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of London, Manchester, Wales, and Glasgow, the Principal of the University of London, the editor (Mr. Chisholm) and staff of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the secretary (Mr. Wright) and staff of the University Press, Sir William Crookes, Sir A. Geikie, the Hon. Arthur Elliot, the Hon. C. A. Parsons, Sir Harold Harmsworth, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Wm. Ramsay, Mr. Moberly Bell, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Sedgwick, and Mr. Andrew Lang.

The Chancellor, in proposing the toast of "The King," announced that his Majesty had consented to accept the dedication of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica [cheers], and that the President of the United States had also accepted a similar dedication.

The President of the British Academy (Mr. S. H. Butcher, M.P.) proposed the toast of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He said, in part, that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was a very remarkable book in its traditions. The first edition went back 140 years, but the eleventh edition had now passed into the hands of the University of Cambridge. It was to come out in 29 volumes; it had 27,000 pages, 40,000 articles, and more than 1,500 contributors. These contributors were men of great distinction, not only in this country, but all over the world; and with its India paper and some other of its physical characteristics, the weight of the 29 volumes was 80 lbs., all the volumes being compressed into a space of about two feet. [Laughter and cheers.] How did this book come into existence? Who made it what it was? Who had created this new edition? It was more than a new edition; they might say that it had been rewritten as compared with the ninth or tenth edition; and the work was due to the editor, Mr. Chisholm, perhaps, also with the help of his assistant, Mr. Philips. He had been silently at work on this edition for eight years, and had been able to produce an edition which was a quite original thing in the history of encyclopædias. He had obtained the help of expert advisers, and through the aid of *The Times* had been able to establish relations with all the world. It seemed to him that there were two interesting and original features of this new edition. The first was that the book would be a complete and uniform whole. Through all these eight years the editor had kept all the parts of the book in relation one with the other. He had kept in touch with the contributors, and had made them know what the other collaborators were doing. He so set to work that the book received a structural unity of its own. This was the first novel feature of the "Encyclopædia," because hitherto each volume had been a distinct and separate unit. Now for the first time the book, though of immense variety, was a unit. Hitherto there had been curious inconsistencies and discordant articles introduced into different volumes. They had this peculiar result from such an intellectual creation which had come into existence during an interval of fourteen or fifteen years. There was now an end of that irregularity, and this was a very great achievement. For the first time they had a real book, a book with structural unity, not a set of discordant monographs.

The second characteristic of the new "Encyclopædia" was that it kept pace with the forward movement and march of progress, and with the spirit of expansion in every domain of knowledge. They were aware that in the last thirty or forty years every form of knowledge had gone ahead at an extraordinary and accelerated rate, not only in the physical sciences, but in humanistic science—history, literature, and archæology. In order, therefore, to bring this "Encylopædia" up to date, it was necessary to revise the old one and even to rewrite it from the beginning. The new book, therefore, was no longer a mere record of the past, but it was to some extent an anticipation of future discoveries. It gave not only an insight into the past, but it gave a foresight of the future, a spirit of progressiveness, and a display of the enlargement of all the boundaries of knowledge. Surely, that was a splendid result to achieve, a splendid hope to have opened up. He observed in the list of contributors the names of writers belonging to the organized societies representing knowledge, some of the best men we had. There was, moreover, no limit of nationality in the selection of writers. Some of the 1,500 writers belonged to the Colonies, India, the United States, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, and even Japan. Those who had planned the book, therefore, and carried it through to completion, had done so inspired with the progressive spirit of science, having devoted to every branch of knowledge the kind of spirit which many would naturally feel might only belong to the more rapidly advancing forms of physical science. He believed that Cambridge was a fitting home for the new "Encyclopædia." The University was a living organism; its roots were in the past; it was a thing of gradual growth; it looked on to-day and to-morrow; and its hopes stretched out into the future. He expressed the hope that by possessing and controlling such a book as this Cambridge might become—more than it ever had in the past—an inspiring centre of world-wide intellectual life, and able to carry out not only its national but also its international function. [Cheers.]

Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who was cordially greeted, while warmly thanking Mr. Butcher for the kind things he had said about him individually, insisted that it was in his representative rather than his personal capacity that this very remarkable compliment was paid him. During the last seven or eight years he had been at the head of what had been really, though unrecognized by the world, a sort of college of research, because he knew that the sort of book they wanted to bring out could not be made without it. An encyclopædia was, of necessity, in a way, a coöperative work, but the mere collecting of the work of a number of different distinguished authors did not make a work really cooperative. What they had done in the

Abridged Report from The London Times, Saturday, October 22, 1910

The Encyclopædia Britannica

THE NEW EDITION

case of this particular edition was to make it really coöperative through the instrumentality of his editorial staff. It was universally recognized that the Ninth Edition, in spite of the faults that were due to the method of its compilation, was, on its merits, a very fine edition indeed, and he had certainly endeavoured not to lower the ideals of Robertson Smith and the editors of those days. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" was never a mere reference book. The various editions of it had been among the actual sources through which progress had been attained, in the exposition of many important branches of knowledge, and they had attempted to maintain that tradition in the present edition. But while keeping it an authoritative book and a collection of contributions from men who were making progress in all the subjects of knowledge, they had made it a very much better reference book than it was, and had given, he thought, a broader interpretation to the general principle. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" long ago ceased to be purely Scottish, but it still remained in the Ninth Edition a predominantly and rather narrowly British book. It took an entirely British point of view in a great number of subjects. The phrase in some of its articles, "in this country," meaning England, rather represented a certain mental attitude on the part of the contributors. The idea which ran through the whole of the new edition was that British interests were best served by giving the reader all the relevant information about any subject, whether it affected foreign countries or the homeland. Every single subject in the new edition was treated in what was really the only proper method, the comparative method. The book was not written purely for Englishmen, although his own feeling was that British interests covered the whole world. The important thing was to give the English-speaking peoples an insight of what was going on in other countries. That was done in a capricious way in the Ninth Edition in the legal articles, but they carried out that principle in every sort of article in the new edition. He believed that Cambridge, by disseminating through all its educational channels the contents of this book, would really be doing a great work to advance popular culture and to give a real impetus to the desire for accurate knowledge.

The American Ambassador, in reply to the toast of "The Guests," with which his name was associated, said he thought there was a general consensus of opinion among the scholars of the world that the one Encyclopædia to which they all looked for the most comprehensive, the most complete statement of facts relating to any particular subject, was the great "Encyclopædia" with which they had to do that night. He thought, also, that there was very general satisfaction among the scholars of the world that this great work of reference was passing now from private control and from private editorship into the hands and under the responsibility of one of the two great Universities which for so many centuries had been the home of national, and perhaps he might venture to say, international scholarship. There was a certain satisfaction, too, in feeling that it had passed under the control of the University of Cambridge—that one of the two great Universities which was popularly regarded at least as being specially given to scientific accuracy of investigation and to mathematical precision of statement. Those were the very qualities for which they looked most of all in a book of reference. A great scholar of Cambridge some centuries ago said that he proposed to take all knowledge as his province. The boundaries of human knowledge since that time had been enormously expanded, and no great son of Cambridge would now venture to say that he took all knowledge as his province. He might, perhaps, aspire to know everything about some one thing; he certainly could only hope after that to come up to what was an American definition of education—to know something about everything. But the one great work to which they all did go if they wanted to know something about everything was the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Far be it from him to say that there was not a very large class of subjects on which American encyclopædias were not better. He meant to say subjects in which Americans were specially interested. Perhaps to that extent their encyclopædias were one-sided. He did believe, however, that it was the general judgment of the scholars and investigators of the world that the one book to which they could go for the most complete, comprehensive, thorough and absolutely precise statements of fact upon every subject of human interest was the one for which the University of Cambridge was henceforth to be responsible to the world of letters. It was difficult to enhance the authority of the great work the University had taken in charge. But if there was one thing which could be done to enhance its reputation they had done it. They had secured the authority to send it out to the world not only under their own *imprimatur*, but bearing the great names of the two chief executives who divided between them the government of the—he had almost said the undivided and indivisible English-speaking race—a race which was united in its history, united in its language, united in its pride in the past, and united in its hopes and aspirations for the future. [Cheers.]

The President of the Royal Society (Sir Archibald Geikie) submitted the toast of "The University of Cambridge."

The Chancellor (Lord Rayleigh), in reply, said that what, perhaps, came home to him most in connection with the new edition of the "Encyclopædia" was the great advantage it would enjoy from the nearly simultaneous publication of the various volumes. Many of them might remember the absurd results which might arise from piecemeal publication as given by, he believed, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. He described the case of a person who, having come across only one of the early volumes, knew everything about the Alps and the Andes, but had never heard of the Himalayas or the Rocky Mountains. Continuing, the Chancellor said that his connection with the "Encyclopædia Britannica" went back some little time. He knew the former editor, Dr. Robertson Smith, who said that if he wanted an article of a serious character, inspired by wide and accurate knowledge, he generally looked for a Cambridge man as the author. It was implied, if not directly stated, that if he wanted a more general or ornamental treatment he might turn to the sister University. This was one of the matters in which, he thought, they might learn something from the sister University. At Cambridge they needed and were proud of their specialists, but even a specialist was none the worse for having command of language and grace of style.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1910.

The Week.

The Democratic national platforms of 1900, 1904, and 1908 each contained a declaration in favor of the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people. That public sentiment in support of this project has been steadily growing in the past ten years is undeniable. In the next Congress, the House of Representatives will be fully in the control of the Democrats, and the Senate will be so constituted that a majority can be easily commanded by them upon any proposition which could have the support of the progressive wing of the Republicans. Of course, a majority is not two-thirds, but the time will have arrived when a proposal to submit to the States a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of Senators by the people will be in all ways opportune. Indeed, if the amendment were put forward by the Democrats, the Republicans in the Senate could not oppose it without furnishing to the other side a very acceptable bit of campaign material for the impending Presidential campaign. Campaign pledges, the merit of the case, and calculations of party expediency, therefore, all conspire to point to this move as part of the coming programme of the Democratic party.

From the very centre of Southern manufacturing industry, from Birmingham, Ala., the Pittsburgh of the South, comes a clear pronouncement for a "tariff for revenue only." In addition to declaring for this principle, Representative Underwood adds that in his judgment such a tariff would cover "the difference in the labor cost of most manufactured articles at home and abroad." As for protecting profits, Mr. Underwood declares that he is opposed to it, "believing that to protect profits means to protect monopoly." His position as ranking Democratic member—after Champ Clark, the leader of the party—both in the Committee on Rules and the Committee on Ways and Means, gives special importance to this statement of position, made so promptly after the election which gives the Democrats the next House by a large majority. That matter of the difference in cost of production, which the Republicans are now using as the second line of intrenchments for their tariff system, has got to be taken up before long by the Democrats. It is therefore worth noting that in this early utterance on the subject, by a man in a position of great influence in the House and representing a district which may be supposed to be more protectionist than any other in the South, two points are made that look away from the revised Republican doctrine. In the first place, Mr. Underwood indicates that industries must take their chances under the tariff-for-revenue plan; it is only "*most* manufactures" for which the difference in labor cost would be covered by the tariff, and the others must make the best of what they can get. And secondly, he declares that protection of profits is not entitled to any consideration at all.

Judge Baldwin of Connecticut is bearing himself as well after election as does Gov.-elect Dix. The citizens of New Haven desired to make a public demonstration in honor of Judge Baldwin's election, but he announces that his personal wishes are against anything of the kind. His preference is that his friends should wait till it is seen how he discharges his duties as Governor. He still clings to his purpose to "teach an ex-President some law," but the main thing he has on his mind is preparation for his official labors. All told, Judge Baldwin is exhibiting all of the dignity and good sense that were to have been expected of him. One thing to his credit is that he refused, though a man of means, to contribute a large sum to his own campaign. He gave a total of $4,000, which compares favorably with the $20,000 expenses sworn to by Gov. Lilley of Connecticut, and the even larger amounts paid out by other candidates for the Governorship.

One Republican victory has escaped due notice in the turmoil of the disasters which the party suffered elsewhere. The election of Robert P. Bass as Governor of New Hampshire was a significant triumph for Winston Churchill. His campaign of reform, begun in the summer of 1904, has thus received an emphatic and decisive endorsement. It is reasonable to infer that, had it not been for the persistent work of Mr. Churchill, there would have been a Democratic victory in New Hampshire. The success of Bass means the fulfilment of Mr. Churchill's ambition "to clean up" the Republican party in New Hampshire without disrupting it. In a speech at Portsmouth three years ago he announced, to the dismay of the machine leaders hoping for his final discouragement, that he was engaged in a crusade to which he was willing to give twenty years of his life.

Gov. Carroll of Iowa, himself a standpatter, just reëlected by a greatly reduced majority, has naturally turned to his own faction of the party for a Senator to succeed the late Mr. Dolliver. In appointing Mr. Young, the editor of a Des Moines newspaper which has strongly and consistently opposed the Iowa insurgents, the Governor has certainly not made a conciliatory move. He might have sought a neutral man, not actively identified with either element—if such a man there be in Iowa. Of course, the appointment is only temporary. The Legislature will in the end elect, and presumably will not elect Mr. Young, unless he should experience a change of heart. In any event, Senator Cummins will remain at the head of his party in Iowa, and will be in a position to push his avowed candidacy for the Presidency.

Mixed feelings will be aroused by the defeat of Senator Beveridge in Indiana, but, on the whole, his retirement will cause little regret. He voted against his party on the tariff bill, but in Beveridge's insurgency there was always a suspicion of acting and of expediency. His attitude on the other great public questions which came up during his two terms in the Senate often lacked the appearance of settled conviction and entire sincerity; while his inordinate vanity and constant thrusting of himself to the front, along with the iterative drip of his oratory, had caused most people in Washington to become very weary of him. That sense of fatigue seems also to have reached Indiana. Even Roosevelt, before rushing to the scene to ex-

tend his fatal aid to Beveridge, had spoken of him as "the lesser evil"; and the people of Indiana appear to have become much more sure of the evil than of the lesser.

Neither cost of living, nor tariff, nor Roosevelt, nor Republican extravagance was in the minds of the Tennessee voters, the absorbing question there being the issue raised by Gov. Patterson in his pardon of the slayer of Carmack, the insulting defiance of the Supreme Court of the State with which it was accompanied, and the subsequent coercion which he attempted when some of the judges came up for renomination. The depth of feeling which this conduct aroused was manifested by an alliance of protesting Democrats with the Republicans, in support of Hooper, the Republican nominee for Governor. So formidable did this alliance show itself to be that Patterson, who had been nominated by the regular Democrats for reelection, voluntarily withdrew from the contest, and his place on the regular ticket was taken by Robert L. Taylor. But this move, after the Democratic indignation movement had got full headway, did not serve to bring the anti-Patterson Democrats back into the fold. The rebuke had been earned, and they were determined to administer it, whether to the original culprit or his proxy. The outcome at the polls showed plainly enough that Patterson would have been snowed under if he had remained in the field. When Tennessee elects a Republican Governor in token of its resentment for abuse of the pardoning power and for disrespect to the courts, it is evident that the spirit of independent citizenship is confined to no section of the country.

State lines do not coincide with natural divisions, and the census might be made to tell interesting stories that now lie concealed, if figures were massed according to other divisions. That the population of Iowa has declined by 7,000 in the past decade is remarkable enough; but a more striking result appears when a geographical ratner than a political area is considered. Bounded by the Mississippi on the east, the Missouri on the south, the Missouri and the Big Sioux on the west, and the southern line of Minnesota on the north, is an area of 78,000 square miles, or nearly one-third larger than all New England. It comprises the entire State of Iowa and the northernmost forty-four counties of Missouri. There is probably no other portion of the United States of equal extent which contains a larger proportion of good farming land. The last decade has been one of exceptional prosperity—yet in this entire region there now live 100,000 fewer people than resided there ten years ago. Outside the cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants the decrease in population since 1900 has been upwards of 140,000. This is a kind of story that the boldest prophet would not have ventured to predict as a possibility a quarter of a century ago, and it is well worth the careful attention of political students to-day.

The narrow escape in New York from a general strike ought to be the occasion for serious thoughts about the possibility of preventing such industrial disasters. In France, the Prime Minister has announced his purpose to follow up the recent railway strike with legislation designed to do away with such a throttling of the nation's commerce. M. Briand's words are: "It is not possible that the country should go on exposed to the same dangers, year after year. Such problems must be thoroughly looked into. The government intends to study them carefully, and will not rest until it has found a solution which will protect the land from such perils at the same time that it leaves essential liberties untouched." Of course, the task in France is somewhat easier since it is so largely a question of dealing with public employees; but there appears to be a general tendency to bring all employments "affected with a public interest" within the scope of laws forbidding either a strike or a lockout without due notice or efforts to settle the matter by arbitration. This was the principle of the so-called Lemieux law of Canada, enacted in 1907. It appears to have worked well.

"All in all, the experiment of employing colored enumerators, while it involved much extra work for the Census Bureau, has been entirely successful and reflects credit upon the colored people," we read in the *Southern Workman*. It explains that more than 2,000 colored enumerators were put to work, and that in only one case, where for lack of white enumerators colored men counted the whites, was there any real difficulty. A comparison of the work of the white enumerators who counted colored people with the work of the colored census men shows that the latter took more pains with the members of their race, particularly in the matter of differentiating employments. Hence there are high hopes that the new census will throw more light on the industrial position of the colored people in the South than any heretofore. The *Southern Workman* adds that a number of Southern cities have for some time past used colored men in increasing numbers in taking school censuses. Finally, those who, like the *Nation*, have long been urging colored constabulary for the South to deal with negro crime and prevent race friction, are certain to be encouraged by the success in official positions of the census enumerators.

The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* laments that the autumn meeting for the award of academic distinctions has not achieved its object of arousing a greater interest in scholarship. Most undergraduates, it seems, have remained away to scoff, and the recipients of the prizes have felt that the flush of achievement was somewhat chilled by the long postponement of recognition. It is therefore proposed to make the ceremony part of the commencement festivities. Whether this will do much to temper the admitted artificiality of the occasion may be a question. There will always be a killing lack of spontaneity in things of this sort; a meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa, or of the Poets' Guild, is a riot of enthusiasm in comparison. These at least are forms of organic self-expression; the other, from certain student points of view at least, nothing but a fussy faculty notion of fostering infant industry. An undergraduate class is prouder of its real scholars than faculties sometimes realize. It is usually the mere mark-getter, with slight claim to distinction in humane society beyond a certain sheepish impulse to press forward along the indicated path, who fails of being borne aloft on the shoulders of his admiring fellows. No amount of factitious reward for such successful mediocrity will greatly alter undergraduate opinion on this point, for here at least it agrees perfectly with that of the world.

All good Americans will be greatly relieved by the explanation from Professor Münsterberg's friends of the real significance of the fifteen-to-one ratio against him in the number of minutes during which the Kaiser chatted, respectively, with him and with Professor Smith of the University of Virginia. That explanation is so simple and yet so notable as another triumph of the new psychology that the wonder is only over the delay in its production. The monarch's chat with Professor Smith, while extended, was merely academic. His words to Professor Münsterberg, while few, were intimate and at the same time international in their scope. It cannot escape notice that this explanation does not come from the Emperor, but we hope no doubt will be cast upon its validity by reason of this fact.

One of the real literary wants of this nation is a Thanksgiving Proclamation "form." Not to dwell upon the waste of labor necessitated by the devising of one Presidential and forty-five State proclamations, there is the present defect, positively pernicious in its influence upon American literary style, of the English that Governors in particular delight to employ in their announcements of this annual festal day. Here, for instance, is the summons of the Governor of Indiana, disrespectfully cut by the leading newspapers of his own capital to we know not what percentage of its original length. But the fragment is enough. We have no quarrel—just now—with his conventional "never-ending procession of the seasons," "the common parent of us all," and "the corn and wine and oil of fertile fields and fruitful vineyards." We remember that Indiana is a literary State. But the spectacle of Indiana bowing "again her forehead to the ground" does give us a start from which we are hardly recovered by the assuring words, "and to the end that all may renew their allegiance and give thanks to our country's God, in conformity with State and national usage." We also fail to see the altruism of the concluding clause, in which the people of the State return thanks "for that he hath not so far dealt thus with any people."

One reason why the English Liberals are looking forward to a general election with more confidence than the Conservatives is that in recent by-elections the Liberals have scored notable successes. They carried South Shields by an increased majority, and in the Walthamstow division of Essex, where the new Solicitor-General, Sir John Simon, has just been reëlected, his majority is greater than it was last January. Then it was 2,195; on November 1 it was 2,766. This figure was attained in spite of the fact that the suffragettes and the Labor voters were against the Liberal candidate. Yet it is noteworthy that the Walthamstow poll was reduced. The decrease in the Liberal vote, as compared with the general election in January, was 1,053, while the Conservatives fell off 1,624. But the result is taken as good proof that the budget is now very popular and that the Conservatives are making no headway against free trade. It is partly in view of this latter fact that the *Spectator* once more calls upon Joseph Chamberlain to announce that, if the Conservatives are successful, they will do nothing to introduce the protective principle into English fiscal legislation. The appeal will doubtless be in vain, but so, it is generally admitted, must be any hopes which the Conservatives entertain as they face a general election.

The admission of "fashionable ladies, actors, and descriptive writers" to the Crippen trial is defended by a writer in an English newspaper, who saw no evidence in their faces of want of appreciation of the gravity of the case. He clinches his point by relating how he sat next to a celebrated actress, who remarked, "This is our real dramatic school." Such models of justice as this particular case seems to have been would never do for our stage, any more than for our criminal courts, however it may be with the British. To hold the mirror up to nature is at times difficult, at times uninteresting, and our temperament demands excitement. The result is a mad race on the part of the drama to keep even with the more animated moments of our not undramatic civilization. It is no wonder that it sometimes overleaps itself. But it was in another period of spacious times that our dramatic models were produced. Something must be wrong besides our temperament. There is either lack of the creative imagination or sad misdirection of its powers.

The sudden shock of the contrast of American manners with those of the high-bred Spaniards who had gone before in the Philippines, is regarded by a correspondent of the London *Times* as having "contributed largely to the first failure of the Americans to win the respect of the natives." And in his endeavor to deal with the misunderstanding "without hurting susceptibilities," he suggests the possibility of such Americanization of the Filipinos that in a few generations they will become aware that "a spirit of hustle and downright dealing, if at times a trifle uncouth, is better than an elaborate courtesy which has no sincerity of purpose behind it." Meanwhile, however, it is "not of good omen that the interchange of social courtesies between the better elements of native society and members of the American community is still growing less and less frequent." Well, all that our Imperialists can say is that our little brown brothers are too impatient. The very fact of their caring for courtesy and having a desire for premature display of our sincerity of purpose, is evidence of their sad backwardness. Even if we have introduced complications into the situation, that does not excuse the presumption of their official announcement that "the Philippine nation, being positively convinced that it possesses the actual capacity for self-government as a civilized nation, aspires ardently to be independent." Until our impetuous colonizers are convinced of that, all this will pass as sheer impudence.

The latest traveller to report war with Japan as imminent is the son of a Standard Oil magnate. He has been in Japan? Oh, dear, no. He has been hobnobbing with French and German army officers, and from them learns directly and certainly that Japan will attack us before the Panama Canal is finished. Two hundred thousand troops are to be landed in San Francisco for the little jaunt to Washington—by airship and balloon doubtless—and, of course, ruin and defeat will be the consequence. There is only one thing to do, avows this young militia captain, and that is to introduce at once a three years' compulsory army service as they have it in France and Germany. And he is going to begin to get compulsory service at once.

THE BEST FOOT FORWARD.

In accounting for his defeat in New Jersey, the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Lewis, attributes the result largely to "the wisdom of the Democratic party in selecting a candidate of the calibre of Dr. Wilson." Much the same could obviously be said of the nomination of Judge Baldwin in Connecticut and of Judson Harmon in Ohio. The voters like to support clean and able men. Even a democracy is eager to open a career for distinguished talent. This has been demonstrated again and again, but at no time more clearly than in last week's elections. In many localities the electors displayed remarkable discrimination in honoring exceptional men with an exceptional vote. Never was the moral sense of the community more successfully appealed to.

Now, this pre-election wisdom of the Democrats ought to be made post-election also. Other great struggles are before the party, in State and nation, and it cannot begin too soon to prepare for them by putting its best foot forward. This year's sweeping Democratic success is nothing like a mandate to the Opposition to take the reins of power two years from now. We have seen too many swift ups and downs in our politics, too many landslides going now to this party, now to that, to justify any notion that the country has definitely made up its mind to put the Democratic party in charge of the national government. This great blow to the Republicans was chiefly dealt by Republican hands. A vast Republican vote, discontented with the managers and policies of its own party, either went to the Democrats or was not cast at all. But this vote can be repelled as easily as it was won. The temporarily disgruntled Republicans, with the great body of independent voters, can be readily driven away by Democratic ineptitude or folly. And the great teaching of this year's campaign is that Democrats who look forward must seek to deserve success as well as fight for it, and to that end should give the posts of honor and responsibility to men whom the country will perceive to be capable of government.

Republicans are already prophesying —which is easy, but rather cold comfort—that the Democrats will make such a mess of things in the next House that the country will be disgusted and gladly fly back to the arms of the Republican party. The danger that this may happen is undeniable. Democrats in Congress have not, during recent years, made a display of great ability or unity or consistency. Their situation in the next Congress will not be unlike that which they faced in 1875, after the political upheaval in the election of 1874 had made the House Democratic for the first time in eighteen years. But the Democrats of those days rose to the opportunity. They made Kerr Speaker and put S. J. Randall in charge of their plans for effecting economies. They felt that they were on trial. It was for them to prove to the nation that they had strong and safe men in whose hands the administration of public affairs could with confidence be placed. And the steadiness and sobriety shown by the Democratic House elected in 1874 helped the election of another one in 1876. Conditions to-day may be similarly availed of, or they may be stupidly wasted. Certain it is that if the Democratic majority in the next House does not put able and responsible men on duty, stand for economy, and work out constructive plans for legislation, the party will be exposed in 1912 to as severe a rebuke as if the elections of 1910 had never brought a triumph.

It is, however, upon the State of New York that specific attention will be converged to see what use the victorious Democrats will make of their great opportunity. Of the purpose of Governor-elect Dix to give a clean and business-like administration, there can be no doubt. He will surround himself with skilled and honorable advisers, and will, we are confident, make his chief appointments with an eye single to efficiency. But it is the choice of a Senator to succeed Depew which will most quickly and definitely mark the attitude of the New York Democracy towards forward-looking and high-minded policies in the nation, and upon that choice thought and effort should immediately be concentrated. The degradation of the New York Senatorship by Platt and Depew has been one of the worst offences of the long Republican domination in this State. It will never do for Democrats who have cried out upon it not to exert their utmost power to complete the removal of that disgrace. It would be impossible to go lower than Depew, but the Democrats are bound to go much higher. If they were to make such a miserable failure now as they made after 1892 when they elected Edward Murphy Senator, despite the protest of President Cleveland, they would go far to destroy at once the respect of the people and their own hopes for the future. It is distinctly a time when a man should be selected of the very highest type.

Several excellent names are already under discussion, though some of the men mentioned say that they cannot be considered. We do not know that Mr. Shepard is or would be a candidate, but we do know that a man of his sort ought to be chosen. Ability for ability, Mr. Shepard's could fairly be matched with Senator Root's, while his mature political convictions, his deep study of our political history, his readiness in debate and his value in counsel, together with his unblemished character, would make him a Senator whom New York would delight to honor. His personal wishes are unknown to us, but such a name as his should be kept to the front so that by discussion in the press and by individual urging the great duty of choosing a fit Senator should be held in the forefront. What the party has won by going to the polls with able and even eminent nominees, it can retain only by clinging to the same high standard in appointments to office and in elections by the Legislature.

THE PENSION ROLL.

The Pension Commissioner's annual report, which has just made its appearance in full, is coincident with the publication in the *World's Work* of a series of articles by William Bayard Hale on the "staining of the nation's honor-roll with pretence and fraud"—an exposure of some of the crimes against honest soldiers and against the government, in connection with our pension system. But were this perennial uncovering of these abuses not going on, the report of the Commissioner would still deserve careful study, if only because of the demand for "dollar-a-day" pensions heard at the last encampment of the Grand Army, and the all-pervading public ignorance as to the size of the pension expenditures. Mr. Davenport, the Commissioner, records that forty-five years after Appomattox there are still 602,180 soldiers and sailors drawing pensions, in addition to 318,461 widows and dependents and 442 nurses, who together

receive annually no less than $158,332,391.82—a sum exceeded but three times in our pension history, and but four millions less than last year's expenditures.

Although there was a decrease of 25,111 in the number of pensioners the slight net reduction in the expenditures is plainly disappointing, from the taxpayer's point of view. The average annual pension is now $171.90, against $138.18 in 1906; it increased only $2.08 above that of 1908-1909, but that increase added $1,915,852.64 to the total expenditure. These larger outlays were due to increased rates authorized by Congress, applications for larger pensions, and 3,015 special pensions granted by separate acts of Congress—the worst abuse of all. How the cost would jump if the 483,000 pensioners of the civil war were to receive a dollar a day, in place of $171.90 a year, any one can figure out for himself. But consideration for the Treasury never prevents the average Congressman from passing bill after bill to "correct the record" of deserters, bounty-jumpers, and cowards. It is the easiest way for a Representative to make friends in his district. What cares he as to the character of the men he places on the roll, so long as he may tell his constituents that he got Congress to agree to 250 or 300 or 600 private pension bills? Mr. Hale has printed some splendid samples of these, among them a bill of Congressman Brownlow of Tennessee, enrolling Bradford Whaley as a private in the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, in which he never served, and then giving him a pension. As Mr. Hale says, Congress might as well have made Whaley a veteran of the Revolution. Yet 3,015 bills of this kind, though few so flagrant, were passed last year and approved by President Taft—resulting in an increased drain upon the taxpayers of no less than $894,495 and benefiting 6,063 persons.

It is not, however, merely the growing size of the pension which is ominous. The number of widows of soldiers of the civil war increased by 9,045, despite the ravages of death among the 211,781 who drew pay last year for their husbands' services forty-five years ago. It will amaze most people to hear that there are already no less than 27,889 pensioners of our brief war with Spain and the Philippine insurrection. There were not 27,000 soldiers in the regular army early in 1908, and, if we remember correctly, Gen. Shafter's force at Santiago was not above 18,000 men. Yet within twelve years of that brief struggle there are on the rolls 22,783 invalid soldiers, 1,183 widows, and 330 minor children, 3,072 mothers of soldiers and 512 fathers, 7 brothers and sisters, and 2 helpless children. In such measure is the government paying for the fever camps and that one conflict which most civil war veterans would have regarded as but little more than a skirmish. Every war the country has been in is now represented on the pension roll, for there are still one "daughter of the Revolution" and 338 widows of the war of 1812 obtaining government aid; while 2,042 survivors and 6,359 widows are accredited to the war with Mexico, which ended sixty-two years ago. If the same longevity prevails as in the case of the last survivor of the second war with England, we shall be paying Mexican war veterans up to 1941 and Spanish war veterans up to 1991. Already the Spanish war veterans and dependents have received $80,191,725.72, or within fourteen millions of the Mexican war pensions and sixteen millions of the total amount paid out for the war of 1812; and there were 47,295 claims for pensions pending in June, 9,135 for service against Spain or the Filipinos.

Now, if the money side of all this were the only question, it would be bad enough, particularly if we take into account the pensioning of fully 100,000 Confederate veterans by the Southern States at a cost of probably $4,500,000 to $5,000,000. They have been well inoculated, too, with the pension virus, for Georgia in 1909 pensioned 3,492 veterans at a cost of $561,077. But worse than the pecuniary aspect is the demoralizing effect of the system, which in the North, at least, discriminates not at all between good and bad, worthy and unworthy applicants, but gives above 900,000 people the idea that patriotism on the battlefield is cashable, and that it is the duty of the Treasury to hand out money, precisely as protectionists think the government owes it to them to guarantee the profits of their business. In the South the pension system menaces, as a writer in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* points out, the proper educational and social progress of that section. In the North it is honeycombed with fraud, and offers such an inviting opportunity for a President who desires to make a name for himself as a brilliant administrator and an enemy of corruption, that it is hard to see how Mr. Taft can resist the temptation to overhaul the whole business. And what we miss in the Pension Commissioner's report is an indication of a vigorous cleaning up of the pension-rolls. Only fifty-five frauds were punished last year; but the country, as Mr. Hale shows, is full of them.

NON-MANIFEST DESTINY.

In the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there occurs the following quotation from the introductory statement preceding the list of courses in physics offered at one of our great universities in 1894:

> While it is never safe to affirm that the future of physical science has no marvels in store . . . it seems probable that most of the grand underlying principles have been firmly established, and that further advances are to be sought chiefly in the rigorous application of these principles to all the phenomena which come under our notice. . . . An eminent scientist has remarked that the future truths of physical science are to be looked for in the sixth place of decimals.

"Then came," says the writer, "the discovery of Röntgen rays, 1895; Becquerel rays, 1896; Zeeman effect. 1896; radium, 1898; atomic disintegration, the transformation of matter, the thermal effect of radio-activity, and intra-atomic energy, 1903. I am unable to locate the sixth decimal idea in recent catalogues."

The suddenness of the change in the aspect of physical research which has taken place within the past two decades is a phenomenon of extraordinary interest; but the reflections suggested by the contrast above referred to are quite as pertinent in the domain of human affairs as in that of scientific investigation. We are all ready enough to admit in the abstract that it is the unexpected that happens, and that most long-range prophecies are vain; but, strange to say, the specific application of this maxim to the questions that constitute at once the most difficult and the most vital problems of humanity is almost universally neglected. When it comes to the great currents of human history and opinion, the doctrine of "manifest destiny" is accepted with hardly a protest by the minority, the people who try more or less vigorously to work against the current or who at

least wish that it were other than it is. Up to a certain time a movement may seem to be utopian or academic or eccentric; but let it grow steadily for some years and attain a position of real power, and the time soon comes when the word is passed all along the line that its ultimate and complete triumph is a certainty. Opposition may continue, and perhaps the very people who admit the coming event may go on acting according to their principles; nevertheless, the fact remains that the acceptance of the manifest destiny idea, in each such case, is a factor of great potency in sapping the vitality of the opposition.

Take such a matter as Socialism. There are to-day millions of people whose attitude toward Socialism is profoundly influenced by the feeling that, however little they may like it, however undesirable in itself or ultimately impracticable in its working they may be convinced it is, yet it is sure to come. The day of individualism, they feel, is rapidly passing; in a hundred ways they see the handwriting on the wall. It is only lack of imagination, they say to themselves, that prevents anybody from seeing what is so clearly patent; a few more years and everybody will see it. But in reality it takes more imagination to realize the possibility of a change in existing tendencies than to realize what results those tendencies, if unchecked by new developments, will bring about. It was easy, for example, for anybody to see, only a few years ago, that China was on the eve of dissolution and partition among the European nations; it was not easy to see that this destiny, so manifest in everything that had happened for half a century, was suddenly to be abrogated by the marvellous assertion of the potentialities of the Orient made by Japan in her war with Russia. And if it be said that this event was related merely to the special characteristics of particular nations or races, while the question of Socialism is one that turns on forces imbedded in universal human nature, the answer is simple enough. In the sea of forces involved in the socialistic recasting of human life there are unsounded depths quite as far removed from our ken as were the factors which played a decisive part in the Russo-Japanese drama.

What is true of these largest questions is equally true in regard to political issues of lesser sweep. In our own country we have seen a great growth of the importance and the power of the Federal government. That this growth has been made necessary by modern economic developments—the new relations among all parts of the country created by modern methods of transportation and communication and the new problems arising out of the modern organization of industry and business—is very true. That the process will be and should be carried still farther in certain directions few reasonable persons will deny. But to drift from this conclusion, resting on reason and judgment, into an easy-going acceptance of State impotence and central omnipotence as the verdict of manifest destiny, is a very different matter. When Mr. Chamberlain started his protection agitation in England, manifest destiny, as shown in the spread of protection on the Continent and in the alleged decay of England's industrial power, was his strongest ally. Our own imperialist venture in the Philippines would never have been made were it not for the debilitating effect of the manifest destiny idea at a time of sudden excitement and military vainglory. But the truth is we know but one thing about destiny—that it is not manifest; and we have but one duty concerning it—each in his degree to do what in him lies to shape destiny according to his conviction, not of what it will be, but of what it ought to be.

INTELLECT AND SERVICE.

In his remarkable "Statistical Study of American Men of Science," Professor Cattell arrives at the conclusion that the number of our scientific men of importance has in recent years been increasing at only about half the rate of increase of the whole population, and that the production of scientific men of the highest order has been faring far worse. This latter conclusion he bases largely on the fact that in the complete list of men who, by the judgment of their peers, deserve to rank among the thousand leading men of science there are only six under thirty years of age, and none of these in conspicuously high rank. "This," he says, "is significant and disquieting. A man of genius is likely to do his work at an early age and to receive prompt recognition. Kelvin was appointed full professor at Glasgow at twenty-two, Thomson at Cambridge at twenty-six, Rutherford at McGill at twenty-seven. Men of science of this age and rank simply do not exist in America at the present time; nor is it likely that we are faring better in scholarship, in literature, and in art."

In the earlier days of the Republic, we used to explain any deficiency of our country in great intellectual fruits by pointing to the fact that we were engaged in "subduing a continent," and that partly the material rewards and partly the inherent attraction of this labor took the flower of our youth away from intellectual pursuits. Later on, a factor different from this, though not unrelated to it, came into the forefront—the enormous and dazzling prizes offered to successful endeavor in the fields of business enterprise, the overwhelming prominence given to the pursuit of wealth at a time when fortunes unheard of in former days gave a position of power and of popular eminence such as no other form of success seemed to offer. Add to this the rapid growth of luxury and the rise in the material standards of living, and you have a situation in which a life devoted to intellectual effort, with small material reward and with little stimulus from the interest and respect of the community at large, would not often present itself to a young man of talent, energy, and high spirit as the natural goal of his ambition. Indeed, it might be said that the social atmosphere of America has constituted, in the case of our young men, an environment comparable—though, of course, with an enormous difference of degree—to that which has in all ages surrounded young women as regards their intellectual ambitions. It is not nearly so much the presence of absolute hindrances as it is the absence of encouragement and incentive, that accounts for that lack of intellectual achievement on the part of women which, until our own time, was ascribed almost universally to inherent incapacity.

To this potent cause of deflection of young men of high intellectual endowment from fields of intellectual endeavor for which they are by nature and temperament peculiarly fitted, there must, in our judgment, be added another which seems destined to play a greater and greater part in producing this effect. We refer to that exaltation of

"service" as the only worthy aim of an intellectual life which has, within the past dozen years, been coming more and more into fashion. It should hardly be necessary for the *Nation* to protest that in entering an objection to this tendency it is not actuated by any deficiency in its admiration of the man who makes his scholarship an instrument of "service" or in its appreciation of the value of his work. We do not object to praise of the scholar in politics or of the scholar in social betterment or in economic reform; we object only to the preaching of a gospel which leaves all other scholars out in the cold. If, on the one hand, you offer all the shining outward rewards of effort to those who do not go into intellectual pursuits at all, and, on the other hand, you reserve all appreciation and praise for such intellectual achievements as bear directly on the improvement of political and social conditions, you cannot expect the life of the scholar and thinker and writer in other domains to present to aspiring youth that fascination which is the greatest factor in determining the direction of his ambitions.

In the speeches at the dinner given in New York in honor of the completion by Prof. E. R. A. Seligman of twenty-five years of admirable work as scholar, teacher, and citizen, it was natural that stress should be laid on the connection between scholarship and service to the community. A better example of the combination it would be difficult to find. But nearly every speaker gave voice, either expressly or by implication, to the doctrine that only by such service can scholarship be truly justified; and one cannot help asking whether the president of Columbia University, for example, really thinks in his own heart that those who pursue studies and researches far removed from such service —Greek, for example, or the more abstract departments of pure mathematics —are mere drones, survivals of an outworn tradition that continues among us only on sufferance. We are perfectly aware that a tenuous justification might be made for these intellectual luxuries even from the "service" standpoint; but turn and twist as you will, the kind of talk that we refer to is simply incompatible with the spirit of a whole-souled devotion to the things of the mind. And yet it is precisely that spirit—the spirit of Copernicus and Galileo and Newton and Darwin—that has not only illumined the world but has furnished one of the chief refuges from the deadly grind of the commonplace and the material. Exalt service by all means, but preserve for pure intellectual achievement its own place of distinction and regard. Do the one, and applaud it, but leave not the other undone or unhonored.

THE QUEST OF THE ULTIMATE.

The number of serious books published recently with titles that calmly claim anticipation of the last word in religion is not a little remarkable. Starting boldly enough with "The Coming Religion" and "The Religion of the Future," our modern seers have apparently become impatient of unnecessary diffidence, until, flinging to the winds the few remaining limitations of their prophetic powers, they have reached the climax in "The Final Faith." Whether the writers of such books expect them to be bought as genuine pronouncements of "foreknowledge absolute," is as uncertain as whether they themselves so regard them. If they do, their sincerity is surely at the expense of their sagacity. But the publishing business will still go on, for there would yet be room for "The Final Faith, Revised." Even then we should not hope to find in its pages a statement of ultimate truth. We should look for nothing more than an advance in that direction, or even for a pushing of the goal farther away than it at present appears. Either effect would be accounted an intellectual triumph, a step toward that finality of knowledge which we as little desire as expect.

But if the piquancy of that search for a fixed goal is due in some measure to its endlessness, so that we are fain to satisfy our restless questioning with the dogma that success would mean satiety, the same does not hold in that realm of art where the interpretation of the fact is as important as the fact itself. The thrill of satisfaction at the discovery of the Pole, which was only man's natural delight in the attainment, especially the long-attempted, difficult, and perilous attainment, of an ultimate object, not because of its usefulness, but only because of the necessity of reaching what was evidently there to be reached, may have to be re-satisfied continually with other analogous triumphs. The other Pole, the partially conquered air, the stretches of space that still yield only a reluctant obedience to the breathless monsters of steam and electricity, will provoke and defy in varying degrees man's quest of the ultimate. Science looks ever forward. But with whatever of aspiration for heights ungained, it is in a frequent and eager turning to the days that are no more that art finds its comfort and its joy. There are no more durable satisfactions of the human spirit than the glory that was Greece and Florence and Weimar and Stratford. Here, in certain directions, man has apparently reached the ultimate goal, long before he had made more than a beginning upon those other paths that, crowded now with explorers, stretch ever farther and farther into the receding distance.

It is the habitual resort to these acknowledged masterpieces that casts doubt upon our philosophic dogma of the identity of attainment with satiety. In the so-called attainments of science, which are merely provisional and introductory to others equally so, there is no real test of the matter. And, furthermore, there may be a difference in this respect between a master and those who can only admire, without imitating, his skill. But surely, even for a master there is something indistinguishable from perfect contentment of satisfaction in beauty of line and color, of sound, and of the artistry of words. The difference between art and science here is absolute. One does not take the "Iliad" as a starting-point for a greater epic, or the Venus de Milo for a finer statue. Accepting these as themselves ultimate, one either gives himself up to enjoyment of them, or strives, in the scientific manner, to analyze them. In the latter event, he finds himself once more upon the endless road of investigation. In the former, he longs only to see and hear again and again and again. He has found something which, although finite, is possessed of finality.

Is this difference between the provisional character of science and the ultimate character of art inherent in the differing natures of the emotions and the reason? How has man been able to create objects of perennial satisfaction, but quite unable to discover the final truth about either them or himself? No wonder that the one power, however meagrely rewarded, however little deserving to be called "useful," has always, in the most highly cultivated as well as

in the crudest society, been deemed to have some spark of the divine in it, while the highest tribute paid by savagery or mediævalism to the wonders of the other was to credit it to a far less respectable, even if still supernatural, source. Our inquiries, however, are necessarily futile. They are of that part of the search for finality which, from all appearances, must go on forever, being itself the only surely final element in the process. It is better for the baffled mind to turn now and then from the endless puzzle of the why and the how, and to rest questionless before the finalities of finite workmanship. In his unavoidable quest of the ultimate, man must go for absolute satisfaction, not to the crucible or the study, but to the impassioned music of Beethoven, the tragic failure of Hamlet, the columned majesty of the Parthenon, and the swinging hexameters in which the gods still live.

PASCAL.

I.

During the last ten years or so there has been a marked reawakening of interest in Pascal. This Pascal revival differs from the Rousseau revival that has taken place during the same period in being French rather than international, and also in being less easy to interpret. The return to Rousseau evidently bears a close relation to the great wave of radicalism that has been sweeping over the world. As the author of a recent work on the "Social Contract" remarks, the proletarians hope to use the dogma of the sovereignty of the people to oust the bourgeois even as the bourgeois used it to oust the aristocrats at the time of the Revolution. But why this interest in Pascal, especially the side of Pascal that seems most remote from everything modern? The sympathy that appears in so many French writers is also manifest in the new Life of Pascal by Lord St. Cyres.*

In spite of the unfortunate flippancy of the preface, Lord St. Cyres's book has solid merit; it is abreast of French investigations and points of view about Pascal, and though not contributing important points of view of its own, is admirable as an exposition, worthy both in literary form and intellectual quality of its great and stimulating subject. Justice is done to Pascal in his various aspects as saint and scientist and man of the world. Lord St. Cyres handles ideas, especially the ideas that bear on the "Provincial Letters" and the whole subject of casuistry, with a keenness that is not common in English. His treatment of the more mystical element in Pascal seems to reflect in some measure the reaction against intellectualism which is attaining such large proportions, and of which pragmatism is perhaps the best known, though by no means the only, manifestation. The treatment of Pascal's conversion especially is evidently colored by certain theories of James's as to the rôle of the subliminal in religious experience. The great scientific intellectualists of the last century, who were striving to establish strict causal sequences between phenomena, looked with less favor on the "thunderclaps and visible upsets of grace," and in general on the appeal to pure intuition that one finds in Pascal. "Converts are no friends of mine," said Goethe, whose unfriendliness to Pascal in particular is well known. Sainte-Beuve never tires of trying to prove that men remain after conversion about what they were before. This point of view explains the final coldness toward Jansenism that comes out so clearly in the postscript to the sixth volume of his "Port-Royal."

We may doubt whether the special kind of sympathy for the intuitive as compared with the rational that seems to be on the increase just now is a real advance over the sturdy intellectualism of a Sainte-Beuve or a Goethe. The intellect is at best only an intermediary power; the first things and the last are equally hidden from it. What knowledge it has of either it must owe to intuition. Yet the slighting of the intellect in the name of the higher intuitions that has appeared in the more ascetic forms of Christianity has always been unfortunate. We may suspect that the slighting of the intellect in the name of the lower intuitions, that has assumed so many forms from Rousseau to James and Bergson, is exposed to an even more certain retribution. Most of the early Port-Royalists were themselves sturdy intellectualists and philosophically at the opposite pole from pragmatism. In Lord St. Cyres's phrase, they defended "a highly mystical, intuitive religion by rows of serried formulæ marching past in battle array." But in spite of all their logic and rationality, they put their final emphasis on the miraculous, on violent overturns of the natural order, and so prepared the way for the *convulsionnaires* and the Diacre Pâris, that eighteenth-century Jansenism into which Sainte-Beuve said that nothing in heaven or on earth could induce him to enter. There is already something convulsive in Pascal's conception of religion.

If this were the whole story we should have to agree with those who regard Pascal on his purely religious side as obsolete. For example, the writer of the review of Lord St. Cyres's book in the *Spectator* declares that the Pascal that really counts for the reader of to-day is the Pascal of the "Provincial Letters," whereas what we have in most of the "Pensées" are the last lingering shadows of mediævalism that have not yet been banished by the bright sunshine of the modern spirit. This point of view is all the more misleading in that it is at least half true. The "Provincial Letters" have the obvious advantage over the "Pensées" of being not mere fragments, but the finished product of a consummate literary artist, of the creator, one is almost tempted to say, of French prose. For if the empty form of the modern French phrase was perfected by writers like Guez de Balzac, it was Pascal who gave this form vital content. A Frenchman who set out to-day to write like Montaigne would be an intolerable mannerist; but Pascal's French has aged very little in either syntax or vocabulary; it remains the kind of French that every Frenchman would like to write, "if he only could." Through the French influence on writers like Dryden, Pascal may be said to have contributed to the establishing of a standard of sound prose in English.

If, however, the "Provincial Letters" show Pascal at his best as a literary artist, they are inferior to the "Pensées" in human interest. Pascal's attack on Jesuitical morality was intended for immediate effect, and so is at times too implicated in the local and ephemeral. Religion, again, in the "Provincial Letters" often appears as a mere occasion for the sparrings of theologians. Such distinctions as those between contrition and attrition, sufficient grace and efficacious grace, leave us cold. In the "Pensées," on the other hand, we are made to feel that the doctrine of grace is at the very heart of Christianity; it is in fact, the doctrine that in its triumph best measured the force of the recoil of Christianity from ancient naturalism and that in its decline has best marked the steady encroachments of modern naturalism on the inner citadel of faith. It is, in a sense, the distinguishing doctrine of Christianity as an historical belief.

II.

Some slight anticipations of grace may, indeed, be found in the pagan philosophers, especially in Plato, when he says that virtue is "neither natural nor acquired," but "comes to the virtuous by the gift of God" ("Meno"). But Plato

**Pascal.* By Viscount St. Cyres. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.—Attention should also be called to *The Nuns of Port-Royal* by M. E. Lowndes. New York: Henry Frowde. The contemporary documents that Miss Lowndes has collected and arranged with great skill give a specially good idea of Mother Angélique. Among recent French contributions to the study of Pascal and Port-Royal mention should be made of the edition of Pascal in the Grands Ecrivains under the editorship of MM. Brunschvieg and Pierre Boutroux, of the labors of Michaut and Brunschvieg on the text of the *Pensées*, and finally of the *Pascal et son temps* of Fortunat Strowski (3 vols., 1907-8), which has already gone into a fourth edition.

and the other Greeks could not hold the doctrine of grace in the true Christian sense because they were "terribly at ease in Zion," that is, they lacked humility—the sense of absolute dependence on a power that is above both nature and human nature. The doctrine of grace as elaborated by St. Augustine and revived by the Jansenists in almost more than its primitive austerity, was intended to sharpen a contrast not normally present to the pagan consciousness—the contrast between the utter sinfulness of man and the infinite righteousness of Deity. The gap between the human and the divine is absolute and only to be traversed by a twofold miracle—inwardly by the miracle of grace, outwardly by the miracle of the redemption. For the Jansenist, as Lord St. Cyres puts it, "Nature soon became one vast, unholy chaos, one shaking quagmire of corruption, in the midst of which rose, stark and lonely, the storm-swept citadel of Grace." Without the twofold miracle, and left to his own resources, man is helpless. The only thing noble in him, says Pascal, is reason, and yet, he adds, nothing is more "contemptible" than reason itself, being as it is the everlasting dupe and plaything of the imagination. In the name of grace, Pascal thus seeks to discredit both the reason and the imagination, the two faculties by which the modern man must live. We are forced at last, like Voltaire, to "take the side of human nature against this sublime misanthropist."

The difficulty with the doctrine of grace in its extreme forms is that it strikes one as an attempt to prop and buttress a tottering theology by establishing a spiritual reign of terror. This is especially so in the use of the doctrine by its last great exponent, Jonathan Edwards. Without grace and conversion, according to Edwards, men are suspended over the pit of hell by a slender thread that is likely to be singed asunder at any moment by the fire of God's wrath, "however moral and strict, sober and religious, they may otherwise be." We cannot blame the world for having risen in revolt against so horrible an obsession, for refusing to be frightened into heaven. But the reaction against the theological terror has resulted in turn in an almost equally violent and dangerous extreme.

"Listen, my children," said Mother Angélique to her nuns a few hours before her death, "listen well to what I say. Most people do not know what death is, and never give the matter a thought. As for me, I have feared it all my life and never let it out of my mind. But my worst forebodings were as nothing compared with the terrors now upon me." In deliberate opposition to such expressions of the theological terror Rousseau imagined the elaborate complacency and self-satisfaction of the dying Julie, whose end was not only calm but æsthetic ("le dernier jour de sa vie en fut aussi le plus charmant"). To the notion that nature is utterly corrupt and that men are "vipers spitting their venom at God," he opposes the assertion that man is good and nature beautiful (or, as some one has summed up the doctrine in its Christian Science form: I am lovely, and the world is lovely, too). Instead of making the breach in the soul between sin and righteousness so wide that no amount of good works can avail to bridge it, Rousseau declares that there is no breach at all, that evil is introduced into the soul from without; in other words, he lays the blame for evil, not on the individual, but on society; he gets rid of the theological terror by undermining the individual's sense of his own responsibility.

Not only the sentimental naturalism typified in Rousseau, but every other main current, both of the Catholic and the non-Catholic world, has been running steadily away from the doctrine of grace. From the point of view of material success no enterprise was ever so surely foredoomed to failure as Jansenism. For the virtue of absolute humility the Catholic Church has been tending to set up the very different virtue of absolute submissiveness to outer authority. The non-Catholic world, again, has been moving more and more toward a naturalistic and humanitarian view of life that is neither humble nor submissive. Good observers from Burke to Jules Lemaître have noted the entire absence of humility in Rousseau. The exultation of the scientific naturalist in man's power is as fatal to humility as Rousseau's exultation in man's goodness. As a sample of the humility of a certain type of scientist, we may take the following from Clifford:

> The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all gods, and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history and from the inmost depth of every soul the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am."

If Luther had anticipated that figure of "our father Man" with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes (the fire, he would have said, rather of eternal lust), would he have undertaken the great Schism? All the efforts of Luther and the Jansenists have availed very little to arrest the drift of the whole world away from the doctrine of grace to the doctrine of good works. In their emphasis on good works as well as in their emphasis on submissiveness the Jesuits have merely exaggerated the modern Catholic tendency. Lord St. Cyres points out that Ignatius Loyola was the most "resolute of utilitarians." Loyola lays almost as much stress on the idea of service as any of our present-day humanitarians. According to the Jesuit one may be saved merely by being serviceable and submissive; according to the humanitarian, merely by being serviceable and sympathetic. Both Jesuit and humanitarian obscure the reality of sin, of the individual struggle between good and evil, the Jesuit by unduly encouraging the individual in the hope that he may cast off the burden of his sin upon the priest and the priest's power of absolution, the humanitarian by encouraging him unduly in the hope that he may cast off his burden on society. Both Jesuit and humanitarian emasculate the doctrine of good works not only as it might be, but as it actually has been formulated. For, if Plato anticipates but faintly the doctrine of grace, Aristotle sets forth very adequately the doctrine of good works. Aristotle, who would attach the individual by a thousand bonds to society, who even makes ethics only a branch of politics, does not, therefore, fall into the humanitarian error of making social service the goal of the individual. Society is chiefly important in the eyes of Aristotle for the aid it may give the individual in realizing his higher self; it works upon him and gives him the preliminary training in right habits only in order that it may prepare him for the supreme task of working upon himself. Everything in Aristotle, indeed, converges upon the idea of habit—an idea at once scientific and humanistic, the means by which one gradually ascends from the goods of instinct to the goods of reason.

The supernaturalist is prone to look with disdain on so uninspired a method. Thus Jansen speaks contemptuously of Aristotle and his little, choppy phrases that are unable to rise above the things of earth ("Minutiloquio suo sola terrena perscrutatus est"). In a similar spirit Holbein drew his picture of the prelates and doctors of the church, turning their backs on Christ, the Light of the World, and following Aristotle into the abyss. But Aristotle can be one of the most impressive of writers when the passion that so often lurks beneath his syllogistic dryness actually flashes to the surface. Starting as a pure naturalist with the sense of vital growth and development, he rises gradually and without confusion of the planes of being to humanistic discipline, conceived as a mediation between extremes, until from the very apex, as it were, of the humanistic virtues he glimpses a truth that transcends even the law of measure. "A man ought not," he says, "to entertain human thoughts as some would advise, because he is human, nor mortal thoughts because he is mortal; but as far as it is possible he should make himself immortal and do everything with a view to living accord-

ing to the best principle in him, which, though it be small in size, yet in power and value is far more excellent than all."

Aristotle is thus related on the one hand to the keenest and hardest-headed of our modern scientists, and on the other to Dante in his vision of the empyrean. He has perhaps been surpassed as a naturalist and certainly surpassed as a supernaturalist, but like the other great Greeks he remains unsurpassed in his humanism; and it is the humanistic virtues that are needed to give meaning to either extreme. Perhaps the world would have been a better place if more people had made sure that they were human before setting out to be superhuman. Thus Pascal, who speaks so excellently of the humanistic art of mediating between opposite virtues and occupying the middle ground between them, was not himself a humanist. He conceived of religion only as a sort of "mortal leap" from naturalism to supernaturalism. "God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob," we read on the slip of parchment on which he recorded his conversion, "Not the God of the philosophers and the scientists." On the face of it there is something incongruous in the fact that the man who made the Great Experiment and invented the arithmetical machine, and established the first line of omnibuses at Paris, should be the same man that wore hair shirts and declared that sickness is the natural state of the Christian. Nowadays we are nearly all of us hardened and impenitent naturalists and from the Jansenist point of view altogether graceless. If we have any religion at all, we are likely to get it, like Aristotle, through nature and not like Pascal in violent opposition to nature. In general the Aristotelian method of fixing our attention upon the orderly reaping of the reward of the good works we have wrought on ourselves and the world, and of the habits we have disciplined ourselves into according to the standards of right reason, is perhaps in itself more wholesome than the Jansenist emphasis on thunderclaps and visible upsets of grace—the tremendous spiritual romanticism of St. Augustine.

III.

Having granted so much, we should hasten to add that the doctrines of grace and conversion are, after all, only the theological expression of certain profound and, we may surmise, permanent aspects of human nature. Christianity of the Augustinian type has at least the advantage of setting in sharpest relief the actual dualism between the higher and the lower self of man that even the Aristotelian naturalist is constantly tending to dissimulate and slur over. As a matter of fact, the example Aristotle set of an orderly ascent from the naturalistic to the humanistic virtues and from the humanistic virtues to religious insight can scarcely be said to have been largely influential. The main drift of the ancient world after Aristotle was toward stoicism and epicureanism, two opposite, but as Pascal insists, equally impossible views of life. This is indeed Pascal's great central generalization that he has expressed most adequately perhaps in the "Conversation with M. de Sacy" that is usually prefixed to the "Pensées." Purely naturalistic explanations of man will, according to Pascal, necessarily oscillate between stoic pride and epicurean relaxation. In either case man will remain forlorn because deprived of any firm centre in himself, of any principle that he may oppose to the vast swirl of phenomena, the endless flux and relativity of nature.

Many of the "Pensées" are simply a recasting of Montaigne, whom Pascal takes somewhat unfairly as a type of the pure epicurean; for there is in Montaigne, along with epicureanism, a genuinely humanistic element, and the skeptical mask that the humanism assumes is itself a legitimate reaction from the "horrible mania of certainty" that possessed the theological ages. When pressed into the service of the violent logic of Pascal, Montaigne loses all his geniality, and something, too, of his shrewdness and good sense. Nevertheless, the "Pensées" that still have the most interest for us are those that establish the general contrast between the man of faith and the naturalist, whether stoic or epicurean. For the modern world, like the ancient, has turned away from its traditional disciplines and is moving more and more toward a pure naturalism; and it is not difficult to detect in many apparently ultra-modern points of view a mere refurbishing of stoical and epicurean tenets. We do not need, for example, to go very deep into Sainte-Beuve to find the epicurean despair of human nature, or, if we wish a still more recent and obvious epicurean, we have him in Anatole France. We should, again, be struck by the resemblance between Taine's attitude toward life and stoicism, even if we did not know that, like many other nineteenth-century stoics, he actually sought a rule of life in the desolate and pathetic Marcus Aurelius.

Various observers have been struck by the analogy between certain symptoms that are appearing in our contemporary society and those that appeared in late Roman society, though few would go into such refinements as Signor Ferrero, who claims that Americans of today correspond psychologically to Romans of the first century, Europeans to Romans of the second century of the decadence. An analogy of this kind is always incomplete and, of course, entirely unsafe as a basis of prophecy. So far as the analogy exists at all, it is to be traced to a common cause—the hopelessness and helplessness of a pure naturalism in dealing with ultimate problems. Mr. Chesterton says we have already reached the Hellogabalus stage in this country. We are very far from having reached that stage as yet, though we may reach it in time if we think we can discard all our traditional sanctions and discover a sufficient substitute for some principle of authority, either within or without ourselves, in miscellaneous humanitarian enthusiasms. As a matter of fact, the American situation does not differ very greatly from the European one, except that we combine our increasing criminality and suicide and divorce and other familiar signs of naturalistic disintegration with a more unflagging optimism. Europeans are readier than we to admit certain modern equivalents of the *tædium vitæ* that afflicted ancient Rome. A writer named Fierens-Gevaert, who published a book a few years ago on "Contemporary Melancholy," takes as self-evident that the underlying mood of cultivated Europeans is pessimistic, and proceeds to a regular inventory of the maladies of the modern soul:

> Infections of unutterable sadness,
> Infections of incalculable madness,
> Infections of incurable despair.

The picture is probably exaggerated, and in any case would scarcely apply to England, though even in England there has been a marked falling off in what may be termed the Victorian exuberance.

Our modern world, to be sure, has, even when seen from Pascal's special angle, certain advantages over the ancient. According to Pascal, the great resource of fallen man is to divert himself; in this way he can lose in some measure the sense of his own wretchedness ("la misère de l'homme sans Dieu"). Now, when it comes to diverting ourselves, we moderns are very superior. The modern descendant of the Roman noble who "made a feast and crowned his head with flowers" has automobiles and can look forward to aeroplanes. He can count on an unending succession of scientific toys that will divert him and beguile him from uncomfortable reflections on the essential problems of his own being. In the words of Milton, "There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." We not only have our delights, but are willing to pay for them. It is estimated that this country is now spending $600,000,000 a year on automobiles, moving pictures, and phonographs.

There may be some, however, who, without sharing Pascal's unduly ascetic attitude toward "diversion," are, on the other hand, unable to acquiesce fully in either a stoical or epicurean naturalism; who, in Pascal's words, feel the

need of discovering some firm island of faith in the midst of the "horrible flux of all things." Any wholesome revival of Pascal must depend on his power of appeal to persons of this kind. It is to be feared that some of the French interest that has been shown in Pascal during the past few years has been reactionary in the wrong sense. For example, Victor Giraud, applying to Pascal his own phrase, says that he remains the master of all "sorrowful seekers for the truth." This insistence on the mournfulness of the religious quest would seem unfortunate. It reminds us too much of the old gentleman who remarked that he once set out to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness would keep breaking in. The Pascal whom it is possible and desirable to revive is not the Pascal who, according to the legend, saw an abyss ever yawning at his side, but the Pascal who summed up his experience of religion in the words "Joy, certainty, peace." Of course, many of the best of the "Pensées" are of a comparatively secular character, ranging in topic from government to literary criticism. Of the strictly religious "Pensées" the most admirable are those that deal with the general contrast between faith and worldliness. After deducting everything that is morose and ascetic and mediæval and narrowly theological, the residuum of pure religion perfectly expressed is sufficient to make of the "Pensées" not merely a great French book, but one of the great books of the world.

IRVING BABBITT.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The recent death of Alfred Henry Huth makes it probable, the English papers say, that the library brought together by his father, the late Henry Huth, will be put upon the market. This is one of the two or three important collections of rare books remaining in private hands in England. A catalogue in five large volumes was published in 1880. The son, in the preface to that catalogue, states that his father, born in 1815, began as a boy collecting books, though the bulk of the library was acquired after 1849. He says further:

> There were only two rules which my father particularly observed: Firstly, that every book he bought should be in a language he could read—a rule which was relaxed only in a few instances of volumes of extraordinary interest; and secondly, that every book should be in as fine and perfect a condition as obtainable—illuminated manuscripts he never bought if imperfect.

Mr. Huth's collection of editions of the Bible is very extensive, beginning with the Sykes-Perkins copy of the Gutenberg Bible, printed on paper, and two copies of the Schoeffer Bible of 1462 (the first Bible printed with a date), one on vellum and one on paper. Several block-books, a long series of Incunabula (books printed before 1500), a collection of Aldines, and a very important assemblage of Spanish books (Spanish was Mr. Huth's mother-tongue) are included; but the larger part of the great library is made up of books in English. There are twelve books printed by Caxton, twelve printed by Pynson, and fifty or more printed by Wynken de Worde. The Shakespeare collection is, next to that of the Duke of Devonshire, the finest in private hands in England, though it is surpassed by both the Folger and the Church collections in New York. Early English poetry is represented by many of the choicest items from the Daniel and Corser sales. At the Daniel sale Mr. Huth procured for £750 a wonderful collection of broadside black-letter ballads, mostly unique.

At the sale in Philadelphia by Stan. V. Henkels of the collection of Americana brought together by the late William Fisher Lewis there was keen competition for the rarer Franklin imprints. A single number of the *New England Courant*, February, 1723, with imprint "Boston, Printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin," brought $320. The "Articles of Agreement made and concluded upon between the Right Honourable the Lord Proprietor of Maryland and the Honourable the Proprietarys of Pensilvania" (1733) brought $515. The three Indian Treaties recently described in this column brought $600, $625, and $510. All books printed by Franklin are not worth such large sums, however, theological tracts by John Rutty and William Law, printed by Franklin & Hall in 1759 and 1760, selling for $5 and $3.50. Books printed by William Bradford, the prototypographer of Philadelphia and New York, do not seem to interest the collector as much as formerly, yet books printed by him before 1700 are almost as scarce as Caxtons. George Keith's "The Heresie and Hatred which was falsely charged upon the Innocent justly returned upon the Guilty" (Philadelphia, Bradford, 1693) brought only $260, and Daniel Leed's "News of a Trumpet Sounding in the Wilderness" (New York, Bradford, 1697) only $262. The first of William Penn's folio tracts on Pennsylvania, "Some Account of the Province of Pennsylvania in America" (1681), brought $500; "The Frame of the Government of the Province of Pennsylvania in America" (1682), $210; and Penn's "Letter to the Committee of the Free Society of Traders" (1683), $275. Gabriel Thomas's "Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pensilvania and of West New Jersey in America" (London, 1698) brought $675, and "A Brief History of the Mississippi Territory," by James Hall, a missionary, a thin pamphlet printed at Salisbury, N. C., in 1801, brought $165. Of this latter only three other copies can be traced.

That the high prices paid last season for engraved views of New York are likely to continue is shown by the fact that $875 was paid at the Pardee sale at Anderson's on October 28 for the "Southwest View" and "Southeast View" engraved by P. Canot from drawings by Capt. Thomas Howdell. These two fine plates were bound in with Pownall's "Six Views in the Provinces of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania" (London, 1761). The volume cost the late owner $105 in the Barlow sale in 1890.

A collection of 1,600 pages of George Meredith's autograph manuscripts, representing most of his books after 1880, which are the property of Miss Nicholls, his nurse and attendant in the last years of his life, are to be sold on December 1 at Sotheby's.

Correspondence.

THE BUSY RICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Philanthropists and sociologists having occupied themselves extensively in studying the problem of the idle rich, might they not appropriately turn the trend of their fructifying thought towards the problem of the spasmodically industrious rich—especially when such industry is economically very *mal à propos?* We read much about the economic waste of the man who luxuriates in purple and fine linen and chariots, and our souls are filled with economic horror at him who breaks good glass windows that the indigent glass-worker may gain an honest penny; but how about the idle woman, who, inheriting wealth, wears ordinary tailor-made clothes, owns a car costing less than $2,000, lives in a house only reasonably gorgeous, but devotes her spare time (which is much) and energy (which is prodigious) to fomenting strikes among female workers, who, previous to her advent, expressed themselves as delighted with the conditions of labor by which they live?

In ancient times Goody X. would have been ducked in a horse pond or proceeded against legally as a common barrator, but might not we, living midway between those barbarous days and that glorious dawn when all labor shall be unionized and all industries taken over by an omniscient state—might we not hit upon a *pis aller* that should relieve the public of the annoyance of interruption of traffic and dislocation of business, and, at the same time, gratify that only too evident *penchant* of Mesdames X, Y, and Z for posing in the spot light of publicity? Is it not a sad reflection on our boasted civilization that a rich and idle woman, whose only sin is that she craves notoriety and publicity, is reduced to the degrading necessity of chaining herself to a railing in the House of Commons or to masquerading in working girls' clothes and inciting hoodlums to attacks on the police—simply to draw attention to herself? We have devoted much thought to protecting the honest working girl from her numerous enemies—is it not about time to devote a little serious thought to saving her from her friends?

These few "seed-thoughts" (that seems to be the appropriate jargon) are thrown out for the consideration of our bright and enthusiastic university students who ponder on such great questions.

A MERE MAN.

Chicago, November 8.

PROBABILISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The problem before Butler was entirely different from that before the inventors of Probabilism (see "S. D." in the *Nation*, October 13). Butler was trying to get an argument for the truth of revealed religion that would appeal to the deists. For that purpose he assumed three things as true: (1) the existence of God, the Ruler of the world, (2) the known course of nature and the truth of experience as far as it goes, and (3) the necessary limitation of our knowledge. This last was fundamental in his reasoning. We cannot have perfect

knowledge of anything because we do not have perfect knowledge of the whole. Probability therefore is the "very guide of life." As there are obscurities in nature so may there be in religion. Difficulties in nature whose Author is admitted to be God prepare us to believe that difficulties in religion are not valid objections against it. But Butler goes on to show that the balance of probability is entirely in favor of religion, and that this large probability is the conclusion from the study of nature itself. And as in everyday life absolute certainty is not attainable, and as religion is a matter of practical concern, the wise man will follow that course marked out by nature and experience as by far the more probable and reasonable, that is, he will accept revealed religion. Reade s of Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua ' will remember how this argument made for him a preliminary basis for faith, supplemented as it came to be by Keble's and his own reasoning.

The problem before the casuists, however, was partly pastoral and partly sectarian—pastoral, to know how rightly to deal with penitents in confession and fairly apportion penance and grant absolution, and sectarian, how to get as many as possible to come to confession and thus keep them in the church, over against the rising Protestantism. The confessional must be made attractive and the Church must appear as an indulgent mother. The application of Probabilism was one of the means of this. If the penitent had committed a deed which the confessor knew one writer held as a deed probably allowable, then the confessor must consider the penitent guiltless. Of course people, the vast majority of whom could not read their mother tongue (though the princes and other high and mighty folk who could read Latin readily were the chief beneficiaries of the system), would not run around hunting for such a lax casuist, nor turn over books in Latin for his slippery concessions. This was, in fact, the less necessary, for it was the duty of the Father confessor to suggest the lax opinion—even if it were contrary to his own—to the one confessing in order to relieve the latter's conscience. Besides, such views have a way of spreading sufficiently quickly without special search for them. Gury (Theol. Mor. I, n. 54) contemplates both educated and ignorant bringing them forward as their justification. It is well known indeed that others besides Jesuits were Probabilists, and that some Jesuits strongly opposed that kind of ethics.

That Pascal was too strict with himself does not excuse priests for being too easy with their confessing sinners.

While Wesley was a hearty admirer of some Catholic saints, as well as of the Unitarian Firmin, publishing their books and circulating them far and wide, there were plenty of antecedents for his work as a revival in a much nearer atmosphere. Besides the things I mentioned before, Jonathan Edwards's great revival, 1733 ff., made a deep impression upon Wesley. In 1736 the "Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God in the Conversion of Many Hundred Souls in Northampton" was republished in London. On the very eve of his great work Wesley read that book on a walk from London to Oxford (October, 1738), and comments upon it with the characteristic words, "Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes" (Works, Lond. ed. 1, 160).

J. Alfred Faulkner.

Madison, N. J., November 7.

AN APPEAL FOR GREEK ARCHÆOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some of your readers already know of the unfortunate troubles in the administration of antiquities in Greece, which have led to the discontinuance of the office of Ephor General. This act deprived Mr. Kavvadias, who had rendered the cause of archæology efficient service for a quarter of a century, of his position, and interrupted the completion and publication of much of his work. In view of these facts, the leading archæologists of Europe have undertaken to raise a fund which is to be placed at the disposal of Mr. Kavvadias, in order that he may be able to finish what he has undertaken. The committee chosen to further this end represents the archæological interests of nearly every country in Europe, and in this country Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge, Dr. Edward Robinson, Prof. J. W. White, and myself were asked to be members of it. An appeal for funds has been sent out with the request that subscriptions be forwarded to the K. K. priv. Creditanstalt, Innsbruck, Austria, and it is hoped that American scholars and travellers who have of recent years had pleasure and profit when in Athens from the work of Mr. Kavvadias, so plainly evident in the museums of the city, may feel like responding to it. As the appeal was sent directly from Europe, I do not know how widely it may have been distributed in this country.

A few days ago a private letter from Prof. Dörpfeld, the first secretary of the German Institute at Athens, reached me, and in this he speaks of the fact that Mr. Kavvadias, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into office, was informed that the Greek government had taken his professorship in the university from him. This was, of course, a most serious blow, and Prof. Dörpfeld urges his own American friends to do what they can to mark their recognition of Mr. Kavvadias's efficient service to the cause of archæology and of museum management.

If it should be more convenient to any intending subscribers to contribute by personal check rather than by draft or post office order to the bank in Innsbruck, I shall be glad to receive and acknowledge such checks and to see that the subscriptions are forwarded to the committee in Europe.

J. R. Wheeler.

Columbia University, November 8.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent hostile manifestations on the part of the Mexican populace against Americans in Mexico City show that our friends across the border are deficient in imagination. To a Mexican it is inconceivable that a human being should be burnt at a stake in a civilized community. It is also inconceivable to him that in any community the general government should be powerless to punish the offenders. In poor, old "barbarous Mexico" a mob similar to the Texas mob that recently burned a Mexican alive, would be tried, led out, and shot—probably every mother's son of them—within ten hours after the crime. That combination of races known as descendants of the Conquistadores and the Aztec (and other) Indians, may enjoy seeing a man kill a bull of a pleasant Sunday afternoon, but it remains for *nosotros los sajones* to enjoy the final tortures of a human being slowly consumed by fire and to gloat over his screams and writhings. Cuanhtemoc's feet were boiled in oil; but that was some four centuries ago, and it was not done by the Mexicans, but by a more civilized people—the Spaniards. And does it become us Americans to hold up our hands in holy horror at ancient *autos de fe*, when we reflect on modern Texas?

With the calmness of self-sufficient virtue we point the finger of scorn at our neighbors and cry: "Yaquis!" In rejoinder the Mexican hisses between his teeth, "Rock Springs!"

Which has the better of the argument?

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, November 11.

ELBA AND ST. HELENA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In June last I wrote to you, asking whether there was any significance in the fact that the hero of the "Return from Elba" landed on the anniversary of Waterloo. You stated then that you did not care to prophesy who was the Wellington or the Napoleon. Are you prepared to do so now?

Max B. May.

Cincinnati, O., November 11.

SINGLE TAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that you have scotched socialism by exposing its backbone, will you not do the same for the single tax movement?

Last year the city of Cleveland elected a board of five real estate appraisers, three of whom were picked by Tom L. Johnson, which means, of course, that they are disciples of Henry George. Two of them are men of wealth, and all of high standing. These appraisers increased the land assessments for taxation purposes enormously. A small area around the Public Square was raised more than one hundred millions of dollars on the land alone.

Since that time, the secretary of the board of appraisers, Mr. John A. Zangerle, himself a large land-owner, has been going about the city giving stereopticon talks on the subject of taxation. He throws a picture of this small area of land on the screen, and tells his audience that this $100,000,000 of land value was not produced by the owners of the land and really belongs to all of the people.

Mr. Zangerle was smooth and cautious about it. He used no violent terms, as the Socialists do; but the point of his teaching is that rent is robbery. And, of course, the word rent is here used in its strict economic meaning.

Is rent robbery? Or, rather, is private appropriation of rent unjust? H. M. H.

Cleveland, O., November 11.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an essay on Japanese color prints in your last number, the types made me call Fenollosa's "Catalogue of the Masters of *Ukioye*" *heavy* reading. It is the last word that could be applied to one of the most intoxicating bits of criticism in the English language. I wrote *heady*.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

Princeton, N. J., November 10.

THE CASTILIAN LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It need hardly be said that the writer on "Pronouncing Spanish" (*Nation*, November 3) is quite right in supporting the opinion expressed by Mr. Warshaw (*Nation*, October 20), that the language used in Spanish America is good Spanish. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand how he can assert that "the Castilian pronunciation is not used [in Spanish America], just as it is not used in Andalusia, whence so many emigrated to the New World," and even that "Castilian is not a language, but a particular way of pronouncing a language," statements these which are in direct contradiction to long and well-established doctrine. For Castilian—besides Gallego-Portuguese the only important and direct offshoot of Hispanic Latin—is the language in which the heroic spirit, the intensely loyal patriotism and the fervent faith of the Castilian nation have found their typical expression. If this noble tongue in the course of time also received the more comprehensive name of "Spanish," it is because concurrently with the political ascendency of Castile over two other kingdoms of the Peninsula, Leon and Navarre-Aragon, it absorbed in a sense the idioms of these regions, and furthermore because it became the vehicle of a literature both richer and more commanding than that of the other Hispanic peoples. It is exactly this rôle of Castile and of its language in the development of Spain that gives the key to such a literary evolution as the one described by Mr. Ménéndez Pidal in his recent book on "L'Épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole" (Paris, 1910). Beginning with the early part of the thirteenth century, the idiom of Castile followed the conquering hosts into Andalusia and thence to the new possessions beyond the sea. It is owing to this well-known fact that the so-called peculiarities of Andalusian pronunciation are shared alike by parts of Castile and Spanish America, and that in the colonial domain the term *lengua Castellana* is by many still considered preferable to *lengua española*.

H. R. Lang.

New Haven, Conn., November 7.

PROFESSOR SANTAYANA'S PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the review of my "Three Philosophical Poets" in the current number of the *Nation*, the critic says "there is in this [*i. e.*, in my] philosophy a disquieting touch of 'make-believe'; we are to know the hard facts of life, and then we are to weave about them our ideas as in a play and imagine these ideas to be true." If he had said "and *not* imagine these ideas to be true," he would have exactly rendered my meaning. It is a little hard, after devoting all my efforts to exposing the folly, and the want of "central veracity," in palming off one's imaginative theories for literal discoveries, as people have usually done in their precipitancy and lack of critical conscience, to be now told by an evidently well-meaning critic that it is I that advocate "make-believe."

G. Santayana.

Cambridge, Mass., November 8.

[I naturally regret that my review should seem to Professor Santayana to have misrepresented his book. At the same time it is not easy to see how any other interpretation than that of the review can be given to the sentences there quoted from the book itself, as, for instance: "The true theory [of the world] like the false resides in the imagination." Statements of a similar nature might be quoted from Professor Santayana's other works. The point at issue really turns on the meaning of the much-abused word truth; and I can only repeat what I said in the review, that Professor Santayana's philosophy seems to me at bottom a pragmatism of the imagination as the philosophy of Professor James was a pragmatism of the will.—The Reviewer.]

Literature.

WHITE'S SEVEN GREAT STATESMEN.

Seven Great Statesmen in the Warfare of Humanity with Unreason. By Andrew Dickson White. New York: The Century Co. $2.50 net.

In a certain sense this book may be regarded as a sequel to President White's well-known "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology"; but he here pursues the more vivid and concrete method of teaching by biography. Principles never exert their greatest influence until they are embodied in a man. So Mr. White has chosen seven individuals through whom to illustrate the chief advance in European statesmanship during the past three centuries. The list is significant; it contains two Italians—Sarpi and Cavour; three Germans—Thomasius, Stein, and Bismarck; one Hollander—Grotius, and one Frenchman—Turgot. It will be observed that there are no Spaniards and no Britons, for the obvious reason that since 1600 Spain has produced no statesmen of the first rank, while the British statesmen have been busy in extending and perfecting principles already acknowledged rather than in promulgating new principles of general application. This is as true of Hampden as of Chatham and Burke, of Pitt as of Russell and Gladstone. Cromwell, the transcendent British statesman since 1600, is excluded on the same ground that Napoleon and Frederick are. Having in mind Mr. White's qualifying phrase—"in the warfare of humanity with unreason"—we find his choice well justified; for this qualification rules out such statesmen as Alberoni and Metternich, whose strength lay in so combining and controlling the forces of unreason that they postponed the emancipation of humanity.

Mr. White's method is straightforward. He gives a sufficient biography of his subject; describes the time and the environment; and then states the doctrines which the man put forth, or his achievements in actual statecraft. In this way, he emphasizes what is really important and omits the superfluous. Several of his essays—the Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, and Stein, for example—are the best in English on those men, if we judge them, as we should, by the limits which the author set himself and has consistently observed. The biography of Sarpi also is full of pith, although the account of Sarpi's posthumous persecution might be condensed; and the whole may profitably be supplemented by Horatio Brown's Taylorian Lecture. Mr. White's Cavour, while containing the essential facts, seems less artistically fused than his Bismarck, which is by far the longest of these studies, and paints what any one save a German idolater must regard as a very sympathetic portrait of the Iron Chancellor. Personal and official relations with the man, and a familiar acquaintance of half a century with Germany, have evidently contributed to the success of the Bismarck.

If we inquire what each of these seven men did to entitle him to a place in this group, we get some idea of the horrors from which mankind has emerged during the past three hundred years. Sarpi stands for all time as the champion of secular government against ecclesiastical domination. The arguments by which he resisted the pretensions of Pope Paul V will hold good not merely for Romanists, but for Greeks, or Anglicans, or any other religionists in a similar situation. What gave edge to the Venetian resistance which Sarpi led was the fact that Venice was a devout Catholic country in matters of religion. The policy of state independence from Clerical rule has gone on penetrating every Catholic nation. At each struggle forward towards liberty the people, by a sure instinct, have sought first to destroy priestly control. Thereby they follow Sarpi's example, though they know it not: and Sarpi, we need hardly point out, had behind him all the great Catholics who agreed with Dante in condemning the blending of secular and religious concerns at Rome.

Grotius also proclaimed beneficent doctrines of universal application. Mr.

White describes forcibly the awful condition of the world into which he was born, a world in which war was almost the normal state of man, and satanic cruelties were practised. Amid this welter of evil Grotius published in 1625 his work, "De Jure Belli ac Pacis," "the most beneficent of all volumes ever written not claiming divine inspiration." It asserted the rights of non-combatants; it appealed to arbitration; it urged that the solidarity of civilized nations imposed upon them the obligation to prevent any of their members from plunging into war to the injury of all; it preached tolerance. Grotius's gospel has become so integral a part of the belief of enlightened men and women, that it is hard to realize that there was a time when it was novel and denied. Yet the great book was speedily put on the Index and kept there; and militarism was never so scientifically organized as it is to-day.

The chief contributions of Thomasius to human progress were his opposition to persecution for witchcraft and to judicial torture. Perhaps it is well that mankind forgets easily, because if they remembered the atrocities which their grandfathers committed they would be paralyzed by remorse; and yet, as a warning to what lengths unreason may go, the history of witchcraft ought to be kept fresh. Protestants and Catholics were alike guilty of persecution, but where the victims of the former were counted by tens, those of the latter suffered by thousands. Against this abomination and against procedure by torture Thomasius wrought manfully, and with such success that before his death in 1728 he beheld the tide of reform rising.

These three men—Sarpi, Grotius, and Thomasius—strove to abolish evils which did not belong to any particular time, race, or creed: for ecclesiastical truculence, war-lust, cruelty, and intolerance are among the commonplaces of history. But Mr. White's remaining four statesmen devoted themselves to the more specific task of destroying or transforming feudalism. Thus we find Turgot—of whom Mr. White writes with well-merited enthusiasm—busied with affairs of commerce and of agriculture, bent on removing unjust taxes, and on opening the door of opportunity to the downtrodden classes. Turgot sought to overthrow neither the King nor the nobility, but to curtail their insatiate greed in order that those who made up the strength of the nation should share in the wealth produced by their labor and should enjoy political rights. Stein performed a somewhat similar service for Germany. To Cavour fell the still harder task of abolishing the old régime and of creating United Italy. He had to overcome not only class privilege and absolutism, but the tenacious Papal institution and the practical suzerainty of Austria over three-fourths of the Peninsula. His work on one side resembled that of Sarpi, on another that of Turgot, on a third that of Bismarck.

Bismarck, indeed, is the one statesman whose inclusion in this group may be questioned. Mr. White hardly makes clear what contribution the Iron Chancellor made to the warfare of humanity with unreason. He unified Germany, and in so doing he swept away many mediævalisms, not because they were mediæval or unreasonable, but because they interfered with the working of a centralized Imperial government in which the sovereign should be almost an autocrat. Bismarck's guiding principle was not progress, but reaction. His prototype as a nation-builder is Richelieu; as a law-maker it is either of the great Hapsburgs, Leopold or Joseph, with their enlightened despotism. Bismarck had no solution save repression or extermination for those irresistible modern tendencies which we sum up in the single word democracy. His legislation against Socialism was a flimsy makeshift, which failed from the start. In economics, he fell back on protection and subsidies. In his exaggeration of militarism he did homage to War—the embodiment of inhumanity and unreason. Even in his *Kulturkampf* he seemed to be inspired by policy rather than by principle. If it turns out that mankind cannot stand liberty, then Bismarck, as the foremost modern apostle of authority, will have a message for future statesmen; but if liberty be the goal towards which evolution journeys, those who trampled on liberty will be regarded as allies of unreason. Then Bismarck will not be grouped with Sarpi, Grotius, and Cavour, but with the welders of empire by blood and iron. The fame of having unified Germany can never be taken away from him.

We wish that Mr. White had surveyed in a final essay the course of statesmanship, which we have so briefly glanced at, and had drawn parallels, in Plutarchian fashion, between one of his heroes and another. But in these studies he has furnished material from which readers can make their own comparisons. At many points he discusses questions which press upon us to-day. He lights up his very wide range of information with personal anecdotes, and he keeps constantly before us the historical conditions amid which his heroes lived. It is almost needless to say that he confirms his statements by constant reference to sources. No other foreigner, for instance, has read so exhaustively as he in Sarpi literature. And he is essentially fair-minded, although he never hides his detestation of bigotry, superstition, and cruelty.

This book ought to do much towards correcting popular misconceptions as to what makes a statesman. Especially in America is that title bestowed with such indiscriminate profusion that it has come to mean little. An excellent series of biographies deals with some *forty* American statesmen. Judged by Mr. White's Seven, only three or four of these forty were of the great breed. His book may also reassure those persons who, judging from modern instances, fear that statesmanship is merely another name for volubility. Not one of these seven was an haranguer: all of them were men of thought; Sarpi, Turgot, Stein, Cavour, and Bismarck were men of action, while Grotius and Thomasius proved that a thinker may deserve by his pen to rank among the world's statesmen. One other fact is shown by Mr. White's heroes: inflexibility of purpose was a trait common to them all—even to Bismarck, who was unblushingly opportunist in his political dealings but steadfast in his authoritarian ideal. We predict for Mr. White's volume a wide reading among the readers whose opinion counts.

CURRENT FICTION.

Clayhanger. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Helen with the High Hand: An Idyllic Diversion. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"Clayhanger" is another chronicle of the "Five Towns," as long and as minute as "The Old Wives' Tale"; and readers who found that provincial epic either dull or squalid should be fairly warned. Mr. Edwin Clayhanger is not an exciting person: a sort of Mr. Polly *sans* humor and inspiration. He is the son of a self-made printer in Bursley. His education is small, and his travels, up to that middle age at which (for the moment) we leave him, have extended several times to London, and once to Brighton. He has some mental ability and more self-sufficiency. The story is told so scrupulously from his point of view that he seems almost to have told it himself. It is all serious business to him; why should it not be to us? And if it is also rather monotonous business, why should we not feel that, too? Unless for that chance evening at the Dragon, with the Mutual Burial Club, and the vision of the ravishing Florence Simcox—unless for this one innocent lapse into a region of fleshly joys—Clayhanger's youth is unrelieved by the sowing of wild oats. Its one dream is escape from the printing-shop, and the achievement of an architect's career. But Clayhanger senior is a self-wrought product and cannot value the stuff that dreams are made on. Clayhanger junior's fight for his own future is quickly over. When the old man finally dies—this mercilessly detailed record of his lingering and doddering end the most exacting realist of us might wish

abridged—the time for dreams is past, and the son settles down to middle age, with a middle-aged sister whose share of romance has been far smaller than his own. For in young manhood he has loved and lost a girl of no ordinary type; and toward the end of this chronicle, just as a crusty and finicking bachelorhood seems to have claimed him, he finds her again. Why she has jilted him years before remains a mystery. That it is not to remain so, and that the unmitigated happiness ever after of the reunited pair is not to be taken for granted, is sufficiently guaranteed by the note appended to these seven hundred pages:

> The author will in 1911 publish a novel dealing with the history of Hilda Lessways up to the day of her marriage with Edwin. This will be followed by a novel dealing with the marriage.

"Helen with the High Hand," as the sub-title suggests, though it is also a "Five Towns" tale, represents a deliberate relaxation of Mr. Bennett's scrupulous attention to the not always towardly fact (speaking romantically) of his provincial scene. Helen and her captive uncle are a charming pair who would be altogether out of their element in an "Old Wives' Tale" or a "Clayhanger." They give play to that Puckish spirit over which, when he pleases, Mr. Bennett has full control, but which remains a very real part of him. It has amused him to chronicle the feats of Helen, and the result is amusing. But we must continue to think that the real business of this versatile writer is the serious business of interpreting his Five Towns in the light of that quiet and, if you will, sombre irony which distinguishes him from Mr. Hardy or Mr. Phillpotts.

Molly Make-Believe. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Co.

We had heard of matrimonial bureaus and of first-aid-to-bachelor-housekeeping, but never before of professional love-letters at so much the week. Once having hit upon this novel idea, a less capable mind than the author's would have directed it to the unhappily married or to those past the marriageable age; but that a young man engaged to a Boston bud should be the chief subscriber furnishes not only the proper thorn for the rose of romance in this twentieth century, but much the right sort of flourish and bravado, too. One trembles a little for the author when one realizes that she is actually going to put through such a proposition. "The Diary of Adam" was a farcical idea, but many have wished that even Mark Twain had stopped at the mere title. And to write love-letters advertised at the outset to be professional is not easy. Miss Abbott neatly solves the problem by not being professional at all, and by making her heroine—the head of "The Serial-Letter Co."—a wee thing of impulse and surprise. For those who like them, the hero is built on Mr. Davis's rococo lines; and though the rendering of poetic justice at the close does not take long, the sentimentally-minded need have no fear of being cheated of a thrill.

The Yardstick Man. By Arthur Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The best thing to be said of this story is that the last seventy-five pages are markedly superior to those that precede. This, as novels go, is by no means common. The amiable dilettantism of the author's previous books has risen to real vigor and sincerity in the portrayal of the financial and moral crisis in which Jones, a "successful" business man, finds himself involved. That he emerges with credit from such a crisis is due to the generosity of a moderately young Lochinvar, Roger Mathewson, a former college acquaintance, who, as an emissary of the Pacific and Eastern Railway, comes in from the West to Manhattan, tactfully declines to run away with the "yardstick-man's" wife—she preferring, in a passing mood of revolt, his unconquerable boyishness to "Jonesey's" aridity—defeats the money baron, John P. Carnahan, and, incidentally, Jones, at his own game of stock-juggling, and then loftily refuses to drive said Jones into bankruptcy.

The tale is not unduly spun out, and the style, if not one of distinction, is, at any rate, somewhat above mediocrity. There are several faults in the story, the most grievous of which is the attempted characterization of a college professor, who is on a visit to raise funds for his beloved Credmore. His absurd mannerisms and almost as absurd language are not reflected from the mirror of nature. The author's sense of humor, for the most part delicate, here plays him false.

THE LETTERS OF ERASMUS.

Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami denuo recognitum et auctum per P. S. Allen, M.A., Collegii Mertonensis Socium. Tom. II, 1514-1517. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75.

We have already, in reviewing the first volume of this great undertaking (*Nation*, January 24, 1907), commented on the inspiring spectacle presented by the friendly rivalry of two Oxford men at work on the Letters of Erasmus, one printing them in the original, the other in an English version. The second volume of Mr. Nichols's translation carried the letters down to 1517 (see the *Nation*, January 12, 1905), and we now have the Latin text brought to the same year. Of the scholarly zeal of Mr. Allen in his laborious task we shall not speak again at length. But we may note that this second volume required more care and patience than did the first; here first we come upon letters which are printed only from rough drafts. As these were often hasty scrawls with additions wandering up and down the pages and with many deletions, the nicest judgment was required in forming a text from them.

As for the substance of these letters from August, 1514, to June, 1517, they are of course largely concerned with matters of textual criticism and with compliments which fail to bring us very close to the heart of the writer or recipient. Here and there one marks a sentence or phrase for the nice turn of the language or for the glimpse it offers into some aspect of old life. Now and then we seem to get a hint of the new style and model that were to create the literature of the northern lands, as, for instance, in such a phrase as *litteratæ voluptatis sensu tangi* (p. 97), or in such a sentence as this: *Proinde videbar mihi repperisse rationem ut delicatis animis hac arte tanquam obreperem et cum voluptate quoque mederer* (p. 94), in which an attentive ear may catch suggestions of many things to come, down to Sainte-Beuve's sad comfort in being *le dernier des délicats*. Oftener we may hear the forerunner of Voltaire, as in the words of one of Erasmus's correspondents which might well have come from Erasmus himself: *Sed quamvis cætera fragilis, studio tamen sum obfirmatissimus; quae una res me et reficit et valde consolatur* (p. 158). That is not just the tone one hears in the letters of students to-day; indeed, it sometimes almost seems as if that power of reflection and consolation in study was slipping away from our scholars, and books were becoming to them more and more a burden.

The two most important documents in this volume—and in the whole collection—are the long autobiographical letter to a certain Lambert Grunnius written from London in August of 1516, and the letter to Martin Dorp, written from Antwerp in May of 1515. Mr. Allen is inclined to agree with Mr. Nichols in holding Grunnius to be a pure figment, and we have already recorded our opinion that this is the simplest explanation of a thorny question. The letter to Dorp, which makes almost a little book in itself, is Erasmus's well-known defence of his "Moriæ Encomium" and of his desertion of theology for literature. It is one of the earliest documents in the long battle of the wits that was then opening, and one of the most interesting. Change "theology" to "philology" and we might seem to be hearing by anticipation the quarrel of Pope with his Tibbald. It would be an entertaining study, indeed, with this letter as starting point, to portray Erasmus as the first of the "wits"—at least the first in northern lands. This letter should not be left without reference to the phrases in it which give an interpretation of Erasmus's use of the

word *stultitia* often missed by his critics and biographers. It is that illusion of the heart, appearing to the reason as folly, which "overcomes all the wisdom of the world."

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers. Vol. III. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.50.

This volume of Mr. Myers's work takes up the achievements of certain contemporary millionaires; principally, so far as space is concerned, J. Pierpont Morgan. The book appeared at a moment when three magazines were beginning, each on its own account, a "popular sketch" of Mr. Morgan's career in serial form, the grave announcement and flamboyant advertising of which might have led the familiar Man from Mars to suppose that the foremost citizen of the Republic was being chronicled.

It has never, in fact, been wholly clear whether this unusual amount of description, biography, and analysis, in the case of a career in high finance, was recognition of the fact, sometimes alleged, that the "multimillionaire" nowadays shares the honors of public pre-eminence with the statesman and the writer of short stories, or was merely an effort to hunt down wickedness in high places. The same doubt existed regarding the prolonged embalming of John D. Rockefeller in the columns of the same magazines. The historians of Mr. Morgan throw little light on this question. Some of them, like Mr. Steffens in *Everybody's*, affect the mysterious air of a Sherlock Holmes unravelling the secret crimes of finance. They and the anonymous authorities with whom their long conversations on the subject are reported "laugh cynically," "mutter," and "whisper," as they run upon one or another clue to the Money Power's infamies. Others, like Mr. Turner in *McClure's*, apply themselves to a study of inheritances, traits, and environment, as if admitting that the subject of their discussions is interesting solely in himself. Most of them, it must frankly be admitted, approach the matter with strong signs of preconceived opinion, not of a flattering character, whose correctness they mean to prove, whether or no. Of this type of discussion, Mr. Myers's book is pre-eminent.

We hold no brief for the "multi-millionaires." We have, indeed, ourselves been assured by high authority in the railway and industrial world, and by authority as far as possible removed from the field of muckraking, that there are few if any of the prodigious American fortunes, the history of whose accumulation would not present at least one chapter of questionable business morality. Be this as it may; we insist nevertheless that when an historian sets out to tell the story of a man or a career, it is his business to tell it fairly. If one action in that career is open to grave criticism on ethical considerations, it does not follow that the next action is of necessity similar. But this is precisely what Mr. Myers takes for granted. The presumption with which he examines each successive achievement is that there must have been something wrong about it.

Now, to study a great financial operation, with a view to making sure whether it was really a "square deal" or not, is assuredly the financial historian's duty. But he must also know all the facts and circumstances before he is entitled to pass judgment. Thus, the purchase by Drexel, Morgan & Co. of a United States government loan in 1877, and their prompt re-sale of it at an advance of 1 to 4 per cent., is denounced by Mr. Myers as "one of the very worst cases ever known of the people being betrayed." Perhaps so; perhaps not. In order to criticise the affair intelligently, it is essential to know what was the real condition of the open investment market where Mr. Myers so confidently declares the government "could have disposed of the bonds without intermediaries." He gives not the least evidence of having ever examined or considered that question, or the further question, what incidental profits great international banking houses usually get for lending their credit to the placing of loans even for great foreign governments.

After this, it is not surprising to find the author denouncing the episode of 1895, when the bankers are pictured as "compelling" a bond issue and then "milking" the government on the terms. Again perhaps so, and perhaps not; the terms were certainly harsh. But we find no evidence that the author has ever reflected on the part played by inflation of the currency through the Silver-Purchase Act of 1890, and by the emptying of the Treasury through the McKinley Revenue Law of the same year. The conclusions arrived at may conceivably be correct; the method of arriving at them is not deserving of serious consideration. Historically, it is all quite of a piece with Mr. Myers's offhand acceptance, in a sentence or two, of the wholly exploded theory of the "crime of 1873."

We should hardly deem it worth while to devote thus much attention to a discussion of the sort, but for the fact that such haphazard assertions and deductions do harm, and do it, not to the men or institutions against which they are supposed to be directed, but to the cause of financial reform which they profess to uphold. That the methods of what has come to be known as High Finance in Wall Street have repeatedly been objectionable in principle, illegal in practice, and utterly demoralizing in influence, is nowadays scarcely a debatable question. The efforts of sound thinkers and independent-spirited legislators have been directed towards punishing such abuses where they can be punished, and preventing them at all times. The new insurance law and the new trust company law of Gov. Hughes's State administration; the Supreme Court decisions under the Anti-Trust Law, at the instance of President Roosevelt's Administration; the new powers with which the Public Service Commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission have been clothed; the extension, not yet completed, of the public restrictions on capitalization of new enterprises, on recapitalization of old, and on methods of speculation in the stock exchanges—all these are steps in the same direction. Further progress in that direction will be achieved, however, not at all through indiscriminate clamor at everything done by great banking interests, but by careful, thorough, and entirely fair examination of every episode involving the old-time financial practices.

Nothing in Mr. Myers's book is more striking an instance of the wrong way of writing financial history than his description of Mr. Morgan's part in the panic of 1907. Two legends have already grown up regarding the incident of October 24, when the Stock Exchange had approached the point of general suspension of payments, and when J. P. Morgan & Co. appeared as lenders of $25,000,000, at high rates, to avert the catastrophe. One, the popular legend, regards Mr. Morgan as a sort of demigod who had answered the prayers of Wall Street and descended upon it in a benevolent shower of gold. The other —which we may term the La Follette theory, because that statesman gravely expounded it to Congress in 1908—assumes the existence of a group of millionaires who create both prosperity and adversity for their own wicked ends, and who caused with that purpose the panic of 1907, by hiding away $25,000,000 in cold cash, which Mr. Morgan suddenly produced and sold at exorbitant rates to Wall Street, when he could see no further advantage to be gained.

Both conceptions of Mr. Morgan's part in the panic are picturesque; Mr. Myers, it hardly need be said, accepts the second. One is as reluctant to destroy either picture as to destroy the time-honored narratives of Romulus and the wolf, or of Joshua and the sun. Such stories make for the winter fireside's entertainment. But the simple fact, which any one who cared to inquire might have learned, is that on October 24, 1907, the New York banks themselves were in a panic; that they had begun to refuse to lend, in violation of the soundest principles of dealing with a crisis; that the president of the Stock Exchange set forth the desperate situation to the banks, enlisting Mr. Morgan's large per-

sonal influence to support him; that the banks yielded, issuing $25,000,000 in new credits through recourse to clearing-house loan certificates; that they fixed a high rate of interest, in line with the well-established rule that only thus could the loans be sure of going to the people who really needed them; and that Mr. Morgan's house was employed to offer the bank loans on the Stock Exchange.

Quiet Days in Spain. By C. Bogue Luffmann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

The impression made by Mr. Luffmann's book is that the author has been sharing the everyday life of the Peninsula, a life still destitute of almost every domestic comfort known to modern civilization. He winters on a small estate in the bleak hills of the Sierra Nevada, and summers in the Vega of Malaga with an old woman who furnishes his table for six and eight pence a week. His book has little to say of cathedrals or galleries, art or history, nor is it the notebook of the would-be vagabond who, in search of the glamour and romanticism of Gautier's time, snapshots Spain from the third-class window and the *casa de huespedes*. The author says, "the aim has been to write provincially—to set the local fact on its ground." In this he has succeeded. A multitude of humble details lend unusual freshness to what is rather a picture than a narrative, with all the continuity and intimacy that distinguish living from sightseeing and reality from pose. That contradictions abound is proof of truthfulness, for Spain is the land of contradictions.

The author is not so happy in his reflections, for it is dangerous to generalize about a whole made up of such parts as Castile, Catalonia, Biscaya, and Andalusia, and it would lead one far afield if one began to answer the challenge of his general statements. The impress left by the Moor upon Spain is fundamental, but it is absurd to say that "all his [the Spaniard's] dreams are of the East and of the Moorish period in the West. His old romances are based entirely on Arabic themes; his modern stage characters hail from Morocco; his lover of fiction is under the spell of eyes which have captivated him in Tangier" (p. vii). To affirm that "all decrees are of a suppressive character; press censorship; no public meeting; no free education; no unions or alliances; no emigration without permit; no petitions for work nor demonstrations against rapacious authority" (p. ix), is to convey an altogether false idea of contemporary Spain. The statement that "the fingers are used alike by rich and poor in carrying food to the mouth. . . . In the highest society food is handled a great deal, and it is a mark of attention to be fed from the fingers" (p. 96), might apply to Persia, but certainly not to Spain. The author's habit of intruding upon the reader his personal views of life reminds one of Montaigne, though the manner is not so happy or naïve. It is a little startling to be told that "nothing is important which man may do. It may be necessary for the moment; at the next a new necessity will arise. Consider what any reform has ever done. Never has there been one which did not increase human misery."

For all this, the book may be heartily commended for its portrayal of provincial life, for its homely illustrations of local character, and for the many interesting facts which find no place in handbooks or among the superficial notes of the ordinary traveller.

Practical Real Estate Methods. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

This volume comprises the addresses delivered during the last five years to the real estate classes of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association of New York. Some thirty different experts have here expressed themselves upon various real estate problems. Francis E. Ward, former president of the Real Estate Board of Brokers, and Joseph P. Day, the present president, are among the contributors. The public questions pertaining to realty, such as tax assessment and tenement-house regulations, are admirably canvassed by Lawson Purdy and Lawrence Veiller, respectively.

An examination of the volume reveals how various are the qualifications needed to equip the successful dealer in real estate. The realty history of the city in general and of particular neighborhoods; the law of leasing, managing, appraising, condemning, insuring, selling, and building; the tact for administration; the diplomacy of commerce; no less than character, personality, and imagination are all required.

Not only the practitioner, as well as the owner and investor, can obtain serviceable suggestions from this symposium; but the economist also will profit by its perusal. The subject of land in theoretical economics is too imperiously dominated by certain broad and rigid generalizations, such as the assumed limitation of the land supply, the automatic increase of its rent, its comparative freedom from commercial risk, and its supposed coign of vantage as regards the other factors of production. All of these hypotheses are rudely jostled by the testimony of men who make real estate dealing their profession. When the retail shops begin to relocate, and wholesale houses invade the forsaken territory, there is often "an actual drop in the value of property so replaced by wholesale [establishments]" (p. 203). The agent, it is now universally admitted, seeks the tenant; not the tenant the agent, as formerly. The trade is evidently as plastic as most other commercial enterprises; and land and its improvements are seen to be quite akin to the other instrumentalities of production. The closet economist's ideas about land remind one of what Emerson says of the young citizen's illusion about society:

> It lies before him in rigid repose, with certain names, men, and institutions, rooted like oak trees to the centre, round which they all arrange themselves as best they can. But the old statesman knows that society is fluid; there are no such roots and centres, but any particle may suddenly become the centre of the movement, and compel the system to gyrate round it.

Notes.

Dent & Sons are to bring out separately the introductions to the Everyman Edition of Dickens which were written by G. K. Chesterton.

As number three of the "Girton College Studies," the Cambridge University Press is publishing Miss M. G. Clarke's "Sidelights on Teutonic History during the Migration Period: being Studies from Beowulf and other Old English Poems."

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" in Harper's new thin-paper edition brings us to one of the three or four great books of Hardy's Wessex series—probably most readers would think quite the greatest after "The Return of the Native."

Thomas Hughes's "History of the Society of Jesus in North America" (Burrows Brothers), noticed in the *Nation* of October 27, is to be completed in six volumes, of which the third volume forms the second instalment of Documents. The publication of the second volume of Text is not yet announced.

The seventh series of Paul E. More's "Shelburne Essays," just issued by Putnams, contains twelve studies of nineteenth-century authors and movements, viz.: Shelley, Wordsworth, Thomas Hood, Tennyson, William Morris, Louisa Shore, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Francis Thompson, The Socialism of G. Lowes Dickinson, The Pragmatism of William James, Criticism (dealing mainly with Matthew Arnold, Pater, and Oscar Wilde), and Victorian Literature (The Philosophy of Change). A number of these papers appeared originally, in considerably abridged form, in the *Nation*.

H. G. Wells's novel, "The New Machiavelli," the publication of which Duffield & Co. have postponed until January, sketches the rise of the hero to political fame, and his renunciation of the great prizes which England offers her successful leaders.

Henry Frowde, publisher of Prof. Edward Suess's "The Face of the Earth," writes to inform us that the fifth and concluding volume of the work will contain the index.

Emily James Putnam is publishing, with Sturgis & Walton, "The Lady," or studies of ladies of various nations, contemporary

and otherwise. The same house announces "The Children's City," a sketch by Esther Singleton of resources of New York city, as a pleasure-ground for young people.

New publications from the press of Scribners for the month of November include: "Franco under the Republic," by Jean Charlemagne Bracq, professor of romance languages in Vassar College; "What Is Art," by John C. Van Dyke, and "Tales of Men and Ghosts," by Edith Wharton.

The Putnams will issue simultaneously in England, America, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and later in Spain, Italy, and Russia, an enlarged edition of Mr. Angell's book, "Europe's Optical Illusion," under the subtitle, "The Great Illusion." The author attempts to establish the thesis that, owing to the growing complexity of the modern credit system, it is a physical impossibility for one nation to benefit economically by the conquest of another. "A Short History of Women's Rights," by Eugene Hecker, is also in the hands of the Putnams.

The same firm, as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces: "The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher," vol. lx, edited by A. R. Waller, and containing "The Sea Voyage," "Wit at Several Weapons," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "Cupid's Revenge," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"; "The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909," by Prof. E. G. Browne; "The First Part of King Henry IV," edited by J. H. Lobban; "The Idea of God in Early Religions," by Prof. F. B. Jevons: "A Geometry for Schools," by F. W. Sanderson; "Commercial Relations of England and Scotland, 1603-1707," by Theodora Keith, with a preface by W. Cunningham, archdeacon of Ely; "The Binding Force of International Law," by A. Pearce Higgins, and "The Presentation of Reality," by Helen Wodehouse.

Henry Holt & Co. are reprinting Prof. Henry A. Beers's two books on "English Romanticism" in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

William Howe Downes, art editor of the Boston *Transcript*, is preparing the authorized biography of the late Winslow Homer, and would be glad to hear from persons possessing any of Homer's letters.

Fifty-two new volumes were added in October by E. P. Dutton & Co. to Everyman's Library. We select a few of the titles: Sir Walter Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury; the completion in three volumes, with index, of Gibbon's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; "The Conquest of Granada," with an introduction by Ernest Rhys; Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," with an introduction and notes by Vida D. Scudder; Matthew Arnold's "On the Study of Celtic Literature, and Other Critical Essays," with an introduction by Ernest Rhys and a supplement by Lord Strangford and reprints from Nash's "Taliesin"; Hazlitt's "Lectures on English Poets" and "The Spirit of the Age," introduced by A. R. Waller; "Theology in the English Poets, Cowper, Wordsworth, Burns," by Stopford A. Brooke; Minor Elizabethan Drama, Vol. I, "Pre-Shakespearean Tragedy," selected, with an introduction, by Prof. Ashley Thorndike; Minor Elizabethan Drama, Vol. II, "Pre-Shakespearean Comedy"; "Aucassin and Nicolette," and fifteen other Mediæval Romances and Legends, selected and newly translated by Eugene Mason; Huxley's "Lectures and Lay Sermons," with an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge; "The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews," with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury; Sir William Smith's "Smaller Classical Dictionary," revised and edited by E. H. Blakeney; Spinoza's "Ethics" and "De Intellectus Emendatione," translated by Andrew J. Boyle, with an introduction by Professor Santayana, and John Stuart Mill's "Utilitarianism, Liberty, Representative Government," with an introduction by Prof. A. D. Lindsay.

The Nobel prize in literature has been awarded this year to Paul Johann Ludwig Heyse, who for half a century has been in the forefront of German literature, as poet, dramatist, and novelist.

The *Geographical Journal* for November contains an account of a journey down the east bank of the Euphrates, by Gertrude L. Bell. It is a little known region, but it is full of ancient ruins, the location and investigation of which were the main object of the journey. The first Transandine railway connecting Buenos Aires and Valparaiso is described, with maps, sections, and illustrations, by W. S. Barclay. One important result of it, he asserts, will be the establishment of a regular line of steamers from Chili to Australasia. Now it is first necessary to go to San Francisco or Vancouver. Other articles relate to New Zealand, Russian Turkestan, and the Himalayas.

The University of Cambridge has taken over the copyright and control of the Encyclopædia Britannica and will issue from the Cambridge University Press, at the beginning of the year, the eleventh edition, a completely new work. India paper will be employed, by which the weight and bulk will be reduced to one-third of its present size. The new work will be issued, in twenty-eight volumes, as a complete whole, instead of volume by volume as previously.

That worse than being unemployed is being unemployable, and that the first state leads directly into the second, are the basic facts in a vigorous article by Edith Sellers in the November *Cornhill*. For the improving of both conditions, she urges technical training for the young, compulsory evening classes, sanatoria, insurance against invalidity, people's kitchens, penal colonies, colonies for inebriates, and, especially, reformed casual-wards, which, instead of being stepping-stones to the workhouse, will fulfil their purpose of helping men who are out of work to find work, and of helping them to keep themselves fit until work is found. For these last objects she suggests a labor bureau in every casual-ward, good food and beds, the opportunity of resting instead of working while there, and, not of least importance, their reservation exclusively for genuine work-seekers. The place for a work-shirker is a penal colony or a prison. A casual-ward ought to be kept as a refuge for decent men overtaken by misfortune.

The future of China is declared by Gilbert Reid, who is the director-in-chief of the International Institute of that country, to be neither partition nor revolution, nor yet federation with Japan. In an article in the *World's Work* for November, entitled "China—A Permanent Empire," this writer outlines the government of the China of the future as that of an empire similar to Germany, although he does not make this comparison in so many words. The time for dismemberment, he says, was China's moment of folly in the Boxer uprising of 1900, with a declaration of war against the whole world, and a most outrageous massacre of innocent men, women, and children. But there were four reasons why partition did not then take place. The first was the efforts of Sir Robert Hart in behalf of China, despite his own heavy losses in the outbreak. The second was the prompt action of Secretary of State John Hay in urging upon the Powers the advisability of maintaining the autonomy of China. The third was the position taken during the outbreak by strong viceroys in arranging that no foreign troops should infringe on the jurisdiction of the central and southern provinces, so long as they should stand aloof from the Boxer campaign; and the fourth, which seems sufficient in itself, was the conviction of the generals and ministers of the Powers that occupation of more than Peking and the metropolitan province was beyond their reach. The conditions that make revolution improbable are the newly-trained army, the counter-plans of the so-called reform party, and, mainly, the lack of a leader. Neither of the two men who might have accomplished it, Li Hung Chang, and, more recently, Yuan Shih Kai, chose to attempt it. As for federation, China is unable to appreciate such friendship as Japan displays in Korea and Manchuria. The future is to be a government of Emperor and Parliament, with decentralization of the power now, at least nominally, focussed at Peking. Division of functions between the Executive and the Legislature will thus be paralleled by another division between Peking and the twenty-one provinces.

We trust the Ball Publishing Company of Boston will be encouraged to continue its admirable series of reprints. Not long ago it gave us an interesting volume of essays by Francis Thompson which had never before been collected. This was followed by the audacity of a third series of Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," and now we have a selection from the journalistic work of John Davidson, under the title of "The Man Forbid and Other Essays." Edward J. O'Brien, who edits all these volumes, is happier, and briefer, in his Introduction here than he was with Arnold, and shows clearly the place of Davidson as one of the originators and leaders of that school of crackling, paradoxical, sententious style which is carrying everything before it among the reigning London wits, and which reaches its consummation in G. K. Chesterton. Some of the *genre* pictures, indirect critiques, and dialogues in the present collection sound a bit thin to ears accustomed to the enormous impertinence of Messrs. Shaw and Chesterton and Galsworthy, but, as a whole, we relish this revival of one whose tragic death is still so fresh in memory.

Every teacher of English in a college of any size knows the almost insuperable difficulty of providing the reading material for a course in the general history of English literature. No library contains duplicates enough to meet the needs of a class of four or five hundred, and extremely few students can afford to buy everything that is

requisite. Into this economic opportunity there has flowed within recent years a stream of wholly inadequate little poetical anthologies and slender volumes of prose selections compiled in haste by light-hearted instructors for light-hearted publishers. The situation obviously called for a well-edited volume or two of manageable size, with opaque paper, clear type, and the capacity of an old-fashioned folio. Professor Manly at the University of Chicago approached the mark with two volumes, one for prose and one for poetry, of some 500 double-column pages each—a really substantial provision for a year's reading. Professors Cunliffe, Pyre, and Young at the University of Wisconsin now go a step farther and present a single volume of some 1,000 pages of similar style, containing both prose and poetry—"Century Readings in English Literature" (The Century Co.). The book is a credit to the publishers, and, so far as we have examined it, to the editors as well. We should like a little of Pepys's "Diary" to match the generous extracts from Boswell, a few letters of Chesterfield, or a part of his essay on decorum, or an essay of Hazlitt in lieu of some of the twenty pages of George Meredith's knotty verse; and so, we think, would most college students. On the whole, however, the "Century Readings" covers the ground from Chaucer to Meredith in a notably satisfactory manner, and, as a make-weight, the editors have thrown in a translation of "Beowulf" and "Gawain and the Green Knight."

In "The Silent Isle" (Putnam), A. C. Benson has written his Impressions—or confessions—of life in perhaps a more rambling, intimate way than in any of his seven other volumes. He chooses, as he says, not to record his views in a single picture, but rather to sketch a hundred details, seeing life "from a simple plane enough, and with no desire to conform it to a theory, or to find anything very definite in it, or to omit anything because it did not fit in with prejudices or predilections. The only unity of mood which it reflects is the unity of purpose which comes from a decision"—this decision being to live upon "simpler and more rational lines," in consequence of "a deliberate belief that conventions were not necessary in contentment." So Mr. Benson lets fly a shaft here and there at the shallowness of literary discussion, at the cock-sureness of the modern young man, at modern biographers, and what not. In one passage upon the writing of books Mr. Benson seems to answer those criticisms of his former works which have charged him with lack of fixed purpose. The author has finished the book with which he has lived for months, and dispatched it to the press:

> And then comes what is the saddest experience of all; it will pass into the hands of friends and readers; echoes of it will come back to me, in talk and print; but it will no longer be the book I knew and loved, only a part of my past. And this is the hardest thing of all for a writer, that when others read one's book they take it for a flash of the present mood, while the writer of it will see in it a pale reflection of a time long past, and will feel perhaps even further away from his book than those who criticise it, however severely. If my book is criticised as I write it, or directly after I have written it, it is as though I myself were maltreated; but when it appears so belatedly, I am often the harshest critic of all, because my whole point of view may perhaps have shifted, and I may be no longer the man who wrote the book, but a man of larger experience, who can judge perhaps more securely than any one else how far behind life the book lags. There is no season in the world in which the mind travels faster from its standpoint than when it has finished a book, because during all the writing of it one has kept, as it were, tensely and constrainedly at a certain point; and so when freedom comes, the thought leaps hurriedly forward, like a weight lifted by an elastic cord that has been stretched almost to breaking.

It is easy to speak ungraciously of certain traits of Mr. Benson's writing—the monotony of his theme, the disquieting contrast between his rather self-centred epicurean life, as he portrays it, and his everlasting preaching of the creed of love, unselfishness, and consideration for others—but on the whole his is one of the quiet voices making for reflection against the prevalent worship of strenuousness and indiscriminate activity. It is encouraging to know that his successive volumes find so large a circle of readers. We could wish that he might feel inclined to vary his appeal by throwing his next volume into the form of discursive fiction. By far the best sections in "The Silent Isle" are, in our judgment, the sketches of the people that flit across the pathway of the recluse, and this gift of characterization might be employed more copiously and to better advantage.

Whatever may be thought of his poetry, Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson has at all events erected a very respectable monument to industry in the writing of his epics. There are three of them—a "Saul," a "Paul," and a "Moses"—in four personable octavos, with which is associated, in completion of his poetic labors, a fifth volume of miscellaneous verse (Funk & Wagnalls). What is at first so striking about the array, which is nothing less than imposing in its library habiliments, is the fact that such a bulk of verse should ever have got itself written at all in "this ghastly thin-faced time of ours," when a first effort is usually sufficient to exhaust a poet's vitality and conviction. Nor is it less amazing to consider the motives which must have nerved a writer against the discouragements of such a particular task as this. For that an epic in one volume, much less in two, should find audience of any kind, to say nothing of one fit, though few, even the most sanguine could hardly believe nowadays. Not that it would be fair to deny Professor Wilkinson's performance certain merits. But as a whole his epics are, frankly, unreadable. In a way they combine a kind of Miltonic intention, with a kind of Browningesque execution. They have all the enginery of epic—elevated action, set similes, supernatural machinery, blank verse—everything which an epic should have, except the inspiration at once popular and literary, the universal moral appeal, intense and immediate, which does, or did once, vitalize such a production. And there is the point: in a time which has as a whole no moral insight to speak of, epic, like tragedy, is—it will not do to say impossible, for there is Professor Wilkinson to confute such a statement—but devoid of influence. Under these circumstances that a poet should be able to bring three works of the kind to pass, is evidence of remarkable force of character. And the pity of it that the waste of such powers—for wasted in a measure they are—is evidence also to the unhappy conditions under which our more ambitious literary work is done, in moral and intellectual solitude, and with a desperate persistence on the poet's part in his own sense of relative values right or wrong.

The Blacks have added to their list of sumptuously illustrated books about places an attractive volume entitled "Pompeii" (painted by Alberto Pisa, described by W. M. Mackenzie). The narrative is written with knowledge, and with a literary quality not too common in works of this character. The twenty illustrations in color as well as those in black and white are well-selected and excellently rendered. The book is imported by the Macmillan Co.

In "The Buried City of Kenfig" (Appleton), Thomas Gray sets forth with great thoroughness all that can be gleaned from old annals and documents regarding that interesting town in South Wales. Its known history, he tells us, begins with the Norman Conquest, but the city is older, the earliest mention of it being in 893 A. D. It was destroyed by a sand-storm—the fate of so many cities in this sandy region—some time between A. D. 1246 and 1317, and the only existing remains at the present day are a portion of the wall of the castle, situated at the top of the hill, which forms a picturesque detail in the lonely landscape. The task undertaken by the author of telling the history of a city destroyed six hundred years ago, and only occasionally mentioned by old chroniclers, is one that required great patience and conscientiousness. The book shows both these qualities, and it is, therefore, the more pity that much of its value is detracted by the inappropriateness of its style. In a few chapters, indeed, in which the old buildings of Kenfig are described or extracts from old documents of its history are given, scientific language is used, such as becomes a scientific subject, and these pages will be appreciated by the interested student. But the author seems to have desired to capture the layman as well as the student, and doubtless, if he had had the gift of making the past live in the present, he might have exercised a universal appeal. But, unfortunately, Mr. Gray's imagination is not of that stamp, and all he can do, in his fear of boring his imaginary casual reader, is to fill his pages with sentimental meditations clothed in flowery language. His style is, indeed, described by Walter de Gray Birch, the writer of the preface, as "bred of pure naturalness and keen observation," but whether these are its characteristic qualities, the reader may judge for himself from the opening paragraph of the book:

> Overhead birds are singing with heart-felt joy of life this glorious summer morning. All around me are hillocks of golden sand, tipped with pleasing contrast of colour by the green of the sea-sedge, with which they are clad in part. The soft summer wind whispers its sad note through the waving rushes as it comes from over the great waste of triumphant sand which seems as it were out of place so far from sound of murmuring sea.

To write a book of 230 closely printed pages about a little group of islands which contain only some nineteen square miles of land, and a population of less than twenty thousand souls, presupposes an interesting community, or an author most interested in his subject. In W. B. Hayward's "Bermuda" (Dodd, Mead), we have

both, and the combination produces a result attractive alike to the reader, who has never seen the "vexed Bermoothes," and to one who has dwelt there always. It is divided into two parts, historical and descriptive. The history of the islands, for the general reader, at least, has the merit of almost complete novelty, and is told in a style at once simple and direct. From the successive wrecks which had given the Somers Islands such a bad name, from the days of struggle and starvation of its early inhabitants, through slavery times, until, feeling neglected by England, it was, not unwillingly, robbed of its English gunpowder to help our Washington fight English troops, and then of its struggles as a whale-fishing, shipbuilding, not too loyal colony, until the outbreak of our civil war, and then of the glorious days of blockade-running, Mr. Hayward picks out of his mass of documents the salient details of Bermuda's history, and so builds up a story that has no dull moments. In the chapter on literary associations, he has brought together in entertaining fashion pretty much everything that has been said about Bermuda, from Shakespeare to Mark Twain; and even one familiar with the island will probably be surprised to learn how many men of letters have written of it. And they all praise its amenities—all save Anthony Trollope, who, in contrast to our author, says: "It seems to me there can be no place in the world as to which there can be less to be said than there is about this island." The last four chapters deal with Bermuda of the present, and are in the nature of a guide book. Taken together, the two parts of the book are a history and a description of a place singularly interesting and comparatively unknown. The book is well printed, although its photographic illustrations lack somewhat in artistic merit and fail to give the atmosphere of the "Enchanted Islands," as only the pencil of an artist adequately could do.

Zeitschrift für Kolonialsprachen is a new periodical, edited by Professor Meinhof of the Hamburg Colonial Institute, the first number of which appeared this month at Berlin.

An album-like book, "Photographing in Old England, with Some Snapshots of Scotland and Wales," by W. I. Lincoln Adams, editor of the *Photographic Times*, is the literary and photographic record of a summer tour. It addresses chiefly the public of amateur photographers, and gives practical advice as to outfit, developing facilities, and choice of view. Excellent is the counsel that prints should be ruthlessly trimmed until they come into some sort of compositional unity. The publishers are the Baker & Taylor Company.

The publishers, G. Laterza e Figli of Bari, have undertaken the publication of what will virtually be a complete *corpus* of Italian literature from its origins to the present day. The coöperation of the most distinguished scholars of Italy has already been obtained, and some six hundred volumes are promised, each edited with a minimum of critical apparatus, but a maximum of textual accuracy, by the scholar most competent to deal with it. The volumes which have already appeared—two containing Bandello's novels, one of Gozzi's "Memorie," and a fourth containing a representative collection of "Lirici Marinisti" edited by B. Croce—give a most favorable impression of the series, both as to its scholarly character and its outward garb. The same publishers have also collected a half-dozen of Signor Croce's earlier essays on seventeenth-century literature under the title of "Saggi sulla Letteratura italiana del Seicento."

The death is reported in his sixty-seventh year of James C. Brogan, a scholar of distinction, and a writer, translator, and compiler for several encyclopædias. He was born in Ireland and educated at Maynooth College, but came in early manhood to this country. Before the breaking of his health he had reviewed a number of books for the *Nation*.

James Frothingham Hunnewell died recently in Boston, after having been in ill-health for six months. He was born in Charlestown in 1830, and during his long life wrote extensively on history. Among his works are: "Bibliography of Hawaiian Islands and Civilization of Hawaiian Islands," "The Lands of Scott," "Bibliography of Charlestown and Bunker Hill," "Voyage of the Missionary Packet," "The Imperial Island," "The Historical Monuments of France."

Dr. Ludwig Holmes, a Swedish clergyman, who was decorated by King Oscar II for his eminence as a poet, died last week in Philadelphia. He was born in Sweden in 1858 and received his early education there. He spent the greater part of his life in Illinois, and there held important offices in the church. King Oscar honored him in 1897 with the jubilee token in silver, and in 1901 with the blue ribbon, which is the highest award for literary merit. Five years later Dr. Holmes was knighted with the insignia of the Cross of the Order of Vassa. His best-known work is a volume called "Dikter af Ludvig."

Science.

THE AFTERMATH OF DARWINISM.

Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species. By E. B. Poulton. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.

Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom: Being a Summary of Abbott H. Thayer's Discovery. By Gerald H. Thayer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7 net.

No chapter of Darwinism has held naturalists more entranced than that concerning the rôle of color of animals. Before Darwin it was recognized that the color of an animal might serve to protect it from enemies, adapting the animal to its environment, and thus fulfilling a "purpose." Color was *designed*, in brief, for protection from foes, and these foes likewise were designed to pursue each kind of animal and destroy it, the relation being so cunningly devised that the balance of nature was maintained.

After Darwin the origin of color was explained by its usefulness either in leading to escape from enemies or in allowing an easier approach to a victim. The former kind of coloration is known to-day as protective coloration, the latter as aggressive resemblance. A further development of the same theme has led to the recognition of mimicry and warning coloration. Mimicry means resemblance to another kind of animal or plant, either through a similarity in coloration or more especially through a resemblance in form. Warning coloration means that the animal, being noxious to possible foes, advertises its offensiveness by exhibiting itself conspicuously.

These matters have received elaborate treatment in two recent publications. Professor Poulton of Oxford, an ardent disciple of Darwinism, has brought together in book form some six lectures and addresses published in connection with the recent centenary celebrations of Darwin's birth. G. H. Thayer, the son of the artist, A. H. Thayer, applies and develops the views of his father in regard to the rôle of concealing coloration in animals.

With the exception of certain highly questionable hypotheses relating to mimicry in the butterflies of North America, there is little that is new in Professor Poulton's book. The author goes over the old ground with obvious relish, and has little to say, except what is derogatory, about the splendid advances that have been made since Darwin's time in the study of variation and heredity. The occasion may excuse, perhaps, the sentimental tone of the addresses, but hardly the lack of critical judgment. If the scientist sometimes advertises his emancipation from that very human weakness, credulity, he has only to read what has been written on this topic of animal coloration to humble his pride. Starting with a reasonably good case, the advocate of the rôle of protective color in nature is led by insensible steps to the wildest flights of undisciplined imagination.

This is well illustrated also in Mr. Thayer's beautiful book. With great skill and insight he points out some of the remarkable ways in which animal coloration might serve as a protection. His admirable illustrations of the effects of counter shading draw attention to a matter of interest to every student of nature. His photographs make good his claim that the lighter under-color so prevalent in animals serves to make them invisible to us, and therefore *presumably* to some of their enemies, but whether the protection is needed or of vital importance to the animal as a protection against its enemies is a point taken for granted rather than demonstrated. His account, moreover, of the rôle of protective markings of animals, while full of interest, yet impresses the naturalist as too often a feat of the imagination

rather than a contribution to zoölogy. For example, many of the cases that the naturalist has described as warning coloration because they have seemed to him to be obviously conspicuous are cited by Mr. Thayer as in reality protective if looked at from the right point of view. The case of the skunk made invisible by his white stripes that break up his contour against the sky line—the sky line, that is, of the grub on which he feeds—will appear fantastic, to say the least; and when roseate spoonbills and red flamingoes are projected against glowing sunsets and sunrises, one wonders whether this is art or science. The artist forgets that the devices which on a large scale seem to him to protect the animal, occur also in microscopic animals, where they can scarcely be supposed to represent all the shifting scenes of the forest; and while this difficulty does not, of course, disprove the conclusion that the larger markings may be useful, yet something more than an enthusiast's account of the possible protection offered will be necessary to establish the view that such effects have any significance in the battle for existence.

The death is reported from his home in Stamford, Conn., of Uriah Cummins, in his seventy-eighth year. He was the inventor of thirty successful mechanical devices. Besides writing upon scientific subjects he was the author of tales, historical and fanciful, dealing largely with the Indians of western New York.

The death is reported of Désiré-Jean-Baptiste Gernez, the French physician and chemist. He was born at Valenciennes in 1834, and studied at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, in which he was appointed professor in 1881. He wrote numerous scientific treatises, and in the sixties collaborated with Pasteur in the study of vines and the diseases of silk worms.

Dr. Henry Wurtz, chemist and scientist, died at his home in Brooklyn last week in his eighty-third year. Dr. Wurtz, who was born in 1828, was a graduate of Princeton University and also of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was chemical examiner in the United States Patent Office at the beginning of the civil war, as well as professor of chemistry in the National Medical College at Washington. Subsequently he was editor of the New York *Gas Light Journal*, and was one of the judges at the Philadelphia Exposition. He wrote numerous scientific treatises and discovered and named the minerals Huntilite and Animikite; the mineral Wurtzilite was named after him.

Drama.

"THE THUNDERBOLT."

"The Thunderbolt" of Sir A. W. Pinero, first played in England more than a year ago with a comparatively small measure of public success, was presented in the New Theatre here on Saturday night, and proved to be a work of rarely high quality. A popular piece it is not likely to be, for the humor of it is drab and cynical; the story, although both interesting and dramatic, is devoid of romance or sensation, and the personages, drawn with admirable veracity, are, with two exceptions, wholly unattractive. But as a genuine play, reflecting the manners and morals of a class and a period, and deriving its significance from the revelation of character under the stress of circumstance, it is, perhaps, the highest achievement of its author. Some of his most successful productions—"The Gay Lord Quex," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," for instance—models of stage craft in their way, are more or less suggestive of insincerity, of a calculated theatricalism, but "The Thunderbolt" is free from all suspicion of this sort. Neither in topic nor in treatment does it provide any cheap or glittering bait for the multitude. On the contrary, it is one long, bitter, satirical attack upon hypocrisies and meannesses common to all mankind, but attributed especially, in this instance, to the smug British middle class provincial. The immediate theme is the heartless and abominable conduct to which professedly respectable and religious persons will resort in order to maintain a false position or procure pecuniary gain.

To illustrate it—the story need not be given in detail—Pinero introduces a family group consisting of a reputed rich contractor, James Mortimore, his brother Stephen, and a sister, Rose, married to a Col. Ponting—all eminently respectable folk, who, for many years, have ostracized another brother, Edward, who has "gone into beer." When Edward dies, however, leaving a vast fortune behind him, without any apparent will, they all assemble in his house, like birds of prey, eager to seize upon their inheritance as next of kin. They all know that Edward had an illegitimate daughter, whom he worshipped, and whom they had expected to be his heiress, but they tacitly agree to ignore her moral rights and leave her to shift for herself. Only a fourth brother, Thaddeus, a poor musician, who has outraged their finer feelings by marrying Phyllis, the daughter of a small tradesman, for love, upholds the actual, if illegal, rights of the orphan. It turns out—and the scheme is handled with extraordinary naturalness and dexterity—that Edward really did make a will leaving his whole estate to his daughter Helen, and that Phyllis, finding it accidentally, and tempted beyond her strength, destroyed it. At the moment when "the family" are about to grasp their fortune—the expectation of which already has led them into various absurd extravagances—Thaddeus, too honest to profit by the fraud and resolved to save his wife at all hazards—declares the existence and purport of the will, and accuses himself of its theft and destruction. The scene of the confession, perfectly natural in its occurrence, is one of the most ingenious and, because it is natural, one of the most truly dramatic that any modern dramatist has devised. And it is wrought with a realism that is a triumph of minute observation. In general effect it is sordid, mean, repulsive, but it is undeniably and horribly true. On cross-examination Thaddeus contradicts himself so hopelessly—and here, too, Sir Arthur's cleverness is brilliant—that his wife's guilt is made manifest. Thus all the claimants, pillars of British respectability, are put at the mercy of the illegitimate child whom they have conspired to defraud. She, a proud, intelligent, honest, self-reliant creature—pitying Phyllis, who has made full confession, and satisfied with her father's recognition—declines to assert her rights, and, incidentally condoning a felony, agrees to an equal division of the estate, counting herself as one of the family.

But the value of the piece consists not in the incidents of the story, but in the vigor and truth of its satire and the veracity of its characterization. All the personages have their distinct personalities and are absolutely alive. And they are embodied with artistic fidelity at the New Theatre. Louis Calvert, Albert Bruning, A. E. Anson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and E. M. Holland are the most distinguished figures in an eminently satisfactory cast. The performance was a striking illustration of the advantages of the stock system.

Oscar Wilde's whimsical comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," was revived in the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday evening, with considerable but not brilliant success. In London it has just had a very long run, but there it probably was better played. The piece shows its age very clearly. Some of the particular social follies which it ridicules have made way for others, and much of the humor—never wholly original—long ago became conventional. But the farcical situations and the epigrammatic cynicism of the dialogue, are still potent sources of amusement. Every scene bristles with smart phrases, but the wit in them is seldom of that rich quality which will bear reflection or repetition. Much of it is tricky, shallow, or obvious, and nearly all of it is suggestive of labor under the lamp. Flashes of anything resembling inspiration are rare. Nor is the satire in itself effective, for there is no energy or purpose behind it to make it real. All is conceived in the same light mood of indifference or even of utter cynicism. As drama, of course, the piece is of no account. It is insignificant and preposterous. But it will always be more or less amusing to persons seeing and hearing it for the first time. The present representation is only moderately good, none of the players being oratorically capable of giving full effect to the artificial dialogue.

Messrs. Dent have announced a new series called "The Shakespeare Circle," in which Shakespeare's plays will be carefully prepared for reading classes. They are to be cut so as to bring each within the compass of not more than two hours and a half. "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It," both edited by Dr. Alfred P. Graves, will be the first to appear.

Madam Lillemohr Halversen, a Norwegian actress who has won considerable reputation in Christiania by her interpretations of the heroines of Ibsen, will soon make her first appearance on the London stage in "The Whip," at Drury Lane. An opportunity, of course, is an opportunity, but this seems to be somewhat of a descent.

The Coburn Players are to produce, at their second matinée, for the first time on any stage, "Alcestis," a poetic drama in English verse, by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. The mythological story is closely followed.

Charles Frohman has decided to make a Christmas revival of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," in which Ethel Barrymore will have the part of Rose. This piece was a great success when it was originally produced here with Mary Mannering and Hilda Spong in the cast.

The unabated popularity of "Henry VIII," at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, forces Sir Herbert Tree to abandon his original intention of producing Alfred Noyes's fantastic play, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," at the end of the year. He denies, however, that this piece has been shelved. He hopes to make it his Christmas attraction next year.

The dramatists whose works have been produced at the Comédie Française during the last twenty-five years entertained Jules Claretie at luncheon in celebration of his "silver wedding" as administrator of that theatre. Sixty-two authors were present, and M. Claretie's health was proposed by Paul Hervieu, the academician, and Paul Ferrier, president of the Society of Dramatic Authors. In his reply, M. Claretie pointed out that the House of Molière was more hospitable and less formidable than was sometimes believed. Both the public and the critics expected more of it than they expected elsewhere. M. Loubet once asked him why people were so severe in judging the Comédie Française. "Ah! Monsieur le Président," he replied, "c'est que nous sommes le Gouvernement." A government which had 171 curtain-raisers and 600 or 700 plays which it might produce, and only 365 days in the year to produce them in, required three or four theatres, if it was to satisfy all those who offered it new pieces for production. Then there were the actors—and actresses. As M. Claretie put it succinctly, "there are eyes—sometimes very beautiful—that shine like daggers."

Laurence Housman has just given a public reading in London of his play, "Pains and Penalties," which recently encountered the veto of the censor. The piece proved to be a dramatization from official sources of the later career of Queen Caroline, who is depicted as an innocent victim. Commenting upon the play, the London *Times* explains that the usual inference that there is something "not nice" in plays held up by the censor does not apply to "Pains and Penalties," in which unpleasant subjects, so far as they exist, are treated with delicacy and good taste. The real justification of the censor's decision lies, according to the *Times*, in the fact that the lives of George IV and of his pathetic Queen are not far enough in the past for an audience to distinguish an author's subjective treatment from the objective reality.

Music.

BERLIN AND NEW YORK.

It is now generally assumed that Berlin is the musical centre of the universe. It certainly is the goal of thousands of students from all parts of the world. America contributes so many of these that not a few of the more prominent teachers have found it expedient to follow them and reopen their studios there, sometimes with the same pupils they had at home. Of miscellaneous concerts and recitals Berlin has a greater number than any other city—sometimes more than fifty in a single week. The Royal Opera gives performances ten months a year, as against the five operatic months of New York. Does it not follow that Berlin is the world's musical metropolis? But this is to judge merely by quantity. If New York hears fewer musicians than Berlin, it is because here little attention is paid to any but the best, who never fail to visit us. In this way, too, we escape the deadening glut of music with which Berlin is afflicted.

Berlin has no better orchestra than the reorganized Philharmonic, or the visiting Bostonians, or the New York Symphony Orchestra. Nor has it a greater quintet of conductors than Gustav Mahler and Max Fiedler in the concert hall, Arturo Toscanini, Alfred Hertz, and Cleofonte Campanini (for ten performances) in the opera house. Operatically, we are as far ahead of Berlin as Berlin is ahead of us in choral music. Doubtless the Berlin Opera devotes more time to rehearsing than our Metropolitan does; but, after all, three rehearsals, with the world's greatest singers in the cast, lead to better results than thirty rehearsals with mediocre artists. We send young singers to Germany to get an education and experience, and the successful ones we promptly claim again as our own.

This has been the situation for years, and now a new humiliation confronts Europe. We are getting, as usual, not only the best foreign singers, in addition to our own, but the leading composers are beginning to honor us by giving our Metropolitan Opera House the privilege of first staging their new works, and, in addition, they cross the ocean to superintend their production personally, thereby emphasizing the compliment they pay us. Probably the première of "Madama Butterfly" would not have been a failure in New York, as it was in Milan; consequently Puccini is taking no chances with his "Girl of the Golden West," but puts it into the hands of his countrymen, Caruso and Toscanini; while Humperdinck, for similar reasons, gives us the first opportunity to hear his "Children of Kings."

Next year it is likely that several other composers for whose new or forthcoming operas the Metropolitan has acquired the sole producing rights for this country—Debussy, Charpentier, Leroux, Salvayre, and Ravel—will cross the ocean to see them launched. The time may come when these visiting composers may feel tempted to make New York their headquarters, just as, for a number of decades, the leading Italian and German composers made Paris their field of activity. The French school of grand opera was built largely by four Italians—Lulli, Rossini, Cherubini, Spantini—and two Germans—Gluck and Meyerbeer—while a third German, Offenbach, was chiefly responsible for the world-wide vogue of French opera bouffe. The great opera composers whom France herself produced learned much from these resident foreigners. Why should not history repeat itself?

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, now sole manager of the Metropolitan Opera House (Andreas Dippel having been transferred to Chicago), showed courage in beginning the season with so serious a work as "Armide" on what is supposed to be more a social than a musical occasion. Gluck's opera, though first produced in 1777, had never been sung in America, and the infrequency of its performance, even in Paris and Berlin, must have made it clear to the manager that it probably would not make a strong appeal to modern taste. However, he had at his command a bigger cast than Gluck could have dreamed of—a cast including Caruso, Fremstad, Homer, Amato, Gluck, Gilly, Reiss, De Segurola—and funds sufficient to provide scenic marvels calculated to hypnotize the spectators into a fairy-tale mood in which they would more readily overlook the foolishness of the libretto. Quinault's libretto, which Lully had already set to music a century before Gluck, has for its heroine a Saracen princess, who, with the aid of sorcery, first attempts to kill and then to win the love of the Crusader Renaud, who is the hero of Tasso's "Jerusalem Liberated." He succumbs for a while, but is rescued by two other knights, who, with magic sceptre and shield, overcome Armide's magic arts. Much of Gluck's music is as antiquated as this style of plot, and it cannot be said that there is as much melodic invention in this, his last opera but two, as there is in his "Orfeo," written fifteen years sooner. In its splendidly realistic choruses, however, and in some of its recitatives, it foreshadows modern developments surprisingly. For us it is difficult to realize what an audacious operatic novelty "Armide" must have been in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. To Gluck's contemporaries it seemed as revolutionary and as much music of the future as Wagner's "Lohengrin" did to the Germans in 1850.

The literary works of Wagner, thirty-five in number, which are not included in the "Gesamtausgabe," have been edited by Dr. Julius Kapp, and will be published shortly by Schuster & Loeffler.

Mme. Sembrich will present at her second recital in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon, December 6, a unique programme, on which she has been engaged for several years. It will be made up entirely of the folk-songs of various peoples, beginning with the days of early Greece, and presenting specimens of such songs in every nation. Mme. Sembrich will sing these numbers in their original tongue. With many of them she is familiar, as she speaks fluently Polish, Russian, German, Italian, French, and English, while she has studied the others with natives of the countries from which the songs were selected.

The executive committee of the Symphony Concerts for Young People announces the scheme of the concerts for the thirteenth season. The first, fourth, and fifth programmes will illustrate the symphonic development of music by the German, French, and Slavic nations, and will show how the national character, history, and environment have influenced the music. The sixth concert will be a spring festival of symphonic dances, in which the music of the symphonies which breathe the spirit of spring and flowers and the influences of nature will be interpreted by professional dancers in costume. On December 17, "The Children at Bethlehem," a Christmas mystery play by Gabriel Pierné, will be presented with scenery, costumes, chorus of children, singers, and orchestra. The third concert will be devoted to the old negro melodies sung by Miss Kitty Cheatham, who has made a thorough study of these wonderful songs, now fast disappearing.

The Oratorio Society will revive Eduard Grell's "Solemn Mass" at its opening concert, Tuesday evening, December 6, at Carnegie Hall. This famous setting of the church office, though written by a modern composer in 1863, is in the contrapuntal style of three hundred years earlier.

Paderewski was the chief speaker at the Chopin centenary celebration at Lemberg, a few weeks ago, which was attended by members of the Polish nobility and by eminent men from other countries, among them Alma Tadema and Jules Claretie. The pith of Paderewski's remarks is given in these words:

> We Polish musicians are the children of one father, Chopin. But he is a tree the branches of which reach to the sky, whereas we are mere twigs. He was the greatest of Polish patriots, for in the tones created by him we hear the wild cry for freedom, for liberation from the chains of thraldom. Therefore, all honor to him, because he not only introduced his country's music with his strains into the world of art, but also demonstrated to all mankind by his works that Bismarck's assertion that there is no culture in Poland is untrue. As surely as there is a heaven there is a Polish culture, and in the name of this culture and of Chopin I shout, "Long live Poland!"

It is reported that the directorship of the Vienna Hofoper will be held by Weingartner until March, 1911, when he will be succeeded by Hans Gregor, now director of the Berlin Komische Opera.

Art.

JOHN LA FARGE.

Even to those who have known the feeble condition of Mr. La Farge for the past half year the notice of his death on Monday, at the Butler Hospital, in Providence, R. I., will bring the shock that accompanies all great losses. Mr. La Farge was born in New York city in 1835. His father was an officer in the French navy, who drifted to America in 1806, and married a Miss Birsse de St. Victor, cousin of the celebrated French critic. Her father, a miniature painter of some talent, gave his grandson his first lessons in drawing.

When a young man he found himself in Paris with a desire to try his hand at painting, and he procured a letter of introduction to Couture, who soon recognized his American pupil's originality, and advised him to go away and study by himself. "Your place," he said, "is not among these students. They have no ideas. They imitate me. They are all trying to be little Coutures." Up to this time Mr. La Farge had not definitely made up his mind what profession to follow, although his education had been legal more than anything else. He returned home and entered a lawyer's office, and it was many years before he ceased to struggle against his destiny. At length he found a friend and master in William Hunt, whom he followed to Newport, R. I. Hunt had been a pupil of Jean François Millet, and was the first interpreter of the French school in this country. In 1860 La Farge married Miss Margaret Perry, a granddaughter of Commodore Perry of the battle of Lake Erie fame, and they made their home in Newport.

From 1859 to 1870 Mr. La Farge was engaged in illustrating "Enoch Arden" and Browning's "Men and Women" for the *Riverside Magazine*. He had become a great admirer of Japanese art long before that art was generally known in this country, and his work showed the Japanese influence. Among the illustrations, which were drawn on wood, was The Wolf-Charmer. Years afterward, when he was in Japan, a copy of this drawing was shown to him in the studio of a well-known Japanese artist, who greeted him as the "Wolf Man," and said: "You must have painted this with a Japanese brush."

While he was at work on these illustrations his sense of color was developing, and his mind was bending toward decorative work. He was a friend of H. H. Richardson, the architect, who obtained the order for building Trinity Church, Boston, in 1876, and engaged La Farge to do the decorations. This work was just completed when Mr. La Farge was asked to decorate St. Thomas's, in New York, which he did with the Three Marys at the Tomb, and Christ and the Magdalene, which were destroyed when St. Thomas's was burned. These and The Ascension, in the Church of the Ascension, in Fifth Avenue, were his principal religious mural decorations.

It is probable, however, that he will owe his lasting fame to his stained-glass windows. In that particular branch of art he was a pioneer, for he invented a new kind of glass, and he had to give his personal attention to the making of the material from the beginning. When he was visiting England in 1872, he was attracted by some stained-glass of Burne-Jones. On his return home he was invited to design a window. He had remarked that the English artist's work had ceased improving; that the modelling of form was merely the copying of a delicate and often a weak drawing. The designer had become separated from his workmen, so that, however beautiful his designs might be, the results were not satisfactory. He made up his mind that he would follow the design through its entire course of manufacture. The situation he described as follows:

> There were no good painters on glass, even of a fairly low degree, and the choice of glass was extremely limited. We received here only the poorer and less artistic samples of material, the better being culled by the good European workers, and moreover, as all importations were commercial, they were made, as they always are, to appeal to the largest and widest mediocrity of taste.

In the course of an illness he amused himself by combining various tones of glass by "plating," that is, placing sheets of different colors one over the other. A soap dish, made of glass in imitation of white china, stood on the window sill. It was an imperfect piece, that is, it was not strictly opaque as white china, is, but was opalescent. He noticed the beauty of quality it gained by being imperfect, and also that when it stood alongside what is known as "pot-metal," the ordinary stained glass, this opalescent quality caused it to take on the suggestion of a complementary color in harmony with that of the piece of pot-metal, so that when associated with a piece of violet glass it showed a golden yellow, a pink flush when laid on a piece of green glass. It occurred to Mr. La Farge that to obtain the diversity of form and the shadows in colored glass, then done by painting, it would only be necessary to have this opalescent glass made first without color and then with variations of color. In 1878 Mr. La Farge made what is probably his most important work of this class, the so-called Battle Window in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, Mass. He used in it almost every variety of glass, and even precious stones, such as amethysts. Most of his windows were built up with leads after the usual fash-

lon. Towards the end of his life he tried fusing the patterns together without leads, or joining the glass by thin filaments of metal fused to the glass and plated on—a variation of *cloisonné*. Of these experiments the most remarkable was the Peacock Window now in the Worcester Art Museum.

But Mr. La Farge was not only a painter and a maker of windows. He was a man of literary instincts as well, as was shown by his letters from Japan. His most esteemed book is "Considerations on Painting," a suggestive but difficult work. He published also two volumes of essays on the old masters, and one on the Barbizon school, entitled "The Higher Life in Art." His mind, almost to the end, was alert to respond, and readers of the *Nation* will remember the letters he contributed on various subjects not many months ago. He was also an occasional reviewer in these pages.

For a generation, indeed, he has been the most salient artistic personality in America. In culture no artist since the Renaissance has surpassed him. Through his acquaintance and by the charm of his wisdom—he was one of the most delightful talkers of his time—he exercised a powerful influence upon other artists and upon cultured America generally. His books carried where his finely modulated voice could not reach, and had he painted nothing, had he never made his beautiful inventions in stained glass, he would still be remembered beside Charles Eliot Norton as an æsthete and, in a manner, a moralist.

As a prophet his quality was peculiar. Our pathfinders of the spirit have almost invariably been of a single type—the Puritan. Emerson, Lowell, Norton—in all of these there has been a marked strain of other-worldliness. None of this in John La Farge. He accepted the world blandly and with shrewd sagacity, somewhat in the spirit of those Jesuit fathers from whom he received his first instruction. He represented to us the mellowness of the Catholic civilizations of Europe, and his subsequent study of Eastern philosophies merely confirmed him in a kind of gentle pragmatism. Mankind was his subject, and he found it unfailingly engrossing. The sages of Japan and the mild aborigines of the Pacific passed under his observation. From both he learned much, and of both he made some of his most brilliant pictorial records. Few men of our time have combined so universal a curiosity with so complete a tolerance, and such opportunities for contact with the simplest and with the most sophisticated of men. To this first-hand knowledge he added extraordinary reading in poetry and philosophy. Thus he was, in the Baconian sense, a "full man"; his slightest talk readily veered to the greatest issues, and while he abjured philosophies, he abounded in concrete and picturesque wisdom. He was one of the great talkers, and it is to be hoped that some record of his oral wisdom has been kept.

In his art the scholarly and retrospective cast of his mind was possibly a limited good. It may have been more valuable to us, as a link with the past, an induction to the study of the great styles, than it was to him. With his range of memories it was inevitable that the appeal of other men's art should be as strong as that of nature itself. He retained, then, despite great gifts as a colorist and master of monumental design, a sort of eclectic quality which may make against the permanency of his fame. It is possible that he was greater as a man and a pervading influence than as a painter. And yet when one recalls the thousands of beautiful and scholarly designs, all marked by a certain largeness, that he has left behind, one is reduced to simple gratitude. In a day of small things, a great and well-rounded personality has expressed itself both in paint and in words; and somehow by this simple fact the commonplaceness that affects so much of our art and literature seems offset. In a very true sense, the astute worldling, John La Farge, stood like Athanasius against the world.

For his extraordinarily successful inventions in stained glass he is sure to be remembered. He brought back the glow and sparkle of mediæval glass, and added resources of depth and opalescence undreamed of by the early artisans. To dignify this new and lovely material, he contributed many of his best designs. Purists say that these were too pictorial, preferring the more conventional patterns of the Gothic tradition. We think the fairer way is to take them quite frankly as gorgeous translucent pictures. How remarkable they are may be realized simply by comparing any of the numerous faithful imitations with a fine La Farge window. In connection with this work and with the mural painting which he practised assiduously, he revived the old system of the studio as a populous workshop. So commanding was his personality that he made very able men his mouthpieces. Their work is completely merged with his, and sometimes they cannot even identify their own contributions to great compositions. Wherever Mr. La Farge was, his leadership was acknowledged. At every point his distinguished career confirmed the truth that it is the man of imagination who is the real man of action.

As one takes leave of this great spirit, visions of his works are haunting. Strange fairy-tale people pass by, grave saints and benign philosophers, flowers shimmer in an opalescent mist as they never do on earth, palms wave beyond blue water, serrated ridges cut into the upper blue, below brown savages solemnly perform strange rites and dances. One would gladly rest a while and muse in the quiet Church of the Ascension which his imagination has made one of the most appealing personal monuments. But the glory of paint and glass fades from the mind as one recalls a quiet, rather quizzical voice, an elusive measuring glance, and lips that dispensed that experience which is beauty and that fantasy which is highest wisdom.

We have already noticed Johanna Kanolt's useful little "Guide through the Old Pinakothek of Munich," and now merely record its appearance in an English translation by Clara Hellwig, with twenty-four illustrations. (Munich: Heinrich Jaffe.)

"Landscape and Figure Composition," by Sadakichi Hartmann (Baker & Taylor) is a collection of plain and practical papers written originally for the *Photographic Times*. These counsels are primarily for photographers, and for this reason crowded figure compositions are not considered. The method is that of proceeding from the underlying relation of lines and masses to the pictorial effect. Many diagrams and reproductions of modern pictures are given, and the author's criticism of such current work is interesting, and usually judicious.

The celebrated animal painter, François Vuagnat, died recently at Geneva, the city where he was born.

The death is reported from Copenhagen of Julius J. Exner, professor of arts at the Academy of Fine Arts. He was born in 1825.

Finance.

AN "AFTER-ELECTION MARKET."

On the Stock Exchange, the day before the voting of November 8, Steel common shares sold 12½ points above their price at October's opening. Reading had risen 8⅜ points, Union Pacific 10⅛, St. Paul 4⅝, Amalgamated Copper 6¼. October's routine news had been either of negative character or distinctly unfavorable; therefore Wall Street's assertion that the action of prices was a "preëlection boom" was reasonable. On Monday before election, the strong drift of expectation was that the outside public would show great enthusiasm at a Democratic victory, especially at a victory in New York.

Some parts of this expectation did not come to pass, but the Democratic landslide did. When the House of Representatives, held for sixteen years by good-sized Republican pluralities, was turned over to the Democrats by a majority of more than fifty; when all the great "pivotal States" swung over to the Opposition—Ohio and New Jersey polling the largest Democratic majority in their history—and when even such famous Republican strongholds as Iowa and Pennsylvania were barely saved from a similar fate, there could be no doubt

of a Democratic landslide, and of a landslide of such proportions as has occurred only four times in the past half-century. Wall Street's predictions were fulfilled.

But the stock market did not respond as Wall Street had imagined. After the news of Tuesday's voting, Wednesday's market opened here very close to Monday's level, then crumbled rapidly away. Such losses were made, on that day and the next, as 5¼ points in Steel, 5⅛ in Union Pacific, 5⅝ in Reading, and 5½ in St. Paul. Some stocks lost all of their October rise.

There were various explanations. The election had been "overdiscounted." The prophets had forgotten that the election-week booms of 1908 and 1904 occurred on the basis of 2 per cent. money and plethoric bank reserves, neither of which exists to-day. There had been too much company in the October rise, and too many "tips" to sell on Wednesday. Finally, Wall Street had so converged its mind on the "Roosevelt issue" as to forget the uncertainties involved in a general landslide. Such was the week's philosophy.

The last of these "arguments" is the only one which calls for serious financial consideration. It is true that great victories sometimes go to a party's head; they did so with the English Liberals, after their sweeping victory of January, 1906; they did so with our own Democratic party after November, 1892. But it must also be observed that Wall Street, after receiving the election news, appeared to forget its own pet reassurance of the past few months, to the effect that a Democratic House, pitted against a Republican Senate and President, could do nothing definite, and hence would make for peace. In so far as that consideration ever had any force, it still remains.

But apart from all such purely political considerations, it is possible to attach more importance than is warranted to the break on the Stock Exchange after election. If prices declined when election results were known, they had at all events risen with equal violence beforehand, in expectation of those results; and in processes of this sort, the Wall Street of to-day has its eccentricities.

There are three reasons why a political election is a favorite "argument" for the Stock Exchange. One, and not the least important, is that it happens on a stated date. The Wall Street temperament is not such as to be satisfied with assurances that its health will be better in a month or two, or that it must be careful for several weeks in order to escape relapse. The doctor who gets Wall Street's fee is the practitioner who says, "You are pretty sick; I find numerous symptoms of chronic disorder; but on Wednesday, at 10 A. M., you will be restored to perfect health, and can diet and riot as you choose." Another reason for the election argument's popularity is that things sometimes happen as a result of an election. There have been elections when the success of one candidate might have decreed disunion for the United States, or unlimited greenbacks, or resumption of specie payments, or free coinage of silver, or prosperity of which he was the advance agent, or a war of classes, or a boom in stocks.

The third reason makes an even stronger appeal to the speculative temper; because, while no one can surely know beforehand whether these results are predestined by a given electoral vote or not, it will at any rate be possible forever afterward to declare that such subsequent events as did occur were caused by the election. This reasoning is familiar; it may even be used so courageously—on Wall Street, in Congress, and on the stump—as to declare, fifteen years afterward, that the sequel of 1894 was witnessed in 1893. Chronology, indeed, which plays small part in political reasoning, may be made to play as little in finance. Every one knows that the only reason why the financial reaction of 1910 was not caused by the Supreme Court's decision in the Oil and Tobacco cases was that the decision had not been handed down. But no evasion like that is possible for elections. Elections occur when the law prescribes, and if the community's mood is opportune, it can be shown that they caused whatever happened afterward, if not what happened before.

This being so, it may seem strange that Wall Street, having industriously pinned its faith to a sort of financial Christmas stocking which was to come with the vote of November 8, should have switched about on November 9, and proceeded to break the market. But the trouble lay, very largely, in the high pitch to which our speculating millionaires have carried the process of anticipating events through Stock Exchange operations, two or three weeks ahead. It is difficult to imagine how this process can be carried very much further without reversing all the usual methods of inference from a rise or fall in stocks. A financial market where prices should habitually advance on announcement of unpleasant news, and break when the news was favorable, would properly belong to such a world as Bernard Shaw or W. S. Gilbert pictures; yet we have latterly come pretty close to such a market, when Stock Exchange prices rose violently in October on news of a really unfavorable nature from the London money market and the American steel trade.

Perhaps, therefore, it will never be susceptible of convincing proof, whether or not last week's "after-election break" meant that the financial community was dissatisfied with the electoral results. If it did mean dismay and fright, then there would at least be presented the interesting spectacle of Wall Street, after helping along that result by voting Democratic Tuesday, and while cheering heartily on Wednesday over the actual news, resorting simultaneously to the Stock Exchange to express its disapproval.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, J. J. Jimmy. St. Louis: The Author.
American Jewish Historical Society Publications. No. 19.
Ashdown, Mrs. C. H. British Costume During XIX Centuries. (Civil and Ecclesiastical.) Stokes.
Benson, A. C. The Silent Isle. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Boyles, K. and V. D. The Spirit Trail. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Braden, J. A. The Auto Boys' Quest. Akron, O.: Saalfield Pub. Co. $1.
Bradley, A. C. Collection of Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association. Frowde.
Bradley, C. Good Sport with Famous Packs, 1885-1910. Dutton. $5 net.
Brown, D. W. The Commercial Power of Congress. Putnam. $2 net.
Burns, E. E. The Story of Great Inventions. Harper. $1.25.
Burrage, C. New Facts Concerning John Robinson, Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers. Frowde.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vols. V and VI. Putnam. $2.50 each.
Camp, W. The Book of Football. Century Co. $2 net.
Child R. W. Jim Hands. Macmillan. $1.50.
Cohen, H. Talmudic Sayings. Bloch Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Coman, K. The Industrial History of the United States. New edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Coolidge, D. Hidden Water. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Davenport, E. Domesticated Animals and Plants. Boston: Ginn.
Davis, E. W. The Imaginary in Geometry. Reprinted from the University Studies, Lincoln, Neb.
Deutsch, G. The History of the Jews. Bloch Pub. Co. 60 cents.
Dodd, W. F. The Revision and Amendment of State Constitutions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Dumas. Pages Choisies. Edited by B. L. Templeton. Frowde.
Edwards, D. M. The Toll of the Arctic Seas. Holt. $2.50 net.
"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp). Poems and Dramas. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Foord, A. S. Springs, Streams, and Spas of London. Stokes.
Fraser E. Bellerophon. Stokes.
Fraser, G. Crow-Step: a Romance of Gowanus Canal. Witter & Kintner. $1.50.
Frost, W. D., and McCampbell, E. F. A Text-Book of General Bacteriology. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Gaskell, Mrs. Sylvia's Lovers. London: Bell.
Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer; The Good-Natured Man (illustrated). Putnam. $2.50 net each.
Gordon, S. P. Birds of the Loch and Mountain. Cassell.
Gratacap, L. P. The Mayor of New York. Dillingham. $1.50.
Graves, C. L. Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Grayson, D. Adventures in Friendship. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Grimshaw, B. The New New Guinea. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Hardy's The Mayor of Casterbridge. Harper. $1.25.
Hare, A. The Wollopors. Pictures by H. L. Miller. Akron, O.: Saalfield Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Harland, M. Where Ghosts Walk: the Haunts of Familiar Characters in History and Literature. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Harshbarger, J. A. Gentleman Don: the Life Story of a Dog. Topeka, Kan.; Crane & Co. $1 net.

Hegner, R. W. An introduction to Zoölogy. Macmillan. $1.90 net.
Heim, G. Die Grundlehren der Höheren Mathematik. Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft.
Hobson, R. L. Worcester Porcelain. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Jane, L. C. From Metternich to Bismarck. Frowde. $1.10.
Jenner, Mrs. H. Our Lady in Art. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Kueffner, L. M. The Development of the Historic Drama. University of Chicago Press. 54 cents.
Lang, A. Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy. Longmans.
Latin Literature of the Early Empire. Selections edited by A. C. B. Brown. Part A. Frowde. $1.10.
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Lyons, A. Neil. Cottage Pie. Lane. $1.50.
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Maclay, E. S. A Youthful Man-o'-Warsman. Greenlawn, N. Y.: Navy Blue Co.
Marik, J. W. Schwund im Mittel- und Frühneuenglischen. Vienna: Braumüller.
Martin, E. S. The Luxury of Children. Harper. $1.50.
Merrington, M. Holiday Plays: Five One-Act Pieces. Duffield.
Mr. Pickwick: Pages from the Pickwick Papers, illustrated in color by Frank Reynolds. Doran.
Mitford, M. R. Our Village. Introduction by A. T. Ritchie. Illustrated. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
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Redmond. J. Home Rule: Speeches, edited by R. B. O'Brien. Stokes.
Report of the Tenement House Supervision, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909. Trenton: State of New Jersey.
Reports of the Commissions of the World Missionary Conference. 9 vols. Revell. 75 cents net, each.
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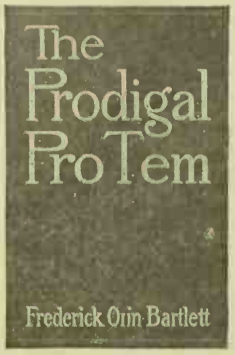

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1910.

The Week.

"President Taft's policy of a scientific revision of the tariff, schedule by schedule," says the London *Economist*, "deceives no one and appeals to no one. It is at best a plea for scientific protection, and the most that can be hoped for it is that a few of the most favored monopolists may be reduced to something like the level of protection obtained by other traders." The *Economist* is right. And the first big task confronting the Democratic party in its new position of strength will be that of placing before the people a prospect of relief more substantial than is offered by any such principle as that of making the tariff cover the difference, or alleged difference, of cost of production between this country and foreign countries. It is a curious circumstance that in one respect—and that a very important one—this new formulation of the protectionist principle goes beyond anything that used to be avowed by the protectionists themselves in their palmiest days. We refer to the entire and almost formal abandonment of the infant-industries plea. After telling us for half a century that protection was to be used for the purpose of building up industries which would ultimately stand on their feet, we are now asked to tax ourselves permanently in support of any industry, however costly, to just the extent that its extra cost may require.

The position of President Taft in regard to the Cunningham claims is made very plain by the letter from Mr. Norton, secretary to the President, in reply to the request made by Gifford and Amos Pinchot some days ago. Final action will not be taken on the claims without the previous consent of the President, after submission to him of all the evidence. The President assents to the proposal of the Messrs. Pinchot to submit to him a brief on the subject. It now rests with Mr. Taft to take such steps in regard to the examination of the whole case as will insure its decision purely on its merits, and without any complication with personal entanglements.

Judging from the past performances of Gov.-elect Foss of Massachusetts, Senator Lodge is in for a pretty uncomfortable time if he persists in his desire for reëlection to the United States Senate. There is an Ethan Allen sound in Mr. Foss's anti-Lodge pronunciamento: "In the name of the majority of the sovereign people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," he announces, "I demand that Henry Cabot Lodge surrender his seat in the United States Senate by withdrawing from his contest for reëlection." Behind this challenge is the undeniable fact that the election of two weeks ago was as clear a popular mandate for the retirement of Lodge as could be given under the circumstances; in defeating Draper for Governor and electing Foss by an astonishing majority, the people plainly showed where they stood as to Lodge and the whole policy and system that he represents. Now Foss says that if Lodge won't retire he will stump the State against him. Seeing that Foss's election to Congress was the first manifestation of the Democratic landslide, it looks as though he might carry the State in his war on Lodge.

The election-time lull in the New York graft investigation has been followed by developments interesting enough to satisfy the most exacting. The testimony of State Senator Travis is of special interest and importance not only because of the enormous size of the bribe which he testifies was offered him to vote against the anti-race-track bills, but because of the corroboration it presents to the story told to the committee by Assistant District Attorney Elder before its adjournment last month. The bribery allegations in that story were not statements of facts that came directly to Mr. Elder's knowledge, but were the result of information imparted to him in a conversation by ex-State Senator Gardner. Senator Travis's testimony brings the bribe negotiation itself home to Gardner. A matter that henceforth should not be lost sight of by the public is the statement made by Mr. Bruce that subpœna-servers have been looking for Harry Payne Whitney and James R. Keene since October 22, and have been unable to find them; it is to be hoped that when these men are made to testify, the heart of the story will be got at. In the testimony of Orlando A. Jones the so-called turf interests make a sorry showing; and altogether, the more the whole race-track business is looked into, the more one realizes what a degrading mess it was that Gov. Hughes set about clearing out.

Minority representation in Illinois and its corollary, cumulative voting, are attacked by the Legislative Voters' League of that State as no longer suited to conditions, and as being deleterious in their effect upon the kind of men chosen at primaries and elections. Following the civil war, southern Illinois was solidly Democratic, and northern Illinois as solidly Republican; and minority representation was adopted as a means of giving representation in the Legislature to the Republicans in the southern part of the State and to Democrats in the northern part. The alteration of this political balance has weakened the reason for the plan, and the decision of the State Supreme Court that a primary is an election, necessitating the application of the cumulative provision to primaries, has emphasized and increased its faults. As three candidates are to be elected from each legislative district, and as the voter may cast one vote for each, one and one-half votes for each of two, or three votes for one, the majority party in a district has adopted the practice of nominating only two candidates, and the minority party, similarly, only one, thus rendering the election perfunctory. The judiciary extension of the system to the primaries hampered the voters still further. The League is therefore starting a campaign for a constitutional amendment providing for the division of the State into 153 districts, each one electing one member to the lower house of the Legislature.

The fine discrimination characteristic of Gov.-elect Wilson's thinking, with which the whole country is rapidly becoming familiar, appears again in his utterance before the Business Service Lecture League in Chicago. He remarked: "It has been truly said that the

people of the country were so fast asleep that it took a brass band to wake them up. But we can't solve the problems of the day by getting in behind the brass band. The solution will come in quiet conferences." Credit where credit is due could not be more justly apportioned. The mistake of the muckrakers is not their muckraking, but their tacit assumption that it is something more than the beginning of reform; and the error of their critics is their failure to recognize the necessity of disagreeableness in the initial stages of public housecleaning.

The suggestion of a Western judge that party platforms should be transformed from their present unsatisfactory character as insincere bids for votes, jokes which by much repetition have lost their point, or literature which, like "Paradise Lost," everybody praises and nobody reads, is more commendable than his proposed method of bringing about the change. For the courts to have power by mandamus to compel their enforcement, would lead at once to similar power over all campaign promises; and this, in turn, would be a fatal blow at the most time-honored and interesting feature of our politics. When the day comes in which candidates and parties are perforce governed by reason rather than by imagination, they will look back from their meagre audiences to the good old times of 1910, and its not too responsive crowds, with real envy. Until then, we shall probably have to get along with the untechnical but not altogether ineffective form of mandamus that issues on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in alternate Novembers.

The census figures for the city of San Francisco and for the State of Indiana tell the same kind of story that has been coming from so many parts of the country—that of rapid urban growth and stationary or declining country population. The figures for San Francisco are, of course, the more remarkable from the fact that only a few years ago the city was almost completely destroyed by earthquake and fire. In the face of this experience, the population has grown from 342,782 in 1900 to 416,912 in 1910, an increase of 21½ per cent.; and when it is added that the outlying cities of Oakland and Berkeley, in the environs of San Francisco, have shown an enormous increase—doubtless stimulated, relatively to San Francisco, by the earthquake itself—the showing becomes still more remarkable. Oakland's advance has been from 66,960 to 150,174, an increase of nearly 125 per cent.; Berkeley's from 13,214 to 40,434, an increase of more than 200 per cent. Evidently, neither graft nor the fight against graft has been fatal to San Francisco's aspirations in the matter of numerical growth.

The Chicago alumni of Delta Upsilon, at their last banquet, adopted resolutions declaring that no man who failed to do his best by his college courses had done his whole duty by his college and fraternity. This statement of principles was vitalized by the establishment of a fund sufficient to supply gold medals to the Delta Upsilon undergraduates at the University of Chicago and at Northwestern who attain the highest average rank in scholarship for the year. And to add the final emphasis, at each presentation of the medals a statement is to be read, setting forth the aim of the prize and the place which, in the view of the alumni, scholarship should have in college life. This statement is remarkable in assigning to the mastery of knowledge just those virtues of accurate processes of reasoning, self-reliance, and high ideals of life and duty which we have all along understood were the peculiar merits of college athletics. For courses of study this is high praise indeed. If the fraternities are going to assume this position, English 17 and history 9, and even Greek 1, may come to be regarded as almost as important as the mysterious figures of football signals or of track records.

Andreas Dippel's avowed reason for desiring to become an American citizen takes one's breath away. We are quite accustomed to the liberty-loving alien whose ardor for our institutions impels him to seek citizenship, and we are not unfamiliar with those foreigners who love the flag for what it promises in the line of office. But Herr Dippel gives the motive of his seeking naturalization in words like these: "I wish to become an American citizen because of what I see is the future of grand opera in the United States." It is not for reasons of this nature that Patti, Paderewski, and the ageless Sarah have honored us with their presence, but the new motive is nevertheless thoroughly agreeable.

Too high praise cannot be given to President Taft for his frank and straightforward statement as to the future of the Panama Republic. There have been alarming and apparently well-founded statements that the republic was nearing a collapse and likely to be allowed to fall to pieces. Some of the Washington correspondents have even detailed just what savings could be made by the United States were all of Panama to be thrown into the Canal Zone. Now, the Panama Republic, as everybody knows, was conceived in fraud, and its independence can exist only by the protection of the United States. But shameful as our treatment of Colombia was, we at least gave the residents of Panama to understand that we were sincere in our desire to relieve them of the "tyranny" of Colombia. Others may have thought we had our tongues in our cheeks as we said so, but those inhabitants of the new republic not on the inside of the affair believed we meant what we said. The annexation of the republic now would not merely alarm all Latin-Americans and inflame them against us; but it would convince Europe that we are nothing but a set of base hypocrites. Mr. Taft's statement that we are "the guarantor of the integrity of the Republic of Panama, and therefore in a sense the guardian of the liberties of her people as secured by your Constitution," and that this "relation neither calls for nor permits annexation," is exactly to the point when it would have been easy to remain silent.

Not in many years has such disquieting news come from Mexico. Reports of violent dissatisfaction with the Díaz régime in all parts of the republic, and of actual outbreaks at various points, are meagre, partly because the Government is in control of the telegraph wires; but the evidence seems clear that political discontent, with mutterings of revolution, is more marked to-day than at any time since Porfirio Diaz made himself perpetual President. Coming so close upon the heels of the celebration of the centenary of Mexican independence, these disturbances are a sardonic comment upon much of the glori-

fication that was indulged in upon that occasion. The world will begin to think that a military oligarchy, thinly disguised as a republic, may not be the best of governments, even for Mexico. There seems little reason to doubt that the central government will be able to throw sufficient troops into the disaffected territory to put down the quasi-revolutionists; but the whole affair is a pretty severe reflection upon the methods of Diaz, and a sobering reminder of what may come after him.

The pomp and circumstance of royal progresses are to be supplemented, in the case of the Duke of Connaught's visit at the opening of the Parliament of South Africa, by a solid residuum. Sums aggregating $2,500,000 have been subscribed for the development of the Cape University, which is apparently a mere examining and degree-conferring corporation, into a teaching residential university. This is to be brought about by incorporating existing colleges as constituents of the new institution, and by creating chairs for those subjects for which a college would not provide. Funds from various sources have enabled the Cape University to complete what the Duke called its handsome pile of buildings, but the money for its expansion has come from two men. Mr. Alfred Beit has agreed to divert the million-dollar bequest of Mr. Otto Beit for the foundation of a university at Johannesburg, to the creation of a university at Groote Schuur, and Sir Julius Wernher is to make up the amount to the aggregate named. This strengthening of an existing institution instead of building a new one, reveals a wise unselfishness on the part of the donors. The existence of a great university for the whole of South Africa cannot but make still more perfect the Union which the possession of a single Parliament at once typifies and enforces.

The German Government's throwing open of its country to the admission of foreign cattle, save on the Russian side, marks a great victory for public opinion and the breakdown of one of the most interesting protection experiments the world has seen. At the behest of the Agrarians, who control the Government, the importation of foreign cattle was virtually prohibited. If Germans wanted to eat meat they must eat German meat or none at all—that was the way to protect the home industry of cattle-raising. But the Agrarians at once took advantage of the tariff to raise the price of cattle, with the result that, as the population grew, it went still higher. Latterly there has been a regular meat famine, with many thousands of people going without meat as they would without tickets to the Imperial opera. The dispatches state that the headway made by the Social Democrats in consequence of this state of affairs is what compelled the Chancellor to permit the entry of Dutch, French, and Belgian cattle. But the Socialists were not the only ones to protest. Liberal newspapers and the organs of the middle classes have been up in arms about it, and the municipalities of Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and other cities have complained loudly and bitterly to the Imperial Government. For a long time the Chancellor, like his predecessor, "stood pat." But, as in this country, the outcry against standing pat was not to be stilled.

Professor Westlake of Cambridge University has just published a letter on the Russification of Finland, in which he sets forth forcibly the "hope of Englishmen that the Czar may yet turn his Nationalists back from the fatal path." As professor of international law at Cambridge, the words of Professor Westlake have peculiar weight. He shows how ready the Finnish Diet has been to admit the supremacy of the Russian Government in all that concerns foreign affairs, but that it, and a united people behind it, are absolutely unwilling to surrender the separate existence as a Grand Duchy which Finland has enjoyed for a century. There is a vast difference, as Professor Westlake points out, between the unity of an Empire and an enforced uniformity throughout all its parts. Indeed, to insist upon the latter is a very direct way of destroying the sentiment of Imperial unity. Austria has been wiser in this matter than Russia; has left much more free play to the different races and languages under her rule. The Russian rulers say that the "general interests" of the Empire must be safeguarded by compelling Finland to extinguish herself. But it may well be argued that those interests will best be taken care of by meeting the aspirations of the Finnish people, instead of crushing them out.

Spain's favorable settlement of her claims upon Morocco is a piece of good fortune for the Canalejas Government. Not only will it heighten the prestige of the Ministry, and in that way strengthen it for its contest with the Clericals, but it will actually throw a wind-fall into Canalejas's lap. For to have obtained an indemnity of $13,000,000 from Morocco, besides some extension of Spanish territory about Melilla, must be reckoned a great help to the Prime Minister in facing his domestic problems. These are partly financial. For example, one feature of the Ministerial programme is enlarging the number of public schools—a great desideratum in Spain—and better equipping those already in existence. The Moroccan indemnity will obviously make the financing of this project easier, and avoid the grumbling which increased taxation causes.

According to a Paris report, the United States, France, Germany, and Great Britain have arrived at an agreement for the rehabilitation of Liberia. It is represented that after prolonged negotiations the four Powers named will unify and pay off the debt of Liberia by a joint administration of the customs. Unexpected is the provision that Liberia, without losing in any way her sovereignty, shall hereafter be represented abroad either by the United States diplomatic and consular officers or by special attachés to embassies and legations. France, it is reported, has insisted on harsh terms, the acceptance of which will only intensify the anti-French feeling in the little republic. It stipulates that French troops guard their posts in Liberia until relieved by well-organized Liberians, and demands the ratification of the delimitation convention of 1907, by which the French coolly helped themselves to a large slice of Liberian territory. On its face this agreement is, even with its drawbacks, a clever achievement of Secretary Knox. The problem of Liberia has had its difficulties on account of the dangerous precedents it might easily establish. For the United States to assume the direction of Liberia, many felt, was to invite our jingo politicians to reach out for similar control of a lot of South or Central American republics.

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL TROUBLES.

Such a political crisis as that which has been precipitated upon England is usually the work of extremists in both parties. The moderate men on either side would seek an arrangement, instead of rushing to battle. So they would, apparently, at the present juncture. There are both Liberals and Conservatives of weight and influence, constituting a sort of middle body of opinion, who deplore a rash appeal to the *ratio ultima*, and still maintain that a great Constitutional question can be settled by the give-and-take of responsible statesmen better than by a count of noses. Baron Courtney, a stout Liberal and a high authority on the English Constitution, spoke up last week for further conferences on the reform of the House of Lords, and protested against taking it out of the hands of Parliament and asking the man in the street to decide. With such a view, it is safe to say, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour would in their hearts sympathize. Speaking of the original plan for a conference, the Prime Minister has said that it was an experiment which, whatever the issue, "it was the bounden duty of the statesmanship of this country to attempt." And Mr. Balfour has borne witness to the earnest and honorable efforts made by the Liberal members of the conference to reach a compromise. But behind the leaders in both parties there has been a force against conciliation, and now, as the Prime Minister said in the House of Commons last Friday, "we revert to a state of war."

He still gave the Lords the chance of averting war by accepting entire and without alteration the Government's bill to limit the veto power of the upper house; but, naturally, they repudiated such a complete and immediate surrender, so that there is every prospect that the country will soon be plunged into another general election. It promises to be more bitterly contested and even more revolutionary in some of its aspects than the one of last January. For it is evident from Mr. Asquith's statement that the Liberals are now to go nearly the whole figure of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. In addition to their fight for what they wish to make virtually a single-chamber government, they are going to fling themselves upon the labor vote. This is shown by the promise to extend old-age pensions even to paupers, and to introduce a bill to pay salaries to members of the House of Commons. This last measure has been, it is true, approved by many Conservatives, since the Osborne judgment making it illegal to set aside labor-union funds to support labor members of Parliament; and doubtless many "Tory Democrats" will be ready to accept, or at all events will not dare to oppose, the plan to remove the pauper disqualification for old-age pensions. Yet the whole manœuvre of the Government has an unpleasant look. Mr. Asquith acts like a man pushed on by irreconcilable extremists. Indeed, both English parties are to be blamed for letting the political situation get out of hand, and hurrying the country into an election for which the sound reason is not apparent, and which may result simply in making a great upheaval, but leaving the balance of parties very much as it is at present.

The Government's position is, of course, intelligible. It merely goes back to the condition of things before the conference. Mr. Asquith contends that the Liberal party cannot carry on the Government without some kind of guarantee that its work shall not be blocked by the Lords, in which the Conservatives have always a brute majority. Only by undertaking to extort some such assurance, or to force through the needed legislation, could the Prime Minister obtain the votes of the Irish and Labor members for the budget last spring. He is now merely carrying out the pledges he then made. But there has really been since a great change in the situation. The country has come over fully to the view that the House of Lords as it was has become impossible. All parties are ready to modify the hereditary principle, and to create a House of Lords that shall be more representative and more accessible to public opinion. The Lords themselves have voted to make sweeping changes in the composition of their House; and it is virtually certain that some further limitation or definition of their powers would be agreed to all round. But the hopes of a reasonable adjustment seem now to be dashed, and instead of conciliation, we are to have, after the long truce, a "state of war."

Reason as well as law is apt to be silent in the midst of war, and in the speeches already made, and the political cries caught up, we get a foretaste of the fury that is to come. Hard put to it for a slogan, the Conservatives have taken up with that of "American gold." This is at least an act of reciprocity; we know how many American elections "British gold" sought to carry. But it is really disheartening to see a man of Mr. Balfour's intellect and character asserting, as he did the other day, that what the Liberals propose is "a revolution financed by American gold." The reference is to the funds raised in this country by the Irish Nationalists. There is nothing new about this, and we believe that not nearly so large sums have been collected this year as were common in the days of Parnell. A good part of the money now procured came from the Irish in Canada, yet no Conservative will shriek about "Canadian gold." We shall hear a great deal about American millionaires seeking to buy an English election, and it may prove a "good-enough" battle-cry till after the election; but it does not raise expectations that the coming struggle will be conducted on a high level.

CORPORATION MORALS.

It is possible that the officers of the New York Central Railroad Company will be able to give a better look than they now wear to the peculiar facts relating to their figures of operating expenses, as brought out by the report of Mr. J. C. Wallace, one of the examiners of the Interstate Commerce Commission. If they are able to do so, the sooner they go about it the better. The things to be explained are not only the figures, which have much the look of having been so manipulated as to give all possible countenance to the argument that increased expenses have made necessary the proposed increase in freight rates, but also certain correspondence between officers of the company which has the appearance we are in the habit of associating with illicit desires, if not intentions. When a financial officer of a railway, after having submitted for legal advice a proposition to carry over an item of revenue to a subsequent quarter, with the apparent purpose of making a poorer showing of revenue, and having it adversely reported on, upon the ground that it is illogical, though perhaps not illegal—when such an officer writes "my only interest, of

course, is the effect that it may have upon matters now being considered," it does not look as if his interest were one that would stand impartial scrutiny. If its bearing upon "matters now being considered" were entirely legitimate, there is no good reason why he should not use plain English in referring to them.

When will corporation managers learn that honesty is the best policy, and that plain and frank statement of facts is the best evidence of honesty? If there was any justification for the New York Central in departing from its past methods of apportioning its expenses for replacement of ties and rails, why did not the officers of the company so state in submitting their figures, instead of leaving the change itself to be discovered by a Government expert? Possibly the condemned locomotives come into a different category, but it looks as though there was a remarkable concentration of that kind of thing into the particular month or quarter that is made the basis of the company's claim of need for higher rates. What could be more destructive of the weight attaching to any representations made by railway heads in general than an exposure of want of fairness or honesty in simple matters of straight bookkeeping? The company may prove itself innocent of such a sin in this case, but appearances are against it, and the Government examiner has certainly been impressed with a strong conviction that the accounts in the three items to which he refers were manipulated for the purpose of producing a false impression.

If we cannot place reliance upon statements in which the elements are, comparatively speaking, so simple and definite, how much less are we to trust assertions relating to matters of extreme complexity, on which, even with the best will in the world, it is impossible to arrive at an absolute conclusion! Take such a matter as that of the commuter business, on which the Pennsylvania Railroad was heard the other day. It is difficult enough, on its face, to believe that this or any other railway company would deliberately carry hundreds of thousands of suburban passengers at a loss, year after year. In order that such an assertion should be received with any degree of credence by the public, there must be the strongest kind of presumption in favor of the trustworthiness of any statement coming from the management of the company. But how is such a presumption, in a matter involving most delicate and elastic considerations, to be maintained, when railway men render themselves suspect in matters of mere ordinary bookkeeping? Of course, so far as the commission is concerned, it will take into account, in the matter of commutation rates, the well-known factors bearing on them other than that of immediate receipts. For instance, to the building up of suburban business as a whole, the commutation rates for daily passengers have been indispensable. But, such as it is, the argument of the companies is incalculably weakened in its general effect by a want of confidence, for which just such things as this latest affair of the New York Central are responsible.

The same day that brought this matter forward gave us an initial judgment against one of the biggest industrial corporations of the country, charged with stealing water from New York city to the extent of $525,000. We do not mean to put the question raised by the New York Central's bookkeeping into the same category with the Sugar Trust's theft either of the city's water or of the United States Government's customs dues. It is well to preserve distinctions, and there are differences of kind and of degree in dishonesty. But nothing that our corporations, and our men in "big business" generally, could do would be half so much to their benefit in the long run—we mean in a strictly worldly sense, of the moral side there is no need to speak—as the adoption of a policy of absolute candor and honesty in dealing with every requirement of the law. No one knows when the time may come when the existing organization of business and society will be subjected to tests of strength compared to which anything we have as yet gone through is the merest child's-play; and then the most crucial single element in the whole situation will lie in the confidence, or want of confidence, of the people in the essential honesty of the conduct of the great business interests. To establish such confidence is the greatest task now resting upon our "captains of industry."

NAVY-YARD REFORM.

Secretary Meyer has managed to make his recent trip of inspection of the Eastern and Southern navy yards highly profitable, in that he has found ways of saving fully $300,000. But even more important is the Secretary's determination to recommend to Congress the discontinuance of certain navy yards and the making of others really efficient manufacturing plants. That this is a bold undertaking is plain to every one who has followed the history of the various navy yards. Most of them have been of the purely political variety, depending upon Congressional log-rolling for continuance, as they did for their establishment. They have been a frequent source of corruption, direct and indirect, and sectional feeling has been invoked and war-scares created, if necessary, to ward off inquiry or to foster large appropriations. So far no Secretary of the Navy or President has been able to make headway against this abuse. Hence it is refreshing to hear Mr. Meyer declare publicly that he will take the bull by the horns and call for the abolition of all the navy yards below Norfolk, save one to be supplementary to the Guantánamo naval station about which he is most enthusiastic—apparently forgetting that nobody in that Cuban port votes for American Congressmen.

Perhaps Mr. Meyer is encouraged to attempt his crusade against navy-yard waste by the approaching retirement from the Senate of Senator Hale of Maine. Valuable service as Mr. Hale has performed by his refusal to be stampeded by the big-navy mania, he has none the less laid himself open to criticism by the skill with which he has nursed his pet navy yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In this place, in one year, $790,000 was expended for laborers—with votes—who produced work valued at only $418,804. At New Orleans, in the same year, the output was worth $1,046 at a cost of $78,274; its floating drydock takes care of about one ship a year; yet the dock alone cost a million. At the Key West yard in 1907 an expenditure of $94,318 resulted in a product valued at $7,126. Senator Hale's navy yard has cost more than $10,000,000; its drydock meant an investment of $1,100,000. Yet the waterway to the yard is so bad that no battleship is docked there, and even a gunboat ap-

proaches it with great caution. At least four other yards are defective because of their insufficient channels—Key West, Mare Island, Port Royal, and Charleston, S. C.

At the last-named yard, which has cost above $4,000,000, the river is too narrow for any large ship to manœuvre. Hence, of late years it has been used as a station for torpedo-boats and destroyers. But the Port Royal yard remains the classic example of waste due to political influence. As far back as 1876 a naval board could see no reason whatever for recommending a navy yard there, but from 1898 to 1908 $1,084,346.26 was expended on it, and a costly drydock built, which has never been used because the only battleship ever docked there went aground in trying to get out. Port Royal is now abandoned save for a marine barracks, although it would have made an ideal naval training station, where apprentices and recruits could drill the year round. But instead of using it for this purpose, a few years ago Congress voted the establishment of a training station on the Great Lakes, on which $10,000,000 must be spent, and this in a climate where men cannot be drilled out of doors or venture upon the water in small boats for five months in the year. Even at Annapolis, recently rebuilt at an enormous cost, the water approaches are so poor that no battleships can lie off the Academy, where our naval officers are trained, and, according to the Coast Survey, conditions there are getting worse.

The Mare Island yard is another place where money has been literally thrown into the water with utterly reckless prodigality and solely for political reasons. Although a high official recommended its abandonment in 1898, yet in the next ten years $728,886.12 was spent for dredging the channel into which battleships venture only with the greatest uncertainty, and where they frequently go aground. During this same ten years $5,124,712.49 was spent on the yard itself. We notice that the Charleston *News and Courier* is still hopeful that Mr. Meyer will not recommend the abolition of the navy yard at its city; indeed, it says "the greatest navy yard of the Union should be situated here." Alas, for Charleston! There is on record an official report by Rear-Admiral Sumner, submitted to the Fifty-sixth Congress, in which he describes Charleston as a place *sui generis:*

> A fossil, an antique, non-progressive, and wofully and hopelessly in the rear, commercially and otherwise. Its health and sanitary conditions are shocking and disgraceful. It has no proper sewerage system. It has no adequate fresh-water supply. It is the worst hurricane harbor on the coast. It is not and cannot be made a fit harbor for heavy deep-draught vessels such as are common in this day. . . . From an engineering point of view it would seem to be an absurdity to locate a naval station anywhere in Charleston harbor.

Yet after this report was made, owing to politics, the Port Royal navy yard was moved to Charleston!

These facts are enough, we think, to show how great Secretary Meyer's opportunity is, and why we credit the report that he will recommend the closing of the Charleston, New Orleans, Portsmouth, and Port Royal yards, as also, we hope, that at Mare Island. President Taft is deeply interested in cutting down the expenses of the government. Secretary Meyer, backed up by Congress and the public, could stop the waste of millions, if naval expenditures were made as are those of a private, honestly managed corporation. Nowhere else is there a greater opportunity for making savings, except in the War Department, where the waste is going on at an even greater rate, but where there has been no real head since Mr. Root resigned.

TOLSTOY.

There was something heroic, if painful, in the thought of an old man like Count Tolstoy, leaving his home and family and setting out on a lonely pilgrimage, in revolt against a civilization he had so often denounced and in search of peace for his soul. The rest he desired came to him in the form of death, early Sunday morning, in a hut at the railway flag station of Astapova. His wife and other members of the family had been summoned, and there were six physicians in attendance. His last articulate words were in singular harmony with his life: "There are millions of people in the world and many of them are suffering. Why then are you all around the bed of one sick man?"

Count Lyeff Nikolaevitch Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana on August 28 (September 9), 1828. His father was a retired colonel who had taken part in the campaign of 1812-13, and was descended in a direct line from Peter Andreevitch Tolstoy, one of Peter the Great's co-laborers in reform. His mother, Princess Marya Nikolaevna Volkonsky, died before he was two years old, and he, his sister, and brothers, were looked after for several years by a distant relative. Their educational advantages were meagre; German governors and Russian theological students succeeded each other frequently as instructors, and none of them remained long. In 1843, Lyeff Nikolaeviteh entered the course of Oriental languages in the Kazan University, remained one year, changed to the law course, to which he adhered two years, and was preparing to go into the third course when his brothers passed their final examination. When they set out for the country, he left the university without completing his studies. Yasnaya Polyana had fallen to his share in the division of the estate; thither went the eighteen-year-old boy, and there he dwelt almost uninterruptedly until 1851, only occasionally paying a visit to Petersburg or Moscow. It is not known whether he wrote during this period, or what was the fate of his first efforts.

The desire to be with his brother and to see the country lauded by Russian poets led him in 1851 to the Caucasus, where he entered the service as noncommissioned officer in his brother's battery. Here he began to write in romantic form. It is a generally accepted belief that "Childhood, Boyhood, Youth," of which the first section was completed and sent to the *Contemporary* in 1852, was intended to serve as the beginning of a great romance drawn from family memoirs and traditions. The second part was also written in the Caucasus, as well as the series of sketches of Caucasian military life entitled "The Incursion," "Cutting Wood," and the novel "The Cossacks," which was printed much later.

Tolstoy's literary talent soon became fully defined, and his fame was established in the most cultivated circles of the Russian public. The young author occupied an honorable place in the group of favorite authors of the sixties along with Turgeneff, Gontcharoff, Ostrovsky, Grigorovitch, and Pisemisky. New ideas were seething everywhere. Lyeff Nikolaevitch, who had lived close to the people from his early youth, understood clearly his own sphere of activity. It must not be supposed, however, that he introduced the peasant into literature. Grigorovitch was the first to write tales of peasant life in 1847; Turgeneff, Tolstoy, and others merely followed in his popular footsteps.

After the emancipation of the serfs, Tolstoy was one of the few Russian proprietors who decided to settle permanently on their estates. He was for a time one of the arbiters between the proprietors and the peasants, occupied himself zealously with the schools for the people, and issued an original pedagogical journal, *Yasnaya Polyana.* In this he began to utter his views, derived from observation and experience;

and to formulate his ideas on the necessity of educating the people, and on the sort of education which was adapted to them. He also ventured to express serious doubts as to what is generally called culture (in the largest sense), civilization, and progress. In view of the wide interest which his utterances on these subjects have attracted in recent years, it is important to bear in mind the early development of the ideas which have been falsely regarded as novel. In reality, they belong to this epoch of Russia, and are not especially of Tolstoy's invention.

In 1862, Count Tolstoy married Sophia Andreevna Bers, the daughter of a doctor, born in Moscow; devoted himself to family life, which had always been his ideal, and became more absorbed than ever in his rural idyl. His moral life previous to this time has been outlined by himself in his "Confession." For many years nothing from his pen appeared, until the end of the sixties, when "War and Peace" was begun in the *Russian Messenger*. From the very first moment it occupied a place of peculiar prominence such as nothing except Pushkin's works had ever attained in the Russian literary world. One of the most remarkable points about it was the sudden revelation of the author's ability to depict women. Up to this time no well-delineated female characters had entered into his works; and here, on a sudden, a whole constellation of women, wonderfully delicate and true to life, flashed upon the reader's vision.

In 1875, "Anna Karenina" was begun, also in the *Russian Messenger*. After some years, during which he wrote "What to Do?" "Ivan Ilitch," and a number of brief stories with moral aim —which occasionally err by containing two conflicting lessons—intended for the cheap, popular library, he added some belated pedagogical matter, and issued a twelfth volume of his collected works. Since then he has written a dramatical work, "The Realm of Darkness," artstic but revolting, whose moral was wrongly construed by the peasants for whose edification it was composed; a comedy ridiculing spiritualism, called "The Fruits of Civilization"; a study from the early Christian era inculcating brotherly and sisterly love instead of passion as the true foundation for marriage, entitled "Walk in the Light"—published in English under the title of "Out of Darkness into Sunlight" —the "Kreutzer Sonata," which preaches celibacy and the extermination of the human race; "What is Art," wherein he sums up the dicta of numerous previous writers, and his own observations, and arrives at the general conclusion that "art for art's sake"—all art, in fact—is immoral and indefensible; "Resurrection," and a number of articles on social, religious, and political topics, many of which were sent direct to foreign journals for publication. These propagandist articles do not represent any essentially new idea, being, in the main, merely repetitions of his arraignment of Church, State, and all the universally accepted institutions of modern civilization, such as law courts, factories, and so forth.

It is safe to assert that Count Tolstoy's permanent place in literature at home, and more particularly abroad, will rest upon his two great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." In them the peculiar power of Russians to visualize a situation and to express the passionate instincts of the human heart reach their consummation. Count Tolstoy passed but little time abroad. Yet there is an international, a universal, rather than a strictly Russian quality about his best work, in spite of its absolute fidelity to the details of local life. The force of this point is best brought out by a comparison. Turgeneff spent a great part of his adult life abroad. Though surrounded by foreign atmosphere, that atmosphere never invaded his novels. He evidently remained to the day of his death a Russian pure and simple. His characters are Slav to the very marrow. His style has the brilliance and play of light of a jewel. There are few artistic and intellectual treats as delicate as that offered by the perusal of one of those severely condensed novels, which would fill thrice the space of Tolstoy's if elaborated on Tolstoy's plan; which are clothed in language that has not a superfluous syllable and that cuts like a knife. Down to the present day, he can be thoroughly appreciated only by those persons who are well versed in the finer points of the Russian tongue and Russian nature, and who can read between the lines in these productions, each of which evoked a cry and a protest from the Russians, whose tender points had been mercilessly laid bare. Tolstoy, on the other hand, had a mind of composite architecture: on one side Byzantine, on the other Renaissance. His personages are cosmopolitan to such a degree that they can be readily understood by foreigners who possess no knowledge of the language, country, or people. Anna Karenina is as true a world-type as Becky Sharp. Tolstoy's style in descriptive passages is often rugged and tautological. His effects are gained in spite of it. One never re-reads a phrase of his for its artistic beauty, as one does constantly in the case of Turgeneff.

Of Tolstoy's religio-dogmatic works it is difficult to speak justly with either frankness or reserve. That his paradoxes and contradictions are susceptible of a very simple explanation, the public must be content to accept as a fact, as it must also accept the statement that he was never crazy, despite the apparently aimless arguments of "Life," the apparently inexplicable character of the "Kreutzer Sonata" and its publication. His religious essays have comparatively little literary or philosophical value, and their moral value is equal to that of innumerable similar attempts, in many ages and lands, to induce the complicated society of to-day to beat a retreat to the utterly different conditions of primitive Christianity. We may safely assume that the permanent value of his "propaganda" (as the Russians call it) lies strictly in its softening influence upon occasional individual souls.

And his political and artistic notions were like his religious theories, were indeed in no wise separable from the latter. As Prince Kropotkin said, in a lecture delivered in the course of a visit to America, Tolstoy was at heart an anarchist. He preached a return to the Gospel; as a matter of fact, he forgot that the Gospel, in its naked simplicity, was devised for a remnant and not for a civilization. His real inspiration was Rousseau's doctrine of a return to nature, carried out in his mind to an extreme which Rousseau never contemplated. So to him the only criterion of art was the taste of the uneducated peasant, and in some of his own later works, he unfortunately tried to cater to that taste in its most brutalized form. By precept and example, he set out to show that the world could be made over by purity and brotherhood. But even among his own countrymen, his teachings fell on deaf ears. The very classes to which he especially appealed showed the least signs of heeding him. He could have spared their overflowing affection for him if they had only shown an intention of doing the things he said. It was followers his soul craved, yet followers he can scarcely be said to have had. For a time, indeed, there were groups of those who took up with the method of life which Tolstoy preached—"Tolstovtsi," they called themselves. Their coming into existence greatly heartened Tolstoy. He rubbed his hands and said: "My fire must be real if it sets others aflame!" But there was no permanent blaze. The temporary enthusiasm died out, until, as Madame Witte wrote, "There are no longer any fraternal colonies in Russia, nor are there Tolstovtsi. Only one remained—Tolstoy himself."

Tolstoy has been called a prophet. So cool a head as Anatole France declares to-day that Tolstoy is entitled to rank as "one of the prophets of the new era." This is because of his burning hatred of war, his unceasing struggle for the amelioration of society, and his passionate holding up of an ideal of humanity. When his particular message has been forgotten, he will be remembered as one of the great figures to whom otherworldly truth, as he saw it, was more real than all the rest of life. That inspiration is not a little thing. The world is not easily deceived about a great man.

It knows one when it sees him. And the universal feeling about the passing of Leo Tolstoy is of such a nature and depth as to place the spiritual greatness of the man beyond all narrow questioning.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Late in 1839, though dated 1840 on the title-page, Lea & Blanchard published in Philadelphia the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," by Edgar Allan Poe. This, Professor Harrison has called "the most original volume of short stories ever published." The collection, in fact, made two volumes, and included twenty-five tales, among them some of Poe's greatest work. It is said that only seven hundred and fifty copies were printed. In June, 1841, Poe was writing to Dr. Snodgrass of Baltimore:

Touching my Tales you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I am ignorant of their fate, and have never spoken to the publishers concerning them since the day of their issue. I have cause to think, however, that the edition was exhausted almost immediately.

On August 13, 1841, Poe was suggesting a new edition to Lea & Blanchard in a letter the original of which is in the Drexel Institute collection in Philadelphia:

I wish to publish a new collection of my prose Tales with some such title as this: "The Prose Tales of Edgar A. Poe, Including 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' the 'Descent into the Maelstrom,' and all his later pieces, with a second edition of the 'Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.'" The latter pieces will be eight in number, making the entire collection thirty-three—which would occupy two thick novel volumes.

I am anxious that your firm should continue to be my publishers, and, if you would be willing to bring out the book, I should be glad to accept the terms which they allowed me before—that is—you receive all profits, and allow me twenty copies for distribution to friends.

His publishers replied as follows:

In answer we very much regret to say that the state of affairs is such as to give little encouragement to new undertakings. As yet we have not got through the edition of the other work and up to this time it has not returned to us the expense of its publication.

This new edition was begun in 1843 by another publisher, William H. Graham. It was to be, as the cover stated, a "Uniform Serial Edition. Each number complete in itself." But only No. 1 was ever issued. This contained two stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Man that Was Used Up." The publication price was 12½ cents, but a copy (lacking back cover) sold at the Frank Maier sale just a year ago for $2,800.

Meanwhile, Charles Dickens in his first visit to America in 1842 had met Poe, and on his return home undertook to find an English publisher for an edition of the "Tales." A few months after his return, that is, on November 27, 1842, Dickens wrote to Poe:

I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter from Mr. Moxon before now, but that I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for the publication of our book on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have, one and all, declined the venture. And the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher in this metropolis just now.

From the above letter we might have surmised that Poe had prepared a corrected copy of his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," with additions, perhaps, for Dickens to submit to the English publishers. This, heretofore, has been surmise only, but now the book has come to light (at least the first volume has), and has been acquired by Stephen H. Wakeman of this city, adding another jewel to his wonderful Poe collection.

This book is a copy of the first volume of the Philadelphia, 1840, "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" with title and preliminary matter removed. Inserted is a new manuscript title in Poe's autograph: "Phantasy—Pieces | by | Edgar Allan Poe. | (Including all the author's late tales with | a new edition of the 'Grotesque and Arabesque')." This is followed by a three-line quotation from Goethe, which had appeared on the title-page of the Philadelphia book:

Seltsamen tochter Jovis,
Seinem schosskinde
Der Phantasie.

Below this is "Three Volumes," the "Three" marked out and "Two" written above. Pasted on the back of this title-page is a manuscript list headed "Contents" and including thirty-six titles with two others marked out. On the margin is the inscription "To Printer—In printing the Tales preserve the order of the Table of Contents." The old heading at the top of the first page of text is marked out and a new one, "Phantasy-Pieces," is written above.

Poe, as is well known, was always revising his writings and, with a very few exceptions, there are autograph manuscript alterations and corrections on every page of the volume. Some of these are merely changes in punctuation, but many others are of textual importance. In the headlines of "The Fall of the House of Usher" the first three words are marked out at the top of every page. The title of "The Signora Zenobia" is changed to "How to Write a Blackwood Article," and that of "The Scythe of Time" to "A Predicament." Six lines in "The Signora Zenobia" are marked out and twelve new lines in manuscript are on a slip, pasted in, with this note: "To Printer—Substitute this for what is marked out in pencil." Professor Harrison, in his edition of Poe's Works, the latest and best edition, gives a variorum of all traceable forms of the Tales, but he did not have access to the present volume. Most of them appeared first in some periodical, then in the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" in 1840, next in the volume "Tales" published by Wiley and Putnam in 1845, and finally in the *Broadway Journal*, of which Poe was editor in the same year. A few only, however, made all four appearances. The manuscript variations in this Dickens copy have apparently never been utilized by any editor and seem to be in part unprinted, though some of the changes were adopted in the 1845 volume or in the *Broadway Journal*. Numerous examples might be quoted but space permits the citation of a few only.

The second tale in the volume, "Lionizing," was first printed in the *Southern Literary Messenger* in 1835. When reprinted in 1840 the changes, though numerous, were not important. In 1845 it was virtually rewritten. In 1835 and 1840 the name of the narrator is given as "Thomas Smith." This is altered to "John Smith" throughout, in the Dickens volume, and was changed to "Robert Jones" in 1845. At the end of the tale "William Wilson" the phrase "it appeared to me" is expanded in manuscript to "(so at first it appeared to me in my confusion)." In the *Broadway Journal* the additional words occur but "appeared" was altered to "seemed." On the same page "Not a line" is expanded to "Not a thread in all the raiment—not a line," etc. This also was used in the *Broadway Journal* but "the raiment" becomes "his raiment." Altogether this is perhaps the most interesting of the several Poe items which have been unearthed in recent years.

Correspondence.

THE PRIZES OF SCHOLARSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial on Scholarship and Athletics goes too far, it seems to me, in laying so much stress on the advantages of "the mere elimination of a multitude of minor topics from the curriculum." While it is doubtless true that many minor topics are offered for the sake of appearances by men who have no particular interest in teaching them, it frequently happens that a teacher is at his best in the minor course which appeals to him most. Personally, I do not believe that the elimination of the possibility of teaching subjects which appeal strongly to the individual teacher would do anything toward "bringing back into our faculties men, who, by their intellect and personality, command admiration." In the old days, when there were far fewer topics, and when every one was obliged to take the standard courses in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, the proportion of teachers who commanded a following by reason of their intellect and personality was not any greater than it is to-day, if, indeed, it was as large.

It seems to me that the difficulty is not so much with the number of courses—distinguished foreigners to the contrary notwithstanding—as with the kind of questions we ask. It has been my experience that the majority of examiners and quiz masters ask questions which depend more on the student's ability to memorize than on his ability to think. The average teacher lays more stress on memory than on intellect. Some teachers have a positive dislike of allowing a student to get credit for inherited cleverness. To their minds the patient drudge who will work three hours on a lesson, is more to be admired than the clever fellow who can write as good a paper after only an hour of work. The questions they ask are frequently aimed at eliminating the possibility of a man's getting through on his cleverness. Many of us have too much of the old-fashioned schoolmaster's idea that the principal thing for us to do is to make the students work.

Now the athletic coach, for whose mental equipment you say the student has so much respect, is not primarily interested in mak-

ing his men work. He is after results, and it is by results, not by the amount of work they do, that his men are judged. Many a student would willingly run ten extra miles if that would secure him the privilege of wearing the coveted initial. But under our present system the average student cannot make an athletic team, no matter how hard he tries, unless he has an unusually good physical equipment. On the other hand, he can make the first division in his class, even if he has not a specially clever brain, provided only he is willing to spend enough hours memorizing his lessons.

It hardly needs to be added that a born athlete who will not train, and who shirks his work, generally fails of recognition. I would not have it thought that I am in favor of rewarding any student who depends on sheer cleverness. I do think, however, that we ought to make it just as possible for the clever student, who is willing to work, to excel the mere drudge, as it is for the born athlete to surpass the ordinary man who is willing to spend more hours in training.

I believe that the trouble lies in the type of questions usually asked. The bane of our present college teaching is the frequency of questions beginning with "what" and "who," and the infrequency of those beginning with "why" and "how." Of course, such questions are harder to make out, harder to answer, and harder to mark than those designed to see whether the student can give back what he has heard the instructor say, or has read in the text-book. But my own experience has been that the results are correspondingly far more satisfactory.

Furthermore, if the instructor would beforehand give out a number of such questions from which he proposed to select one to be used in the daily or weekly test, he would eliminate very largely that element of chance which so many students feel is indissolubly connected with academic work. The average student, "trusting to luck" that he may get a question that he can answer, knows that the instructor will not be likely to ask any question on which a student who has read the lesson over once, carefully, cannot do moderately well, and is naturally disinclined to undertake more than the minimum amount of mental effort. If he knows beforehand, however, that there is to be no luck about it, and that he is perfectly sure to get one of half a dozen previously assigned problems, he is usually willing to take time to stop and think on those questions; provided, of course, that they have been worded in such a manner as to require thought, and not simply memory. This works particularly well when, as one result of his work, his name appears among the elect, those chosen because they have brains and know how to use them.

This leads to one more suggestion. I have come to believe sincerely in the efficacy of introducing the element of competition into scholarship, as has been so forcefully indicated by President Lowell, and is practised at West Point. I have tried the plan of posting after every written exercise a list of the class in the order of excellence, but without confusing the matter by announcing marks. The football coach does not give out percentages, but publishes a list of successful candidates, or assigns places on the first and second team. Some teachers say that it is childish to revert to anything resembling the old "spelling bee" methods. On the other hand, I have found that the posting of this list appeals to just that type of student who is normally only too well satisfied with the mark of "C," the "gentleman's grade." He dislikes to have it known that in answering questions requiring ideas, and ability to express them, he is behind his fellows. Correspondingly he enjoys being at or near the top of such a list. Furthermore, once let it be clearly understood that the list is based on the assumption that a man's ideas are his own and you eliminate the difficulty of "printed notes" and outside "seminars."

There still remains to be mentioned that old story, the tremendous influence of home atmosphere on a student's scholastic activities. So long as father and mother, and brothers and sisters, are more proud of seeing their hero wear an "H," a "Y," or a "P," than a Φ. B. K. key, just so long will our students strive more in athletics than in scholarship. And yet I must believe that if we made the key stand more for real intellectual power and less for mere faithful drudgery, the day would come when the average father would be more delighted to welcome to his office a son who could wear a key than one who could only wear an initial. HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, November 12.

A FOOTNOTE TO "RICHARD FEVEREL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has it been observed that, in the 1862 volume of poems, "Modern Love," etc., Meredith gives us a poetical footnote to "Richard Feverel"? The poem entitled "Phantasy," though deservedly passed without comment by the critics of Meredith's art, is nevertheless not without interest to students of his thought. First printed (in *Once a Week*) two years after the publication of "Richard Feverel," it makes allusion to the "wise youth," and presents in theme and doctrine a curious parallel to the first of Meredith's novels. The poem relates the dream of a man who has deserted his "village lily"—whom he holds cheap, "and the dream around her idle"—for a trip abroad with "cynical Adrian." The bells of Bruges, a ballet-dancer, and the want of his village lily unite to produce a vision grotesque and fantastic enough for a Gothic romancer. The dreamer falls a victim to a delicious but unholy sisterhood, who are dragging him down to watery depths of perdition. He is saved only by an appeal to the village lily:

> Save me! save me! for now I know
> The powers that Nature gave me,
> And the value of honest love I know:—
> My village lily! save me!
>
> Come 'twixt me and the sisterhood,
> While the passion-born phantoms are fleeing!
> Oh, he that is true to flesh and blood,
> Is true to his own being!
>
> And he that is false to flesh and blood,
> Is false to the star within him:
> And the mad and hungry sisterhood
> All under the tides shall win him!

If it were not for the mention of Adrian, we might overlook the reminders of "Richard Feverel." But with that to start us, we are inclined to carry through the parallel: the village lily suggests Lucy; the "passionate Will" suggests Mrs. Mount; and the trip with Adrian reminds us of Richard's enforced absence from his young bride. The cynical Adrian represents, perhaps, an attitude towards love abhorrent equally to sentiment and physiology. As in the novel, outraged nature will have its revenge, if only in a dream. We recognize the keynote of all Meredith's work in the magnifying of nature; and especially we have an anticipation of the praise of honest Aphrodite, sung more at length in the "Reading of Life." The early poem gives such an impression of juvenility that one would like to regard it as a preliminary sketch on the theme of the novel; such an hypothesis, at any rate, would make the poem no less significant a commentary on the novel. JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

University of Minnesota, November 15.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last issue, in noticing my life of my grandfather, you criticise me for using the word *lâches* in reference to the weaknesses of Hamilton and his contemporaries. My use of this term does not imply the severe censure you suggest. In looking over my dictionaries, which include the Century, Webster's, Worcester's, and March's Thesaurus, I find it defined as "laxness," "remissness," "slackness," and "non-observance," and derived from *lâcher*, which Spiers and Surennes, Gasc and others, define as "to slacken," "to let slip," "to unbend." I really cannot see how it can be confused with anything else, although there is a French substantive meaning "a coward," "a poltroon"—which seems to be, to put it mildly, quite out of place in characterizing Hamilton.

As the word I employed is so commonly made use of by intelligent people in the way I apply it, your objections seem to savor slightly of hypercriticism.

ALLAN MCLANE HAMILTON.

New York, November 16.

[Dr. Hamilton's note confirms our suspicion that he did not intend to use a word so severe and insulting as *lâche*.—ED. NATION.]

GLADSTONE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At last a book has been published on the American government which does not call attention to the fact that Gladstone referred to the Federal Constitution as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Among the excellencies of Prof. Charles E. Beard's "American Government and Politics" is the omission of this statement. He would naturally have put it in the first paragraph of page 45. One is a little surprised to find Prof. A. B. Hart in this year's edition of his "Actual Government" repeating the quotation and adding: "Mr. Gladstone was mistaken; the Federal Constitution was not a creation." This is said, with perfect seriousness, as if anybody supposed that Mr. Gladstone thought the convention of 1787 had gone up into a mountain and received the Constitution written on tables of stone, with no basis whatever in human experience. How long is this fossil, with its foolish gloss based on Mr. Gladstone's supposed ignorance, going to cumber the books on civics? EDGAR DAWSON.

New York, November 17.

PROBABILISM AND THE JESUITS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of October 27, "J. R. S." writes a letter about "Probabilism," almost every paragraph of which contains an error or a fallacy.

(1.) He intimates that Newman's Tract xc should have had weight in determining the validity of his orders; whereas, the orders of a priest do not depend upon his belief, but upon the manner of his ordination.

(2.) He criticises Rome for waiting until Duchesne's history was translated into Italian before condemning it. But the Congregation of the Index, as is well known, does not condemn *instanter* every heretical work; and it was because Duchesne's book had sufficient importance to be put into Italian that it was placed on the list of forbidden publications.

(3.) Whatever may be thought of Liguori's opinions, it is quite certain that the Society of Jesus has never made itself responsible for them. The Pope may have approved them, but the Jesuits would be bound only by the Pope's *ex cathedra* utterances. Otherwise they might be supposed to approve of certain former Papal decrees against their order. Only declarations permitted or approved by the general of "the company" can be taken as declarations of the Jesuits themselves.

(4.) "J. R. S." remarks: "No doubt Tyrrell would have lived and died a Jesuit if left alone." This is simply to say that if the general of the Jesuits had not discovered Tyrrell's heresy, he would not have punished that heresy.

(5.) To say, as "J. R. S." does, that "by a deft use of probabilism nearly everything is condoned," amounts to a perversion of the doctrine. A "deft" use of Bishop Butler's argument from analogy might lead to an equally unhappy result.

(6.) The authority of Brownson, "the greatest of all American Catholic writers" (*sic*), can hardly be sufficient to prove that the French Revolution is to be laid "at the door of the Jesuits." A. A.

Neuchâtel, Switzerland, November 5.

THE NOSE IN POETRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Should it not be noted that the nose is described in English poetry, as well as in that of America, India, and Greece?

In our older poetry, Chaucer alone has at least eleven noses! Of the six feminine ones, that of the Prioress was a "nose tretys"; Hate's was "snorted up for tine;" Beauty's "wel wrought"; Idylnesse had one of "good proporsioun," while that of Fraunchise

> . . . was wrought at poynt devys
> For it was gentyl and tretys.

Despairing of doing justice to the nose of Gladnesse the poet says:

> I not what of hir nose descryve
> So faire hath no womman alyve.

The men's noses are also worth mentioning. Sir Thopas "hadde a semely nose." Myrthe's nose was "by measure wrought ful right," while that of Daungere was "frounced," and "full kirked stoode." The miller of the "Reeve's Tale" had a "camuse nose," and in the "Prologue" the millers's nose is very carefully, if somewhat unpleasantly, described thus:

> Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
> A werte, and thereon stood a tuft of heres,
> Reed as the bristles of a sowes erys;
> His nosethirles blake were and wyde.

Chaucer even thought it worth while to consider that the shape of the nose might be hereditary and gives the daughter in the "Reeve's Tale" a "camuse" nose just like her father's.

A little later than Chaucer, the poet Stephen Hawes describes a lady's nose as "straight and fayre."

Nor is the nose entirely neglected by our modern poets. The very 'flower" of all noses in English poetry, a nose right under everybody's nose, is that of the petulant maiden in Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette," of whom it is so poetically and taetfully said

> . . . and lightly was her slender nose
> Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

Margretta Martin.

Mount Holyoke College, November 19.

EXCAVATING THE CATACOMBS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your reviewer of Wilpert's latest book ("Die Papstgräber"; see the *Nation*, October 6) expresses the wish that further excavating may be made in the Roman Catacombs. That is indeed devoutly to be hoped, but money is lacking. Why should not an international fund for excavating the Catacombs be raised by some great university in your country? Subscribers would easily be found in all parts of the world. Of course, the excavating should be directed by the Papal archæologists; there can be no question of creating an international committee for that purpose. But the principles of scientific excavation are now so well known and so generally applied, that no intellectual assistance need be offered to scholars like Wilpert and Marucchi, who are surrounded by some very promising pupils. The only help needed is money. The Christian and Jewish Catacombs of Rome have been, to a certain extent, the cradle of modern thought, and of modern morals; would it not be paying a debt if the modern world, without exception of creed, belief, or unbelief, were to help towards exploring them completely? About two-thirds of the work remains to be done.

Salomon Reinach.

Paris, November 6.

COLLEGE GRADUATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just received a pamphlet advertising "The Health and Efficiency League of America," with headquarters in Battle Creek, Mich. On the first page setting forth its origin and aims, there appears in a prominent place the statement, "The small proportion of college graduates who succeed in any profession is notorious." It is surprising that a statement so wholly unwarranted could be countenanced by an organization boasting a distinguished array of officers. According to the statistics given by "Who's Who," 1910, more than 60 per cent. of the professional men listed are college graduates, and these figures would be increased to more than 70 per cent. if the names of those were included who attended college but did not graduate. The statement is all the more astonishing in view of the percentage of college graduates the Health League itself has honored by election to official position in the organization. Its list of vice-presidents, counsellors, and executive committee is composed of the names of twenty-one men. Seventeen of these names appear in "Who's Who." Of these seventeen names, eleven are college graduates, one attended college two years, four graduated from medical colleges, and only one never attended a college of any kind. It is to be regretted that so misleading a statement against college efficiency should be distributed broadcast into the homes of the land.

T. Lindsey Blayney.

Central University of Kentucky, November 12.

Literature.

THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK."

The Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill. By Lewis Melville. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

Beckford's letters now first given to the public are not intrinsically very interesting, and the editor has lessened their value as a document by faulty transcriptions and by omissions and confusions so glaring that the perusal of his volume leaves one in a state of irritation. And besides these minor errors of editing, Mr. Melville, where he adds his own comment, has, we are obliged to think, utterly misrepresented Beckford's character and ignored what Beckford really stood for. To read Mr. Melville one would never suspect that Beckford in his strength and more particularly in his weakness was one of the most characteristic products of the romantic movement. Yet not only do his early letters fairly teem with the influences of Rousseau and "Werther" and Ossian and Chateaubriand, but he had the courage and the means to carry into practice what other men were only dreaming, and thus to become more even in his life than in his famous romance of "Vathek" a symbol of the glowing fierce aspirations and the final spiritual bankruptcy of the new generation.

William Beckford was born at Fonthill-Gifford in Wiltshire, October 1, 1760. His father, Alderman and twice Lord Mayor of London, the celebrated radical and friend of Wilkes, had inherited an enormous estate in Jamaica. By his first wife, he had a stepdaughter, Elizabeth March, afterwards Mrs. Hervey, who wrote some foolish, sentimental novels which her half-brother William lauded as a boy and caricatured in his "Azemia" as a man. The Alderman's second wife, the mother of William, belonged to the Abercorn branch of the Hamilton family. One of his brothers, William's uncle Julines, had a son

Peter, who married in 1773 Lousia Pitt, second daughter of Lord Rivers. For Mrs. Peter Beckford and her sister (apparently Marcia-Lucy), William had a profound and enigmatical attachment. At the age of ten, the boy lost his father and fell largely under the influence of his mother. Instead of undergoing the wholesome discipline of public school and university, he was, by the advice of his godfather, Lord Chatham, placed under the tutelage of the Rev. John Lettice, who seems, indeed, to have been a scholarly and sensible man, but who at least was unable to drag his charge out of the fantastic dream-world into which he had fallen.

When seventeen, William went with his "bear-leader" to Geneva, to continue his studies. From here, we have the first of his letters, some of them addressed to Mrs. Elizabeth Hervey, others apparently to the same person, although for some reason the superscription is omitted. The tone of these letters is of a frantic extravagance that might remind one of a sort of hybrid of Ossian and Rousseau, both a little mad. At the end of 1778, Beckford was back in England pouring out his youthful revolt in letters from Fonthill: "I will seclude myself if possible from the world, in the midst of the Empire, and converse many hours every day with you, Mesron and Nouronihar"; and satisfying his ambition by writing his first book, "Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," which, for the benefit of the housekeeper who showed strangers through the galleries of Fonthill, attributed the pictures to such artists as Og of Basan, Watersouchy of Amsterdam, Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, and the like. Mr. Melville seems to see a contradiction in this union of sentiment and burlesque in the same mind; they are, in fact, but different aspects of the romantic desire to escape from reality, and have often gone together, from the days of the double theme in Spanish drama to the magnificent audacities of "Don Juan."

After a year and a half William made the grand tour with his tutor, and in May of 1782 went abroad for the third time, travelling now with all the luxurious state that befitted the richest commoner of England. Some time in the interval between his second and third journeys, he had met at Bath Lady Margaret Gordon, with whom he fell in love, and whom he married May 5, 1783, coming back to England for this purpose. Two children were born to them; but after a union of three years his wife died, and the children, seeming, so far as the letters indicate, to have passed quite out of his mind, were placed under the charge of his mother; while he himself was hurried about Europe by his friends who, according to his biographer, were "fearful of his losing his reason or taking his life." Mr. Melville asserts that "the marriage had been an ideal union," and thinks that the memory of Beckford's loss, "acting upon an emotional nature, may have had more to do with his subsequent retirement than is generally supposed." It may be so; yet such practical endurance of grief scarcely accords with the romantic temperament as one reads the annals of those days; and indeed there is an aspect of this whole affair which is unpleasantly suggestive, but which cannot be entirely overlooked, as Mr. Melville overlooks it, without a gross misrepresentation of what Beckford stood for to his contemporaries.

Before he had met Lady Margaret and during his courtship he was writing letters filled with disquieting confessions. Especially there is a series of letters to Mrs. Peter Beckford which are filled with allusions to a thoroughly unwholesome mixture of passions which exhales the unclean atmosphere of the Schlegels and their sentimental circle. These letters are sometimes obscure, and the editor gives no help to their interpretation—rather, his story of Beckford's life is incompatible with them as they stand. Of the still uglier rumors about Beckford, which, as readers of Byron know, formed the real legend of his life, it would be desirable perhaps to say nothing. Mr. Melville declares categorically that there is not a particle of evidence to support them, and dismisses them as preposterous. Yet he himself admits that Beckford's "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents," printed at this time, was withdrawn from circulation probably because its romantic tendency might give some color to the noxious scandals. Some of the evidence he deliberately suppresses. Thus he quotes Rogers's vivid description of a visit to Fonthill, when Beckford read to the younger man the episodes intended for "Vathek," but never published. He does not add the comment of Rogers: "They are extremely fine, but very objectionable, on account of their subjects. Indeed, they show that the mind of the author was, to a certain degree, diseased."

One of the reasons for Beckford's return to England, in 1781, from the grand tour was that he might celebrate his coming of age in a manner befitting the fame of Fonthill. The festivities, which lasted for a week, followed the usual custom of the day, and might be dismissed with a word, were it not that they seem to have been one of the influences that governed the rest of his life. "My spirits are not sufficiently rampant," he writes to Lady Hamilton, "to describe the tumult of balls, concerts, and illuminations in which we were engaged here a fortnight ago. . . . On the desert down which terminates the woody region of Fonthill blazed a series of fires. . . . On the left of the house rises a lofty steep mantled with tall oaks amongst which a temple of truly classical design discovers itself. This building (sacred to the Lares) presented a continued glow of saffron-colored flame, and the throng assembled before it looked devilish by contrast."

These scenes at Fonthill, ending with the necessary touch of diabolism, sound almost like a chapter of "Vathek," and, indeed, they certainly combined with Beckford's early reading of the "Arabian Nights" and later acquaintance with the Oriental tales then popular in France to inspire that strange book. He himself gave this explanation, late in life, to Cyrus Redding, and declared that the great hall at Fonthill, with its many doors opening into dim corridors, suggested to him the idea of the Hall of Eblis. The old tradition of Beckford's literary performance is well known—how he told Redding, in 1835, that he had written the story at one sitting of three days and two nights, during which time he never took off his clothes. Unfortunately, Beckford's correspondence with the Rev. Samuel Henley, which has since come to light, quite shatters that heroic legend. He was, as a matter of fact, at work on the manuscript at least for a number of months, and was tinkering at it at intervals for about five years. Mr. Melville undertakes to reconcile Beckford's statement with the facts by supposing he had in mind, when he was talking with Redding, not the whole book of "Vathek" as we have it, but merely one of the episodes designed for it, but never printed. That is possible, although, unless the episode was extraordinarily long, the feat becomes rather commonplace; and one or two other lapses in Beckford's memory rouse the suspicion that he was not incapable in his old age of investing his youth with imaginary powers. Beckford wrote the story in French, and to his friend Henley, a scholar of considerable Oriental attainments, was entrusted the task of furnishing notes and of making an English translation. Probably out of impatience over Beckford's dilatoriness, Henley put out an edition of his version, in 1786, with a prefatory note stating that it was translated from the Arabic. Beckford was naturally incensed at this treachery, and immediately, in 1787, published the original French with a reply to Henley's misrepresentation. We have thus the curious fact that one of the classics of our literature was written in a foreign tongue; but the correspondence between Henley and Beckford shows that the latter passed judgment on the English and virtually stamped it as his own.

"Vathek" is probably little read today, and, indeed, a good deal of its extravagant fancy and grotesque humor rings rather flat, after the lapse of

years. But the book was popular in its time, and is still one of the main documents to any one who wishes to study the sources of the romantic movement. Its theme is the *unendlichkeitsstreben* and *Titanenthum*, the insatiable thirst of experience and the self-torturing egotism, which were beginning to run like wild-fire through the literature of Europe, and which reached their consummation in "Faust." Instead of the mediæval setting of Goethe's poem, Beckford's hero is an Eastern prince at whose feet lie all the pleasures and powers of the world. Being dissatisfied with the magnificence of his predecessors, he adds to his palace five wings in which, like a Des Esseintes of the Orient, he can indulge in the quintessential charms of the five senses. His thirst for knowledge is equal to his appetite for pleasure, "for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist." His power was greater than his knowledge; "when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired." Only one thing the Caliph cannot command in his earthly paradise —content; the stars above his head, as he stands on his tower looking down contemptuously on mankind, are an irritation to his desires and a humiliation to his pride. Then enters the tempter, in the form of a hideous Giaour, who in return for a monstrous crime offers him the possession of the palace of subterranean fire where reposes Soliman Ben Daoud, surrounded by the talismans that control the world. For a space the story is lost in grotesque adventures; but at the end, as Vathek and the Princess Nouronihar approach their goal, the imagination of the author kindles and the sense of foreboding deepens and intensifies step by step, until in the great Hall of Eblis (for to this the promises of the Giaour bring them), at the sight of the vast unresting multitude who roam ceaselessly hither and thither in furious agony or in rapt absorption, heedless of everything about them and forever avoiding one another, each with his right hand pressed upon his heart—the feeling rises to real terror and sublimity. At last the trembling pair are led to the great Soliman, seated aloft, yet with his hand, like the others, pressed upon his heart, and listening intently to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, which was the only sound that intruded on the universal silence. He tells them of his doom, and concludes:

> "In consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow: till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven, in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames.

The device of the burning heart Beckford borrowed from a French writer now forgotten, but he has more than made it his own. His genius was fitful and never under control; he was no philosopher or seer, but in this consummation of the undisciplined revolt of romanticism he came closer to the facts of history, and showed a profounder insight into human nature, than Goethe displayed when he resolved Faust's craving for unbridled experience in a rather futile act of sympathy.

And as the Hall of Eblis is a magnified and Orientalized image of Fonthill, so the career of Vathek is a grotesquely conceived symbol of Beckford's own life and of the romantic ideal. This is no place to go into an account of Beckford's rebuilding of Fonthill at an extravagance and with a dæmonic energy which quite bewildered his contemporaries, or to follow him through his loss of fortune and secluded days at Bath. Mr. Melville closes his introductory chapter with the words of Beckford: "I have never known a moment's *ennui*." The saying may be true, but is suspicious. Beckford was indeed of a robust physique, and had the inherited strength of very prosaic and practical forebears. *Ennui* he may have kept at bay until the end by his unceasing activity. But withal it is not easy to read his letters and the story of his insane thirst and haste in building, or to picture his obstinate seclusion from the world in an artificial and barbarously ornate paradise, without remembering the last scene of his allegory of "Vathek."

This at least is certain: One who knows the literary history of that period may be thankful to Mr. Melville for printing these letters, but he will find it difficult to accept the hero whom Mr. Melville pretends to find in them.

CURRENT FICTION.

Tales of Men and Ghosts. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The enervating influence upon our popular story-writers of American magazine "policy" does not decrease with the seasons. One recalls the announcement, made something like a year ago, that Mrs. Wharton had been booked to write a series of ten or a dozen stories "about men." Here they are in the predestined number, capably turned out according to contract. They are ingenious and readable: so much the most doubtful forecaster must have been sure of. But their ingenuity is altogether too patent: they are too clearly trumped up out of the author's fancy; even the doubtful forecaster must have hoped for better things from the writer of "The Valley of Decision" and "The House of Mirth." Her use of the short-story form is not to be complained of, since it is true that she is naturally an interpreter of the episode and the situation, rather than of action upon a large scale. Her latest essay in the novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," resulted in a not very happy patching together of several distinct and obstinately detached episodes. But the book left one with an impression of earnest endeavor, if not of actually lofty achievement. Mrs. Wharton may have enjoyed the writing of these "Tales of Men and Ghosts," but we venture to suppose that her enjoyment was upon the comparatively trivial plane of technical facility.

Not the least puzzling thing about this collection is its uncertainty of style. Two of the stories, "Afterward" and "The Letters," are (rather ineffectively) in her earlier manner—that Anglo-Gallic manner, with its nuances, its compunctions, its hiatuses; which reminds us of Bourget, when it does not go farther and fare worse by reminding us of Henry James. In "The Valley of Decision" this style seemed to have been so thoroughly assimilated by Mrs. Wharton, that one regarded her simply as one of the "psychological" school, as the cant was. Now one almost comes to doubt the spontaneity of that manner, with her. At all events, the rest of the stories here collected show hardly a trace of it. Their style is rather that alert and commonplace style of the magazine fiction of the day as turned out by an army of skilful practitioners.

Max. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Bros.

The author of "The Masquerader" has hit upon a kindred motive for her present story. It is a fresher motive than that of the Dromios: a girl who passes herself off as her own twin brother is a new engine of mystification. "Max" is the name taken in vain by a young Russian princess, who, on the eve of marriage, runs away in the disguise of a boy. She is determined to win fame by pencil and brush, in that notorious haunt of genius and nursery of fame, Bohemian Paris. But, first of all, it is her ambition to "possess herself," to remain independent of authority—above all, the authority of love. Of course, there is a man in Paris who is destined to wreck this ambition: an Irishman of the world, nearly middle-aged, who has never really loved. A quick intimacy springs up between this gentleman and the so-called "Max." If that young person's speech and action are correctly reported, it is hard to see how any man of ordinary intelligence could have failed to see through her disguise. But Rosalind so deceived her Orlando, and Portia her Bassanio: if we begin to jib at such situations, we shall have an end

of romance. He does not suspect, though a hint is given him as to Max's real sex at the very outset. Nevertheless, we are to understand that he is unconsciously attracted to the supposed boy by the charm of sex. Together they loiter innocently through the haunts of Bohemianism. Max takes a studio on the heights of Montmartre, and prepares to produce her masterpiece. She is a genius, but her disturbing relation with the man prevents the free play of her power. This fact does not trouble the reader, since it evidently does not trouble the writer. The studio and the picture-making merely constitute a popular background for the action. Presently she paints a picture of herself as a woman, and the man falls in love with it. She declares that the subject of it is her sister, and that it is impossible for him to meet her. Thereupon ensue roughness and contempt on his part, jealousy on hers, and a very pretty quarrel. There is no need of explaining what happens after this.

The Right Stuff. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The author modestly calls his story "a simple study of human nature," and cautions the reader at the outset that it was originally written for English and Scottish readers, and that the larger public to which it is unexpectedly introduced must be warned that its dialect and its handling of such matters as electioneering and game-shooting have presupposed the British familiar knowledge. Prepared then for the utmost in local quality and in slightness, the reader's resignation gives way to agreeable surprise when he finds a quite sufficiently clever little tale, small certainly, and local certainly. But its humor, sometimes clumping if you will, is at moments thoroughly delightful; and its entire course is without problem or tears. The Scottish versus the English habit of mind is the prevailing joke; of its quality may be given a specimen quotation from an Englishman in the story:

> It is no use arguing with a Scot about Burns. I remember once being nearly dirked at a Caledonian dinner because I ventured to remark that "before ye" was not in my opinion a good rhyme to "Loch Lomond."

Mrs. Fitz. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Whatever the author's past achievements, in the present story, which is ostensibly one of adventure, he seems to possess no sure instinct and to be distracted from any one purpose. Like many a writer of detective stories, he is carried away, when the progress of events should be his first concern, by the temptation to develop other matters, such as setting and character-study. In the confusion, these, too, are not well done, and the glimpses into the country life of Englishmen of the upper-middle-class are utterly wasted. Be that as it may, the author displays the right sort of ambition for the tale-teller in despising any but a royal situation for the nucleus. He has for his heroine the daughter of King Ferdinand of Illyria, who, to avoid the inevitable Russian grand duke has made a morganatic marriage with a dare-devil Englishman. The peculiar political situation in Illyria makes an enormity of this venture; as Ferdinand's sole heir, the daughter is wanted by the royalists to perpetuate the monarchy—the oldest in Europe—and the Republicans, bent upon killing her, are equally unwilling to let her out of their sight. Between the two, she is sufficiently beset. A rescue from the Illyrian embassy in London; the necessity, when directly appealed to by the divinely rightful Ferdinand, of renouncing her husband and child; and finally, after the Republicans have assassinated the King, an escape on a saddle-bow are the steps to her ultimate happiness.

STATUTORY LAW.

Popular Law Making. By Frederic Jessup Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book attempts to give a summary of the statutory law in the United States on property, and on personal, racial, and political rights; it also reviews the corporation, labor, pure food, and Trust legislation.

The author, while regretting the tendency to pass statutes on every conceivable subject, even when, according to him, it would be covered much better by application of the principles of the common law, recognizes that at the present time, to the average man, "statutes have assumed the main bulk of the concept of law as we formulate it to ourselves." His object, therefore, is to show both what has been accomplished by law-making in the past and what is now being adopted or even proposed, and in this manner to give some idea of the problems of the times which are confronting legislation to-day. Although the primary object, therefore, is to state the law as it is, the book is not merely a dry enumeration. Mr. Stimson undertakes to criticise as well, not hesitating at times to express harsh censure, as when he justly condemns the freakish legislation which so often disgraces our statute books, and the slovenly way in which so many of our laws are drawn.

Not all the views held by the author will, to be sure, meet with assent. His absolute condemnation of the tendency to confer power on commissions and of the regulation and recognition of political parties seems to run counter to the general trend of political opinion. Nor should the Sherman Act be repudiated because it dispenses with a jury and throws upon the court "the burden of determining a complicated and voluminous mass of fact." The very circumstance that the facts to be determined are complicated and voluminous would justify the exclusion of the jury, and our ancestors would not have been shocked at this so much as the author would have us believe. So it may well be doubted (and the decision of the Supreme Court in a celebrated case might be invoked to justify such doubt) whether the maxim that no one shall be compelled to incriminate himself is at the present time of such fundamental importance that its abolition would result in the destruction of our entire social structure. Exception might, also, be taken to the view that the notion of law as a custom is purely Teutonic. Commentators like Savigny and the historical school in general have shown how great a part customary law played in the development of Roman law. In France, up to the time of the promulgation of the Civil Code, the law of a great part of the country was customary in its nature.

The thought which underlies the book and which is expressed on numerous occasions is the necessity of holding fast to the fundamental principles of the common law in regulating the labor and Trust problems, and its great superiority, as to all matters relating to personal and political liberty, to the Continental system. A careful reading of the chapter in which the author reviews the English statutes which preceded the Revolution, and which are part of the common law as it was adopted in this country, will justify the doubt whether this mass of crude and undigested legislation, enacted at a time when social and economic conditions were completely different from those existing now, is as safe a guide for the regulation of our complex business relations as the author thinks.

The same may be said of the great superiority claimed for the common law in matters relating to personal liberty or safeguarding the individual against abuse of power of public officials. The author refers, for instance, to the rule that, under common law, labor contracts can never be specifically enforced, and contrasts this with the law of Continental Europe as he understands it. In the first place, it may be said that, while contracts for personal labor are not specifically enforced, in many cases virtually the same object is attained by enjoining the defendant from working for anybody else. But a complete answer is that the doctrine of specific performance is entirely unknown, at least to French law; that in it the maxim that "nobody can be compelled to do any act" is fundamental, and that damages are the only remedy where any contract is broken.

He refers again and again, in support

of his view, to the right given by the common law to sue public officials, and claims that such liability is as good as unknown to any other system. The principle is not unknown either in France or Germany, and has been greatly extended in the former country under the present Republican régime. In this country and England such remedy, which is generally of doubtful practical value, is the only one available to the party aggrieved; the state itself cannot be sued, even on its contracts, and is not responsible for the acts of its officials unless there is an express statute to the contrary. This principle has been extended so as to apply to cities or other subordinate political divisions when they act in a governmental capacity. Under this rule a person run over by an ambulance of the Health Department, or injured in an elevator controlled by the Police Department, cannot sue the city, and it is a poor consolation to him to be told that he is at liberty to bring an action against the ambulance driver or the person operating the elevator. The contrary rule prevails under the Continental system. In France, for instance, the state is liable like any other employer, and the only question is whether the action is to be brought before the ordinary or administrative courts. A striking application of this principle occurred recently in Holland, where the owners of gambling houses, which were closed by executive order and without legal process, at once brought an action for damages against the state, and won their suit.

But while we may differ with the author on these and many other points, there can be no question of the value of his work; he certainly has attained his object to make suggestions which will awaken the interest of his readers to the importance of the subject.

In the Footprints of Heine. By Henry James Forman. With illustrations by Walter King Stone. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The charm of this record of a holiday tramp through the Harz depends upon its youthful and ingenuous quality. People were glad to take up with the author. Waiters, innkeepers, and strolling artisans told him ghost and fairy stories. On the top of the Brocken, in lieu of a Walpurgis night, he enjoyed a tolerable substitute in the *kneipe* of a university corps. There also intervened a *Fraülein* with most amiable parents. Mr. Forman's hazards of the road are not exciting in themselves, and he refrains from adding rhetorical allurements to a plain tale. He does you scenery with a certain deftness, but where he is most successful is in enjoying and conveying the sense of that gracious *Gemüthlichkeit* which persists in the unprussianized remnant of old Germany. Those who love this most specific of German qualities will find Mr. Forman an excellent travelling companion, always tactful and quietly humorous, more inclined to hint than to expatiate. Note in this regard the entrance of the Fraülein. A diligence is standing in the inn court of Heiligenstock as the disciple of Heine appears:

> As I was unstrapping my knapsack the lady in the mail-coach suddenly leaned forward to the window, and with that fleeting glance I had of her high-bred, delicate face I experienced the curious sense of vague familiarity we sometimes have on meeting strangers. Either I had seen her or met her before, or something within me leaped to meet her now. But in a moment she was again hidden in the obscurity of the coach. The postillions had finished their repast and with horsehair plumes waving in the breeze they clambered up to the box. The coach was a public conveyance, and going to Klausthal, my destination. I had a quick impulse to take passage in it and thus become the travelling companion of the beautiful lady. But conscience bred of New England education reminded me that my plan was to walk. Consideration for the lady did the rest. The coach rolled away and I remained at the table, like the bridegroom in Lochinvar, dangling "bonnet and plume," and hoping that we might meet again.

If the book labors a little under the burden of its title, it has substantial merits of its own. From the fustian and pretentiousness that infect its *genre* it is refreshingly free.

Interpretations of Horace. By the late William Medley. Edited by John Green Skemp and George Watson Macalpine. New York: Henry Frowde.

Lovers of Horace will enjoy this book and find it profitable. In it, each beautifully printed and followed by a commentary which deserves the name of interpretation it bears, are nineteen of the best odes. There is none of the usual excess baggage of learning that (perhaps necessarily) encumbers text-books of Horace. The author of the interpretations takes for granted the desirable syntactical, linguistic, and other special knowledge, and treats his literature in true humanistic fashion. Each interpretation, after an apt parallel passage or poem, begins with a paragraph in appreciation of the whole, and is then continued in a running exposition consisting sometimes of comment, sometimes of paraphrase, and sometimes of translation, which is everywhere sane, sympathetic, and illuminating. A further quality gives it effect: it is personal interpretation. To use the interpreter's own words: "Much of these informal lectures may be fitly described as the lecturer's thinking aloud with his class." It is full of life and vigor, and makes the reader feel as if he were sitting under a teacher with broad knowledge of the best in life and letters. The interpreter was professor in a denominational college which trains for the ministry, and scriptural parallels are used with fine effect; but his Christianity never interferes with a just appreciation of the pagan poet's most pagan ideas, and the poems here collected range from the Pyrrha ode to *Delicta majorum immeritus lues.* If the Horace of the interpretations is a trifle more dignified and austere than the Horace of popular imagination as fixed by Eugene Field, it is because Horace was really possessed of austerity to the point of being himself something of a preacher, and his interpreter's appreciations are those of a scholarly mind.

A quotation or two from the work will communicate its flavor. The first is from the Pyrrha ode, which is entitled "A Roman Lady Vere de Vere":

> Verses 1-13:
>
> The tone is given to the picture and the interpretation suggested, sharply and at once, by the first word, *quis,* repeated in the *cui* of verse four. Each word stings: "Who . . . for whom?" There have been many; there will be more; who is it now? Then she descends from her chamber to the *gratum antrum*—not "some pleasant cave," as Milton has it, but the pleasant grotto attached to a lordly house. It is a cool and shady nook, with its statues of Venus, its fountain, and its ferns. *Gratum* it is in itself, but yet more for its sweet associations, in the wooer's mind, with blissful meetings. Here often of late has he been received.

Again, from *Parcus deorum,* entitled "Conversion":

> But see, here is a day serene; the sky is clear, *purum;* no veil of cloud dims the blue vault of heaven.
>
> Then suddenly the crash from that pure sky, and the flame cleaves the air. . . . To this trembling soul the thunder storm out of a clear sky is a veritable theophany:
>
> The voice of the Lord is upon the waters;
> The God of Glory thundereth,
> Even the Lord upon many waters.
> The voice of the Lord is powerful;
> The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
> The voice of the Lord cleaveth the flames of fire.
>
> It is Jehovah himself who speaks; the thunder is His voice.

It is characteristic of the interpreter that in this poem he sees, not the record of an experience of the poet himself, nor a bit of atheistic banter, but a type of experience—the conversion of an Epicurean.

The character of these interpretations will be better appreciated after a reading of the editor's introduction. William Medley taught for nearly forty years in Rawdon College, an English institution little known this side of the water, and died in November, 1908. The subjects in which he instructed are described as "Logic, Philosophy, Classics, and Introduction to the Study of the New Testament." He wrote much, but published only one work, his Angus Lectures, under the title "Christ the Truth" (1900).

Among his unprinted writings were interpretations of the "Agamemnon," the "Antigone," the "Alcestis," and the "Medea," and these interpretations of Horace, now published posthumously. He was a man of deep personal quality as well as broad and sound scholarship. Rarely to a dead scholar and teacher is accorded the high and enthusiastic praise here given. The impression left by the introduction adds to and explains that left by the interpretations; one enjoys the disciples' glowing exposition of the teacher's character as much as the teacher's glowing interpretation of Horace, and understands each better for having read the other. The book ought to stimulate good literary teaching and editing of Horace. Naturally, we could not dispense with our learned editions of the ancients; but many a teacher who reads this work of an almost unknown scholar will wish he had included all of Horace.

Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness. By Henri Bergson. Authorized translation by F. L. Pogson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Not the least of the services rendered to Anglo-American philosophy by William James consisted in his employment of his great influence to draw attention to that movement of French thought of which M. Bergson is the best-known representative—a movement having close affinities with James's own doctrines, yet developed in an entirely distinctive way. A school so much talked about at home was doubtless certain, sooner or later, to gain a hearing abroad; but its vogue among us has unquestionably been much accelerated by its finding as one of its earliest champions so eminent a figure and so vigorous a fighter as Professor James. To the interest which he aroused must in large part be ascribed the zeal of publishers this year to bring out translations of Bergson; it appears that all three of this philosopher's principal writings are very soon to be available in English. The present volume is a rendering of the latest edition of Bergson's earliest work, his *thèse de doctorat*, published first in 1889 under the less expressive title of "Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience." The English title, it is true, indicates the subject-matter of only two of the three chapters composing the volume. But those chapters are the important part of the book; the brief first chapter, on the notion of intensity as applied to mental states, though not unrelated to the principal theme, is rather loosely related, and scarcely essential to the argument. The rest of the volume, dealing with the problem of freedom in the light of the conception of "real duration" as a unique characteristic of inner states, constitutes an extremely lucid presentation of the *idée mère* of Bergson's entire philosophy.

What is called Bergsonism is not entirely a doctrine without recognizable ancestry. The germ of some of it is discernible in an important little book, "De la contingence des lois de la nature," 1874, by Bergson's teacher at the Ecole Normale, Emile Boutroux, who has recently visited America. Some of it also may be found—combined with much else—in the philosophy of a notable French thinker, too little read outside of France, Renouvier, who exercised likewise a considerable influence upon the formation of James's metaphysical ideas. Bergson is very far from merely repeating doctrines of these older contemporaries of his; but he represents the same general tendency of French thought, and part of his work has consisted in developing further certain conceptions found in one or the other, or in disengaging these conceptions from their former contexts to recombine them with one or two other familiar motives of nineteenth-century speculation. Yet the outcome of this process has as high a degree of originality as is often found in philosophical reasonings; and the principal argument of "Time and Free Will" may be regarded as an essentially novel contribution to metaphysics.

Time, as Kant had observed, is "the form of inner experience," as space is of our perception of external objects; and this, Renouvier had contended—giving up as barren and incomprehensible Kant's supra-temporal ego behind both series of phenomena—properly means that succession and duration and becoming are of the very essence of the reality that is inwardly and directly known to us. But precisely what, Bergson asks, is the nature of our time-consciousness, and what is its relation to our spatial imagery? The subtle analysis which he brings to bear upon this question leads him to the conclusion that there is in mankind a strong disposition to think time under forms borrowed from, and properly applicable only to, space, to assimilate the idea of duration to that of extension; and this, he finds, is the source of a host of errors in philosophy, including the error of determinism. All the perplexities of the ancient puzzle of the freedom of the will "come back, without our suspecting it, to the following question: 'Can time be adequately represented by space'?" Bergson's answer is a decided "No." Time past may, indeed, be translated by subsequent reflection into categories alien to its original nature; but time in actual flow has a nature unique and irreducible. Space we think of in terms of quantity, and as having all its points simultaneous with one another and external to one another, their true relations *inter se* being unmodified by change. We can ideally pass through it in any direction, can repeat the same course, can come back to the same point. Now our ideas of causal uniformity—derived largely from our experience of physical objects in space—though they refer to temporal sequences, are yet, so to say, woven upon a spatial warp. By "the same cause" we mean a set of conditions to which we can revert, which can be reconstituted without being significantly modified by the mere lapse of time. But time itself—the pure duration of inner experience—is, says Bergson, not a homogeneous and measurable quantity at all; it is, moreover, a one-directional flow whose successive moments imperceptibly inter-penetrate, which permits no repetition and no returning, and in which every later phase, merely because it *is* later, must be different from and incommensurable with every earlier one. Thus our temporal inner life is a kind of existence to which the principle that "the same cause must always be followed by the same effect" is irrelevant, since the required "sameness" can there never be wholly realized. Future time, again, is not, to one actually involved in the temporal process, "contained in" present or past; and to say that the entire content of the future is completely preformed in the present or past, that

> With earth's first clay they did the last man knead,

is simply to treat succession as if it were simultaneity, to abandon the point of view of real temporal experience, where the future always appears as in process of production through and partly by means of the present. The easy triumph of the old determinist arguments over the old freedomist arguments was due, Bergson holds, to the failure of the freedomist to utilize this distinction between the temporal and the spatial ways of thinking reality. Both parties, for example, "pictured the deliberation preceding choice under the form of an oscillation in space, while it really consists in a dynamic process in which the self and its motives, like real living beings, are in a constant state of becoming."

These reasonings can hardly be justly expounded, and they certainly cannot be adequately discussed, in brief compass. It may be remarked, however, that in his determination to make a complete severance between the temporal and the spatial categories, Bergson goes so far as to defeat his own purpose. To say that duration is pure quality with no quantitative aspect, and that its moments, though successive, are "without reciprocal externality," is itself a way of reducing time to simultaneity. Bergson's pages on this point at times singularly resemble the arguments by which Professor Royce has ingeniously sought to show that experience as a whole—the "Absolute Experience"—must be timeless.

The translation is as a rule faithful and readable. There are added a sympathetic preface by the translator and an admirably comprehensive bibliography of articles about Bergson's philosophy in several languages. The first presentation of this important contemporary to our public has been so well done that all readers of the book must lament the sudden death of the young Oxford scholar to whom we owe the service.

Mediæval Italy. By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Translated by Costanza Hulton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

The coronation of Charlemagne, the last event treated in "The Barbarian Invasions of Italy," forms the point of departure in Professor Villari's new work, which follows the fortunes of the peninsula to the time of the death of Henry VII. The book is written for the general reader, and offers a straightforward narrative, free from controversy and show of erudition, and based on thorough knowledge of the sources and on criticism of the results of modern investigation. The whole territory is constantly held in view. Southern Italy and Sicily are accorded—for the first time in a general history—their full share in the record. The orderly control of the many interrelated series of events is admirable. The book grows in interest and value toward the end. The concluding chapters clarify notably the events and the personalities of the late thirteenth century.

Professor Villari deals almost exclusively with men and arms. The whole period, in his presentation, is dominated by individual men, builders of states that disintegrate at the builder's death, politicians whose policies lapse into oblivion when the controlling mind is gone. Institutions appear externally continuous, but devoid of vital growth; Papacy and Empire hold power or sink into insignificance according as the men who wear the tiara or the iron crown are strong or weak. One could wish that more attention had been paid to non-military matters. The intellectual and religious life of the Middle Ages, the condition of the people, the development of commerce, even matters of such political importance as the feudal system and the conflict of the investiture, are treated hurriedly and with far less clearness than the general reader has a right to ask. In the single paragraph devoted to the Dominican and Franciscan orders (p. 267) they are differentiated only as being respectively bloodthirsty and tenderhearted. The implication (p. 266) that the "De imitatione Christi" was written in the time of St. Francis is unfortunate. Dante's "De monarchia," treated (p. 368) as of the time of the descent of Henry VII into Italy, was almost certainly not written before the last years of Dante's life. The comparison of Pope and Emperor to sun and moon, attributed (p. 259) to Innocent III, goes back at least to Gregory VII.

The translation has the prime virtue of accuracy. The only serious error is an arrangement of relative clauses which attributes to Sylvester II instead of to Otho III denial of the authenticity of the Donation of Constantine (p. 114). Sykelgaite should not be termed "high-souled" (p. 186) until she is quite cleared of her reputation for readiness with poison: high-spirited she certainly was. From the point of view of style the translation is very poor. The Italian is followed closely in wording, order, and punctuation, and the resultant English is strange and unpleasant. The Italian phrases on pp. 5 and 158 have no textual value, and should have been translated. The difficult matter of the anglicization of proper names is in general well-handled. "Walter Offamill" (p. 247) might well have dropped an *f* and changed the *a* to *the*. The typesetter is presumably responsible for the dates "1909" (instead of 1009) on p. 130, and for "1,506" and "1,528" on p. 348, for "sunt" instead of *sum* on p. 198, and for "civitatis" instead of *civitas* on p. 341.

The illustrations are well-chosen and well-made. The interesting frontispiece, from an ivory in which Otho I appears as a diminutive kneeling donor, should have a more explicit title than the somewhat misleading "The Emperor Otho I." The index is excellent.

With Stevenson in Samoa. By J. H. Moors. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

Though Mr. Moors's copiously illustrated volume adds little of importance to our knowledge of Stevenson's character, it throws some light upon the avocations of his later years, and helps us to realize the Apian background. It is distinctly refreshing, too, because of the angle from which it was written. The author of these memoirs did not go to Samoa to hang upon the lips of Tusitala. As shopkeeper, dealer in real estate, local politician, and chairman of the Board of Works he was—is still—in the island on his own account. His plain, unvarnished tale proceeds from an interest which was rather neighborly than literary—we infer from some passing remarks that he is unacquainted with his neighbor's essay on Burns. Their relations, none the less, as the "Vailima Letters" and this book bear witness, were of the friendliest intimacy. They exchanged yarns and discussed local celebrities together, "generally in the evenings, as we sat in our pajamas on the balcony"; they conspired together against the German president of the municipal council; they collaborated on the materials for the "Footnote to History"; and Moors says, with a suggestion of pleasure in the reminiscence, that at one time Stevenson owed him above twelve thousand dollars. These are vital points of contact; Moors's opinion of his friend should be of some weight.

He finds it hard to believe in the canonized Stevenson proclaimed in the pulpits. The man he knew went to church only from deference to his mother, regarded the prayers at Vailima as something of a nuisance, was more himself in a paper-chase than in a Sunday-school on the Lord's day, looked upon the wine when it was red in the Tivoli Hotel, and was "surprised more than once in Bohemia"—whatever that may mean. Moors therefore cites with manifest delight the following brief but pointed epistle:

My dear Moors—

I hope to get down to-day, but the weather does not yet seem bordered up. We had a hell of a time yesterday; I wish the man who invented open eaves had been with us—I would have burned him to see to read by. Yours ever R. L. S.

All that this somewhat trivial testimony amounts to is that Stevenson, being neither a moral, intellectual, or social snob, was able to mix familiarly with all sorts of men on their own ground, and make them feel that he was no better than they. The defect of the critics who, like the late W. E. Henley, insist on the "real Stevenson" is their unwillingness to recognize his many-sidedness—their failure to understand that a man of letters may give to the wide world some sincere and precious part of himself which he cannot give to his nearest friends.

The most touching passage in this book is the chapter entitled "A Plan that Failed." Mr. Moors writes of the political troubles in Samoa from an inside view, but of the ladies at Vailima, we trust, from the outside. He could not help feeling that they were a little queer: for example, "the whole family—I except Stevenson's mother—worshipped at the shrine of 'My Lady Nicotine.'" What was worse, he thought, there was too much literary collaboration at Vailima. He felt a certain jealousy of the influence exerted by the women over the master of the house! And with the talent of a conspirator he bought a little island, and in 1893 secretly proposed to carry Stevenson off where he might work undisturbed and "accomplish something worth attempting"—

The important question was how to keep the ladies away from our island retreat, but he said he would manage it somehow. Meanwhile, I had myself visited Nassau, and had set a party of islanders to work. . . . Stevenson, longing for the peace and quiet of such a spot, evinced a lively interest in my account of these labors; and when we left the tower [where Moors had unfolded the plot] and rejoined our friends we drank

a quiet toast to our future happiness in Elysian fields.

This little dream of a literary paradise freed from the annoyances of Eve and her daughters was abruptly terminated by death. One may regard the affair as a bit of amusing gossip or as curious additional testimony pointing to that "other Stevenson" with the singular power of exciting personal devotion frequently verging on sheer idolatry.

Notes.

"The Life of Tolstoy," in two volumes, by Aylmer Maude, has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is a consecutive and detailed account covering the whole life.

Forthcoming books from the Oxford University Press include: "The Englishman in Greece," as a companion piece to "The Englishman in Italy," and "The Oxford Book of Ballads," chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for immediate publicaton "Farthest West: Life and Travel in the United States," by C. R. Enock; "On and Off Duty in Annam," by Gabrielle M. Vassal, and later "Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern Scenes," by Professor Maspero.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are already announcing for the spring "The Children's Library of Work and Play," a series of ten volumes, each of which is to be written by an authority: "Carpentry and Woodwork," by Edwin W. Foster; "Mechanics," by Fred T. Hodgson; "Housekeeping," by Elizabeth Hale Gilman; "Metalwork," by C. C. Sleffel; "Needlecraft," by Effie Archer Archer; "Outdoor Sports," by Claude H. Miller; "Interior Decoration," by Charles F. Warner; "Outdoor Work," by Mary Rogers Miller; "Gardening," by Ellen Eddy Shaw; and "Electricity," by John F. Woodhull.

James Lane Allen's "The Doctor's Christmas Eve" is expected from the press of Macmillan November 30.

In "The Great Texts of the Bible," a new series in preparation by the Scribners, Dr. James Hastings contributes to each of the selected topics pages of homiletical exposition and illustration. It is proposed to cover the whole Bible in five years. The first volume, "Isaiah," will be published within a month. So far as the book has any one aim, it is to furnish material for sermons.

Volume XXIV of the publications of the Selden Society, Volume V of their Year Book Series, "The Eyre of Kent 6 and 7 Edward II," edited by Messrs. Maitland, Harcourt, and Bolland, will be issued in December.

The December issue of *Chambers's Journal* will contain an article by Canon Dawson on "The Morals of the Round Table; or, Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' compared with 'Idyls of the King.'"

As a companion volume to "American Duck Shooting" the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is about to issue "American Game Bird Shooting."

Among B. W. Huebsch's announcements are "Democracy and the Overman," by Charles Zueblin; "The Philosophy of Plato and its Relation to Modern Life," by Edward Howard Griggs, and "Optimos," by Horace Traubel.

The Rev. Walter W. Skeat has issued a statement as to the present position of the Chaucer Society:

It appears that some of the books, upon the completion of which the regular issue for the various years depended, are not even yet wholly ready; and the result is that more money has been received than has been expended, whilst at the same time, subscribers for the years 1907-10, have not yet received the parts due to them; and a few of the issues for earlier years are still incomplete.

It has been decided therefore that the society will definitely come to a close, with the end of the present year. Such parts as are overdue will be issued at convenient opportunities. The society, which began work in 1868, was designed to publish what was most material for the study of Chaucer's text. In Dr. Skeat's opinion this has now been accomplished. The last five or six numbers embodied the results of investigations by Americans.

As a memorial to the late Dr. Furnivall, Leonard Magnus and John Munro, the deceased's literary executor, have suggested a volume consisting of a biography of the scholar written by Mr. Munro and appreciations by others. The list of those who have promised to contribute are Dr. Henry Bradley, Prof. Alois Brandl, Professor Feuillerat, Dr. T. Gregory Foster, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Prof. W. P. Ker, William Poel, A. W. Pollard, Prof. W. W. Skeat, Miss Spurgeon, Henry Arthur Jones, Mrs. Laurence Gomme, and Mrs. Stopes. Besides an edition at an ordinary price, there will be an *édition de luxe*. The subscriptions which are invited towards the expenses of publication may be sent to Leonard Magnus, 9, Gray's Inn Square, London.

Yet another account of the career of Joan of Arc is offered to the public by Mary Rogers Bangs (Houghton Mifflin). Her narrative eschews controversy and gives a purely objective statement of the facts as ascertained by recent research, couched, it is true, in the language of enthusiasm, but not colored by any attempt at systematic explanation.

To John Lane's attractive edition of the works of Vernon Lee is added "Vanitas, Polite Stories, Including the Hitherto Unpublished Story, A Frivolous Conversion." In these four short stories of souls enmeshed in the web of social circumstance the art of Vernon Lee appears with all its usual incisive delicacy, and with a somewhat exceptional grace of human compassion. Her worldly malcontents are always pathetic, and sometimes tragic. The last tale, "The Legend of Madame Krasinska," is of Poe-like intensity.

It is, for the most part, a sordid series of servants that come and go in the pages of Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Our House and the People in It" (Houghton Mifflin). But, with the sordidness, there is so much of romance that a reader does not object to the author's retaining each successive specimen long enough for her story to come out, especially as this second-hand method of learning it inflicts a minimum of the disagreeableness that was plainly there. To an American, moreover, there is positive charm in the very definite atmosphere that envelops the chambers from which one may look out on the Thames, down at St. Paul's, up to Westminster, and opposite to Surrey. Then, besides the succession of servants, from 'Enrietter to the satisfactory and, one is glad to know, permanent Augustine, who receives the well-deserved honor of the book's dedication, there are the tenants, more respectable if less picturesque than the servants; the beggars, of that new and difficult sort that "make a profession neither of disease nor of deformity, but of having come down in the world"; and the microcosm that bears the name of the Quarter. An occasional comment, such as any servant-seeker makes now and then, does not detract from the essentially narrative character of the book. After the merciful end of one of these servants, the writer concludes:

No doubt, daily in the slums, many women die as destitute. But they never had their chance. Mrs. Haines had hers, and a fair one as these things go. Her tragedy has shaken my confidence in the reformers today who would work the miracle, and with equal chances for all men, transform this sad world of ours into Utopia.

He would be a churlish sportsman or nature-lover who did not enjoy E. P. Stebbing's "Jungle By-Ways in India" (Lane). Of the many other books on this subject, all save two or three are serious even unto dulness; but this is different. It is like the off-hand, rapid-fire talk of a good friend who has just returned from a camping trip, and finds pleasure in sitting opposite the reader, telling his stories very much at his ease, and illustrating with rough sketches and droll diagrams on the backs of envelopes. Besides the reproductions of photographs, there are many simple sketches by the author, and they are of the most abstemious sort. There is never a line that could be spared. Crude and rough though they are, they serve their purpose excellently, and even with the sambar stag, whose antlers as drawn represent a four-foot length, we do not quarrel, for that is the way big antlers often look to the hunter who sees them in the wilds. Many persons will regard these impressionistic sketches as one of the most interesting features of the book. Mr. Stebbing is a keen and truthful observer, and an honest chronicler of his own adventures. He has hunted about all kinds of India big game south of the Himalayas, and he has vivid stories to tell of the home life of elephants, tigers, leopards, bison, sambar, axis deer, barasingha, bear, wild dogs, monkeys, and other species. His sense of humor is as rare—in books of big-game hunting—as it is welcome to the reader. He calls the barking deer "a funny little beggar"—as it is—and the cheerful confidence of the unconventionality is really refreshing.

In "Second Chambers: An Inductive Study in Political Science" (Frowde), J. A. R. Marriott takes for granted that a bi-cameral legislature is essential to the continuance of democratic government. He bases this assumption not on any abstract considerations but on the practical unanimity with which the system has been adopted by the civilized world. His object is primarily to explain the functions of the existing Second Chambers, and secondarily, to reach some conclusions which may assist in solving the

burning question of the reform of the House of Lords. It may be doubted whether the appeal to history is as conclusive an answer to those who desire the abolition of the House of Lords as the author claims. In the great majority of instances quoted, the second chamber finds its reason of existence in the federal character of the country under consideration; in many others, to the country's strongly monarchical and undemocratic nature. France is, perhaps, the only modern democracy where a more or less successful attempt has been made to organize a chamber which may be said to represent the great social and industrial interests in the country. But none of the proposals made for the reform of the House of Lords, which are discussed at length in this work, would result in the creation of a chamber of this character; they might cause the exclusion of some of the notoriously unfit, but would not, certainly as long as the hereditary principle is not entirely abandoned, procure the creation of a really representative body, capable of checking effectually the power of a democratic House of Commons. In fact, at the end of the book, the author virtually gives up his case, and admits that it is seriously open to question "whether restriction of the powers or alteration of the structure, or both in combination," will compose the constitutional differences. He admits that there is a considerable party which favors the referendum in place of such reorganization. The fact that such a new and untried experiment can find such support, would seem to indicate that sentiment rather than reason dictates the statement in another part of the work that the question of the abolition of the House of Lords is outside of the domain of practical politics.

Former students at Yale as well as those of the present generation will not be displeased at the appearance of a "new and further enlarged edition" of Prof. Henry A. Beers's "The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Planeus" (Holt). Written without ulterior motive and distorted little, apparently, even by the glamour which usually attaches to retrospect, the book commemorates instructively a time that is no more—a time, that is, when the college world was rather more than now a law unto itself. The curriculum was built upon the ages, with its elements of Latin and Greek and mathematics and philosophy and science, and feared no encroachment from the fluttering changes and demands of the outer world. Then Socrates and Plato, reincarnate, waged war on error, and another Horace quaffed ale into the night, while New England snows fell, feeling that peace that passes all understanding. All in all, it was a simple life they lived, with the perspective created by acquaintance with former times actually shaping their judgments of present needs. Athletics ran their course, even intercollegiate athletics, without usurping first importance. The thing that strikes one most in the book is that, whatever a boy's propensities, whether to grinding or idling, his joys and sorrows were closely connected with the intellectual atmosphere of the college.

The author of "The Spaniard at Home" (McClurg), Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, aims to depart from the point of view of the ordinary tourist and to describe Spain, for the first time in English, from the standpoint of the native. A praiseworthy undertaking if the writer be qualified for the task. Unfortunately she proves her incompetency on nearly every page. The first thing to strike the reader's eye is the ignorance displayed of the Spanish language. To give a list of her errors would be useless. Most of them are repeated several times, so that they are scarcely to be ascribed to bad proof-reading, although misprints abound. When the author makes such a mistake as to write *parita* for *perrita* or *semule* for *sémola*, it is apparent that she has learned by ear a few words and phrases and written them down without troubling to look them up in a dictionary. One chapter is entitled Fetes and Festas! *Bebe* is not a Spanish word, as the author seems to think. All told, the reviewer has noted 274 similar errors in the use of Spanish, an average of nearly one mistake to a page. It is needless to say that an author so ignorant of the Spanish tongue is utterly unqualified to discourse upon Spanish literature. That chapter might better have been omitted. In the chapter on education, pages 249-251 are taken almost bodily out of Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" with neither quotation marks nor credit. If it were worth while, the "deadly parallel" might here be employed with telling effect. The Spanish point of view appears in an apology for the bull-fight, the argument being the usual one that other sports, too, are cruel. The best chapters are those devoted to descriptions of life and customs, but these pages also are replete with misinformation.

"The Book of Friendship" (Macmillan) is an anthology of verse and prose in twelve parts, covering such diversities of the friendly relation as Childhood Friendships, Inarticulate Friendships, Friends in Need, Brothers in Arms, Odd Companions, and Boon Companions. Nor are its sterner possibilities blinked, since the section entitled When Friends Are Parted includes Austin Dobson's "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale" and Browning's "The Lost Leader," as well as "David's Lament for Jonathan" and Shakespeare's "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought." But the bulk of the little volume is made up, as is fitting, of selections concerned in one way or another with friendship's happier moments. These selections range from the abstractions of Emerson and Carlyle to the facetiousness of Horace, the animation of Dumas, the seriousness of Thomas Hughes, and the delicacy of Stevenson. And while no anthology is to be swallowed whole, or even read very consecutively, this one presents the characteristic agreeableness of this literary form in the piquant incongruity of successive selections. Frederick Denison Maurice's "Friendship of Books" loses nothing by following Cowper's "Epitaph on a Hare." The drawings, by W. T. Benda, are in good taste and add to the value of the pages they adorn, but the introduction, by S. M. Crothers, is rather labored. Its place might well be taken by something of the same writer less formally, if at all, introductory.

From the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*, the American agents, we have received "Whitaker's Reference Catalogue of Current Literature" for 1910. This, as is well known, consists of the catalogues of the English publishers (there are 195 houses represented in this issue) bound together in two large volumes. The Index, by authors and titles, now occupies a third volume, itself of more than a thousand closely printed, double-column pages.

In his "Strikes: When to Strike, How to Strike" (Putnams), Oscar T. Crosby makes an attempt to discuss in a simple manner such fundamental questions as the morality of the strike, the purpose of the union, and the nature of the boycott and picket. Although the volume doubtless will fulfil the author's purpose to "help a few busy men, wage-earners, and wage-payers, to clearer vision and wider charity," it is far from being comprehensive, and gives the impression at times of being hurried.

Walter Sichel's "Sterne: A Study" (Lippincott) rests its claim to existence upon two grounds: a presentation of fresh material about Sterne and a fresh characterization of Sterne. It does not justify itself upon either ground. The professedly new material is either not new or not important. It is unimportant that Mrs. Sterne was a cousin of Mrs. Montagu, the "Queen of the Bluestockings." It has long been known that Mrs. Sterne was "gey ill to live wi'." It is unimportant whether Sterne went abroad with a pupil just *before* or just *after* his marriage (p. 34n), and whether "D'Estella" was *in* York or *near* York (p. 34n). It is unimportant that Sterne changed his opinion of Dean Fountayne (pp. 110-112); that his "dear Kitty" de Fourmentelle may have been a kinswoman of Richard Berenger (p. 132), and may have written to him a letter puffing "Tristram Shandy" (p. 135), and may have sung at Ranelagh some doggerel composed for her by Sterne (p. 147). Upon Mr. Sichel's early rather than late dating of Sterne's acquaintance with Warburton (p. 155), Mrs. Vesey (p. 166n), and Selwyn (p. 251n), rests no such radical difference in one's estimate of Sterne as does rest upon Professor Cross's early dating of Sterne's flirtation with Lady Percy. Nor does it matter greatly that "Janatone," the innkeeper's daughter of Montreuil, probably married, and went to England, and met Eliza Draper (p. 245). These chronicllings of small beer possess interest enough to justify their being communicated, say, to *Notes and Queries*—not enough to justify a book. They are meagre gleanings of a field which Professor Cross has harvested. Though Mr. Sichel's footnotes everywhere acknowledge his obligation to Cross's "Life," he seems not to have seen Cross's edition of Sterne's Works (1904; reprinted 1906). This edition contains the letters which Mr. Sichel cites from the old editions, and all but an inconsiderable one or two which he cites from supposedly unpublished MSS. Moreover, it arranges the letters chronologically; so that Mr. Sichel is mistaken in supposing (p. viii) that they "have been left dishevelled." Finally, it contains the "Journal to Eliza," which Mr. Sichel believes himself to be publishing for the first time (pp. viii, 17). A closer study of Cross's "Life" would have prevented other blunders. We should be glad to learn, too, how Mr. Sichel knows that "'Slawkenbergius' is an actual person" (p. 208). We had supposed him to be a creature of Sterne's brain. By way of characterization and criticism this book likewise offers, for the most part, matter that is either trifling or not new, or, if new, unduly expanded. Altogether we can see no justification for this biography of Sterne.

Gordon Home's "Motor Routes of France" (Macmillan) exactly meets the needs created by the new method of road travel. For the route covered—from Havre, by Rouen, through Touraine to Biarritz, a short excursion over the Spanish frontier to Pamplona and San Sebastian, the northern slopes of the Pyrenees, Provence, the Riviera, and back to Dieppe by the valleys of the Rhone and Loire—it is a complete guidebook for the motorist. The practical notes, hints on touring, road warnings, and directions for drivers are supplemented by a log of the author's car, and each day's run has a map on which are to be found precisely those details required by a novice on the road. The type is large, yet the volume can easily be slipped into an overcoat pocket. The book is evidently the result of large experience, and the descriptive and historical text is equally well done. It is to be hoped that the author will be encouraged to do for other parts of Europe open to motor travel what he has done in this book for France, and in previously published ones for England. The colored illustrations add to its attraction.

"Ribbon Roads" (Putnam), by A. T. and B. R. Wood, is another story. It has no value for the motorist, being simply a pleasant account of a motor journey whose practical side receives no attention. It belongs, in short, to that amazingly large class of books on travel for which there is no discernible *raison d'être*. How many travellers in any land—Spain, for instance—leave an indelible record of their impressions? or how many impressions are worth such a record? The few of permanent value, even though they be, like Gautier's, out of date, can be counted on the fingers. The rest are writings on sand. Mr. Home's book possesses distinctive value, and is designed to meet a real need. "Ribbon Roads" may be classed with the letters from abroad which, before the days of motors and Lusitanias, filled the magazine page of the weekly newspaper.

A few months ago the Gesellschaft der Bibliophilen sent out to its members, as one of its regular publications, the third and concluding volume of "Schillers Persönlichkeit." The work was originally planned and undertaken for the society by Prof. Albert Leitzmann of the University of Jena, who set out to collect Schiller's recorded conversations and all the authentic accounts of significant facts in his life, as well as the utterances concerning his personality based on immediate association and impressions. Becoming too much absorbed in other scholarly pursuits, Leitzmann resigned the task in favor of Max Hecker of Weimar, who brought out the first volume in 1904. When the second volume was well under way Hecker was in turn forced by his duties as collaborator on the Weimar edition of Goethe to turn over the completion of the collection to a third editor. Julius Petersen of Munich has seen it through to the end. The student of Schiller will find in these three volumes, conveniently arranged and carefully edited, the widely scattered original sources, some hitherto unpublished, which, together with the poet's works and letters, comprise the raw material of a Schiller biography. Purely literary notices of contemporaries, that throw no light on Schiller the man, are excluded from the compilation, so that, except for one newspaper extract, there is no overlapping with Braun's three-volume "Schiller im Urteile seiner Zeitgenossen." The notes contain a list of sources with their earliest publication and important variant readings, and refer to some of the more important literature on various documents, without attempting to abstract all the accepted results of critical research in this field. They further correct some of the errors in the documents themselves and furnish some commentary on points that need it. A full index adds to the convenience of the work for reference. The print and paper are of a character well calculated to delight the eye of the true bibliophile. Although the whole work will not take the place of an interpretative biography, it does enable the reader to obtain a vivid picture of Schiller in his every-day life and at his work, seeing him through the eyes of his contemporaries and hearing him through their ears. It deserves the same warm reception in America as has been accorded to it in Europe, but, unfortunately, like the other publications of the society, it will not be obtainable through the ordinary channels of the book trade, except occasionally at second hand.

One of the books of real value evoked by the Risorgimento semi-centennials, which Italy has been celebrating, is "Milano e la Lombardia nel 1859," by Col. Carlo Pagani (Milan: Cogliati). While the author's forte is military criticism, he shows a thorough acquaintance with the political situation during the momentous year when Cavour forced Austria to declare war and Napoleon III to champion the Italian cause. Col. Pagani refers to much material not easily accessible on this side of the water. His opinion, evidently formed with deliberation, carries weight. We note that he maintains the traditional Italian contentions, first, that the Piedmontese troops reached Magenta in time to give the Austrians their quietus, and, next, that they drove Benedek from the heights of San Martino, after the French were already victorious at Solferino.

The Rev. Francis Dent died last Sunday. He was born in Ireland in 1840; came to this country when nine years of age, and graduated from the College of the Franciscan Monks. With Fathers Leo and Eugene, he founded the first Italian mission in this city. After a year, as father superior in the Franciscan home at Winsted, Conn., he had charge of a church in Hartford. He went to Rome in 1878, and lived there until 1906, and was present at the burial of Pope Leo XIII and the coronation of Pius X. Father Dent was the author of several books on religious subjects, one of which, "The Temporal Domain of the Popes in the Divine Plan," won him leather seals from Popes Leo and Pius. He was engaged at the time of his death in writing the last chapter of "The Blessed Virgin."

Wilhelm Raabe, the novelist and writer, died last week in Brunswick, Germany. Known under the pen name of Jacob Corvinus, he started to write in 1856, and, oddly enough, his first work, "Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse," proved to be most in demand, having reached in 1905 the forty-first edition. "Der Hungerpastor" has passed through twenty-five editions. Many of his stories are in two volumes, some even in three. One of his best books, "Horaker," shows successful humor. Other characteristic stories are "Abu Telfan" and "Der Schüddcrump." On his seventieth birthday, in 1901, the University of Göttingen honored him with the doctor's degree.

Science.

Methods of Attracting Birds. By Gilbert H. Trafton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

This is a practical discussion of the subject of befriending birds in winter as well as in summer, and, from the point of view of the birds, is especially timely just now. Mr. Trafton remarks that

the reasons for attracting birds around our homes are twofold: first, the protection of the birds, and second, the resulting benefits that accrue to man, both on account of the great economic value of these birds to the farmer in his struggle with injurious insects, and also on account of the pleasure derived in helping and watching the birds.

Mr. Trafton gives special attention to the economic factor. He says that

the progressive farmer does not begrudge the expense entailed in securing a spraying outfit and the annual outlay involved in its use. With an expense so small that it hardly needs to be taken into account, the farmer may have very efficient insect-destroyers in the flocks of birds which may be attracted around the farm—destroyers which do not require the time and supervision of the farmer to render them effective, but which of their own accord are constantly at work from sunrise until sunset, freeing the farm from its insect enemies.

It needed no expert ornithologist or entomologist to make this discovery; anybody who is at all intelligent about birds knows that they are indefatigable in the destruction of harmful insects; and yet the actual number of persons who have a really clear appreciation of this important fact is amazingly small, and includes an infinitessimal percentage of farmers—the very ones who are most concerned. Mr. Trafton's little book is, therefore, in its purely economic aspects, a valuable contribution to agricultural literature, and its usefulness is heightened by the simplicity of its style, the clarity of its descriptions, and the practicability of the devices suggested. Nesting-houses of various kinds, so designed as to attract the especially useful birds, like the swallows, blue-birds, chickadees, martins, and wrens, and costing but a trifle, are described and pictured by means of line-cuts and half-tones, and there are also chapters on Attracting the Winter Birds, on Drinking- and Bathing-Fountains, on Planting Trees, Shrubs, and Vines, Bird Protection in the Schools, and Bird Photography. Mr. Trafton acknowledges his indebtedness for many suggestions

to such well-known ornithologists as Frank M. Chapman, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Ernest Harold Baynes, and Edward H Forbush, while his book was prepared

"with the support of the National Association of Audubon Societies after consultation with its officers, with whose express approval it is now issued."

The Cambridge University Press is to bring out "Principia Mathematica," by Dr. A. N. Whitehead and Bertrand Russell, a work whose aim is "to show the dependence of mathematics upon logic by deducing from purely logical premises the elementary propositions of its various branches." The first volume, which is soon to appear, is entitled "Mathematical Logic and Prolegomena to Cardinal Arithmetic"; the second volume, "The Principles of Arithmetic"; the third, "The Measurement and the Principles of Geometry."

A new and revised edition of "Diophantus of Alexandria," by Sir T. L. Heath, is promised by the same press. This will be most welcome, as the previous edition is now out of print.

"The Farm Book," written and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith, which will be issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. November 26, undertakes to interest Bob and Betty and other juveniles in ploughing, reaping, milking, and all the rest of farming.

The leading article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November is a description of scenes of every-day life in Korea and China, by William W. Chapin. Of its fifty illustrations, thirty-nine are in color, reproductions of photographs colored by a Japanese artist. The value of lignite as a new source of power, if burned in a gas producer, is demonstrated by Guy E. Mitchell.

"The Science of Living, or the Art of Keeping Well" (McClurg) is the rather appealing title under which Dr. William S. Sadler succeeds in giving an extraordinary amount of information in about four hundred pages. He skips gayly from one topic to another, often with a dubious generalization or a happy disregard of fundamentals. On the whole, however, it may be said that in most matters the essentials are given in such a way that the reader is not dangerously misled. Many writers of repute are drawn upon, but not always with perfect understanding, and the numerous illustrations darken the text quite as often as they illuminate it. Selections of food and diet are treated at some length and with details and tables not easy for the general reader to understand. Dr. Sadler, a frank "two-mealer" and a believer in a low protein level of requirement, appears to recommend a food supply which gives too few calories. He asserts that most of us have a "protein habit" and have developed a kind of "protein tissue intoxication." A certain heredity of this habit is held to explain racial differences in diet, an explanation whose ingenuity is more apparent than its validity. The author gives ten sample breakfasts and dinners, each estimated to contain a thousand calories, and also other tables of food values which the beginners will not readily interpret. The "menus" are vegetarian in character, but are not strictly orthodox. The epicure will find them entertaining and curious, but he will hardly feel himself seriously tempted to give them a trial.

The death is reported of Felipe Valle, director of the Mexican National Observatory at Tacubaya.

Drama.

PROTECTING NATIVE DRAMATISTS.

It is not likely that much more will be heard of the latest agitation in favor of some plan—apparently a trade conspiracy—for the protection and encouragement of the native American dramatist. In the first place, it does not seem to have any backing except that of an inconsiderable performer, who has profited largely by the use of foreign material, and, in the second place, it proposes the application of a boycott against all foreign plays which, without the aid of inconceivable legislation, could not be proclaimed, and could not, in any circumstances, be enforced. This protection idea, of course, is rooted in utter fallacy—for art does not need coddling for its development, but fair and open competition—but it is so common that it may be worth while to cast an eye over the existing theatrical situation and see how the case stands.

The first point to keep in mind is that the interests of the public at large, not of a restricted class, are paramount; the second is that it is useless to fight against the law of supply and demand. Broadly speaking, the best plays of their class—there are exceptions, of course, to every rule—will yield the largest commercial return. If plays of foreign origin make the most money in the United States—a proposition which is by no means universally, even if it be approximately, true—the logical presumption is that in the public judgment at least they are of superior quality. As a plain matter of fact, they very often are. It is little short of idiotic to suggest that they ought to be excluded, in order that inferior compositions might enjoy a monopoly. The truth is that within the last half-a-dozen years substantial fortunes have been made in this country by young dramatists with crude sensational pieces exhibiting the worst characteristics, while devoid of the artistic workmanship, of their foreign prototypes. Many of these have been destitute of any redeeming feature, some of them have been vile enough to be stopped by the police. On the other hand, it is most pleasant to know, many native dramatists, within the same period, have won fortune with genuine American plays, both serious and comic, which were not only innocent, but of substantial dramatic and artistic merit.

It is clear, therefore, that the American drama has not been suppressed, but is growing. That it has been hampered cannot be disputed. So has the English drama, and much in the same way. But one reason—not the only one, however—why English and Continental plays occupy so many of our theatres, is that the theatre is an older institution on the other side of the Atlantic than it is here, and the dramatic output there is larger. There is also in Europe a larger body of play-writers of established reputation. A comparison of the English and American fields would show that the former is much the richer in older men of proved dramatic ability.

But there is abundant promise in the swelling ranks of the younger men in this country. It is too soon yet to pronounce final judgment upon the abilities of such sensationalists as Eugene Walters, Edward Sheldon, Rupert Hughes, Jules Eckert Goodman, Porter Emerson Brown, J. Hartley Manners, and W. J. Hurlbut. They are all suffering still from the exuberance of youth and have not learned how to distinguish between strength and violence. But they all show signs of dramatic instinct, as well as a keen sense of theatrical situation, and when, with experience, they have acquired moderation, they may all go far. C. M. S. McLellan may yet add to the reputation which he earned with his "Leah Kleschna." John Corbin, in his "Husband," furnishes a pledge of much higher achievement in the near future. This is an immature work, but evinces grasp of form and power of expression, and is marked by clear and courageous purpose. Thompson Buchanan reveals humor, originality, and theatrical capacity in "The Cub." Rachel Crothers has demonstrated ability of no common order in "The Three of Us" and "A Man's World." She is observant, imaginative, humorous, and creative. Edward Knoblauch has written "The Shulamite." Butler Davenport came near to writing a first-rate comedy in "Keeping Up Appearances," and there is true comedy in the "Her Husband's Wife" of A. E. Thomas. Charles Rann Kennedy, a new American, has written two of the most remarkable plays in the last decade in "The Servant in the House" and "The Winter Feast." And then there is Percy MacKaye, the author of "Sappho and Phaon," a piece of high artistic and dramatic merit, and "Joan of Arc," an eloquent and imaginative romance. Unfortunately, his genius is wayward and has strayed of late in perverse and unprofitable ways, but nevertheless it is a force to be reckoned with. On the whole, the native playwright does not appear to be greatly in need of protection. He has to face a powerful opposition, but that is wholesome, and ought to be inspiring.

But he, in common with his English rival, does need a fair measure of opportunity. It is not opposition that is hurting him, but the lack of it. The

whole stage in England and America is groaning and smothering, because the greedy, ignorant, and demoralizing commercial system, which has no other principle than the seizure of the immediate dollar, and no regard for either art or morals, has secured the control of the majority of the theatres of both countries, and so made itself the arbiter of what shall be played and who shall play it. The public virtually no longer has a voice as to the character of the dramatic entertainment which it prefers. "Runs" are a matter of preordination. If a play fails in one city, it is not withdrawn, but is started on its predestined circuit. In this respect one syndicate is just as evil as another. The "long run" is equally fatal to the development of actors and the creation of dramatists. The sooner the opposing syndicates cut each others' throats, the better for actors, writers, and audiences. What the American playwright should pray for, is not protection, but a free fight. And there are signs that it is coming.

Walter Prichard Eaton, for several years an industrious writer on dramatic subjects in the daily and periodical press, has revised a number of his essays and collected them in a volume entitled "At the New Theatre and Others" (Small, Maynard & Co.). On the whole—although many persons of wider experience than the author will disagree wholly with some of its judgments—it is a clever and entertaining book, full of sharp observation and lively humor and a wholesome spirit of independence. Mr. Eaton at least knows the contemporaneous theatre well, has ideas of his own and expresses them with indisputable ability, if with a somewhat injudicious dogmatism. Some of his dicta, for instance, on the old and modern schools of acting, the meaning of versatility, etc., would have been greatly modified, doubtless, if he had had any actual acquaintance with the more finished players, on either side of the Atlantic, of forty or fifty years ago. He has some trenchant and true observations on the evil wrought by the syndicate system, and on the benefits of the open theatre, but is, it may be feared, somewhat too sanguine concerning the immediate outcome of existing managerial rivalries. One syndicate is very much like another. But, of course, opposition is a good thing in itself. His estimates of the genius of some modern stars need not be disputed, but they will not be approved by veteran playgoers. About the work of the New Theatre he writes with point and discernment, and his papers on Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas are both excellent.

Sir John Hare writes to a London journal as follows: "I shall be extremely grateful if you will contradict a statement, which I believe has emanated from America, to the effect that I am to visit that country professionally in the spring."

Gustav Amberg announces that he has completed arrangements with the management of the Irving Place Theatre by which Herr von Possart will appear at that playhouse for a special engagement of two weeks, beginning on Monday, December 26. Herr von Possart, who is in the front rank of living actors, brings his own complete company, and will make a brief tour of the principal American cities. His repertory will include "The Merchant of Venice," Shylock being one of his most famous impersonations; "Nathan the Wise," "Friend Fritz," and "Fallissement," by Björnsen. With all these plays his name has long been associated in the minds of Germanic playgoers. He comes to America only by special permission of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, without whose consent it is not possible for him to appear outside his native country. His company is recruited exclusively from players in the regular organizations of the Court Theatres in Munich and Berlin.

Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," is to be presented for the first time, in London, by the National Shakespeare Memorial Committee, at two matinées, organized for the benefit of the scheme. The author himself speaks of his piece as merely an interlude, which in performance will last only half an hour. The characters are limited to four—Queen Elizabeth, Mary Fitton (the Dark Lady), Shakespeare, and a Beefeater. The theory that the Dark Lady was Mistress Fitton has been adopted, and Mr. Shaw has availed himself of the opportunity to attack the notion that Shakespeare was an illiterate. Shakespeare, according to Mr Shaw, was the son of a merchant, who considered himself a gentleman, and married a woman of good family, who considered herself a lady, at a time when the modern conception of a middle class did not exist.

The success of the latest play of H. H. Davies, "A Single Man," which has just been produced in London, seems to depend largely upon the power of a single scene. It opens, apparently, in a vein of clever but not very sincere light comedy. A middle-aged bachelor falls in love with a pretty little girl, not yet out of her teens, and, being shy, begs his typist to undertake his wooing for him. She fulfils her task with an earnestness which shows how much her heart is set upon her employer. Succeeding in her suit, she cannot bear the contemplation of his happiness, and soon the old bachelor begins to think that he, too, may have made a mistake. One evening, as the typist is about to leave him, and he is preparing to dine alone, he asks the former to share his solitary meal, and, with the first sip of champagne—an unknown liquor—her tongue is loosed and she betrays the love that is in her. This scene is said to be managed with charming delicacy and imagination, and to raise the whole play to a higher level. And it is admirably played by Cyril Maude and Hilda Trevelyan.

The death is announced from Rome of Henrietta Hobson, once a very popular English actress, and for many years the wife of the well-known Henri Labouchere, the editor and owner of London *Truth*. In 1860 it happened that she and one other—Henry Irving—were picked together out of a crowd of applicants by the manager of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Bristol was another of the towns where (those being the days of stock companies) she learned her business and won admirers. She was among the many well-known players who at one time or another appeared on the stage of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre under the Bancrofts; but her chief successes were won at the Queen's Theatre, in Long-acre. She was one of the brilliant company brought together by Alfred Wigan to play in that theatre at its opening in 1867—a company which included also Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham, Lionel Brough, and J. L. Toole. Later she herself assumed the management of the house. One of her productions was Mr. Labouchere's version of Sardou's "Patrie," called "Fatherland," in which she played with great success the part of Dolores (Countess Rysoor). After her retirement her days were spent chiefly at Pope's Villa, Twickenham, and later at Mr. Labouchere's villa near Florence.

Music.

Correct Principles of Classical Singing. By Max Heinrich. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50 net.

My Voice and I. By Clara Kathleen Rogers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

Most people think it must be great fun to be an opera or concert singer, but Sir Charles Santley wrote at the age of seventy-four that no gold or applause could repay the toil and the disappointments of a singer's life. Judging by his descriptions and those of other great artists one gets the impression that singers, every time they appear in public, have to endure hours of mental agony comparable to that of a man awaiting the hour when he is to be hanged; and few, if any, are exempt. Max Heinrich, admired for thirty years as one of the best of oratorio and lieder singers, declares that he has known nearly all of the celebrated singers and players of our time and none of them was exempt from this battle with the nerves. Young singers are assailed by it fully twenty-four hours before the actual moment of the ordeal:

> A beating heart, flushed cheeks, spasmodic respiration . . . sometimes literally to the point of nausea; . . . the restless, perturbed sleep of that last night before the concert; the fear of the critic; the fast-approaching hour; at last the moment of actual appearance—heart in mouth—ah! who among you has not been condemned to live through this agony?

Stage-fright is only one of the many difficulties that confront singers. Mr. Heinrich divides these difficulties into two kinds, the mechanical and the intellectual. Under the first head come voice production and placing, and breath control; under the second, phrasing, diction, tone color, and personality. To each of these he gives a chapter, writing about it in a rambling way. While correct voice production and placing are of the utmost importance, he thinks most students give too much time to it, to the neglect of the intellectual problems—those which make an artist of a singer. The author relates, with pardonable pride, how he once sang for the

redoubtable Hans von Bülow. Beginning with a Schubert song, he added another, and followed it up with one by Schumann. Bülow came closer to the piano, but made no comment till Mr. Heinrich (who was playing his own accompaniments) got to the middle of Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Königin?" when the great pianist suddenly hit him forcibly on the back and exclaimed: "You are a liar! You said you were a singer! You are not a singer; you are an artist!"

What Bülow meant by this becomes clear to any student or teacher or mature singer who will read this book. Max Heinrich is a singer of the Wüllner type; he showed to Americans long before Dr. Wüllner crossed the ocean that there are things in vocal music more important than a beautiful voice—more important not only from an æsthetic point of view, but as a means of swaying an audience and making every one eager to come again. After discoursing on diction, on the art of coloring tones, and the meaning of personality, the author proceeds to discuss oratorio singing, with especial reference to the traditions relating to recitative. He speaks scornfully of opera singers who flounder when attempting oratorio, which, like Ffrangcon Davies, he evidently regards as a higher form of art than opera. Whether it be so or not, need not now be discussed. Recognizing the importance of details, Mr. Heinrich devotes the last hundred pages of his valuable little book to excerpts in musical type, from oratorios and songs, with hints as to coloring, phrasing, diction, and breathing. An important feature in these directions is the use of special signs to indicate not only where the singer is to breathe, but where he is not to do so, untimely breathing being the most frequent cause of incorrect phrasing, which both mars the melodic curve and makes the words unintelligible.

Clara Kathleen Rogers's book is also concerned with those higher problems of singing which have come more to the fore since Dr. Wüllner visited us. It is dedicated "to those who follow art not as a means of distinguishing themselves, but of fulfilling their highest possibilities." By inheritance and experience she is well qualified to write on the art of singing. Her father, John Barnett, is referred to by Grove as "the father of English opera," and her musically gifted mother was a daughter of the famous violoncellist, Robert Lindley. She studied under such eminent teachers as San Giovanni and Hans von Bülow, sang in opera and concerts with the Parepa Rosa and other companies, and finally became a teacher. Her stage name was Clara Doria, and she was born in 1844. Seven years ago she wrote a book entitled "The Philosophy of Singing," which was favorably commented on.

Her new volume is not so egotistic as its title, "My Voice and I," might seem to indicate. There is nothing personal in the book, her own voice and art not being referred to at all, although she does introduce here and there valuable illustrations drawn from her long experience as a teacher. In choosing that title she was guided by the desire to indicate that, unlike most writers on the art of singing, she wished to discourse on the relation of voice to the singer rather than on its relation to its physical organ. Laryngology is useful to throat specialists, and teachers should know about it, as an aid in locating faults of tone production; but students are not only not helped by such knowledge, but actually hindered. What they need is a model; they must have opportunity to hear good singers and thus get into their minds correct ideas of the tones they wish to emit, whereupon the throat muscles will instinctively produce them. This is supposed to have been the "old Italian method."

In his "Psychology of Singing" David C. Taylor developed the same idea; and it is surprising that Mrs. Rogers does not refer to his book. However, her treatment of the same theme has many interesting features, and there is much additional information and discussion of value to all singers and teachers. Her remarks on the superiority of dramatic singing to merely beautiful singing are particularly commendable.

Mrs. C. Milligan Fox has been busy among the peasants of Ireland noting down folk songs, not a few of which, she is convinced, have never been put into type. She has in press a book entitled "The Bunting Papers and Memories of Irish Harpers," and will lecture on this topic in American cities this season.

Another American has been honored. Paderewski, who last July presented Poland with a magnificent monument to the Polish kings at Cracow, was to have given a recital at the Chopin centennial in Lemberg, but owing to an attack of rheumatism, he had to give up the project. Asked to name the pianist whom he would prefer to take his place, he suggested Ernst Schelling, who was at once accepted by the committee. He gave a Chopin recital, which justified his selection.

Concerning Lillian Nordica's brilliant success as Isolde at the Paris Grand Opéra, the London *Telegraph* says:

The student element in Paris took special interest in the venture, and there were scores of pupils of the Conservatoire and of all the famous teachers to be seen among the audience. They were not the least impressed by the extraordinarily pure and perfect rendering of the title rôle. The singer's voice was as superb as ever. Her method, her style, and her masterful art were a revelation to the young aspirants to the operatic stage, whose number is legion in Paris.

By way of celebrating the seventy-fifth birthday of the greatest composer (with the exception of Bizet) that France has ever produced, a Saint-Saëns concert was given in Paris a few weeks ago, in which Ysaye and Hollmann took part. The programme included a new work by the aged master, entitled "The Muse and the Poet." He calls it a symphonic poem, but it is really a concerto for violin and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment. The themes are said to have a melancholy character. Other works by Saint-Saëns played on this occasion were the symphonic poems "Phaeton" and "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," the "Andromache" overture, the "Heroic March," the violoncello concerto, and the "Rondo Capriccioso."

Art.

MR. VEDDER'S REMINISCENCES.

The Digressions of V. Written for his own Fun and that of his Friends. By Elihu Vedder. Many illustrations by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6 net.

At the beginning of this book the banner of whim is flaunted in a most curious combination of prefaces and perorations interlarded with digressions. Mr. Vedder is open-hearted; the wholly decorous or systematic reader is eliminated at the outset. Throughout the recollections the method is circular. No association is resisted; far-away events are linked together in surprising fashion, yet the whole gives a fairly unified impression of shrewd and delicately self-conscious old age groping tenderly back for the vestiges of youth and more vigorous manhood. To increase the composite character of the story, poems in the artist's lettering, with pictorial settings, are interpolated as half-titles to the main sections. Of course this autobiography, depending not on journals but on memory, is emphatically "Truth and Poesy," but the many ingredients combine in a portrait essentially consistent and credible.

The most charming part of an autobiography is likely to be the childhood chapters, and Mr. Vedder's is no exception. His own childhood was passed between old New York, the still Dutch town of Schenectady, whence the family sprung, with casual schooling at Moriches, Long Island. We glimpse the manners of a simpler time, and catch some racy tang of characters rich in idiosyncrasy. The inventive streak in Elihu Vedder is ascribed to an ill-balanced English uncle, who left the lad as inheritance a kind of alchemist's laboratory and the quest of perpetual motion. What made young Vedder a hero among the boys was his Cuban trips. There his father sought an uncertain fortune, while the motherless boy varied an erratic schooling with deep draughts of tropic indolence. Of this life Mr. Vedder tells with gusto. An extract may illustrate the easy literary fashion of the book:

Guanahai was an easy going place, both in manners and customs. My bed was of

rawhide, as smooth and hollow as a Japanese lacquered bowl. You simply slid down to the middle of it—the sheet became a rope under you, and was discarded. A sheet, a pillow, and a mosquito-net formed the outfit. My dress was equally simple: A pair of trousers, a shirt worn outside, a pair of low canvas shoes, a sombrero. Add to these a pair of spurs, a handkerchief around the waist, another about the neck, another tied on the head, and the sombrero on top, and I was dressed for the day. I must not omit the long practical knife, thrust into the handkerchief at the waist. And the day consisted of a visit to a coffee or sugar plantation, and the evening of sitting with chair tipped against the wall of my friend, the apothecary's shop. That is—when I did not go to a few houses beyond to sit and gaze into the eyes of Dolores.

These very eyes here turn languidly upon the reader from an unskilful boyish sketch which yet tells of the premature splendors of this Cuban sweetheart. Almost from infancy Mr. Vedder has kept his sketches, and these records dotted through the pages are an extraordinarily interesting feature of the book. One may regret that he has not presented more of those admirable chalk studies of recent years which are known only to the few privileged to examine his portfolios, but in making up the pictorial record irrespective of quality he has shown a sound autobiographical instinct. This reluctance to put his best foot forward is very characteristic of the book. Our author wishes to be liked merely as "V," the friend, the wit, and boon companion; he requires no official admiration and almost evades it. Of what is perhaps his most important work, the decorations in the Congressional Library, he tells no more than that he tried to make the paintings accord with the architecture. When he praises his own work it is likely to be some little study that has never left his studio. Only in the matter of the famous designs for the Rubáiyát does he give expected explanations, and then briefly. Similarly, in portraiture of his friends at Rome, he passes the celebrities, Charlotte Cushman, the Storys, and others, with a mere word, while he expatiates upon the good fellows of the Caffè Greco. There was Simmit, the zoölogist, who after simpler information had been absorbed would reveal the secret that the elephant gave birth to its young in carefully corded packages. There was Rauch, who, as he grew poorer and his dog older, found that meat did not agree with him. It continued to agree with the dog. For these vignettes of forgotten people—of Thomas Hotchkiss, who should have disputed the laurels of Inness; of Bonaiuti at Florence, who consumed a life in teaching and copying, while planning a single masterpiece eventually to be colored "in the manner of Titian"—for these amiable *ignoti* one can dispense with the great of the earth. We hope that Mr. Vedder may yet communicate his reminiscences of his celebrated acquaintance; his reticence in the present shows sound autobiographical tact. Too free an introduction of persons of importance would have sadly changed the character of the most informal of tales.

Rather oddly, Mr. Vedder has omitted from the illustrations what one regards as his important works. There is no material for the estimation of the illustrator of Omar and the mural decorator. Instead, we have intimate sketches, some in colors, closely associated with the text, we have always "V," and never the decorator of the Bowdoin Art Gallery, of the Congressional Library, and the C. P. Huntington house. It is not an art that is presented for criticism, but a versatile, whimsical, highly self-conscious personality that is to be taken or left. Here is a boy that invented a religion, a man who contrived phonetic alphabets, an autobiographer who expresses himself readily in both verse and prose of unliterary effectiveness, who passes blithely from pathos to buffoonery—a flexible, insinuating, multiform personality—here is "V," and according to your temperament you will take his book to your heart or put it on the family index.

It is a book of all sorts; no methodical review is possible, and in sampling it we can do no better than transcribe one of those extraordinarily vivid passages which crop out startlingly from the average texture of pathos and mirth. It is a Cuban scene.

> In going to the fishing grounds, we drifted along the coast in the dark, warm, tropic night, kept from going ashore by the land breeze, which came off to us laden with the strong smell of earth, and the odor of the flowers, the air tremulous with the trilling of thousands of tree-toads, sounding like innumerable silver sheep-bells. The starry sky was mirrored in the sea below, so we seemed between two skies, except when below the wave a phosphorescent track, like a shooting star, marked where some big fish was chasing a smaller one; for while all seemed peace, and in the mind of a lone boy thoughts akin to worship arose, in Nature all about him it was pitiless war; and death kept pace with life. This was impressed on me one day by a vision of sudden death which I have never forgotten.
>
> I was following the padron, who was casting his net. We were wading in the clear water, waist-deep, when I saw something on the bottom and called him back to look at it. It seemed a vigorous mass of vitality, of a rich velvet brown, and had large eyes. The padron at once tore it up from off the rocks, and it as quickly embraced his arm with its tenacles. This did not seem to concern him, for he managed to get at the under side of the animal, and fumbling at its very vitals, brought it to his mouth and gave it a quick, sharp bite. At once over this rich brown live thing, spreading to the end of its arms, passed an ashy pallor, the arms fell limply off, and he threw the dead thing into the basket at his back.

Surely, the painter has digressed in another art with surprising success. Lafcadio Hearn himself need not have been ashamed to avow these paragraphs.

On one occasion young Vedder almost persuaded Emerson that the artist must live abroad among the archives of his trade. After a fitful struggle in New York in war-time, "V" went back to Rome to practise his own preaching for many years. At Paris he had already passed through the classical atelier of Picot, at Florence had studied with the literalist Bonaiuti. There he fell under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. In short, every reactionary or obsolescent school had a hand in his training, and it is remarkable that he weathered his education. He writes in rueful self-analysis:

> My pictures always have to me a home-made air which I don't like. I mean, they lack the air of a period or school, and this—I say it seriously—seems to me a great defect. I commenced with a great love of color and a strong sense of the solidity of form; but drawing killed the color, and atmosphere weakened the form, and reduced me to what I am. I loved landscape, but was urged to paint the figure; thus my landscape was spoiled by the time devoted to the figure; and the figure suffered by my constant flirting with landscape. What I felt strongly, I could strongly express in the sketch, but the finished picture killed the feeling—and then in addition, all became sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. I was accused of having imagination.

To such self-criticism nothing may profitably be added except that this minute training and eclectically cultivated sensibility, made Mr. Vedder an ideal illustrator of the quatrains of Omar. A somewhat moody and highly sensuous quality that overweights much of the work, here gains interpretative value. The influence of Blake is freely admitted, but this homage to the poet painter is temperamental and never sinks to obvious imitation. It would not be surprising if the public verdict were right in accounting this peculiar blend of Persian and modern mysticism Mr. Vedder's most permanent achievement. Among Mr. Vedder's many artistic inventions this autobiography is not the least noteworthy.

In "The Story of Spanish Painting" (Century Company) Charles H. Caffin shows his familiar qualities of ready sympathy and literary deftness, and, profiting by the compactness of the theme, produces a more unitary effect than he did in the similar handbook on the painting of Holland. El Greco finds in our author an unwavering advocate, Ribera a discreet apologist. The closing sentiment of the chapter on Greco is characteristic enough to be quoted.

> He (Greco) will help us to an understanding of other great artists of expression such as Michelangelo, Giotto, the nameless artists of the Byzantine period, and the known and unknown masters of Buddhistic art.

We can imagine this appealing with bene-

dictional force to a lecture audience, but closely analyzed it means that a peculiarly remote and cloistered manner of painting is the portal to the central styles. Probably no reader will commit the absurdity of approaching Giotto through Greco, and yet so persuasive is Mr. Caffin that he should hesitate to expose his flock to these hazards. There is an ancient Madonna at Seville which displays a "union of the feeling of Cimabue and Fra Angelico." No harm is meant by such analogies, but violence is done to clearness of appreciation. Take again the definition of impressionism:

> When we speak of an Impressionist, we mean one, who, in literature, or drama, or painting, or sculpture, colors his impressions according to the moods of his temperament.

Clearly such a definition would comfortably include Claude Lorrain, Ruysdael, Monet, and Winslow Homer. It would exclude only completely frigid artists if such there be. We regret especially Mr. Caffin's careless use of language in all generalizations, because the substance of his concrete criticisms is sound, agreeably expressed, and likely to do good. This book, as its predecessors, will be popular. More's the pity then that an occasional rhetorical sally of an extraneous sort may make the reader suspect that the business of generalization is a mere occasion for bandying fine words. The book is attractively made and well illustrated.

The successful exhibition of Chinese and Japanese works of art at Munich in 1909, and the large Mohammedan exhibition recently held there, indicate a very lively interest in the development of these departments of Oriental culture. Additional evidence of it is furnished by Dr. Oskar Münsterherg's "Chinesische Kunstgeschichte," the first volume of which, treating of painting and sculpture in the pre-Buddhistic period, has just been published by Max Schreiber in Esslingen on the Neckar. The second and concluding volume on Chinese architecture and artistic handicraft will appear in 1911. The author has devoted himself with diligence and ability to the study of the growth and character of civilization, and especially the evolution of the fine arts in eastern Asia, and has embodied his researches in several works, including a history of Japanese art in three volumes (1904-1907). Chinese art, it is stated, began to be influenced by that of Greece and Rome as early as the eighth century before the Christian era, and reached its highest point of perfection about twenty centuries later (A. D. 960-1280). The masterpieces produced during this period exerted a marked influence on European art, especially perceptible, our author suggests, in the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Watteau. The Chinese emperors, as a rule, were ardent lovers of works of art, and devoted themselves with great zeal and good taste to making collections of them. The gallery of the Emperor Huitsung is said to have contained 6,192 paintings, all of which were destroyed by invading Tartars. The catalogue in twenty volumes still exists, but the pictures can be seen only in a few Japanese copies. These constantly occurring devastations account for the disappearance of the originals, so that it is now impossible to find them in any part of the immense empire, or to form any proper conception of the quantity produced or of their inestimable value. Dr. Münsterberg has opened an entirely new and extremely interesting field of research, and has already gathered considerable material pertaining to the subject. The book is richly illustrated, containing fifteen colored plates and 321 engravings in the text. The price of the first volume, unbound (pp. xvi, 352, 8vo.), is twenty marks, or five dollars.

Justin Chrysostome Sanson, the French sculptor, died in Paris a fortnight since, at the age of seventy-seven. He was the author of many busts and medallions of celebrities, and had exhibited at the Salon for the past fifty years.

Finance.

THE COMMISSION AND THE CURRENCY.

In his speech the other day before the Academy of Political Science, Senator Aldrich said of the Monetary Commission's work:

> We commence to-day, I think I may safely say, our work upon another and even more important phase of the difficult task which has been assigned us. We intend to commence immediately the work of examination with a view of completing our work and of making our report of a plan, of some plan, for the approval of Congress at the earliest practicable moment.
>
> What we now propose to do is to seek counsel and to invoke the calm judgment of economists, of students, of men of affairs, of bankers, and business men, with reference to the work which we have in hand.

On the basis of this statement by the chairman of the Monetary Commission, Washington advices have been predicting efforts to bring about the immediate enactment of a currency and banking bill at the coming final session of the Sixty-first Congress. It is difficult to share that particular expectation. This session of Congress will expire by law on the fourth of March, and it would be an unprecedented feat to construct, propose, consider, and enact, in that short interval, so complicated a scheme of legislation as the reform of the banking system. It will be said, perhaps, that the Specie Resumption act was passed in the last weeks of an expiring Congress, whose Republican majority had just been defeated at the polls. But the subject of specie resumption had been before the people for a decade; intelligent opinion, in and out of Congress, had pretty solidly crystallized on the practical basis of reform, and the drafting of the law was simplicity itself, compared with the present problem. To-day, even the party at present dominant in Congress is not agreed regarding the plan of currency reform. It is doubtful if the Monetary Commission itself has reached any formal conclusion as to plans and alternatives; to the public, at any rate, the views of most of its members are unknown.

These facts are not recited for the purpose of discountenancing the discussion. On the contrary, it is high time that the Monetary Commission, which has been in existence since May of 1908, should take measures toward some definite proposition or propositions. This is an indispensable first step, because, as Mr. Jacob H. Schiff has correctly said, public discussion is bound to be largely suspended until the Commission makes its own report. That report might submit one plan or more than one; it might present the Commission's unanimous judgment or it might embody majority and minority conclusions. But until some conclusion is officially reached, it will be difficult for the community at large to look upon the discussion as practical.

Opinion at Washington seems to be that such a report would favor, exclusively or alternatively, the Central Bank expedient. This impression has presumably arisen from the fact that the Central Bank has been avowedly favored by Mr. Aldrich, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and by Mr. Vreeland, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House. After adjournment of this Congress, however, neither Senator Aldrich nor Mr. Vreeland will occupy his present chairmanship; indeed, it is a rather curious fact that, out of the eighteen members of the Monetary Commission, no less than eleven have either died, or announced their retirement from public life, or been defeated for reëlection. Exactly what will be the bearing of this fact on the Congressional prestige attaching to the Commission's recommendations, it is somewhat difficult to say; but the fact itself cannot be wholly dismissed from calculations of legislative probabilities.

The strongest argument for a reform in our banking system, based upon a centralized reserve and centralized power of issue, was stated, in a recent address by Paul M. Warburg, who thus set forth what he deemed the *sine qua non* of effective reform:

> Cash reserves must be centralized into one strong organization where they will be available when needed, and where they will command such confidence that they will not be withdrawn except for actual circulation or gold exports.
>
> In order to secure the free return of cash into the central reservoir there must be some means of exchange between the central reservoir and banks, so that banks may rely on their ability to build up with the central reservoir a credit balance against which they may draw cash if necessary. This medium of exchange must be commercial paper.
>
> Fluidity of credit must be our final aim. A sound financial system must mobilize its commercial paper and make it a quick

asset instead of a lock-up. Mobilized commercial paper must finally become the most important basis of our financial structure instead of bonds and loans on Stock Exchange collateral.

This statement of the case touches a most serious evil of the existing system—the evil which many practical observers consider largely responsible for the others. It is the practice of accumulating in the larger city banks the country's temporarily idle credit fund, of paying interest for the use of it, and of lending it out, in prodigious sums, to houses which use it for Stock Exchange speculation. In this practice, and not in any defect of note-issue powers, the student familiar with the history of Wall Street will almost invariably find the explanation of our 25 and 50 per cent. call money rates. It is this practice, also, which explains why the regular autumn harvest movement so frequently involves collapse of financial values. How much it may have had to do with the peculiar banking phenomena of the panic of 1907, is at least a question worth considering.

As matters stand to-day, the currency and banking discussion will largely converge on the question whether the very desirable reforms prescribed by Mr. Warburg can be effected only through a Central Bank, or can be reached by a different reorganization of our banking machinery. The further problems of the part which a Central Bank, considered by itself, would play on our financial stage, and of the attitude of the other sections of the country towards such an institution, will also come up for due consideration.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, L. The Spirit of Democracy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Acton, Lord. Lectures on the French Revolution. Macmillan. $3.25 net.

Ansell, F. J., and Fraprie, F. R. The Art of the Munich Galleries. Boston: Page. $2 net.

Archer, G. L. Ethical Obligations of the Lawyer. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Bailey, H. T. When Little Souls Awake. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.

Baldwin, James. Stories of Don Quixote written anew for young people. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Barbour, R. H. The Golden Heart. Illustrated in color. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.

Beach, E. L. An Annapolis First Classman. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Bedier's Romance of Tristram and Iseult. Translated by F. Simmonds. Illustrated by M. Lalau. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75 net.

Belloc, H. On Anything. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Blake, E. C. The Great Moments in a Woman's Life. Chicago: Forbes. 75 cents.

Bolton, C. K. Scotch-Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America. Boston: Bacon & Brown.

Bonaparte. The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in His Own Words. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.

Bowne, B. P. The Essence of Religion. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Brailsford, E. J. The Spiritual Senso in Sacred Legend. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.

Bray, M. M. My Grandmother's Garden, and An Orchard Ancestral. Boston: Badger.

Brierley, J. Life and the Ideal. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Brooks, R. C. Corruption in American Politics and Life. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

Brown, C. R. The Cap and Gown. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1. net.

Browning's The Pied Piper of Hamelin. Illustrated in color by Hope Dunlap. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.

Bussell, F. W. The Roman Empire. 2 vols. Longmans.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol IX. Lapr-Mass. Robert Appleton.

Clarke, H. A. Hawthorne's Country. Baker & Taylor.

Cervantes' Don Quixote. Trans. into English by R. Smith. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Chamberlain, H. S. Tho Foundations of the Nineteenth Century: A Translation from the German by John Lees. 2 vols. Lane. $10 net.

Cook, A. S. The Authorized Version of the Bible and Its Influence. Putnam. $1 net.

Coolidge, D. Hidden Water. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Curtis, A. T. Grandpa's Little Girls' House Boat Party. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Cynewulf. Poems. Translated into English. Prose by C. W. Kennedy. Dutton. $2 net.

Dillon, E. Porcelain and How to Collect It. Dutton. $2 net.

Dryden. Selected Dramas, edited with introduction and notes by G. R. Noyes. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. $2.25.

Dunham, W. R. Science of Human Life. Boston: Badger.

Earl, J. P. Captain of the School Team. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Ehrmann, M. Poems. Dodge Publishing Company. $1.50.

Ellwood, C. A. Sociology and Modern Social Problems. American Book Company.

Emerson. Journals: 1833-1835, 1836-1838. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net, each.

Erckmann-Chatrian. The History of a Conscript of 1813. London: Bell.

Ernst, O. Blühender Lorbeer. Leipzig: L. Staackmann.

Essary, J. T. Tennessee Mountaineers in Type; a Collection of Stories. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.08.

Field, E. Poems. Scribner's. $2 net.

Field, W. T. What Is Success? Boston: Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.

Firth, C. H. The House of Lords During the Civil War. Longmans.

Forbush, W. B. Church Work with Boys. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

Fox, F. M. Seven Little Wise Men. Boston: Page.

Fulda's Der Dummkopf. Introduction and notes by W. K. Stewart. Holt.

Garnett, Louise A. The Rhyming Ring, with pictures by Hope Dunlap. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25.

Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar. Second English edition revised by A. E. Cowley. Oxford University Press. $5.25.

Goold, W. D. The Dream-Road and Other Verses. Boston: Sherman. French. $1 net.

Gould, E. L. Felicia's Visits. Phila.: Penn. Pub. Co. $1.

Gould, E. L. The Admiral's Little Housekeeper. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.

Griffith, H. S. Letty and the Twins. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Grissom, I. W. The Superintendent. Alice Harriman Co. $1.35 net.

Guiterman, A. A Book of Hospitalities and a Record of Guests. San Francisco: Elder. $1.50.

Gutzkow's Uriel Acosta. Intro. and notes by S. W. Cutting and A. C. von Noé. Holt.

Hale, E. E., and Brewer, D. J. Mohonk Addresses. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.

Hanson, J. M. Frontier Ballads. Chicago: McClurg. $1.

Hanson, J. M. With Sully into the Sioux Land. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.

Hagood, J. Memoirs of the War of Secession. Columbia, S. C.: The State Co.

Hare, T. T. A Senior Quarter-back. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.

Hartley, C. G. Things Seen in Spain. Dutton. 75 cents net.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. xxi, 1910. Cambridge, Mass.

Hay, M. The Winter Queen: Being the Unhappy History of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.

Heinrich, M. Correct Principles of Classical Singing. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50 net.

Higgins, A. C. A Little Princess of the Pines. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25.

Holbrook, F. Hiawatha Alphabet. Chicago: Rand McNally.

Howard, W. G. Laokoon: Lessing, Herder, Goethe. Selections. Holt.

Howe, M. Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. Boston: Little, Brown.

Huey, M. M. Marjorie Moxie, Her Experiences. Chicago: Rand, McNally.

Hurlbut, J. L. The Superintendent's Helper, 1911. Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.

Husband, M. F. A. A Dictionary of the Characters in the Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott. Dutton. $3 net.

Ingelow, J. Mopsa the Fairy. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

International Studio. Autumn Number: Peasant Art in Sweden, Lapland, and Iceland. Lane. $3 net.

Isham, F. S. The Social Buccaneer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

James G. W. Heroes of California. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.

Jefferson, C. E. An Original Year; Congregationalism. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents; 35 cents, net.

Johnson, A. T. Chickens and How to Raise Them. Philadelphia: Penn Pub Co.

Johnston, A. F. Mary Ware in Texas. Boston: Page. $1.50.

Johnston, R. F. Lion and Dragon in Northern China. Dutton. $5 net.

Kennedy, C. W. The Poems of Cynewulf.

Krout, M. H. Platters and Pipkins. Chicago: McClurg.

Lambert, M. B. Handbook of German Idioms. Holt.

Lang. A. The World of Homer. Longmans.

Lee, A. L. A Freshman Co-Ed. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Le Rossignol, J. E., and Stewart, W. D. State Socialism in New Zealand. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Lewis, H. P. Lippincott's Primer. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Lloyd, H. D. Lords of Industry. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Lobstein, P. An Introduction to Protestant Dogmatics. Translated from the French by A. M. Smith. University of Chicago Press. $1.62.

London, J. Theft: A Play in Four Acts. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Lucas, E. V. The Slowcoach. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Lyman, A. J. Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms. Boston: Pilgrim. 50 cents.

McIntyre, J. T. Ashton-Kirk, Investigator. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

McIntyre, J. T. The Young Continentals at Bunker Hill. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.

Mackail, J. W. Lectures on Greek Poetry. Longmans.

Madison, L. F. Peggy Owen, Patriot. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25.

Malet, L. The Golden Galleon. Doran. $1.20 net.

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Michel, E. Great Masters of Landscape Painting. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Mileham, G. S. Churches in Lower Nubia. University of Pennsylvania Museum. Philadelphia.
Miller, D. S. A Drum's Story and Other Tales. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co. $1.
Mills, J. C. Our Inland Seas. Chicago: McClurg. $1.75 net.
Modjeska. Memories and Impressions. Macmillan. $4 net.
Moore, A. W. Pragmatism and Its Critics. University of Chicago Press. $1.36.
Morris, C. Industrial and Commercial Geography. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Mudge, I. G., and Sears, M. E. A Thackeray Dictionary. Dutton. $3 net.
Narrative Bible. Edited for young people by Clifton Johnson. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
Neihardt, J. G. The River and I. Putnam. $2 net.
Newton, J. F. Lincoln and Herndon. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $3 net.
Newton, W. W. How to Speak, Read, and Write. Cochrane Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Norton, S. A. The Call of the Heights. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1910.

The Week.

All the glowing predictions of important Republican enactments during the coming short session of Congress are cruelly shattered by Speaker Cannon, who is now in Washington. Uncle Joe is not lacking in sympathy with the proposed legislation, but sets his experience against other men's hopes. "It has been my experience," he placidly remarks, "that when a party has been beaten at the polls, it has been unable to enact such legislation at the ensuing short session of Congress." In Mr. Cannon we evidently have a case where old experience doth attain to something of prophetic strain. And in this instance he is in line with other seasoned prophets like Congressman Mann. What they have in mind is not so much unwillingness as impossibility. In the short session, the passing of the necessary appropriation bills takes up so much of the time that any other legislation has to be enacted virtually by consent. Especially in the Senate, the rules permit any two or three determined men to kill for the session any measure to which they are resolutely opposed. Hence we may as well resign ourselves to the prospect of a session legislatively barren.

Of the strength of the sentiment in favor of Edward M. Shepard's election as United States Senator from New York, there can be no manner of doubt. The remarkable thing about the many expressions of opinion that have appeared is the simple statement of his manifest superiority, in point of qualification for the office, to any other candidate that can be named. This, it is felt on all hands, will hardly be disputed. Mayor Gaynor's words were: "He is the man above all others to represent New York State at Washington." The same sentiment is expressed, in varying forms, and with or without specification of detailed reasons, by one representative man and representative newspaper after another. Commenting on the Brooklyn *Eagle's* remark that "more Senatorial qualifications centre in him than in any other member of the party who is now proposed for the office," the Syracuse *Herald* says: "The press of this State, with very few exceptions, will cordially subscribe to this estimate of Edward M. Shepard." And this up-State newspaper goes on to argue against giving any weight to the consideration that Mr. Shepard's election would make both the Senators residents of New York city, pointing out that the fact that Roscoe Conkling was a resident of the little city of Utica did not prevent a Democratic Legislature from electing Francis Kernan, of the same place, as his colleague.

The anti-Lodge press in Massachusetts is concerned lest the Senator, imitating Speaker Cannon, obtain his ends by summoning Democratic assistance. The Boston *Herald*, which is friendly or neutral, declares that Mr. Lodge "seems confident of enough support from the Democratic side of the Legislature to offset any possible Republican insurgency." "The answer of Republican progressives to this threat," says the Boston *Common*, "should be a flat refusal to go near the caucus." The caucus surely seems unnecessary to bind Republicans already committed to Lodge, and those opposed to him are, it is to be hoped, of sufficient backbone to refuse to enter the caucus or be bound by it. As the Boston *Common* says, in this case the caucus is "a device of machine politicians to fetter personal conviction." Altogether, Mr. Lodge's situation is one of growing interest. Arrayed against him are all the Republican progressives in Massachusetts, the men who sympathize with Cummins, Beveridge, La Follette, and their wing of the party in the nation. Yet their chief spokesman is to be the Democratic Governor-elect, since no Republican of any prominence has dared to come out openly against Senator Lodge.

Pathetic despair over the failure of popular government has suddenly darkened the sky of a few newspapers hitherto noted for cheerfulness. Thus the Indianapolis *Star*:

> It is impossible to derive any reassurance from at least one aspect of current affairs, and that is the ominous discouragement of modest merit in public life.

This conclusion sets one searching for the premises, which, in the editorial quoted from, are so far away that one finds himself almost back at its beginning before he comes upon them. But they are well worth the trouble of discovering. Sometimes, it seems, you can get the attention of the people to a fight over organized privilege, "but often in a critical emergency they will fail." For example:

> In the recent election, two champions of the square deal were beaten—Roosevelt and Beveridge.

So there we have the new synonyms for "modest merit."

The attempt of the Baltimore City Council to segregate the negroes of that municipality by prescribing zones within which they may live is so obviously doomed to defeat in the courts as to be hardly worth discussing. It is so conspicuously an interference with the constitutional guarantees, and is so fundamental a blow at the right to hold property, that no honest court could for a moment sustain it. To parallel it, one must recall the Pale in Russia and the mediæval attempts to prescribe residence districts for each and every guild or class of citizens.

> SAN FRANCISCO, November 23.—The Court of Appeals of the First District sustained to-day the conviction of Abraham Ruef, and denied him a new trial. Ruef had been sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment and was at liberty on bail.
>
> Ruef's attorneys will be allowed forty days in which to prepare an appeal to the State Supreme Court.

And if at the end of the forty days, and at the end of the argument before the State Supreme Court, and after that court has taken due time to consider the various metaphysical subtleties that may be interposed between Ruef's crimes and his punishment—if, after all this, Ruef shall finally, years after his prosecution began, come down to serving a term of imprisonment, how much will be left of the moral effect that would have been produced had this notoriously corrupt politician been promptly visited with the penalty of his crimes when they were first brought home to him? That is what would have happened under the business-like and efficient methods of the English courts. Is there

a single human being in this country who imagines that these delays and uncertainties, these gigantic struggles that are necessary to compass the punishment of a single rascal, have any relation to the accurate ascertainment of the truth?

Under analysis, Mr. James J. Hill's somewhat gloomy forecast of the industrial situation resolves itself into the declaration that the country is likely, next year, to proceed at a slackened pace in construction and expansion. But we imagine that the majority of observant people had reached the same conclusion before reading Mr. Hill's St Paul interview. There were numerous reasons for such expectations. One arose from the knowledge of all experienced men that what Wall Street calls "boom times" never continue uninterruptedly; that it is the habit of all industrial communities, and of the United States especially, to move forward, in a sense, by fits and starts—in other words, to overdo the expansion so far in one year or series of years that a subsequent period of relaxation is inevitable while the country is growing up to the rapidly expanded facilities, and is liquidating the debt contracted to introduce them. Another and more immediate reason for belief in slackening activity lay in the feeling of thoughtful business men that there was something unreal and unsubstantial in the "boom" which followed so swiftly on the heels of 1907. All other great panics in our history have been followed by a season of much more thorough rest and recuperation.

The internal revenue figures for the fiscal year ended June 30, with their showing of a great increase in the manufacture of liquors, are doubly curious, as not only coming in the face of the prohibition and local option movement, but also as contrasting with the extraordinary decline in the consumption of liquor in the United Kingdom which has been reported in recent British official figures. However, the figures do not have quite the significance that may at first sight be attached to them. The amount of distilled spirits, for example, is stated as 163,000,000 gallons, being "30,000,000 gallons more than the year before," which seems to show an astonishing growth of the use of spirits; but if we look further back into the figures we get a very important modification of our conclusions. For the fiscal year 1909 was virtually even with 1908, when the amount was 134,000,000 gallons; and the preceding year, 1907, gave the vastly greater total of 175,000,000 gallons. So the fact is that the prohibition agitation caused a very great drop in the production of distilled spirits, and what happened in the last fiscal year was only a recovery from that drop; even so, the amount was 12,000,000 gallons less than it had been three years ago.

There is one point raised in the Government's bill of complaint against the Sugar Trust upon which it is devoutly to be wished that the Supreme Court may find it in its heart to lay down the law in broad and illuminating language. There is probably no question connected with anti-monopoly legislation that touches the interests both of consumers and of independent producers, in all fields, more nearly than that relating to exclusive dealing under compulsion. The Government's complaint in the Sugar Trust case charges that "by using their great power they [the defendants] have successfully demanded that brokers and other intermediaries should handle their products alone, and have forced them to treat rival products unfairly and unlawfully, and for a long time they wrongfully induced members of various wholesale grocers' associations throughout the country to purchase and handle their sugar exclusively." It was largely with a view to enacting express prohibitions of such practices in place of the general and indefinite provisions of the Sherman Act that President Taft and others, not very long ago, advocated the repeal or modification of that act and the substitution in its stead of legislation of a more specific character.

A law suit of national importance has been begun in Ohio against the county commissioners of Licking County. It has been brought under the Ohio Anti-Lynching law by the administrator of the estate of Carl Etherington, the detective of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League who was lynched by a mob in Licking County, because of his activities in procuring evidence against lawless saloons. Gov. Harmon promptly removed the Mayor of the town, in accordance with this same law. Now, the question of money damages has come up. There are those who have held for years past that under the common law actions would lie against negligent civil authorities who took possession of persons accused of crime and failed to protect them from the fury of Judge Lynch. The Ohio law directly makes the county liable, and this test case which will settle the constitutionality of the law will be watched all over the Union. Should it be upheld, it is bound to prove a great deterrent to mobs. It is all very well to hang or burn a man out of hand, but when you have to pay a high price for the afternoon's entertainment, it is apt to appear differently both to lynchers and complaisant city officials.

The death of George F. Seward removes a citizen of whom New York could well be proud. An insurance-company president who knew precisely what answer to give to grafters and political blackmailers, he was wherever he went a standing refutation of the stupid charge that all New York business men in high positions are there merely to subvert the liberties of the people or to make money illegally. But Mr. Seward was far more than a mere business man. He was a diplomat of experience, great skill, and wide vision. As consul, consul-general, and minister to Korea and China for nineteen years, Mr. Seward knew the East as did few Americans. And far from having any contempt for the Oriental, he brought back from China a profound respect for the Chinese and an ever-ready indignation at their bad treatment by his country and his countrymen.

The ghost of the Hilprecht controversy has risen again, with every indication, however, that this is to be the "positively farewell appearance." Professor Hilprecht has presented his resignation both as professor of Assyriology at the University of Pennsylvania and as curator of the Babylonian Section of the university's Archæological Museum. It only remains for the board of trustees to take action, and it is difficult to see how, acting in the best interests of the institution, they can do anything else but accept. The controversies in which Professor Hilprecht has been involved have for many years been a disturbing

factor of a most serious character both within and without the University of Pennsylvania. He has divided the university into two camps. Outside of the university the cause of archæology has also been affected by the doubt and the confusion created in the public mind; and so on all sides a state of affairs has been engendered which ought to be brought to an end. The affairs of the University of Pennsylvania are about to be handed over to a new president, who appears to have the confidence and esteem of the faculty and the student body; and it is particularly important that the new administration should not be handicapped at the start.

Though the present attempts at revolution in Mexico—they can hardly be called more than attempts—came upon the world as a surprise, they have been long preparing, and their causes have not been hidden. As Diaz's power became more absolute, he used it more despotically. Though he had no real reason to fear political opposition, he would not brook it. Even free discussion got to be distasteful to him. Examples have been frequent and recent of his muzzling of editors and expulsion of candidates for even minor offices whom he did not approve. This plan of squatting on the safety-valve could not be persisted in for years, even in Mexico, without leading to an explosion. It seems to be the fact, also, that the very growth of industries and manufactures which has come about under the Diaz régime has furnished the means for a revolutionary propaganda. Workingmen cannot be assembled in great numbers without supplying a *nidus* for ideas opposed to tyrannical government. We have seen this to be true in Spain and Russia; we are now seeing it to be true in Mexico. That President Diaz is greatly perturbed by the uprising against him, the telegrams from Mexico assert, and it is easy to believe it. A serious revolution now would be not only an unhappy clouding of his closing years, but a severe impeachment of the wisdom and success of his rule. It is not to be seriously expected that he will change his methods. To a man of his mould, the lesson of the troubles will very probably seem to be that he has not made his policy of repression enough like iron.

Though it was only a mutiny, and not a revolution, of which the Brazilian navy gave an exhibition in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, it is an apt illustration of the danger of such toys as Dreadnoughts in undisciplined and reckless hands. The mutineers submitted themselves to the Government, but with a formal guarantee of amnesty, so that they will not be dealt with as military law would require. That being so, they have gained a good part of their object, and will also have established a vicious precedent. Indeed, last week's performance was probably inspired by the memory of the events in 1893 when the warships terrorized the city, defied the Government, and tied up commerce for several weeks. There is now a new precedent for a third mutiny.

Ireland is as gallantly to the fore as usual in the English election. The Ulster Unionists are already highly resolving that they will never, never submit to laws enacted by an Irish Parliament, and will pay no penny of taxes levied by a Dublin government. This is their neat way of driving home their favorite argument that the Irish Nationalists are too lawless to be trusted. If it comes to flouting laws they do not like, Ulster Irishmen will not be behind their countrymen in the South of Ireland, and will not give a fig for consistency. As for the prominence given by the Tories to Redmond and his "American dollars," this will no doubt make the Irish leader stronger than ever, though it may turn the scale in some close elections in England. It is somewhat comic that the "cry" of resisting the break-up of the Union by the use of American money should have been started by an Irishman, Mr. Garvin. The lead of this Irish editor has been followed tumultuously by the most respectable Conservative newspapers, which are always ready to recognize Irish political genius when it is enlisted on their side. But all this fierce denunciation of the venality of the Irish Nationalists might prove awkward if it turned out that the Irish held the balance of power in the next Parliament. In that event, Mr. Balfour would be as ready to make a bargain with them as Lord Salisbury was, and the propbecy of Lord Charles Russell might be fulfilled: "On my word, I often think that we shall get Home Rule from the Tories."

A new physical feature in Russia is significant of a new economic fact. This is the farmhouse of the peasant who has availed himself of M. Stolypin's Land Act, and is seeking to establish himself, in the language of an English newspaper correspondent, as a yeoman freeholder. The wisdom and the success of the experiment are shown by the circumstance that, after four years of operation, there have been less than three per cent. of protests from the new farmers, and these not because of any desire to go back to the old commune, but only because some of their neighbors have procured better bargains than they have. Many of the clergy are said to be opposed to the new system, on the ground that the migration of families to isolated farmhouses will be detrimental to the church.

Japan has given due notice of her intention to terminate her commercial treaties which went into effect with most of the leading nations on July 17, 1899. They were to be in force for twelve years, subject to termination, at the end of that period, on a year's notification in advance. The treaty with the United States contained a clause which apparently entitles our Government to insist that the whole shall be in effect until July 17, 1912; but even so it is known that our State Department has already concerned itself with the negotiations for a new agreement. The existing treaties, soon to be abrogated, contain a stipulation of fixed rates of duty on 150 specified products, when imported into Japan; and it is partly in order to levy protective rates on these articles that the Japanese Government has sought a free hand. The move has evidently troubled Japan's faithful allies, the English, and a deputation of British merchants has waited upon the Foreign Secretary to ask that steps be taken to keep English exports to Japan upon their present favorable footing. Sir Edward Grey replied that Great Britain could do nothing to prevent Japan from enacting a protective tariff. This will, of course, be hailed by the British protectionists as proof that the policy of free trade robs the Government of power to bring protected countries to terms by retaliation. But there seems no good reason why, because British trade with Japan is to be injured going, it should also be injured coming.

MR. KNAPP AND THE RAILWAYS.

Mr. Knapp, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, must have managed to instil a somewhat Delphic quality into his speech to the Railway Business Association last week. Thus, one of the newspaper headlines the next morning read: "Knapp Flouts Our Railroad Laws"; another, "For Railway Competition"; a third, "Fears Competition More Than Monopoly"; a fourth, "Head of Commission Favors Higher Rates." As a matter of fact, no one of these captions describes at all correctly the actual burden of Mr. Knapp's remarks, which derived such importance as they possess largely from the official position of the speaker and from the occasion on which he uttered them.

We must confess to a little doubt on our own part, however, as to the full scope intended by Mr. Knapp for some of his observations, and to a good deal of doubt regarding the propriety, under existing circumstances, of just such a public discussion by a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The questions on which the speaker touched, such as railway competition, railway combination, and railway revenue and dividends, are topics which largely underlie the rate controversy now pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission. Whether Mr. Knapp's views on these subjects were correct or not—and much of what he said was entirely sound—the uttering of them, *ex officio*, by the chairman of the Commission ignored the fact that the inquiry now pending is of a quasi-judicial character. The speech can hardly be called a fortunate precedent.

We also feel compelled to criticise Mr. Knapp's remarks for a certain obscurity in his dealing with some highly important questions, which may be explained, but would hardly be excused, by the fact that the speaker realized on what delicate ground he was treading. For instance, we find it somewhat difficult to understand what the Commissioner meant by "the system of unbridled competition which it is still our policy to enforce"—"a mistaken policy." If he was talking exclusively of the railways—the context seemed to indicate that he was—then we fail to see the basis for his statement. Enforcement by the Government of unbridled competition among the railways is about as far as we can imagine from a correct description of the present status; on the contrary, the whole crux of the present rate discussion lies in the fact, admitted by both sides, that competition has virtually ceased to exist in the function of railway rate-making, and that therefore restriction and supervision over the making of rates must be undertaken by the Government.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Knapp intended to set forth a view that competition is an obsolete means of progress in the field of industry at large, then he was taking upon his shoulders a pretty heavy burden of proof. We are quite aware that such a view has found wide acceptance, even in certain economic circles; but the argument, so far as it has been sanely and intelligently conducted, has in our judgment directed itself against what, in the earlier chapters of our industrial history, used to be known as "cut-throat competition." Even the more plausible of the arguments on that basis have encountered some difficulty in escaping the inference that monopoly, or if not monopoly then State ownership, would be the logical desideratum. But both these alternatives Mr. Knapp expressly rejected.

Exactly what Mr. Knapp means by the remark that "the error and futility of our efforts to make stationary rates I believe has been fully demonstrated," we find it difficult to understand. It is not conceivable that he applied this description to the power, newly granted to the Interstate Commerce Commission, of reviewing and in its judgment vetoing an advance in rates. That policy has never been asserted by the Government as a policy for stationary rates; and, in fact, the argument for a stationary price for anything that is sold has been made most persistently, not by the public authorities nor by the travelling and consuming public, but by an advocate so far removed from their position as the Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation. From his views on the policy of stationary rates, Mr. Knapp draws the conclusion that railway freight and passenger associations should be legally sanctioned. This is a conclusion at which very many thoughtful minds had already arrived; but scarcely, we imagine, through the process of deduction adopted by Mr. Knapp.

We have dwelt at some length on this speech, especially in its references to competition, because it seems to us to embody a good deal of the hasty and sweeping generalization which has of late become too familiar. All of us know the argument which begins with the assertion that "we have outgrown competition," and most of us, after listening awhile, have carried away the lurking suspicion that the presumption fairly launched the argument on the way to socialism. Mr. Knapp, for instance, correctly finds in old-time railway competition the root of the evils of discriminating rates, and therefore concludes that competition itself belongs to a bygone age. One might have wished for a word on what competition has done for railway service, and for Mr. Knapp's idea as to whether that service, at its best, would or would not have been achieved, and would or would not be likely to be perpetuated, without the stimulus of competition, and without the knowledge that unfit service would mean failure in the race, and consequent loss of that return on investments in the railway which Mr. Knapp would apparently somehow guarantee.

THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

Events in England have marched with unexampled swiftness. Scarcely had we heard of the failure of the Conference when it was given us to understand that another general election was imminent; and now we have the actual dissolution of a Parliament not yet a year old, with writs issued, the voting to begin immediately, and the new House of Commons to be chosen before Christmas. Such speed is almost unprecedented, and the whole procedure finds no parallel in the Constitutional text-books. It is the more important, therefore, to give close heed to what the leaders of the two parties say about the political crisis.

Let us first look at the Conservative position. This was stated by Mr. Balfour in his speech at Nottingham, and again in his reply to the Prime Minister in the Commons, as also by Lord Lansdowne in his statement in the House of Lords. It is, in brief, that, in the first place, there is no Constitutional warrant or political necessity for the abrupt procedure of the Ministry; and, furthermore, that the end avowed—namely, a reconstitution of the House of Lords, and a readjustment of its relations to the House of Commons—could be reached by fair discussion and mutual concessions in the existing Parliament. There

is undeniable force in the first point. The Government has not met with a defeat. No measure was pending on which it was desirable to take the opinion of the country. No Government bill had been rejected by the House of Lords. Here was a Parliament only ten months old, with an overwhelming coalition majority in the House of Commons; yet no business is attempted; no parley with the Opposition is sought; but a dissolution is rudely announced. On the other hand, if the object aimed at is to make over the House of Lords, here are the Lords themselves undertaking their own reform and passing the Rosebery resolutions, which, if not entirely satisfactory, at least furnish a basis for debate and for settlement within the Parliament. Under these circumstances, what could be more arbitrary, what more precipitate, than rushing into a general election on a stale register and at a time most disturbing to trade?

To this Conservative argument, which we have stated as strongly as possible, the Liberals make a vigorous reply. Mr. Asquith declares that he is facing, not forms, but realities. Technically, it may be true that the Ministry has not been blocked by the Lords, but, in actual fact, it has been. The veto resolutions which passed the Commons in April by large majorities, were certain of contemptuous rejection in the Lords. Mr. Balfour openly conceded this. Indeed, he made the admission, logically disastrous to his cause, that "an election could not be deferred for more than a relatively small number of weeks or months." That was on the safe assumption that the Lords would not agree to the plan of the Commons. Well, then, says Mr. Asquith, why delay the inevitable issue? The whole thing has got to be decided by the people, and they may as well do it at once as to wait. According to the implications of Mr. Balfour, there would have to be a general election every year—that is, every time the Lords threw out a Liberal measure. They threw out the budget last year, and were forced by the electors to accept it. If the Government should again send up the Education Act of 1906, or the Plural-Voting bill, they would throw them out again, and on each one force an appeal to the country. That sort of thing cannot go on. The general procedure behind particular bills must be fixed once for all. The Liberal party cannot tolerate the continuance of that condition of things in which, as Mr. Balfour once incautiously boasted, the Conservative party "would control, whether in power or whether in Opposition, the destinies of this great Empire."

This Liberal policy of Thorough is dialectically strong, beyond all question, but the doubt remains whether, in practical result, it will much advance matters. It is possible, though not probable, that Mr. Asquith will come back with such a greatly increased majority that the Lords will scuttle before him. But it is not at all likely that the country will give so clear a voice on the main question that the Government can proceed triumphantly to demand that the Lords shall accept the veto resolutions without altering a word. Even if they did, the infinitely difficult matters of detailed legislation would have to be threshed out in Parliament, and would almost infallibly lead to another Conference—or to another general election. Indeed, it is broadly hinted that what the King now hopes for, or even expects, is that the election will leave the balance of parties so little altered as to necessitate a second Conference which shall not fail like the first. In that event, all the throes of the general election would have done little but put the affair back where it was before.

At present, of course, Mr. Asquith is taking a high hand. He describes himself as going out to consult the will of the people, and declares that the Lords will have to submit themselves to it. This raises the question of the "guarantees" which he may have received from the King. On that point, he would not speak in the Commons, urging that the King must be kept out of party warfare. But Mr. Asquith's statement of last April is recalled, when he said, speaking of such a crisis as has since arisen, that a dissolution of Parliament would, "in no case," be resorted to, "except under such conditions as will secure that in the new Parliament the judgment of the people as expressed at the election will be carried into law." This is generally understood to mean a promise by the King to create enough Peers to force the veto resolutions through the House of Lords; and the inference is that Mr. Asquith has obtained such a pledge from King George. But that monarch may have agreed simply to use the influence of the Crown in other ways: by persuading the Lords to desist; or by insisting upon another Conference which shall not break up without ending the controversy. In any event, the country is facing the general election with many misgivings, in which such sober Liberals as Lord Courtney plainly share, not knowing what secure harbor lies beyond the troubled seas.

THE NEGRO AND THE UNIONS.

Mr. Gompers, in a telegram to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, made haste to deny that in his recent speech before the Federation of Labor Convention he had said "anything derogatory to the negro race or proposed to read the negro out of the labor movement." As reported, he had conveyed the impression that he wanted all negroes eliminated from unions because we could not expect "a people with all their traditions tending to tear down, to understand the fundamental philosophy of human rights; this is not a theory but a condition with which we have to deal." Not unnaturally, from Booker Washington down there have been protests. If the labor-union movement has any justification, it is because it intends or was originally intended to aid those classes least able to help themselves, the classes beset by ignorance and prejudice and exploited by greed and cunning. It is precisely for these reasons and the inability of the working women to vote that the movement to organize women workers in unions has been making headway in New York city.

If to become a philosopher first is essential to the acquirement of a union card, it is obvious that many cards would have to be revoked. Labor unions that draw the color-line or refuse admission to Italians or other nationalities give the lie to the union assertion that theirs is a movement for true economic equality and genuine democracy. But if Mr. Gompers denies that he attacked the negro race and wished to exclude them from the unions, there is nothing in his utterances at St. Louis or elsewhere which we have seen that indicates an earnest desire to enroll many negroes among his supporters or to give them a real welcome. He dwells upon the difficulties of handling the colored workers; he does not seem to declare that these are precisely the difficulties the union movement likes to

grapple with and meet. As a matter of fact, his attitude reflects, in the main, that of the unions throughout the country. Few welcome the negro with open arms, though there are some that do so, notably in the mining districts of Alabama. Some, like the engineers' union on the Central of Georgia Railway, would confine him to the lowest grade of engine-labor, while others, particularly in the North, are sullenly indifferent, or admit only a few men of color, if any.

Take the situation in New York city. According to Miss Mary White Ovington, who has given years to investigation, there were, in 1906, one hundred and two trades or divisions of trades which have no negro members. This discrimination, Miss Ovington feels, is due to the fact that there are few skilled negroes in the labor market, and that the union, "endeavoring to maintain a high standard of living for its members, may decide for a time to adopt a policy of restriction of membership," by means of excessive entrance dues, or by admitting for a long time only the friends of the men already in the organization. Miss Ovington finds that, while this policy bears hardest upon the negro, the Jew suffers from it, and to a smaller degree the Italian. But both of the latter are, in New York, in so much larger numbers that the unions feel them to be more of a menace to the institution, and therefore are more ready to admit them. "This discrimination is primarily economic, not racial, but it is hard to determine where economic motive ends and race or caste discrimination begins." Men in plenty are debarred solely because of their color; have not the locomotive engineers put the word white into their constitution?

So far as the American Federation of Labor is concerned, it originally took the position that it would admit no union which discriminated in its charter against the colored man. But that high ground has been abandoned. In 1902, it recognized the legality of excluding negroes from local unions, central labor bodies, or federal labor unions; national unions which expressly exclude negroes are now affiliated with the Federation and, in 1902, the Stationary Engineers altered their by-laws so as to exclude negroes. At the Atlanta University conference on the negro artisan in 1902, a list was given of forty-four of the most important unions, several with a membership of over 30,000, which have not a single negro member. Obviously, in view of this drift in his organization, it is highly significant that while Mr. Gompers denies having advocated the *putting out* of negroes from unions, he does not deny having advocated their not being admitted.

To those who do not believe in the unionization of all laboring men, who, while admitting the benefits gained by organization, feel that there ought always to be a large body of free labor to offset the evils of the unions, this attitude of the Federation and its leader will give some satisfaction. Excluding the negroes means that there will be a steadily growing body of skilled and unskilled laborers available for those who wish to employ non-union labor. For Mr. Gompers and his workmen, in the long run, the proper policy is to admit negroes and to ask for them the education which, in many sections, is virtually denied them. But even should a reactionary policy of rigid exclusion prevail, it cannot keep the negro down industrially; it will doubtless handicap him in many sections, but the only people who can keep the negroes in an inferior economic and social position are the negroes themselves. A race that has risen so rapidly against such wonderful odds is to be held back by no organization of workingmen, however powerful.

NEW YORK IN THE CENSUS.

State after State tells the now familiar story of rapid urban growth and slow increase, or even decrease, in rural population. New York is no exception to the rule. The total population of the State, by the census of 1910, is 9,113,279, an increase of 1,844,385 above the figures of ten years ago. The rate of increase is 25.4 per cent. for the decade; a result the more striking in that it marks the fifth consecutive decade showing a percentage of increase greater than that of its predecessor. The Civil War decade, naturally enough, showed only 12.9 per cent. increase, which was by far the lowest in the history of the State; but 1870-80 gave only 16 per cent., and 1880-90 only 18 per cent. The decade preceding the one now closing showed an increase of 21.1 per cent., and now we have 25.4 per cent., which is on a par with the decade of 1850-60, and which has not been materially exceeded since the early years of our history. In 1820-30 the rate of increase was 39.8 per cent.; but since that time 27.5 per cent. is the highest rate recorded.

But while the State as a whole shows this rapid growth of population, there are no less than twenty-four out of its sixty-one counties which have either actually declined or been virtually stationary in numbers. There are fifteen counties that have less population now than they had ten years ago, and there are nine others in which the rate of increase in the decade has been less than 2 per cent. These are, of course, rural counties. And how largely the list of this class of counties would have to be increased if the urban population in counties mainly agricultural did not come to the rescue, only a careful examination could disclose. Of course, the later publications of the census, dealing with the occupations of the people, will give information bearing directly on the degree in which the farming population is failing to hold its own, either relatively or absolutely; but even without this, interesting conclusions might be drawn from a detailed examination of the data.

The causes of this drift of population so long familiar in New England—and in old England—are too deep-seated to encourage the expectation that any great change will take place, in the near future at all events. The most fundamental cause is the enormous extension and cheapening of facilities for transportation and communication. And this operates with two-fold efficacy, in that it affects both the economic and the more strictly human aspect of the situation with about equal force. On the one hand, we have the most fertile land, or the land most easily worked on a great scale, in any part of the country brought into direct competition with the land that may have been occupied and tilled a century ago, when the advantage of a hundred miles, or two or three hundred miles, in proximity to a market was decisive; such a thing as a special local market for staples can hardly be said to exist nowadays. And, on the other hand, the railway and the telegraph and the cheap magazine and the one-cent daily paper have made the idea of going to the city familiar to every farmer's boy, and placed the possibility of doing so within his easy reach. The

forces making against the maintenance of the population of outlying farming districts are such as cannot be gainsaid.

There is one element in the case which perhaps has not received the attention to which it is entitled. In spite of all the talk that there has been in various quarters about the rich getting richer and the poor poorer, and about modern inventions and discoveries having done nothing to lighten the burdens of the working people, the fact is that the past half-century has witnessed an enormous rise in the material standard of living of the masses. Physical discomforts which were regarded as matters of course a generation or two ago, except for the favored few, are now thought of as almost intolerable hardships; and the long hours of unrelieved toil in the fields which the grandfathers of the young men of to-day looked upon as part of the order of nature offer anything but a satisfactory prospect to the minds of the youths of the present generation. There may be many a case in which, in spite of the competition of Iowa and Kansas, the farmer in central or western New York might make the two ends meet as his father or grandfather did, were he content to work as unremittingly as they did, and to get on with as little of the comforts and luxuries of life. In connection with this aspect of the matter, it is to be remembered that the rise in the prices of agricultural produce—a rise not merely absolute, but also relative in comparison with other things—is a very recent thing. If it should be maintained, it is by no means impossible that it will have a marked effect in encouraging the maintenance and growth of our rural population, a thing devoutly to be wished.

Both the New York and the Ohio census may serve as a reminder of the large share which the big States of the Union have in the composition of the House of Representatives. New York's share of the total population of the country has more than held its own; Ohio's has nearly done so. Like New York, Ohio shows a greater percentage of increase during this decade than in the preceding; the rate from 1900 to 1910 was 14.7 per cent., as against 13.2 per cent. from 1890 to 1900. The equal representation of the States in the United States Senate gives rise to some anomalies, and there may possibly lurk in it a certain amount of danger; at the time of the silver agitation, the fact that a little group of thinly settled Rocky Mountain States had a power in the Senate vastly disproportioned to their population was a real grievance. But on the whole, the arrangement works well enough. It is desirable, in a polity like ours, that something else should have weight besides a mere count of heads; the individuality of some of the small States has always been a source of national vitality, and it is well that their importance should be maintained at a point above that marked out by size of population alone. That there are evils, actual or potential, connected with the extreme disproportion that exists in some cases cannot be denied; but it is not likely that they will ever be very serious. In the House of Representatives, a few large and wealthy States have together a commanding position. Thus, in the present Congress, out of 391 members of the House, there fall to New York 39, to Pennsylvania 34, to Illinois 27, to Ohio 23, to Massachusetts 16; so that 139 members, or more than one-third of the whole membership of the House, come from these five States.

GOOD RECORD OF THE PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY.

As throwing an important light upon the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government, we have seen nothing of late to compare in interest with the examination in the current *Political Science Review* of the recent extraordinary session of the Philippine Legislature. This article is from the pen of Mr. James A. Robertson, the librarian of the Philippines Library, and is written in an unbiassed and scientific spirit characteristic of the journal in which it appears. Mr. Robertson is an American familiar with American legislative customs and procedure. Yet he does not hesitate to declare that this special session of the Philippine Legislature, which met on March 28 last and adjourned on April 19, "marks an epoch in the history of the Philippine Islands." This statement, Mr. Robertson declares, "is no idle panegyric," but is based upon his personal attendance at many sessions and his acquaintance with various members of the Assembly. The session as a whole he declares to have been remarkable in these respects:

> For the discipline exercised by the Speaker; for the earnestness displayed by the Representatives in general; for their dignity of bearing; and for their freedom from jingoism; and, outwardly at least, from party passion—outwardly, I say, because considerable party passion and personal feeling did at times creep into committee and secret meetings. In general, it may be said that this Assembly in its quietness and dignity of action, has established a precedent that can well be taken as a form for future sessions.

That the Speaker's discipline was due to caciqueism, or bossism, Mr. Robertson admits to have been freely charged in Manila, and he thinks that there may be some truth in the charge, precisely as the warmest defenders of Speaker Cannon have admitted that he bosses the House, but declare that he bosses it well. The Philippine Cannon, Señor Osmena, is also charged with having been too subservient to the Philippine Commission which forms the upper house of the Legislature, and to the Governor-General; but the Assembly's refusal for a second time to pass the Government's irrigation bill (for which Mr. Forbes has just appealed anew to the October session) shows pretty plainly that the Assembly is not altogether dominated by the Palace. Of course, Mr. Robertson does not suggest that all the legislation proposed was wise or judicious; "sometimes, indeed, it bordered on the ridiculous." But of what American Legislature could this not be said? One humorist desired to put the famous Constabulary Band up at auction; and there was a movement in committee seriously to cripple the civil service; but the matter was straightened out when the bill came before the Assembly.

Coercion by party leaders and a sheepish cleaving to party lines were also to be observed in Manila. Much of the work was naturally done in committee, and here Mr. Robertson thinks there was a lack of smoothness as well as a tendency to waste time over details which he thinks will disappear as the legislators become more experienced. On the whole, however, the delegates were "men of relatively superior intelligence, alert, and anxious" for the welfare of the Philippines. Mr. Robertson was struck by the fact that, while elected to represent certain localities, the delegates were keenly conscious that they represented also the whole of the archipelago. There was considerable sectionalism, but the growth of a larger feeling of nationalism was quite apparent; as racial antagonism among the Filipinos dies out there will come "a feeling of solidarity and homogeneity."

As for the parties, the Nacionalistas, under Speaker Osmena, supported the Government, although pledged to independence; the Progresistas, who espouse the Taft policy of making progress slowly toward independence, were the Opposition. Nothing reflects more credit upon both parties, in our observer's opinion, than their refusal to seat Dr. Dominador Gomez, the labor agitator with a prison record, whose case was, by a vote of 44 to 29, referred to a committee that brought in a remarkably clear and able report, absolutely disqualifying Dr. Gomez. All in all, seventy bills were reported and discussed, many of them passed, but some defeated. Agriculture and allied industries received especial consideration, and so did matters of sanitation. In accordance with the Governor-General's desire, a "calamity fund" for use in possible emergencies was established by the Assembly. The organic law of the city of Manila was amended so as to confer upon it the right to grant certain franchises; the period during which timber and stone may be taken from public lands without fees, when used for necessary fuel or building purposes and not for commerce, was extended to ten years. The general appropriation bill, the failure to pass which was the cause of the extra session, was also voted. In this bill the various estimates of several departments, endorsed by the Government, were not accepted. In the exercise of an intelligent judgment the Assembly cut some of these and increased still others. The important irrigation bill was debated for five or six days, only to be laid upon the table until the October session.

When the first regular session of the second Philippine Legislature opened in Manila last month, Mr. Forbes had comparatively little to recommend. He reported that the loss in customs receipts due to the Payne-Aldrich tariff was more than offset by increase in miscellaneous and internal revenue receipts, and he asserted that under the new tariff there had been a quickening of trade throughout the islands. Beyond the irrigation bill, which Mr. Forbes earnestly urges anew, he recommends pensions for civil servants of long service, betterments in the lowest courts, a law to prohibit slavery or involuntary servitude, an increased penalty for cattle-stealing and forging public documents, and a fund to fight the locust pest. Altogether, it appears, first, that there are no gravely vexing public problems requiring legislative action, and, secondly, that the success of the Philippine Assembly is not only far beyond what might have been expected, but ground for the early award of other opportunities for self-government.

SWISS NOTES.

ZURICH, November 10.

Plans for the new university buildings at Zurich have been completed and adopted, and their execution will be begun at once. The site is the old one which commands a fine view of the town and of the lake. The cost of the new buildings will be five and a half million francs. Of this, a considerable part will be spent on the Biological Institute. An additional sum of a million francs will be devoted to the construction and installation of an Institute of Hygiene. Even as in the United States, great attention is being paid to this subject at the Swiss universities. Not many weeks ago, the Institute of Hygiene and Bacteriology at the University of Berne was inaugurated in the presence of the entire faculty and many foreign visitors. The chief address was delivered by Professor Kolle, dean of the medical faculty. Germany was represented on this occasion by Gaffky of Berlin, who is Koch's successor, and France by Vidal of Paris. The Berne Institute is thoroughly modern; and special attention will be given to the study of contagious diseases.

The magnificent collections in the National Museum at Zurich have been somewhat damaged by smoke. The building is close to the central railway station. There was not room enough to enclose all the fine objects in glass. The result has been that some of the ancient textiles, such as vestments, altar-cloths, and handkerchiefs became blackened. It was found necessary to have them cleaned with great care. For the present, many of them have been stowed away for their preservation. Among those thus concealed from the visitor's view are the collection of the "Mödeliplatz," and the famous baptismal *couverture* brought from Fribourg. It is proposed to build a new wing for the museum, or else to transfer these frail treasures to the neighborhood of the Polytechnicum where the smoke will not reach them.

The Cavour anniversaries recalled the fact that the Italian patriot was half-Swiss. His mother was the cultivated Mademoiselle Adèle de Sellon of Geneva, whose sisters made brilliant marriages among the French nobility. For many years Cavour made frequent visits to Geneva, and had always close affiliations with Swiss statesmen and men of letters. He wrote for the *Bibliothèque Universelle;* and it is not improbable that his ideas of freedom and democracy, if not derived from his acquaintance with the Federation, were at least encouraged by his Geneva associations. From Turin he wrote: "If Geneva was not separated from Turin by Mont Cenis, I would have come to ask your hospitality, for I know no intellectual atmosphere more healthful than that which one breathes in Switzerland."

At Berne there has appeared an interesting although fragmentary book of travel. It is an account of the explorations of Dr. Walter Volz, who three years ago met a tragic death in Bussania. This volume contains his biography, and all his scientific and literary remains. Many of these are memoirs and letters written on the spot, during his sojourn in eastern Asia, Polynesia, and East Africa. The adventurous and energetic character of the author, as well as the valuable information which he collected, make this a graphic picture of the regions with which he was so familiar.

During the recent meeting at Bâle of the Swiss Association for the Investigation of Nature, Professor Ostwald delivered an interesting lecture before the "Ido" Universal Language Society. After referring to the progress towards unity and organization in the world, he said that the introduction of the aeroplane had quite changed man's place in nature. Man is a tri-dimensional being; but hitherto his life has been only bi-dimensional. Now, thanks to flying machines, the scope of his activity has been extended; and, moreover, the boundaries formerly separating nations are likely to become less defined. With this increasing cosmopolitanism and unification, there is more than ever a demand for a universal speech. At present, 50 per cent. of the time in German schools is taken up in teaching modern languages. This great waste should not continue. He suggested that some civilized state should take the lead and insist upon the acquisition and employment of a world-language within its territory. It seemed to him that Switzerland with its central position in Europe, and its somewhat international population, was destined to adopt this course. He added that, should such a language be adopted, a central academic authority would be necessary to preserve the purity of the new tongue, and check the development of dialects. A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1640 an otherwise unknown missionary who was laboring among the natives of Guatemala printed a small treatise, whose punning title may be literally rendered "The Pointer Pointed with Short Points on the Manufacture of Vegetable Ink." The appearance of the surviving copy of this curious publication is said to suggest rather strongly that the inventive friar manufactured his type as well as his ink, and doubtless his

press as well. Guatemala was the fifth American city to possess a press, when, in 1660, the first professional printer opened his shop there. A bibliography of the city presses, "La Imprenta en Guatemala, 1660-1821," has just been published by José Toribio Medina of Santiago de Chile—a large volume of above seven hundred pages, containing 2,642 titles, besides introduction and notes.

Although a separate government, both civil and ecclesiastical, Guatemala has always been distinctly within the sphere of Mexican influence. It was to Mexico, therefore, that Payo de Ribera, a son of the Duke of Alcalá, naturally applied for a printer, as soon as he discovered that there was no one to help him get out the latest book he had written, in the city to which he was sent as bishop in 1658. The man procured was a good workman, but he maintained the reputation of his craft for thriftlessness. Some of his debts had to be paid before he could get away from Mexico, and the rest of them were among the considerably increased obligations which he bequeathed to his son, along with the printing outfit. The conditions were not favorable to prosperity for those who were dependent upon a reading public. In spite of its university and its European officials, Guatemala was essentially a frontier metropolis. The printing office for more than a century was subject to the varying intellectual activities of the local ecclesiastics or the equally uncertain activity of the civil officials. Only eighty-four titles are recorded for the forty years before 1701, as against two hundred and thirty, for sixty years, at Puebla, or some three hundred and fifty for the same period in Cambridge and Boston. During the eighteenth century, Guatemala much more nearly held its own, turning out just above a thousand titles, as against twelve hundred for Puebla. The forty-seven hundred titles credited by Hildeburn to the Philadelphia press between 1685 and 1784 gives the most convenient basis for comparison with what was going on in English America.

In both Guatemala and English America, religious publications constitute the majority, funeral sermons leading everything else, though followed rather closely by ordinations and installations. So far as interest goes, however, in this group, the Spanish books have all the advantage, for the Protestant theologians had no occasion to devise anything to compete with the brilliant pageantry, the decorated arches, and elaborate holiday processional floats which are perpetuated in these carefully executed Southern engravings. It is hard to say whether the next place in importance belongs to church rows or to unqualified theological treatises. One reason for this doubt is that it is quite impossible for any one not intimately acquainted with the particular disagreement of the moment to tell whether a treatise on a matter of pure theology was not subtly designed to bolster ulterior contentions.

Doubt also arises in deciding where to place many of the briefs for law suits, which kept the Spanish printers busy for a full century before the lawyers in the English colonies began to be reckoned with as patrons of the press. A large proportion of the Spanish litigants were connected with religious establishments, and it is often difficult to guess, from the titles of the briefs, whether the dispute arose from claims to rights in real property or to the payment of dues, or from matters dependent on spiritual opinion. There is plenty of evidence of quarrels, in church and out, in the English colonies, but they did not often get into print until the eighteenth century was well along. Questions of inheritance, of dower rights, and the like, which kept so many Spanish colonial lawyers busy, were probably not of sufficient money value in the English colonies to justify resort to the printing press.

In one line the Guatemala press did almost nothing, and in another nothing has survived whereon the Boston and Philadelphia printers found their most profitable activity. These two go far to account for the numerical bibliographical advantages of the English communities. There is evidence to show that the Spanish planter from the very beginning of printing demanded his almanac as regularly as any New England farmer, but the earliest surviving copy recorded is dated 1792. The first newspaper in Guatemala was issued for the month of November, 1729. It appeared once a month until March, 1731, each issue consisting of four leaves measuring about 7x5 inches. It was not until 1797 that another attempt was made. The weekly *Gazeta de Guatemala* began in February of that year, and continued throughout the Revolutionary period, the account of the vicissitudes occupying more than twenty pages of Sr. Medina's Bibliography.

As to books of economic or industrial interest, the Spanish colonists furnished for treatises on mining and metal-working a market rather larger and more important than that open to the agricultural and veterinary handbooks which were distributed largely by the itinerant venders that traversed New England. The Sociedad Economica de Amantes de la Patria was organized in 1796, and the reports of its annual meetings and prize distributions seem as promising as those of the philosophical, historical, and agricultural societies which came into existence during the same decade in Boston and Philadelphia. The next year, that in which the *Gazeta* began its weekly career, witnessed the opening of the Guatemala Museum. The awakening interest in this sort of thing developed steadily for a decade, when it was rather abruptly turned aside to give way to the agitation concerning the relations between the colony and the mother country. Guatemala was out of the main current of revolutionary excitement, and this very fact gives significance to the evidence that here, as in the other parts of Spanish America, there was a constantly increasing expression of sympathy with the movement toward independence.

Correspondence.

THE FRESHMAN ENGLISH COURSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is in this country at present a widespread ferment and discussion concerning the teaching of English literature and composition. The discussion has a peculiar application to the freshman English course because of the unique place which that course occupies in the curricula of most of our universities. It is as a rule required of all undergraduates, and it furnishes the greater number of these with all the university training they are to have in English. On the other hand it makes, for the remainder of the students in it, an introduction to the advanced courses in English, and hence it is important that it should give these students a proper basis for their further work. The two aims are not in my judgment incompatible, but they increase the importance and complexity of the problem. Another matter which adds to this complexity is the division which must be made between the teaching of English literature and English composition..

The prevailing method of conducting this freshman English work is as follows: The subject is divided into two courses, one to teach composition and the other literature; the composition course requires a study of various "models of style" and the writing of a large number of themes upon easy subjects, in which work the main emphasis is placed upon form, and not upon ideas, the purpose being to give the student a command of good clear English which he will find useful whenever in later life he has any ideas to express. The literature course is usually a rapid survey of the history of English literature from Alfred or Chaucer to Tennyson. The idea is to give the student a bird's-eye view in order that he may understand, so to speak, the possibilities of the subject, may have his curiosity excited by different periods and authors, and be thus stimulated to further reading and study, and that he may have from the beginning a clear idea of the place of each author in what is often called the evolution of English literature.

To the writer it seems that these methods do not work. This letter is an attempt to explain the nature of a course, now being given for the third year at Indiana University, based upon the opposite theory: namely, that the value of English literature is something quite distinct from its history or from the analysis of its form and technique, that this literary study of literature, as it might be called, should precede a formal or historical study of it; that the only way to teach students to write is to make them think of *what* they are writing, not *how* they are writing, and that the most economical and interesting way to teach composition is in connection with the study of literature, making the themes a means of testing the student's grasp of ideas about literature which he is expected to understand.

The most fundamental idea concerning any subject is its place in the world of knowledge, and its value to life. To understand this is a long task, but the student must begin some time, and it is when he is entering the university, when he is mapping out his education and choosing his life work, that such ideas are most interesting and most valuable to him. Probably university teachers take it too much for granted that their students know why they are studying a particular subject, and neglect what is very necessary: namely, to indicate the general importance of the subject, its relation to other knowledge, and the good which the student may expect to get from it. If the student is to plan his own education he needs all the help of this kind he can get. It is especially true of

English literature that undergraduates study it blindly, not thinking much about what they want or what they could reasonably expect it to do for them. Whereas in many subjects the value is obvious, on the other hand the value of literature is not obvious, and a good many people who are studying, and some who are teaching it, would have difficulty in giving a sensible reason for the way in which they are spending their time. The problem then is not to give the student, first of all, a history of English literature, nor a knowledge of the principles of style, but it is rather to give him a conception of the whole subject, some notion of literature as a record of a certain kind of thought, and to make that notion as clear and definite and full of meaning as possible. The phrase "the meaning of literature" smacks of various unpleasant and sentimental associations, but, if we have the courage to disregard these for a moment, it is plain that some idea of the meaning of literature is the most important thing to be taught in the freshman course. We should select from the best of our English writers as many works as can be studied carefully, and no more, covering an extent of time and a variety of material wide enough to give the student some notion of the range of the subject, and read these for their meaning (that is, to get out of them as fully and completely as possible the most important things that the author was trying to say), bringing to bear on this work just as much study of history and of style as will aid the student and not retard him. Perhaps one cannot go far with this in one year, but the student's knowledge, as far as it does extend, will be real, involving thought and sense of proportion, as well as memory.

The writer hopes in a book now in preparation to explain in more detail how the scheme can be carried out in a one-year course, but one point briefly stated here will make the idea a little clearer. Any discussion of this problem involves a discussion of the nature of beauty and the discipline which will aid in its perception. Without going beyond the average freshman's depth, one may lay down the proposition (which is confirmed, I believe, by common experience), that up to a certain point the perception of beauty is a matter of intelligence. This idea will take the student far enough to make the distinction between sentimentality and real feeling. Again, the freshman may be easily made to see that underlying any sound achievement of intellect must be a certain honesty and perseverance, which one may call intellectual morality, so that the problem of appreciating beauty becomes for the beginner the task of laying a foundation of intellect and morality upon which such appreciation, if sound, must rest. In other words, the first thing the student needs in order to understand literature is to learn to think, and to think honestly. His freshman course in English ought to make clear to him the necessity for this, and it ought to force him to do it. That nine-tenths of our freshman students are developed far enough to understand and to act on such ideas may be easily proved by experiment, if it is not taken for granted.

Now a one-year survey of the entire history of English literature—a "seeing literature" course, as it has been called—will not do what we have just pointed out as the task of the freshman course. It is not "seeing literature," but seeing history by the back streets. To stuff the student's memory to the bursting point with facts and opinions about literature, the basis for which he has not time adequately to examine, is neither to teach him to think honestly nor, indeed, to think at all. A study of literary technique is likewise inadequate. The point to literature lies in what is said, not in how it is said. The importance of form is second to the importance of subject matter, and the study of form (of lifelong interest, if rightly understood), is meaningless unless this fact of its secondary and merely contributive place is grasped. The only kind of a course that will do for the student what we have just laid down as the desirable thing to have done is a course which is concerned with principles as well as facts—principles illustrated by a study of the meaning of certain works of literature.

The study of English literature is intimately connected with the study of English composition; so intimate is this connection that the two subjects can be much better taught together than separately. Such a treatment of literature as I have outlined will involve the discussion (though not the settlement) of many difficult questions—the relation of literature to education, to science, to politics, to religion. In the end it will come down to a consideration of the point of view of various writers toward different phases of life. The effect of it should be to make the student think about life as intelligently and seriously as he can. Now there is no way of making sure that the student understands what he is being taught, that he is really thinking about his work, so good as requiring him to write essays on various subjects connected with it. And it is difficult to find subjects on which the student will write with more interest.

In the high school the student gets great benefit from writing "little stories of daily life," simple essays on his ordinary work and play. He is learning to put his daily experiences on paper, and for a few years the task will be absorbing and profitable. These events are the most real and important ones in his mind. But when he enters college, another world, the world of ideas, is opening before him. If he is a success, this new world becomes more real and more important to him than the incidents of his boarding house or football field, and about this he should write, if his writing is to be training in thinking, which alone will make it worth while. It is a great fault with most of our elementary courses in composition in the colleges that they make no advance over high school courses so far as subject matter is concerned, and the student is compelled to write about things in which he has no longer a fresh interest. Why should be "studie and make hymselven wood" writing a description of a college building by moonlight, a performance which has no interest or value, either to him or to his teacher? But if he is writing about something which is actually a part of his work, something which demands thought and excites interest, then the student can be made to understand the infinite difficulty and infinite importance of saying exactly what he means.

FRANK AYDELOTTE.

Bloomington, Ind., November 22.

A BOOK OF BEGINNINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your comprehensive and sympathetic estimate of the art work of John La Farge, there is a slight mistake in the statement that "From 1859 to 1870 Mr. La Farge was engaged in illustrating 'Enoch Arden' and Browning's 'Men and Women' for the *Riverside Magazine*." It is true that he drew for the *Riverside* (begun in 1867), and that some of his designs showed the Japanese influence which you properly note. But the "Enoch Arden" was a separate volume, and one of such significance, in the history of American book-illustration, that it deserves a word to itself. A certain Boston publishing house had, as I remember it, planned an illustrated edition of that poem, without consulting the poet's "authorized" publishers, in that day of general scrambling for English books which could not be copyrighted in America. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, accordingly, hastily arranged to issue an orthodox edition, with illustrations of so ambitious a character that their volume might head off its rival. Their "Enoch Arden" of the holiday season of 1864 was the result. Its pictures were somewhat distressingly varied in style and merit; some of the scenes and figures were drawn by the veteran, F. O. C. Darley, in his weakest and most superfluous manner; while others were by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, whose 'prentice work in the illustrated weeklies and elsewhere showed a promise hardly fulfilled in later years. But a great and lasting distinction was given to the volume by eight drawings by La Farge, and four by Vedder, which, on the whole, for originality and a somewhat prodigal display of youthful strength, ushered in the modern period of American book illustration. La Farge's The Island Home, for instance, was purely Japanese, and, as far as I know, the first unmitigatedly Japanese picture drawn by an American artist; while The Solitary and Philip and Annie in the Wood were revelations of a method new in the United States. Similarly strong and striking, and, in their way, frankly impressionistic, were Vedder's The Rescue—a sweep of waters, with a brave swimmer reaching to succor a drowning man, whose two hands (strongly suggestive of the later Rubáiyát) clutch the air in a last struggle—and Enoch Passes Away, a bold and startlingly effective picture, in which Enoch, with rapt vision, passes once more over a swirling ocean, into the arms of Christ on His cross. Perhaps, however, La Farge's The Seal of Silence is the strongest of all these remarkable pictures: a radiant angel, with finger pressed on lip, illustrating the line, "Not to tell her, never to let her know." All these woodcuts were engraved with the utmost care by Marsh, Anthony, Davis, and others of the best exponents of a subsidiary art, which in America, as in England, made "the 'Sixties" a term synonymous with the thought of attainment in designing and engraving on wood. These titles, by themselves, mean nothing to the reader of to-day; but if any one will turn to this volume, in its first edition, before the plates were marred by reprinting, I am inclined to think that he will agree with me in the impression that it was the most important American book illustrated

by woodcuts up to the date of its issue. To examine it now, when, by a coincidence, the same season is marked by the death of Mr. La Farge and the publication of the autobiography of Mr. Vedder, reminds us that it bore somewhat the same relation to book illustration in America as was borne to British art by the famous pre-Raphaelite illustrations for Tennyson's poems, issued by Moxon in 1857. As Mr. Vedder himself modestly says:

> Serious book-illustrations were unknown in the beginning of that short period, at least with us, but were established before it was through. It commenced about the time that I made those now-forgotten illustrations for "Enoch Arden."

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

Dartmouth College, November 21.

GLADSTONE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a surprise to find Professor Dawson, in the *Nation* for November 24, assuming as a foregone conclusion that Gladstone did not mean to be taken literally in his dictum that the Federal Constitution was the "most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Alexander Johnston, who was Woodrow Wilson's immediate predecessor in the chair of political economy and jurisprudence at Princeton, assuredly was not of this opinion. In the *New Princeton Review* for September, 1887, he published an essay entitled, "The First Century of the Constitution," devoted in part to refuting Gladstone's statement, and making plain what has, of course, become mere truism since examination and appraisal by his illuminating intelligence, that the Constitution was the result of long processes of evolution, and in no sense a marvel of instantaneous creation. But had any one else pointed this out before? And had Gladstone's seriousness been previously questioned? It is not likely, for Professor Johnston, "one of the ablest and most brilliant contributors to American political science," always considered this essay as among his most important and original pieces of work. T. PERSHING.

Germantown, Pa., November 28.

THE KEY ALPHABET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The committee of the National Education Association appointed to prepare and recommend a key alphabet for uniform use in indicating pronunciation in all cyclopædias, dictionaries, gazetteers, text, and reference books, have submitted a preliminary report which has appeared in the *Journal of Education* (Boston) for October 20. The report is the result of the co-operation of three different committees, that of the National Education Association having joined with like committees from the Modern Language Association and the American Philological Association.

As was natural under the circumstances, the members of the committees were not unanimous on all the propositions considered. There is, however, an important point on which it appears to me that all could have agreed, but concerning which there seems to have been either failure to concur or failure to consider. The carefulness of the committee is attested by its readiness, expressed in the preliminary report, to welcome suggestions before the submission of the definitive report. It is due to this general invitation that I submit the following considerations:

The committee's use of the symbols *iu* for the sound of *u* in the word *mute*, by the committee written *miut*, is a transcription which I believe to be inadvisable both on theoretical and on practical grounds. It is inadvisable on theoretical grounds, for the sound is neither a dissyllable nor a diphthong, as the spelling *iu* would indicate. The fact, which everyone will doubtless admit, that a *y* is concerned in the sound would lead one to expect a *y* (the letter adopted by the committee to symbolize the first sound in the word *yes*) rather than an *i* (as seems to be advocated by the committee) not only in the transcription of such words as *you* and *union*, but also in that of words like *mute*.

It is inadvisable on practical grounds, for the spelling, if adopted, would tend to create confusion. Combinations containing an *i* before a vowel other than *u* occur, in which the committee would probably say that *y* is not involved. Compare, for example, not only the *ia* of *piano* (the instrument), but the *ia* of words like *pictoriat*, *medial*, and *Fenian*. On the other hand, the *i* in the last syllable of *million* and *onion*, the committee would doubtless consider a *y*. Now, it seems to me that to use *iu* in the transcription of the *u* of *mute* (*miut*) would lead one to expect an *i* also in the transcription of *million* and *onion;* and if these words be so transcribed, the symbol *i* would unnecessarily be made to do service for two distinct sounds, viz., the *i* of *pictorial, mediat,* and *Fenian* and the *y* sound involved in *mute, mittion,* and *onion*. Why not reserve the *i* for the *ia* of words like *pictorial* and use the symbol *y* for the *y* sound involved in words like *mute?* If this is not done, would not the spelling *miut* for the latter word suggest the pronunciation *mee-oot?*

The study of foreign languages would also be facilitated by this distinction; and the introduction of foreign words into English might then be accompanied to a less degree by the appearance in our dictionaries of such fantastic pronunciations as *pi-u* instead of *pyu* for *più, pi-ano* instead of *pyano* for *piano* (soft), and *fi-asco* instead of *fyasco* for *fiasco*.

A uniform system of key notation is certainly "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and the committee is to be congratulated on its being able to present, in such diversity of opinion, an alphabet as satisfactory as the one it proposes.

A. P. RAGGIO.

University of Maine, November 20.

ROOSEVELT DEFENDED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been for many years a faithful and deeply interested reader of the *Nation*, and have been greatly profited thereby. It has done more than any other paper during the past twenty-five years to guide my own thinking on political subjects. I have been all the more deeply grieved and disappointed to see it assail Mr. Roosevelt while he with splendid courage was fighting and defeating the unscrupulous bosses of his party, the Trusts that have corruptly used money to accomplish their own selfish ends, and the commercialized press that has been hand in glove with them—such forces as the *Nation* has continuously opposed ever since I have been familiar with it. Whatever may be Mr. Roosevelt's faults (and I have often criticised him for them) they are insignificant when compared with his virtues and with the great service he has rendered the country. Notwithstanding the defeat of the Republican party, the cause Mr. Roosevelt represented is not down. Nor will he remain in obscurity. One may feel sure that he will rise again, and will yet do splendid service for his country.

WM. O. CAMPBELL.

Munich, Germany, November 12.

THE INTERNATIONAL WHO'S WHO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The publishers of the "International Who's Who" have recently favored a number of persons with a proposal to insert their names and biographies in that volume, upon condition that they subscribe in advance for one copy of the completed work, at a cost of five dollars. Many public libraries, as well as individuals, may be led unsuspectingly to purchase this book upon the supposition that the list of names contained in it is as representative as the editors know how to make it. It seems due the public, therefore, to call attention to the fact that purchasers of the "International Who's Who" will really be getting merely a list restricted in part at least by the willingness of those included to pay five dollars in advance. Such a list can scarcely be regarded as an extremely useful work of reference. It should be added, lest unfair misapprehensions be caused, that this publication appears to have nothing in common with the English or the American "Who's Who." A. O. L.

Baltimore, Md., November 17.

Literature.

THE YOUNG DISRAELI.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. I. 1804-1837. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Lord Rowton was Disraeli's biographer designate, and when he died, after spending some years in amassing his material, without having really begun writing the authorized Life, there was a sense both of defeated expectation and of loss. But Mr. Monypenny's first volume removes all fear that a first-class subject for biography might suffer for lack of a writer to do it justice. To as much sympathy with his hero as Lord Rowton could have had he adds a critical detachment and a power of independent judgment which that intimate of Disraeli could scarcely have displayed. Skill in handling and arranging the matter, together with a swiftly moving and often pointed style, also goes to the making of this book, which must be pro-

nounced an excellent performance that arouses the highest hopes for the volumes yet to come.

It might seem hazardous to deal separately with Disraeli's youth, yet the experiment is justified both by the extraordinary interest which attaches to his beginnings, and by the fact that the period covered lends itself to treatment as a whole. If it be true that a man's character is developed and his driving thoughts marked out before he is thirty, we may well fix an exclusive attention, for a time, upon the early years of a remarkable career. And without being didactic about it, Mr. Monypenny makes it clear that Disraeli's leading qualities, and even his political convictions (or preferences), were sharply differentiated before he had reached the mid-path of life. It is a fascinating unfolding of the man that he makes for us—fascinating and astounding. Not even Disraeli himself could have imagined a romantic being combining more amazing characteristics than we see his to have been, or running a more incredible course. Precocious, enormously conceited, extravagantly dandified, dowered with a double portion of assurance and impudence, he yet possessed a genius which enabled him to carry off what would have ruined an ordinary man, and to impress himself upon hard-headed men of the world and seasoned statesmen as one even in his youth to be reckoned with. His own recorded predictions of his coming greatness may be partly ironic—for Disraeli could on occasion mock at himself—but the impression he made upon others is unmistakable. At the age of twenty-six he went to dine with Bulwer, Charles Villiers and Alexander Cockburn being also at table, and Bulwer wrote: "If we had been severally taken aside and asked which was the cleverest of the party, we should have been obliged to say, 'the man in the green velvet trousers.'" Disraeli's talented sister Sarah believed him from boyhood to be destined to the highest things; and the lady who afterwards became his wife, and whom we barely meet at the end of the present volume, declared to her brother: "Mark what I say—mark what I prophesy. Mr. Disraeli will in a very few years be one of the greatest men of his day." For once, masculine judgment and feminine intuition agreed.

The absolutely new material which Mr. Monypenny presents is not extensive, but is highly revealing. It consists partly of autobiographic fragments. These are frankly admitted to be "somewhat imaginative." Disraeli was never fully delivered from the sentiment of Contarini Fleming: "If a person have imagination, experience appears to me to be of little use." His own account of his ancestry will not bear critical examination. The author plainly warns us that "Disraeli, with his infinitely subtle and elusive mind and character, is a perpetual snare to the unwary who place too literal a construction upon his isolated words and actions." But his letters to his family, particularly to his sister, are human documents which shine by their own light, while most suggestive of all is the so-called "Mutilated Diary." Here Disraeli spoke to himself with as much sincerity as he could ever master, and many of the entries search his character deeply while betraying his boundless ambitions. "Nature has given me an awful ambition and fiery passions." "They shall not say I have failed." "I am only truly great in action. If ever I am placed in a truly eminent position I shall prove this. I could rule the House of Commons, although there would be a great prejudice against me at first." These secret communings are, of course, more meaning than his jaunty published predictions that he should in time give a fine exhibition of the true manner of a Leader of the House of Commons and also as spokesman for the Government in the House of Lords. But we do not, in fact, need to go beyond this volume to become convinced with Mr. Monypenny that Disraeli had a "dæmonic ambition." It was this together with his masterful will that enabled him to strangle his vehement passion for the first woman with whom he fell in love, because a marriage with her would have hampered the career which he had marked out himself.

Disraeli's early novels are dealt with interestingly by Mr. Monypenny. He gives cool estimates of what they were in themselves, astonishing productions for a mere boy, no doubt, yet with no sustained imagination and defaced by enormities of style; and also shows what and how much they reflected of Disraeli's own experiences and attitude. But from the first the wondrous youth felt that fame did not beckon him to literature. "Poetry is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write," says the Mutilated Diary. The novels were well enough in their way as bringing in money and winning notoriety—"and notoriety to Disraeli was at this time as the breath of his nostrils"—but public life was the thing for which his soul thirsted. His early attempts to break into it are here narrated in full, no effort being made to suppress the evidence that Disraeli had at first an easy political conscience, and was ready to go with either party or any leader that could advance him. This toying of his with convictions and his dallying with rival politicians brought upon him the terrible bludgeoning from O'Connell. But the undaunted Disraeli, whose courage was as great as his impudence, rejoined with rapier-thrusts, and, he wrote to his sister, "every one says I have done it in first-rate style." The entry in the Diary was: "Row with O'Connell in which I greatly distinguish myself." It was this vigor of audacity, combined with unusual gifts for public speaking, which steadily heightened Disraeli's public reputation, till at last "the inarticulate Tory squires" came to look to him as a heaven-sent Mercurius, and, after repeated failures, returned him to Parliament. With his election to it the first volume closes.

Grandson of a banker, Disraeli needed a great deal of money, but long had little. One of the painstaking and also illuminating features of Mr. Monypenny's book is his full disclosure of the youth's many financial ventures and his constant embarrassment for lack of funds. Disastrous stock-jobbing, the flat failure of a newspaper in which he induced Murray to invest $130,000, with several literary disappointments and a habit of living far beyond his means, loaded Disraeli with a frightful burden of debt. For a long time he was in daily fear of arrest, and had very carefully to arrange it, when agreeing to speak at a political meeting, to make sure that his eloquence should not be cut short by the sheriff's man. The fortune which he later married had not come to him when this volume ends. But full recognition had come; he had tried his powers; his "Oriental tendency" had declared itself; and we leave him with his captivating youth forecasting the unexampled triumphs of that manhood into the history of which we may hope that Mr. Monypenny will soon lead us.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Finer Grain. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

He thought he had already, poor John Berridge, tasted in their fulness the sweets of success; but nothing yet had been more charming to him than when the young Lord, as he irresistibly and, for greater certitude, quite correctly figured him, fairly sought out, in Paris, the new literary star that had begun to hang, with a fresh red light, over the vast, even though rather confused, Anglo-Saxon horizon; positively approaching that celebrity with a shy and artless appeal.

Thus characteristically opens the initial story in this latest group of Mr. James's studies. To read the sentence aloud is to realize how far the speech of print may come to vary from its natural model. The second semi-colon, flung out as a life-belt at the last desperate moment, is all that fetches one through. Nobody could have invented a more taking parody of the Jacobite style. And to this pass—to the pass of the artist who descends in his latter phases to the helpless imitation of his own manner—it may well be feared that Mr. James is destined to arrive ere long. Never has his substance seemed so attenuated, his manner so uselessly finicking, as in these five studies, as we must again

say. For they are not tales, or stories at all, so much as disquisitions apropos of certain shadowy incidents. There is no lack of the material of fiction, but the writer scorns to deal with it except with pince-nez and pincers. The affair of John Berridge thus reduces itself to bald terms: Berridge the author is made up to by the lord, and besought to give an opinion of a book written by a friend of his lordship's. The book shows itself beneath contempt at a glance; and Berridge's confusion is great when the friend turns out to be a lovely princess to whose eyes he has already succumbed. It is worse confounded when, in all her "Olympian" loveliness, she flatly demands of him a puffing preface for her tawdry romance. As an Olympian she succeeds in carrying him off in her motor-car for a loitering drive through nocturnal Paris. But the enchanting intimacy of the experience is blasted by her vulgar purpose. Heart-brokenly he confesses his inability to do what she asks.

"Then you don't like me—?" she murmurs, driven to the last feminine bulwarks.

"Princess," was in response the sound of the worshipper, "Princess, I adore you. But I'm ashamed for you."

"Ashamed—?"

"You *are* Romance—as everything, and by what I can make out, every one about you is; so what more do you want? Your Preface—the only one worth speaking of—was written long ages ago by the most beautiful imagination of man."

She cannot comprehend; and the kiss he presses upon her wondering lips at a parting which he assures her is final, merely seals his tribute to Romance. The substance of the following episodes is far less robust—a fabric of the flimsier web, it may be, rather than of the finer grain.

The Wicker-Work Woman. By Anatole France. Translated by M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Co.

We have here a very satisfactory translation of a pretty unpleasant book—a portion of Anatole France's work which one rather regets to see in English. "The Wicker-Work Woman" (Le Mannequin d'osier), a novel in the series called Histoire Contemporaine, deals with the breakdown of M. Bergeret's domestic establishment and the merciless process by which he gradually extrudes his empty-headed and erring wife from his home. Bergeret is one of France's half-ironical projections of himself—a sedate university professor devoted to classical scholarship and given to detached and unworldly speculation on the universe. His life is made up of two strands closely woven together, yet utterly distinct: the serene life of the intellect which operates in his study and in his intercourse with men, and the sordid life of the body, which furnishes the only point of contact between him and his bickering household. The disjointed structure of the book appears to be an effect of design to emphasize the juxtaposition and grotesque incompatibility of the animal and the intellectual natures, the insuitability of the mind to its tenement. The divorce of M. Bergeret seems to have a certain symbolical significance; in the life of reason, it seems to suggest, there can be no truce with the body.

Now, there is something unwholesome in the intellectual detachment of M. Bergeret. In spite of his monastic withdrawal from the flesh, he is troubled at times by the visions of St. Anthony. "Were I, for instance," he says on one occasion, "to express all the fancies that crowd my mind at this moment, all the notions which pass through my head, like a swarm of witches riding on broomsticks down a chimney, if I were to describe the manner in which I see Madame Gromance, . . . the vision of her which comes to me, . . . a thousand times more waggish and indecent than that famous figure introduced in the scene of the Last Judgment on the north portal of Saint-Exupère by a masterly craftsman who had caught a glimpse of Lust himself as he leant over a vent-hole of hell; if I were accurately to reveal the strangeness of my dream, it would be concluded that I am prey to some repulsive mania." This passage suggests the snake that lurks in the garden of Epicurus; a taint of sensuality, sometimes violent, sometimes nearly imperceptible, is almost everywhere discoverable in the works of Anatole France. His serenity, one is compelled to feel, is not so much achieved as thrust upon him by the spontaneous recoil of a powerful sensual imagination. It is the serenity of disgust—a disgust which is rather the cause than the result of his philosophy.

A Successful Wife. By G. Dorset. New York: Harper & Bros.

This book may be read as a wholesome antidote to David Graham Phillips's coincident effusion, "The Husband's Story." It is in several respects an extraordinary piece of work. It presents the case of the "American woman" from a very different point of view, or, rather, it presents a very different variety of that genus from that which is now most commonly put upon exhibition. Here is no picture of the worthy but fatuous American male in the act of being bled and trod upon by the rapacious and dissolute creature whom he patiently calls wife. The shoe is quite upon the other foot. The woman who is supposed to tell the story belongs to an old-fashioned order: a sort of Griselda, with the instinct of service, of endless courage and patience, and yet with a high spirit of her own which asserts itself at the crucial moments of her experience. She has that mingling of intellectual artlessness and practical acuteness which is so common among American girls of her class. For she has a class: that of the small shopkeeper, the drummer, and the saleswoman. She herself is a stenographer, and at fifteen has become the head and chief wage-earner in a family of five. She does not lose the earmarks of class, and her story is told with remarkable consistency of style. "I don't think there is a creature living who would not love to be 'successful,' and who isn't ready to spend twenty-five cents, or even twenty-five dollars, on a book which would tell them how to succeed. You hear such a lot of talk nowadays about success!" In this utterly commonplace vein her tale is for the most part told. She has no apprehension of words as anything more than vague counters. She pronounces Swinburne "very pretty," and Mr. Kirkland's remonstrance means nothing to her, though she reports it faithfully:

"Now, for instance," he suggests, "you wouldn't call this scarlet wall of quivering foliage, this liquid-hearted corner of the woods, nice, would you?"

I said yes, that I thought it was very nice indeed.

Mr. Kirkland thereupon abandons the vocabulary, but he marries the girl, and has altogether the best of the bargain. He is an "artist," a genius, and, of course, a good deal of a scapegrace. The experience of this wedded pair is not smooth, but it is not conventionally rough, either. The woman has the fidelity and the sturdy endurance of her kind. Even in her hardest youthful struggles with poverty, she had never consented to be pitiful: "Nobody knew when I was tired, frightened, or disheartened; I didn't have feelings that were hurt, and I didn't cry." Nevertheless, there is a treasured self behind an inner citadel of this apparently commonplace nature. Eventually, the husband discovers it, and in the same moment beholds his own comparative littleness: and in that moment begins their real union.

Deep in Piney Woods. By J. W. Church. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

In this story of the turpentine belt of Georgia, where thrive the mysteries and horrors of the Voodoo religion, that dread cult of the snake, we meet with a picture of a Southern household which has preserved from the ruin of the civil war much of its former prosperity and ease. Major Claiborne, comfortable and picturesque, if archaic in his manner of life; Brett Reed, the hero, born in the South, but trained in the North, and successful in every conflict; Savannah, the Major's daughter, and the various negroes, though all are drawn conventionally, will doubtless appeal to those to whom a romance laid in the South is ever dear. That the negro problem should enter into the plot was

of course inevitable, considering the Northern education of the hero.

A VIRGINIAN WHO WROTE ABOUT VIRGINIA.

The Old Virginia Gentleman and Other Sketches. By George W. Bagby. Edited with an introduction by Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The author of this book was born in Buckingham County, Virginia, in 1828. He studied medicine and began to practise it in Lynchburg. But the pen almost at once drew him away from the scalpel. He eventually moved to Richmond and succeeded John R. Thompson as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. After the civil war he occasionally appeared on the platform. He died in 1883. This collection of his better-known writings is put before the public distinctly in the hope of winning for him a place among American men of letters.

Mr. Page is quite right in holding the sketches worth preserving. For the life they depict had not merely historical interest, but also, undeniably, a great charm. No one, probably, ever felt this charm more keenly than Dr. Bagby, and no one except, perhaps, Mr. Page himself, has ever conveyed it more skilfully. For Dr. Bagby had a distinct literary gift; not a great or impressive gift, but such a gift in prose as may be compared to that in verse of the minor poet who is as safe in his own limited sphere as the great poet is in his. To characterize his writing is difficult. Perhaps the best adjective for his distinctive quality is whimsical; but unfortunately the dictionaries do not supply a noun to correspond to it. The English writers of whom he oftenest reminds one are Addison, in the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, and Lamb, in his personal sketches. We do not mean that his achievement entitles him to rank with either. But there are passages in the title essay which would have done no discredit to Addison. "My Wife and My Theory of Wives" might have been written, almost *in toto*, by Lamb.

Some of the other papers are less successful. The humor of "My Vile Beard," undeniably funny as it is, does not rise above broad farce. Elsewhere, the newspaper flavor is often perceptible. Many of the allusions are hopelessly local or personal. Now and then a Northern reader will doubtless be moved to mild resentments—though never, probably, to real wrath. If one looks for anything in the nature of a coldly dispassionate estimate of the bygone civilization one is reading about, one will be disappointed. It is of the essence of Dr. Bagby's mood to be resolutely and consistently, even if at times a bit satirically, partisan and provincial. Occasionally, too, we are bound to confess, the chord of sentiment seems to us to be a little overstrained, and the pathetic note dwelt upon a trifle too insistently. But there is not a heavy, unreadable page in the book. And naturally. For Dr. Bagby, truly as Mr. Page can declare that "God made him a man of letters," was also, nevertheless, a newspaper writer, and a successful one. That was his chief vocation. Most of these sketches have found their way into a book because they were first widely read in newspapers. In the matter of readableness, they are not experiments. At least one, "How Rubinstein Played," is known to millions—of whom the great majority have probably never heard the author's name.

To endeavor to secure, at this late day, a wider recognition and reputation for such a writer is, we repeat, worth while. For there is here a genuine contribution to our store of sympathies and appreciations; a true transcript of a far from negligible volume of American life; something in its way as original and sincere as is to be found in any American writing whatsoever. A vast deal has been written about Virginia and about the South, and much, particularly of late years, has been written in the South by Southerners. But out of the old South, the South before the war, there came extremely little that had the quality of human verity. The best material we have for a critical view of the ante-bellum Southern civilization, particularly on its economic side, is in the books of travel of Frederick Law Olmsted, an outsider. It is true that in recent years there have appeared a number of volumes of reminiscence of that period, and some of them have decided value. But Dr. Bagby wrote out of the heart of it. What he wrote and what is here preserved is not so much a view or description or account of the old Southern life as it is an expression of it—and an expression of it in very intimate moods. To read his unpretentious sketches is, therefore, to come as near as one can come to re-entering that vanished order, that extinct civilization. It is, of course, the civilization that was largely built upon slavery as an economic basis; a civilization out of touch and out of sympathy with modern life in many ways, some of which are here amusingly exhibited. But it was also a civilization in which many foreign observers found more attraction than in anything else that the American of that day has to offer. It was the civilization which in the eighteenth century produced Washington and Marshall, and in the next century the army of Northern Virginia.

The Psychology of Religious Experience. By Edward Scribner Ames. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

This is one of the most important books on the psychology of religion that have appeared since James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." It covers a larger portion of the whole field than any other book on the subject that has yet been written, and it is scholarly in tone, clear in expression, liberal and unprejudiced in attitude. Its author, being both a professional psychologist and a minister, has the unusual advantage of seeing his subject from two somewhat distinct points of view, and hence avoids the limitations of either. The book may be divided into two chief parts, one dealing with primitive religion, the other with the religion of to-day; and the two are unified by the application of functional psychology to the interpretation of both, and by the thesis which runs through the entire work, that "religion is the consciousness of the highest social values."

In primitive life, our author points out, religion was a matter of social custom. And not only in a general way is this true; it is seen in all the details of religious expression. "Religion in its first form is a reflection of the most important group interests through symbols and ceremonials based upon the activities incident to such interests." These social symbols, once established, "tend to become fixed and to secure themselves against change by natural safeguards." This point of view as to social expression and custom is now applied, often most ingeniously, to several primitive phenomena such as taboo, magic, belief in spirits, sacrifice, prayer, mythology. In general, it may be said that the treatment of these phenomena is a systematic attack upon the older intellectualistic interpretation such as one finds in Tylor, Spencer, Jevons, etc., and an attempt to explain them in terms of functional psychology, as social reactions upon the environment. Belief does not come *first*, but arises rather as a consequence of activity. Sacrifice originally is not *to* the god, but is rather a ceremonial eating of the useful animal which thereupon or thereafter *becomes* the god. Prayer does not presuppose a "spirit" to whom it shall be made; it arises rather from something like interjection and the common habit of thinking in social terms. If space permitted, it would be interesting to examine in detail Professor Ames's various conclusions and his grounds for them. Certainly, some of his conclusions must be accepted, and all of them are suggestive; something, however, might still be said in defence of the older view, and it seems probable to the reviewer at least that belief in spirits had considerably more to do in the development of primitive religion than Professor Ames is willing to admit.

The last part of the book is given up to the religion of to-day, especially as found in America—its growth in the individual and its relation to various aspects of modern life. An excellent re-

view is presented of the religion of childhood and youth, in which Professor Ames takes occasion to express in no uncertain tones his disapproval of the artificial conversion and the induced revival, and to urge the importance of education in the religious life. Three excellent chapters are devoted to the place of religion in psychical experience, in which the functional point of view is again emphasized, the most important thing in religion as in life being neither ideation nor feeling, but the basal reactions from which both of these arise. The book ends with a chapter on The Religious Consciousness in Relation to Democracy and Science, the author pointing out the necessity of elasticity and growth in religion and the consequent need of new forms and symbols to express adequately the religious consciousness of the modern world.

Excellent as this book is, one closes it with a feeling that is akin to surprise, considering its large scope and its seeming thoroughness. The reader has, namely, the impression that one who should look to it for his idea of what religion is like, would come away with a very partial, not to say extraordinary, notion. And on analysis it should seem that this peculiarity is due to the extremely external point of view from which the whole book is written. Thus, there is no mention of mysticism, scant description of the inner experience of the religious individual, and slight reference to religious beliefs, the idea of "God" being treated altogether pragmatically and disposed of in a few pages, while the belief in immortality is not once mentioned. In short, one might indeed derive from the book a good idea of the ways in which religion gets itself expressed in society, but not much notion as to how religion feels to the individual. This external treatment, in its turn, seems to be due to the author's consistent and invariable use of functional psychology. Such a result is, of course, not absolutely inevitable, but it is certainly extremely natural. Functional psychology is so interested in the outcome of conscious states and their biological, sociological, and ethical consequences that it often forgets to consider the conscious state itself. As consciousness is for the sake of action, action gets almost all of the emphasis. Thus the inner life is slighted, and functional psychology which seeks (as Professor Ames explicitly shows) to absorb almost everything, ends by becoming almost everything—except psychology.

Another reason why one feels that Professor Ames's book is inadequate as a description of religion is to be found in his fundamental thesis as to what religion is. To say that "religion is the consciousness of the highest social values," if it means anything at all, certainly indicates that religion is not what most of us have understood by it. but is simply and solely social morality. In fact, Professor Ames more than once explicitly says as much. And he illustrates his meaning in various ways—for instance, by insisting that "non-religious persons" are not the unbelieving or the non-mystical, but simply those who for lack of some mental endowment are not interested in the welfare of society, whereas the typically religious people are those who work for social improvement. It is a little startling to learn that nearly all of us have throughout our lives been using the word religion in quite the wrong sense, and that it really means something altogether different from what we had all supposed. Of course, Professor Ames has a right to define his terms as he likes; but it should seem that before appropriating a common and useful, though indefinite, old word such as religion, and making it synonymous with another common word, he should at least have coined for us a new word which we might use in place of the old one. For whatever one calls it, there is in most human lives a call for help outside one's self, an upward look, a despair of the merely ethical and the merely human, and a corresponding source of "horizon, stability, and hope," not given by morality or by other ideals, and not to be described as consciousness of the higher values of society. This thing, call it what you will and value it as you will, is certainly worthy of the psychologist's study. And it is therefore somewhat disappointing to find so little reference to it in Professor Ames's admirable book.

The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation. By Edwin R. A. Seligman, McVickar Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University. New York: The Columbia University Press. $3 net.

This is the third edition of this work, revised and enlarged to 395 pages, whereas the original of 1892 covered but 184 pages. It has proved throughout this period a particularly serviceable treatise to the students of public finance. The earlier multiplication of various types of theory upon this aspect of taxation persists in this last edition. Moderns are subdivided into (1) the physiocrats; (2) adherents of the absolute theory, *i. e.*, Adam Smith and Ricardo; (3) believers in the equal diffusion of taxes; (4) capitalizers of taxes; (5) eclectics; (6) agnostics; (7) socialists; and (8) those using mathematical analysis in their discussions. This affords an ample frame on which to display varieties of opinion, but from a logical standpoint, it is a hopeless hodge-podge. At least three or four different bases of classification—such as scientific methods, agreement in conclusions, partisan attitude—are simultaneously employed to effect a single classification.

The analytic part of the work reproduces the many excellences of the earlier editions. If any of the topics should be singled out for discussion, perhaps the treatment of the capitalization of taxation (especially pp. 221-226) is the most tempting:

> When a special tax is imposed on any one class of commodities, . . . the tax will . . . fall entirely on the original owner . . . for the tax will be discounted through a depreciation of the capital value of the article by a sum equal to the capitalized value of the tax (p. 221).

Thus—the example is our own—if suddenly an annual dog tax of five dollars is levied, and the dog's owner, influenced thereto by the tax in question, and finding the dog of no further use to him, gives me the dog *gratis*, and in case I pay thereafter the annual dog tax so long as the dog shall live, then the "tax falls entirely on the original owner!" Despite the indubitable evidence of my annual tax receipts, I am told that the depreciated capital value at which I got the dog has "*virtually*" exempted me from this tax burden! This is hard for the wayfaring man to credit. Still, when a tax like the English land tax has for generations been fixed in amount, in the sense that each parcel of land is taxed annually for a certain fixed and invariable money sum; and when the land has been sold and resold subject, as it were, to this perpetual State mortgage, it is difficult to assert that the payer of the rent charge (for such the tax has become) is sensible of lessening any income which he ever had or hoped to have for private expenditure. The rarity of taxes similar to the English land tax, however, makes the argument for capitalization seldom applicable to modern taxes.

The actual process by which taxes are shifted is a tortuous and a complicated one. It is well, therefore, for the student of finance to disclose his hypotheses frankly, and to admit that almost any unforeseen circumstance may invalidate his deductions. One must shun *the academic fear of seeming academic* in these matters. The considerations are suggested by Professor Seligman's statement that a poll tax "is clearly not susceptible of being shifted" (p. 371). Yet in States where the prepayment of the poll tax is a prerequisite for the exercise of the suffrage, campaign committees have been known to assume the tax quite readily.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English hexameter verse by Prentiss Cummings. An abridgment which contains all the main story and the most celebrated passages. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Cummings adds himself to the already exasperating number and variety of critics who have propounded solu-

tions of the Homeric question; for him, the Iliad is composed of "The Wrath of Achilles" by a first Homer, of additions celebrating the exploits of Hector by a second, or "Trojan," Homer, and of still further additions by a third Homer, whose touch is lighter, but whose contributions are episodical and not always relevant, and whose taste falls something short of his execution. These critical findings of the translator are reflected in the character of his abridgment; it includes most of the first and second Homers, but only the best parts of the third.

In the long and not uninteresting preface containing this contribution to Homeric vexation the author tells also in simple language the story of the Iliad, devotes a few pages to elementary directions for the pronunciation of proper names, and in the remaining two-thirds discusses the English hexameter. "English hexameter is subject to two inflexible laws: first, that every foot must begin with an accented syllable; second, that the several feet properly read must, within the laws of English versification, keep time." The second law is easily obeyed; but to the first, also, the translator yields consistent obedience, though the fact that "all monosyllabic connectives, the preposition, the article, and most pronouns and auxiliary verbs are unaccented," makes the difficulty of observing this law in the first foot of the line so great that the translator is aware of "no modern hexameter . . . wherein the law is adhered to rigidly." Other guiding principles are set forth, but are not exacting enough to be called laws; and the largeness of liberty seen to be allowable in English hexameter is so great that one is inclined to agree with the view which Mr. Cummings takes pains to criticise, that "the English language has no prosody," and to conclude that, after all, so far as hexameter is concerned, the only rules are those imposed by a delicate sense of the music of language.

As to the sum total of Mr. Cummings's translation, it neither descends to the lowest nor rises to the highest. That it is conscientiously done is evident enough, but its distinction, whether in form or content, is hardly such as to warrant a hope that it will not take its place with the forty or so unsuccessful attempts at hexameter translation which the author tells us have already appeared in print. Let us choose an example out of a possible great number, copying it without verse division:

Now, when a king he met, or man of uncommon distinction, him would he flatter in soldierly wise, but admonish him saying: "Sir, it befitteth not thee to play the part of a coward; be an example; sit down, and make the soldiers do likewise. No wise thou knowest the real designs of King Agamemnon; this is a test, a ruse, that only, and vengeance will follow. Do not we kings who were there know what took place in the council? Take care! Kings, vicegerents of Zeus, are highhanded; and this one holdeth his honor from Zeus, and Zeus, dread Arbiter, loves him."

This, with the exception of the rhythm, is good prose, but indifferent poetry. Of course, it would be absurd to demand in a translation of Homer the style of a Milton; but if verse form is to be used at all, diction and style should distinguish the work from the language of mere romantic story-telling, or even of Elizabethan prose:

> Neque enim concludere versum
> Dixeris esse satis.

Notes.

Early in December, Houghton Mifflin Company will publish a collection of Julia Ward Howe's later poems, entitled "At Sunset," upon which she was engaged at the time of her death; they were written mostly during the last eleven years, many of them for notable public occasions.

Volume XII, the last of the actual text of "The Cambridge Modern History," which will appear in a few days, is called "The Latest Age," and brings the history up to the present day.

An abridged edition, Professor Saintsbury's "Historical Manual of English Prosody," will be published by Macmillan, for use in schools and colleges.

About five hundred unpublished letters of Madame de Deffand to Horace Walpole, besides eleven letters by Walpole to her, are being prepared for publication by Dr. Paget Toynbee. The volume will be issued by Methuen.

The first volume of F. W. H. Migeod's "The Languages of West Africa" is announced by Kegan Paul.

Prof. Alexander Bugge has edited the first instalment of the "Diplomatarium Norvegicum," or documents concerning the relations of England and Norway in the Middle Ages.

The Putnams have in the press "A Short History of Women's Rights," by Eugene H. Hecker.

The Baker & Taylor Company will publish "Playground Technique and Playcraft," edited by Arthur and Lorna H. Leland. It is described as a text book in playground architecture, construction, equipment, organization, and supervision for playground committees, park boards, and manual training teachers. The same house announces "The Growth of the Gospels," by Prof. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist.

The Sixteenth International Congress of Orientalists, which was to have been held at Athens in the spring of 1911, has been postponed to the spring of 1912, presumably on account of the present disturbed conditions in Greece. The committee of organization includes the rector of the National University, the Mayor of Athens, representatives of the English, German, American, French, Italian, and Austrian archæological institutes at Athens, and various professors of the Athens University. The secretary of the committee, on whom the chief labor of the work of organization will devolve, is Spyridion P. Lambros, the well-known professor of history at the National University (Rue Mavrocordato, 10), to whom scholars and others interested are asked to send their names as members of the proposed congress. The committee announces that in connection with the congress, which will consist of the usual number of sections, special excursions will be planned to historical and archæological sites of Greece and adjacent countries. A second bulletin, which is promised by the end of the year, will furnish further details regarding the precise date and duration of the congress.

A prospectus of "The History of Nations," edited by Henry Cabot Lodge, and published by John D. Morris & Company of Philadelphia, has just been received. Among other delightful bits of misinformation we find the following statement: "Volume 21, South America, by Philip P. Wells, Ph.D. . . . This able work is the only complete, up-to-date, reliable history of the South American nations ever published. . . . Dr. Wells delved deeply into hidden sources." Examination of the volume itself reveals the fact that it is almost entirely a translation of Deberle's "Histoire de L'Amérique du Sud," which has once before been appropriated, the first time by a Spaniard, whose work was translated into English by Adnah D. Jones. It seems to have a fatal attraction for literary pirates.

In the opinion of Francis McCullagh, expressed in an article on "Some Causes of the Portuguese Revolution," in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the clerical question was largely artificial, however effective it may have been in overturning the monarchy:

> The Portuguese, a proud people with a great history, are keenly sensitive to the fact that now, in the twentieth century, they do not occupy the same relative position in Europe which they occupied in the fifteenth century. They have declined, and are in consequence irritable and despondent. Suddenly they are told that this decline is due to clericalism.

Repetition finally convinced them of the truth of the assertion. But Mr. McCullagh does not think that the departure of the monks will make much difference to Portugal.

Volumes XIX and XX of Scribner's Memorial Edition of Meredith bring "The Amazing Marriage" and "Celt and Saxon." The latter novel, first published in the summer in a separate edition, was reviewed in the *Nation*, August 25.

Those who are familiar with the department of *Harper's Magazine* known as the Easy Chair, will find old friends in the volume of essays which W. D. Howells has just published under the title of "Imaginary Interviews" (Harpers). The book scarcely prompts one to a review of Mr. Howells's ideas, which contain nothing that is in any way revolutionary. Written deliberately with the mannerisms of chit-chat, they touch upon a limited range of agreeable American life. A vein of irony, never profound but always whimsical, coupled with a tender fancy and mellow philosophizing, ensures a wide reading for the book by those who enjoy a harmless play-acting with life and ideas.

Hilaire Belloc was apparently put to it

to discover a name for his new volume of essays, after he had dubbed his last entertaining book "On Everything"; but he finds plenty of material for his pen in the two-score of papers or so now gathered under the title "On Anything" (Dutton). In the paper On a Poet written upon the occasion of Swinburne's death, he moralizes upon time's changes in a poet's or author's fame, and gives an estimate of Swinburne's poetry. "In all his work the mere nature of South England drives him. . . Whoever best knows that landscape and that sky best feels him." After speaking of Swinburne's feeling for rhythm and word, Mr. Belloc turns to his "paganism," and denies that quality to him in any true sense of the term. Swinburne belongs distinctly to the new world of yearning that came into being in the fourth century of our era. Among the other subjects treated in Mr. Belloc's customary vein are: Irony, People in Books. The Abstracted Man, The Method of History, Milton, Astarte, The Candor of Maturity, The Judgment of Robespierre.

In a well-printed, handy volume, uniform with his "Art of Naval Warfare,' Smith, Elder & Co. have reprinted, under the title of "Sea Power and Other Studies," twelve essays written by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge of the Royal Navy, at various times from 1898 to 1906. In these jingo days, it is refreshing to have the essential principles underlying the necessity and use of a fleet expounded by an author of such sound judgment, wide experience, and deep study. To these advantages are added a simple style and a happy knack of illustration which make the understanding of these articles as easy as their reading is agreeable. No one should venture to discuss naval history or naval strategy who is not thoroughly conversant with Sir Cyprian's contributions to these subjects.

As an appendix to the volume of collected "European and African Addresses" (Putnam), by Theodore Roosevelt, there are added the presentation speeches of the chancellor and Dr. Henry Goudy at the Oxford convocation, when the honorary degree of doctor of civil laws was conferred upon the ex-President. Lord Curzon of Kedleston thus hailed Mr. Roosevelt as he took his place for presentation:

Hic vir, hic est, quem promitti sæpius audis,
Cuius in adventum pavidi cessere cometæ
Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili!

And no less happy was he in admitting Mr. Roosevelt to the degree:

Strenuissime, insignissime, civium toto orbe terræ hodie agentium, summum ingentis reipublicæ magistratum bis incorrupte gestum, ter forsitan gesture, augustissimis regibus par, hominum domitor, beluarum ubique vastator, homo omnium humanissime, nihil a te alienum, ne nigerrimum quidem, putans, ego, auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis, admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili, honoris causa.

Was the chancellor, in the belief that Latin is not included in the ex-President's omniscience, indulging a sense of humor? There are in the present volume nine of Mr. Roosevelt's addresses. Several of his shorter extemporaneous speeches are omitted. Lawrence F. Abbott contributes in the preface a narrative of the trip, and an appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt.

Rarely are the letters written home by the enterprising traveller to his family of any value to others. Still more rarely are Chautauquan "Readings" of any value at all. To combine the laments and felicitations on coffee, dinners, beds, and trains dear to the one, with the sportive didacticism and ponderous colloquialisms supposed necessary to the other, and thence provide anything worth looking at twice, would be an amazing feat of literary artistry. Dr. John D. Fitz-Gerald, in his "Rambles in Spain" (Crowell) has had no such luck. His book contains all these impossible elements, and makes nothing of them but impossibility. But the illustrations, from photographs, are many and good. In combining them with Baedeker an ingenious reader could find much gain. Indeed, Dr. Fitz-Gerald confesses very fairly his own indebtedness: but who ever before called Baedeker's exactness "meticulous"?

"The World a Spiritual System" (Macmillan), by James H. Snowden, is an attempt to put into popular form the outlines of theistic idealism. The author does not claim to contribute anything new to the discussion of the ontological problems, but simply brings together, for the use of the non-technical reader, most of the views of contemporary philosophical theists. As one might expect, the resulting picture of God resembles a composite photograph of the Royccan Absolute and the old-fashioned Creator. Still, it must be said that on the whole the book presents a very readable account of a certain important metaphysical view.

"Maritime Law" (London: Effingham & Wilson), by Albert Saunders, is the second enlarged edition of a work originally published in 1901, and reprinted twice since that time. The original feature of the book is that it is in narrative form and illustrates the law on the subject by the history of a ship from and including the agreement to build her, until she becomes a total loss. It also treats of the rights and liabilities of the ship in war time and the rights and liabilities of neutrals. As a whole, the work is well done, although to an American lawyer its value is impaired by the fact that no reference is made to American cases.

The department of English and comparative literature of Columbia University has just issued a "Bibliographical Sketch of Anglo-Saxon Literature," which has been prepared by one of the department's professors. Designed to save labor in the classroom, it presents in an orderly arrangement the titles of works with which every student of the subject should be acquainted. The list does not pretend to be complete, but comprises the latest and most comprehensive references. It is divided topically, books of general bearing being followed by the special treatises on all the individual Anglo-Saxon works. Considering the enormous amount of useless articles which have been written on the literature of this early period, an authoritative guide like this will be welcomed by many a bewildered neophyte; for few professors of Anglo-Saxon take pains to give titles distinctly or to write them in more than the illegibly abbreviated form known to Germans.

A second volume completes Prof. John W. Cunliffe's edition of Gascoigne in the Cambridge English Classics (Putnam), and ends what must have been a laborious and tedious task for the editor. He has had the satisfaction of including several pamphlets which have hitherto been almost inaccessible, but none of these is of great importance. The text, as he states in the prefatory note, was set up in part from the original quartos in the Cambridge University Library, but mainly from photographs of printed pamphlets and manuscripts in the British Museum and the Bodleian. This method, taken with the tried accuracy of the Cambridge Press and of Professor Cunliffe, is assurance for a literal reproduction down to the last suspended *e* and *t*. As in all the volumes of this series, the long *s* is not used, and the confusion of *u* and *v* and of *i* and *j* is not followed. The reproductions from manuscript include "The Tale of Hemetes the Heremyte" from Royal MS. 18 A xlviii in the British Museum, and "The Grief of Joye" from Royal MS. 18 A lxi in the British Museum. "The Spoyle of Antwerpe," from the anonymous tract of 1576, is printed in an appendix. As this report to the Privy Council of the sack of Antwerp by the Spaniards is now known to be Gascoigne's, and is indeed one of the most interesting things he ever wrote, it might well have been printed in the body of the text in the larger type.

"The Political Theories of Martin Luther" (Putnam), by Luther Hess Waring, is the expansion of a thesis presented in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the George Washington University. What parts of it constituted the original dissertation we are not informed. The method pursued appears to have been the fatal pigeon-hole process which has brought so much discredit upon the doctor fabrication of our universities from highest to lowest. There is throughout little evidence that the author has gained any such grasp upon his subject as would entitle him to express opinions about it. The merit of modesty cannot be denied him. A very large part of the book consists of quotations from other writers most impartially distributed. They range from Macaulay and Ranke to Col. Bryan as editor of the world's famous orations; and these quotations are thrown in at every turn as if they, and not the author's own studies, had been the starting-point of the book. If we may speak of a leading thesis at all, it is that Luther was the originator and inspirer of most of the ideas as to the nature, the functions, and the limits of the state which have shaped the politics of the modern world. That we hold to be an entirely indefensible thesis. There is hardly an idea in Luther's many utterances on the subject which may not be found in far more consistent and emphatic form in a long series of writers from Ockham, through Wycliffe and the leaders in the conciliar conflicts of the fifteenth century, down to Erasmus and Thomas More. Dr. Waring's defect is that of many others who have touched this subject, a lack of familiarity with the long movement of European affairs between the complete dominance of the mediæval system and its overturn in the Reformation. With no wish to dim the splendor of Luther's commanding personality or diminish ever so slightly his influence upon his time, the careful historian must warn against ascribing to him originality in ideas not really his own. Luther's enduring fame will rest upon his

skill and tact in focussing the obvious tendencies of his day upon one supreme object —the freeing of as large a part of Germany as possible from the overgrown pretensions of the Roman religious system. He was a humane theologian, a preacher of righteousness, and a pastor to his people, not a speculative political philosopher. His utterances on political questions were invariably called forth by the practical emergencies arising from his leadership in the process of transformation through which Germany was passing. They were not, like those of Calvin, for example, the expression of a carefully worked out scheme of human government.

The Prince Society (Boston) has issued the first volume of "Colonial Currency Reprints," which will include a re-issue of all the known tracts on currency appearing in Massachusetts from 1682 to 1751, fifty-eight in number. The interest and importance of this series in history and in economics can hardly be over-estimated, for the experience of the colony in paper issues gave rise to a fruitful discussion. The beginnings of "credit," the establishment of funds by which real property came to be represented by credits, and so passed into circulation and usually into abuse, is an early chapter in banking in which Massachusetts ran through many and thorough experiments. The real scarcity of a circulating medium furnished an excuse for resorting to expedients that, in the hands of oppressed debtors, only increased the evil conditions and imposed a heavy tax upon the creditor and the community.

The editor of this series, Andrew McF. Davis, has passed many years in the study of certain phases of this question, and has already published an elaborate history of currency and banking in Massachusetts. He now submits the sources from which he drew his material, and no one could be better equipped for the task. His introduction traces the history of the subject from the first fund of 1681, which was intended to benefit a small company of men constituting the "fundors," by a form of bills of exchange, to the final redemption and disappearance of provincial bills of credit, under which the credit of the colony had been so greatly affected. It is rather suggestive to find the first steps in this progress limited to a "credit with discreet men," but little time passed before the "bank of credit," pure and simple, with an undefined basis of substantial property or of discreet men behind it, was proposed; and from that to the use of individual or government credit without actual property behind it, and having a forced circulation, was a simple process, controlled, as it was, by the needs or interests of the borrower. It is all the more suggestive that such a scheme for a real paper currency, intended to take the place of coin, arose at a time when the charter of the colony had been annulled, and its political affairs were in confusion; also, that the first serious plan involved some of the leading names in official circles, as well as some business men, and that the expected high profits were to be shared among those who had the power to give or deny the recognition and endorsement of government. In fact, Blackwell's bank plan of 1686 savors much of modern methods in finance and in politics. That bank never went into operation, and mere discussion ended and practice began with the issue of bills of credit by the colony in 1690, to meet the cost of the expedition against Quebec. Having tasted of the ease in postponing payment of current charges, the government entered upon the practice of issuing bills for meeting its expenses, and of redeeming them out of the proceeds of taxes in future years. Silver disappeared from circulation, the bills depreciated, and from 1714 the discussion of causes and remedies was active. This volume, containing sixteen of the issues, carries the question to 1721. The elaborate bibliographical notes of the editor and his evident mastery of the subject promise to make this series of volumes unique in the history of early experiences in credit currency.

In "Beyond the Mexican Sierras" (McClurg), Dillon Wallace, the author of a recent book on Labrador, has given an account of a trip from San Francisco down the coast to Sinaloa and Tepic in 1907. Mr. Wallace has a pleasant journalistic style, and has acquired the usual newspaper man's conceptions about the great harm which the Spaniards did to the unfortunate aborigines. Students of Mexican affairs are already quite familiar with this type of traveller, but it may cause a smile that any one should still be found to assert that the Indians were forced under pain of death "to relinquish their old ideas of morality and religion and accept instead bigotry, sensualism, and superstition." As long as American writers persist in thus misjudging the work of Spanish civilization, just so long will American readers be unable to understand and appreciate the present conditions of Latin American society. The author also indulges in the usual panegyrics about Diaz: "The most remarkable man in the world." It is a pity that so few writers are able to adopt an unbiased, well-balanced view towards the great Mexican dictator. In general, Mr. Wallace spins the customary traveller's yarn, like any other garrulous wanderer making his first trip to the tropics. He is tremendously impressed with the moist heat, the poor food, the dirt, and the insects. He cannot speak the language, but he does not hesitate to treat everything with frank criticism. His work will naturally be referred to by those who are contemplating a journey down the west coast, either by steamer or over the newly completed extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad; but any one familiar with Mexico, outside of the big cities, will find little that is new and much that is commonplace. Abominable Spanish spelling and too much minute personal detail are faults which are only partly relieved by such pleasing discoveries as the following: "I arose, and looking to the north saw the Great Dipper and Polaris just above the horizon and knew that morning was near, for in that latitude Polaris is visible only in the morning." The illustrations are very attractive.

The monthly publication of statistics which summarize a city's activity in all branches of public service is a recently established Italian custom worthy of a greater following in America. The *Bollettino Statistico Mensile* of Padua, a commune of 66,000 inhabitants, is a well-printed, small folio pamphlet, usually of about twenty pages of statistical tables, without other explanatory text than that supplied by occasional foot-notes. In the month under consideration, the Weather Bureau reports "a slight shock of earthquake." The tables analyzing the vital statistics include two which indicate where death has left minors as public charges, and cases where minors are likely to become public charges, and where the law makes special provision for their guardianship. The tables on sanitation and hygiene indicate a well-developed system of care for the public health. There are interesting details of preventive and curative measures in regard to tuberculosis; and there are the statistics of pellagra, which, including the rural sections of the commune, show over a thousand persons in such a condition as to claim a free distribution of salt, so taxed by the state that its purchase is impossible by the very poor. At the same time, among the hills of more prosperous Tuscany, Florence reported a single death from pellagra, that of a non-resident. The prevalence of this disease involves a not inconsiderable expense for inspecting flour and grain, a commodity also so subject to taxation that purchasers are found even for what has been ruined by blight or storage. In spite of its rich soil, Italy has not yet learned how to raise enough grain to supply home consumption.

Padua shows itself to be a progressive city, possessing a Pasteur Institute, exercising a medical supervision over licensed wet-nurses, and over infants nursed artificially at the commune's expense. Its sanitary inspection extends to private as well as public schools, and cares for the health of children in the elementary schools, to whom it furnishes luncheons, "gratuitous, semi-gratuitous, and paid," in an interesting variety of forms. In the chemical and microscopical examination of foods, the analysis of water, its bacteriological laboratory, the supervision of public baths, of the municipal slaughter-houses, and of horses used in street cabs, it is abreast of the times. Padua possesses a communal library, a people's library, beside one in the suburb of Ponte di Brenta, and a teachers' library in its Department of Education. The number of readers of books and manuscripts reported by the Biblioteca Comunale in the month of July was 71, and the total for seven months of the year, not excluding repetitions, was 1,483, while in the Biblioteca Popolare Comunale di Città, the readers in July were 523, with a total of 4,271 for seven months. This difference in patronage is due to the fact that the communal libraries in Italy are generally old institutions, administered in the interests of the leisured classes, and are accessible, as a rule, only at hours and under conditions generally prohibitive for those employed during the ordinary working hours of the day. People's libraries are of recent growth, open on evenings and holidays, and consist of books specially chosen with regard to the supposed requirements of the working classes.

"Europe since 1815," by C. D. Hazen (Holt), is a valuable new college textbook on the history of the nineteenth century. It has over seven hundred pages of text, fourteen good maps, and excellent critical bibliographies. In arrangement of material the author has rather neatly

steered between the Scylla of a strictly chronological treatment, in which a dozen different countries are kept moving side by side to the bewilderment of the student, and the Charyhdis of a purely topical treatment which too often results in nothing but a dozen different historics of as many different countries. The author brings down together the histories of Austria, Prussia, France, and Italy; then he returns to the starting point, 1815, and traces the histories of England, Russia, Turkey, and the lesser states. The fact that the period prior to 1870 fills no more than half the volume shows that Professor Hazen is properly aware that the new generations ought to know what has been happening in the last forty years in the Far East, in Africa, and in the colonial world, as well as in western Europe since the unification of Italy and Germany. Professor Hazen's narrative is accurate, scholarly, and interesting. At times it even has a literary flavor. But many passages, especially in the first half of the volume, could with advantage have been made more brief, definite, and crisp, by a freer use of the blue pencil.

The treasures of the papyri that have been made accessible to the general student have up to now been restricted mainly to the literary fragments. We have had Timotheus and Bacchylides, and Professor Capps has just edited four plays of Menander. But of the many thousands of unliterary papyri we have had only general and unsatisfactory accounts. Dr. Milligan's "Selections from the Greek Papyri" (Putnams) is accordingly a timely volume. After a brief but comprehensive sketch of the history of the various discoveries, we have a selection of fifty-five papyri texts varying in length from a few lines to a couple of pages, extending from 310 B. C. to the fifth century A. D. The contents are equally varied. There are marriage contracts, a letter of Epicurus to a child, letters of introduction, private family letters, dreams, incantations, census notices, law suits, invitations to dinner, an impudent letter of a boy to his father, etc. In many cases the writers are very illiterate and the spelling is obviously phonetic. The vagaries of syntax are often most remarkable—features which make them extremely valuable for scientific study. Dr. Milligan is interested mainly in the light which such documents throw on the language of the New Testament, but the book is valuable for the ordinary teacher of Greek, in bringing home to his classes the human side of Greek life. A translation is appended to every fragment. These are not always accurate, but sometimes the text is obscure, and the peculiar syntax makes the meaning uncertain. The commentary is too brief and is filled mainly with quotations from the New Testament, to the number of nearly 500. Much more attention could well be given in the notes to linguistic matters, and in cases of great illiteracy the text might well he rewritten in normal Greek. The section on language in the introduction is inadequate, and the assistance of the translation still leaves many difficulties unexplained. But in spite of these defects the book fills a real need.

The death is announced, in his eighty-fifth year, of Canon William Ince, regius professor of divinity at Oxford since 1878. He wrote "Some Aspects of Christian Truth" and "Religion in the University of Oxford."

George Frederick Seward, financier and statesman, and nephew of William H. Seward, Lincoln's secretary of state, died last Monday at his home in New York city in his seventy-first year. At the age of twenty-one he entered public life, going as consul to Shanghai. In 1864, he was made consul-general of the United States for all China, and from 1876 to 1880 he was United States minister to China. For his service there he received the order of the Knights of Dannehrog from Denmark, and from France that of the Dragon of Annam. As an author he wrote on "Chinese Immigration in Its Social and Economical Aspects," "System of Taxation of New York," and other kindred topics.

Science.

Sweet Peas. By Horace J. Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 65 cts. net.

Pansies, Violas, and Violets. By William Cuthbertson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 65 cts. net.

About half a billion sweet pea seeds, weighing forty tons, are distributed every year by British growers alone! Twelve books on this flower have been printed in the English language, besides the Report of the Sweet Pea Bicentenary, and England also has had, since 1905, a Sweet Pea Annual. In view of such facts, one cannot but agree with Mr. Cuthbertson that the sweet pea is the first garden flower of the present day. It owes this popularity partly to its fragrance, partly to the wide range of color, and the recent amazing improvements in tints, details of form, length of stem, and size and number of flowers. Although first introduced into England from Sicily in the seventeenth century, it was not till forty years ago, when Henry Eckford began to devote his life to the improvement of this flower, that its possibilities in the way of varied beauty began to be recognized. He not only originated some seventy new varieties, but in the case of most of them he had the patience to fix them, so that there was no danger of reversion to the types which he had used in hybridizing. Hence, most of the Eckford varieties come true. Not so with the Countess Spencer varieties, which were first shown ten years ago. They created a sensation because both the standards and the wings of the flower were beautifully waved; but they were put on the market in too great haste, wherefore, to the present day, the purchaser of Spencer seeds cannot always feel sure of what they will grow up into. A third type, known as the Unwin, appeared in the same year as the Countess Spencer; its standard and wings are almost as much, and quite as gracefully, waved, but Mr. Unwin held back his creations for fixation, and the Spencer type thus won the race.

More than five hundred varieties of sweet peas are obtainable, and yet the public clamors for more. "The raiser of new varieties finds many swans; the grower who purchases them finds geese, and wretchedly poor ones at that," says Mr. Wright; yet he would by no means discourage the quest after further novelties; we have not yet got the true yellow or the true blue flower, and as long as we have not these delightful colors there is plenty of room for experimenting. The exquisite primrose tint of the Clara Curtis, of which there is a reproduction in color in Mr. Wright's book, fosters the hope that a deeper yellow may soon be found. There are seven other colored plates of particularly beautiful varieties, and in one of his chapters the author gives a list of fifty desirable kinds to cultivate. The bulk of his attractive and useful book is given up to directions concerning cultivating, manuring, thinning, mulching, spring and autumn seeding, raising flowers for exhibitions, etc.

No less ornamental and useful is Mr. Cuthbertson's book on pansies. The pansy, as we know it, is as modern as the improved sweet pea, and quite as many men have spent their lives in originating new varieties. Sixty years ago only one kind of pansy was grown in Great Britain; to-day their number is legion, and in popularity this flower is second only to the sweet pea. It was found that by giving the common Heart's-ease good cultivation and selecting seeds from the best kinds year after year, it could be greatly improved in size and color; later the hybridizer applied his subtle arts and a new world of floral beauty resulted. He is still busy, for there is plenty of room for new colors, markings, and details of form. One of the most interesting chapters is concerned with the difficulties the hybridizers have to contend with in preventing diverse insects from spoiling their well-laid plans. Mr. Cuthbertson traces the history and development of violas and violets as well as of pansies, besides giving cultural directions. There is a calendar for the pansy-grower, showing what should be done each month in the year, and there are eight colored plates of choice varieties.

"Food Inspection" (Van Nostrand), by Hugh A. Macewen, is a rather elementary book for general information, and to aid intending inspectors to obtain the knowledge required for the prescribed examinations. The text is pretty well adapted to these ends, and a number of excellent illustrations add to the beauty and usefulness of the book. The first part deals with meat, as seen in the abattoir, treating in

moderate detail of what it is necessary to know in order to carry out an inspection. The next section is devoted to the construction and management of slaughter-houses, with a rather brief account of two British establishments. Appendices summarize the method of inspection adopted in Germany, and also the conduct of slaughter-houses and packing houses in Chicago, where the conditions were found to be much better than the author expected them to be, although he thinks that there is still room for improvement, and considers the inspection efficient for the grosser forms of disease, but otherwise decidedly inadequate. The remaining sections treat of the inspection of other kinds of flesh foods, of vegetables and fruits, and also of the methods by which various foods are preserved and stored. All this is almost too concise. Brief, also, is the abstract of the laws relating to food inspection, and here, of course, British conditions are alone considered.

Octave Chanute, who has been called by some "the father of the aeroplane," died in Chicago on Wednesday of last week. When he began experiments with "horizontal kites," as they were ironically referred to, several years ago, he was considered eccentric. His persistence in trying out his ideas resulted, however, in the Chanute glider, which was the modern biplane without the engine. With it Mr. Chanute was able to glide several hundred yards in a strong wind by manipulation of its wings. He was born in Paris on February 18, 1832, and arrived in America with his parents in 1838. He was once chief engineer of the Erie Railroad, and had been an officer or honorary member of the British Institute of Civil Engineers, Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, American Society of Civil Engineers, and the Western Society of Engineers. His scientific researches into methods for improving railway service made him one of the distinguished engineers of his day, a plan to preserve railway ties by soaking them in creosote having been one of his latest contributions to his favorite field of engineering. He was the builder of the Kansas Pacific Railway, the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, and the Missouri River Bridge. In the field of aeronautics, his ideas were only recognized as sane after the Wrights had made their first flights, and had acknowledged that it was Chanute's book, "Progress in Flying Machines," published in 1894, which had turned their attention toward the heavier-than-air experiments. The Wrights gave him credit for working out the engineering problems involved in building successful aeroplanes, and in blazing the trail toward a practicable machine.

Drama.

Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

This is an interesting and valuable book, interesting for its self-revelation of a fine and highly gifted personality and valuable for the light it throws upon the true secret of the writer's brilliant artistic success. It is a record of unwearied energy, indefatigable industry, dauntless courage, and high ambition tempered by modest self-distrust. From the egotism which is the distinguishing mark of most theatrical autobiographies it is almost entirely free. If it is occasionally somewhat over-exuberant or effusive, somewhat overladen with insignificant detail, it is in the main the work of a rarely clever, sane, and observant woman who had a singularly wide experience of the higher artistic, literary, and social life of two continents, and was capable of profiting by it.

It is not possible, of course, to discuss here the memories of more than fifty years, especially when they were so crowded as those of Helena Modjeska. That she was endowed naturally with histrionic genius of a high order no one who saw her act could ever doubt, but the troublous scenes of her adventurous childhood probably had much to do with her sanguine and imaginative temperament. She was reared amid surroundings of fierce political excitement, of national fury and despair, of revolution and bloodshed, of conflagration and ruin. With Hungarian and Polish blood in her veins, with an education half-religious and half-Bohemian, now running wild in romantic scenery, now subjected to strict domestic restraint, but always associating with young literary and artistic patriots on fire with the spirit of romance and liberty, it is not strange that even in early girlhood she should have dreamed of future triumphs on the stage. Her leisure hours were devoted to private theatricals, to recitations of Polish poetry, and to song. An occasional visit to the theatre added fire to her dramatic enthusiasm, which was encouraged by her half-brother, Felix Benda, already an actor of some note. And so, in spite of maternal opposition, she began, at the very bottom of the theatrical ladder, as an amateur. Then she passed through a brief period of barn-storming, and finally, attracting attention, obtained an engagement in the theatre at Cracow. There for three years she labored incessantly, playing every variety of character from pages up. While still in her teens she had won a provincial reputation as Ophelia, Doña Sol, and Adrienne Lecouvreur. From the moment of her first acquaintance with "Hamlet" she became a lifelong worshipper of Shakespeare, and one of her earliest triumphs was achieved in Juliet, to which she had devoted months of study. Her analysis of this character shows her conscientious methods of work.

Soon she was able to make a flying visit to Paris, where she saw many of the most famous actors of the Français and other theatres. Of their stage business, she says, she can report nothing, for she paid no attention to it. What she did admire was their capacity for identifying themselves with the characters of the play and the precision of their expression and delivery. Of the so-called Delsartean system she speaks with brief contempt; Delsarte, she remarks, never taught or left any. His methods were peculiar to himself, and would not suit anybody else. Her stellar career—which need not be followed—virtually began with her great triumph as Adrienne Lecouvreur in the subsidized Warsaw Theatre, of which she soon became the brightest ornament. The incidents in that career long ago became matters of dramatic history and cannot be related here. But her own account of them, of her associate players, of the intrigues before and behind the curtain, of the Russian censorship, and the whole system of management, is peculiarly fresh and interesting. Her intimacy with the director, M. Mouchanoff, and especially with his liberally minded wife, was of the greatest value to her, not only artistically—by granting her a wider scope than the strict law of the censorship would have allowed—but socially—by bringing her into contact with the inner circle of the aristocracy, great political and diplomatic personages, and leaders in the musical, literary, and artistic worlds. Her friendships, which in later years were to include many of the most distinguished men and women in England and in the United States, supply some of the most interesting pages of her book.

And to this cosmopolitan acquaintance, coupled with her constant study of German, French, and English literature, must be attributed, doubtless, much of the breadth of observation and soundness of judgment which she displays. Her criticisms of theatrical art and affairs are marked by fulness of knowledge and most kindly though judicious temper. She is liberal in praise, and emphatic, though moderate, in condemnation. Of the stock-company system she is an enthusiastic advocate. The experience of a lifetime convinced her that it is the only school in which the best acting can be found. The company at Warsaw—in which she was trained—was comparable, she declares, in all respects with that of the Français in the famous days of Bernhardt, Coquelin, Got, Delaunay, and the rest. Elsewhere she records her deliberate conviction that the Italians are the greatest actors in the world, and Tommaso Salvini the nonpareil of his time. To Ristori also she awards a lofty pedestal. In Duse she discerns genius and infinite fascination, while disagreeing with some of her ultra-realistic methods. Of Edwin Booth she speaks with affectionate admiration, as the greatest of American tragedians and a charming friend. She was vanquished, she intimates, by Irving's personality, rather than his art. The finish of Charles Coghlan's acting

appealed to her greatly, and she has discriminating praise for many other American actors living and dead. The whole modern syndicate system she regards as pernicious and abominable, fatal to all artistic growth.

It was a change in the directorship of the Warsaw Theatre that was the immediate cause of her migration to this country, and of the political persecution that afterward prevented her from acting in her native land. Her career in America is too well-known to need more than this passing allusion. But few of her admirers, perhaps, realize the trials and obstacles which this Polish actress had to overcome before she realized her youthful ambition of triumphing in Shakespeare on the English stage. They are all set down in this book, and constitute an engrossing and instructive story.

"Henry of Navarre," one of the most successful romantic plays produced in England for some years, was presented in the Knickerbocker Theatre here on Monday evening, by Fred Terry and his wife, Julia Neilson, and proved to be a fairly effective stage piece of little literary or dramatic quality. The general nature of it is fully accounted for by the fact that its author, William Devereux, is, or has been, an actor. All the paraphernalia and apparatus employed are to the last degree stagey. The story tells of the wooing, the estrangement and reconciliation of Henry and Marguerite de Valois, and the intrigues against the Huguenots, culminating in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Catherine de' Medici operates in it by means of dagger, forgery, and poison, while her astrologer, Ruggieri, alternately abets and confounds her to suit his own purposes. In the end, of course, Henry, a prodigy of astuteness, courage, and gallantry, triumphs over all obstacles and enemies, though the groans of the slaughtered Huguenots supply his nuptial chorus. There is plenty of bustling movement and tense situation, but the extravagance or awkwardness of much of the play, and the manifest artificiality of all of it, prevent it from having much value as romance. Fred Terry, although his Henry is almost entirely fictitious, makes an attractive and plausible figure of him, by his vivacious, varied, virile, and consistent acting. Without him the representation would fall flat. Miss Neilson is a lovely, but self-conscious, and, therefore, unsympathetic Marguerite. Several of the subordinate characters are in very feeble hands, but, as a body, the company show a good appreciation of the needs of romantic drama and play with a coöperative vitality such as is seldom displayed upon the local stage.

All the younger American dramatists just now seem to be infected by the delusion that extravagance is synonymous with strength. The "Two Women" which Rupert Hughes has written for Mrs. Leslie Carter, and which was produced in the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday evening, is a drama of passion in which crude vulgarity, mock sentiment, and contempt for common sense are exhibited in nearly equal proportions. But it contains clever work here and there, and indicates a quick sense of theatrical effect. A poor artist marries a little sempstress who proves a paragon of purity and devotion, and dies pathetically of want and work at the moment when fortune is within his grasp. Rich, he encounters her double in a woman long sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation and hires her to sit as a model for a painting of his departed saint. The sinner is converted by the subtle influence of the dead woman, learns to love her employer, and, after nursing him through a dangerous sickness, wins his heart. The drama ends with their union and the proclamation of the trite fallacy that character is only the child of opportunity. Mrs. Leslie Carter embodies both women, and is fairly successful as the lurid wanton, but fails in the angelic part owing to the artificiality of her style. In voluble, ranting passion she is as vigorous as ever. The play is incredible in incident and its sentiment is claptrap.

"Dickens and the Drama," a book by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, explaining Dickens's connection with the stage, and commenting on his plays and the dramatization of his novels, is promised by Chapman & Hall.

Early in December Miss Lena Ashwell will leave London for New York, in order to appear in C. M. S. McLellan's drama, "Judith Zaraine." Her stay here is not likely to be long, as she has arranged for her reappearance at the London Kingsway fairly early in the coming year. She will there be seen in a new play by H. V. Esmond, called "The House of Ussher." It has only five characters, and all the action passes in the same scene. The main interest of the story is centred in a father and his daughter, the latter a young girl whose existence and character have been adversely affected by the sordid atmosphere in which she moves. Suddenly she begins to realize that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," and thenceforward she devotes her energies to fostering what is best in those by whom she is surrounded.

The directors of a London hall have been negotiating with Sir Herbert Tree for the right of making cinematographic reproductions of scenes from "Henry VIII," as they are now presented in His Majesty's Theatre. Sir Herbert has given his assent on condition that the films shall first be approved by him. The scenes selected for treatment are Wolsey's entrance, the trial of Queen Katherine, and the coronation ceremony. This seems to open up a new phase of theatrical enterprise and advertisement.

Miss Gertrude Kingston announces that "Just to Get Married," produced at the Little Theatre in London recently, with considerable success, is by Miss Cicely Hamilton, the authoress of "Diana of Dobson's." The authoress of "The Merciful Soul," presented on the same evening, is Miss L. Alma-Tadema.

George Riddle, one of the most widely known public readers in this country, died suddenly in Boston on Saturday. In 1874 he acted in support of the Brutus of Edwin Booth, being the first alumnus of Harvard to adopt a stage career. Mr. Riddle first attracted the attention of the educated public in the early eighties by his revival of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" in the original Greek. A performance in Booth's Theatre was witnessed by one of the most notable audiences ever assembled in this city. For several years he taught elocution in Harvard University. Then he devoted himself to public reading in which he achieved considerable success.

Music.

Selected Piano Compositions by Johannes Brahms. Edited by Rafael Joseffy. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Songs from the Operas for Tenor. Edited by H. E. Krehbiel. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

After Rafael Joseffy had won fame and popularity by playing Chopin, Liszt, and Schumann, he tried for several years to enchant the public with the pieces of Johannes Brahms, but found, it is needless to say, a less ready response to his new pianistic pleadings. *Post hoc*, and possibly *propter hoc*—for he loves Brahms dearly—he retired from the concert platform at a time when his powers of interpretation were at their best. All efforts to entice him back have failed, but, luckily, the Oliver Ditson Company has succeeded, at any rate, in persuading him to take other pianists into his confidence and let everybody know what he considers the best twenty of Brahms's scores for his instrument. The result is a volume which will undoubtedly appeal to all who like "the musical Browning"; and possibly it may make some converts. It includes the Scherzo, opus 4; the Sonata in F minor, opus 5; the four Ballades, opus 10; the Variations on a Hungarian Theme, op. 21; the 16 waltzes of op. 39; the 8 Capriccios and Intermezzos of opus 76; the two Rhapsodies, op. 79; and a Gluck Gavotte arranged by Brahms.

James Huneker, who is as ardent a Brahmsite as Mr. Joseffy, admits, in the preface contributed by him to this volume, that Brahms may sound chilly and formal, and that he resembles certain people that we meet and dislike at first sight; "but strip him of his harsh rind, taste the richness of the musical fruit, and your indifference will be transformed into admiration, perhaps love." Mr. Huneker admits that Brahms is not "a surpassingly original melodist," and he does not deny the accusation of "muddiness and heaviness of the doubled basses in his piano compositions." Liking them is, he says, a matter of taste. Taking that attitude, it is only another step for him to deny the charge that Brahms does not write in the true idiom of the pianoforte. But attempts to prove that this composer is sensuously attractive, or emotional, or romantic, must always fail; they fail even in the hands of so clever a dialectician as Mr. Huneker. From the technical and intel-

lectual points of view, on the other hand, too much cannot be said in favor of Brahms. He is, indeed, the greatest variationist since Bach and Beethoven; his complicated rhythms are a source of endless wonder and delight to serious students, and many love him for his harking back to old classical and even mediæval methods of composition. To thousands of music-lovers the intellectual side of music appeals more strongly than any other; to them chiefly this volume of piano pieces will make its appeal.

One of the peccadilloes of the lovers of intellectual music is a professed scorn for opera. "It is the still small voice discerned in a Brahms adagio," writes Mr. Huneker, "that abides by us and consoles when the music of the opera seems garish and superficial." Similar opinions are often uttered by Henry Edward Krehbiel, though he has written many books—very good and pleasant books, too—about operas and their makers, quite ignoring the concert hall. The latest product of his pen belongs, like the volume just spoken of, to the admirably edited and printed Musicians' Library. It includes twenty-nine songs from the operas of twenty-one composers. Gluck and Verdi are each represented by two operas, Gounod by three, Wagner by four; the other masters being Purcell, Galuppi, Sacchini, Cimarosa, Mozart, Méhul, Beethoven, Boieldieu, Weber, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Thomas, Ponchielli, Bizet, Massenet, Mascagni.

In making collections of this sort it is customary to select a given number of airs and transpose them for the different voices, often to their detriment. Instead of following this objectionable practice, Mr. Krehbiel has taken pains to search the operatic literature of three centuries for gems written specially for soprano, mezzo-soprano, alto, and tenor, to which, doubtless, a further volume of songs for bass will be added. The selections bear evidence to the editor's comprehensive knowledge and his catholicity of taste, and in the comments on the songs there is much historic and miscellaneous information calculated to stimulate interest in them. The expression *bête comme un ténor* is no longer generally applicable; a century ago it would probably have been foolish to issue a volume with an erudite preface for the edification of a species of singers concerning whom Hans von Bülow once said: "A tenor is not a voice but a disease."

The Chicago Opera Company gave during its first two weeks five performances to sold-out houses, and the other audiences were marked as good, so that there was a balance on the right side. This is gratifying in view of the fact that, to quote the *Musical Leader:*

So far as the actual musical public is concerned, it is estimated that the number which might be termed the "concert-going public" will not exceed 10,000, while the "opera-going public" is about 25,000. Those are figures as given by men who have made a study of conditions in and around Chicago, and who for years past have been connected with the business of concert and opera production.

The MacDowell Chorus of Peterboro, N. H., which was the nucleus of the historic pageant last summer, has been endowed and put on a permanent financial basis. E. G. Hood of Nashua has been engaged as its conductor.

The Committee of the Society of German Musicians have decreed that a festival shall be held next year to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Liszt. Further particulars have not been given out, save the statement that, owing to the absence of a suitable hall, the performance will not take place at Weimar, with which town Liszt was most prominently associated.

The Rev. Frederick H. Jacobs, often known as the singing evangelist, who for years conducted the Fulton Street Noonday Prayer Meeting, toured with Dwight L. Moody, and later carried on his work abroad, died on Thanksgiving Day, at the age of fifty-five.

Art.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

LONDON, November 19.

England has discovered the "Post-Impressionists," the name, it seems, by which the most prominent supporters of *Les Indépendants* and the *Salon d'Automne* in Paris are now to be known. London, had it chosen, could long ago have discovered them, several of the group having been already shown in the exhibitions of the International Society, where, for a while, in its best days, all that was most promising and individual in the art of the Continent had a place. But London, only beginning to draw breath after its startled discovery of the romanticists and impressionists, needed something more than a few pictures in one annual exhibition to realize that the art world in Paris does not stand still, whatever is the rule on this side of the Channel.

The "something more" takes the form of the representative exhibition just opened in the Grafton Gallery, in which the new movement, as it is called, can be studied from Manet, rather illogically included, to Matisse. The amusing part of it is that this really interesting collection is not the venture of a few sympathetic artists here or of enterprising French dealers, who have usually been responsible for such daring departures in the past, but is given with, I might say, official sanction: for its honorary and executive committees include the keepers of the National Gallery, the Wallace Collection, and the King's Pictures; the directors of the National Portrait Gallery and two or three provincial galleries; writers like Herbert Cook and Roger Fry, who hitherto have identified themselves with masters accredited by time; and the more or less distinguished people who lend their names to any approved scheme for the encouragement of art. The artists may be independent at home in France, but in England they appear under the most correct and conventional patronage. And though the British public, unabashed by this patronage, laughs in front of the pictures, the British critics, with one or two exceptions, are respectful, even enthusiastic: frankly afraid to be again caught napping. I have already pointed out in the *Nation* how this fear leads them to exalt into a master any one of the younger men in England who reveals the slightest personality in his work. And so, in the Grafton Gallery, they are ready at least to suspect genius everywhere. In the old days they laughed at the Pre-Raphaelites, and Millais and Holman Hunt to-day lie in St. Paul's: therefore it may be wise to take Van Gogh seriously. They ridiculed Whistler, and he now is ranked high with the elect: for which reason it would probably be safer, anyway, to honor Matisse without delay. Manet's Olympia was received with derision, and to-day hangs in the Louvre; who knows if that may not be the fate of Gaugain's nude—*L'Esprit Veille*—the brown woman of Tahiti stretched out upon her bed of white, with its barbaric ornament? The artists represented are said to be revolutionary. But revolution, if there is any, is rather on the part of the British authorities and critics who have actually dared to abandon their old safe policy of sitting tight in seasons of doubt.

As to the exhibition, it is, as I have said, interesting, but it would be no great novelty or innovation to anybody who has followed recent movements and developments among artists in France. The work of some of the exhibitors, Matisse, for instance, is, I fancy, far better known by this time in New York than in London. The interest really is in the work itself, though far more is made of the artists' theories and principles by their British critics and would-be admirers. The artists are praised for their wish to escape tradition and assert their own personality, which is, we are told, the creed of the Post-Impressionists. But no artist to-day can escape tradition, though he may defy it; to express his own individuality has been the aim of every artist since the world began. Certainly, there is no escape from tradition, no genuine attempt to escape in this series of pictures and drawings. They are the work of sound draughtsmen and well-trained technicians. It might almost be thought it was to emphasize the fact of the modern artist's subservience to tradition that Manet, who really has no business here, is included. There is a fair collection of

his pictures, shortly, I understand, to figure in the salesroom. They hang in the first gallery, together with several by Cézanne, and the most important are so well-known that it would be more than useless for me to describe them—Un Bar aux Folies-Bergères, Au Café, La Promenade—and they show, as all Manet's work does, that in whatever personal way he may have chosen to express himself, he brought to the expression a due reverence for the past, for the inheritance of knowledge and law (a very different thing from academic convention) which had come down to him through many and distinguished generations of artists. But, indeed, the men who were Manet's contemporaries were all careful to begin by studying the old masters as well as nature.

Fortunately, a number of Cézanne's pictures—landscapes, still-life, and portraits—are exhibited. Whether you like his work or not, you must recognize its seriousness; usually it interests and often impresses you. There is no mistaking its individuality, for the simple reason that he had an individuality to infuse into it, without the effort too obvious in the work of some of his followers. He strove for simplicity. He eliminated the unessential until, in his landscapes, a large stretch of country like his Paysage St. Cloud or his sombre and impressive Les Maisons is reduced to an arrangement of the lines of the composition rather than the planes which so preoccupy most modern landscape painters; until in his portraits, as in the Madame Cézanne, the figure and even the hangings of the background become sculpturesque; until in his still-life the fruit, the table linen, or whatever it may be, seems carved rather than painted. But in none of these is there any going back to the elemental, to the primitive attitude of the primitive artist; in none is there any endeavor to escape from all that has been learned and achieved since the first rough scratchings of the pre-historic draughtsman on the walls of his cave. It took all the centuries that have intervened to make just this work possible, centuries of rebels, if rebellion in art means the ambition of the artist to master tradition that he may carry it on still further.

It is the same when it comes to the men of a later generation. Here is Maurice Denis, with his Calypso and Orphée. They are not primitive, in the elementary sense, as enthusiasts would have us believe all the pictures of these modern Frenchmen are. Only a fine draughtsman and a fine technician, with generations of fine drawing and technique behind him, could have designed them. But they have been simplified until only the rhythmical lines of the composition remain, only the conventionalized distribution of the spaces of color—though convention is a term Denis and the others might scorn. It is the same with Matisse, in whose Femme aux Yeux Verts the modelling disappears and the figure, a half-length, and the bases behind it arrange themselves into a purely decorative composition. And so it is with many of the others. Indeed, in their presence the student who came unprepared, having heard nothing of their theories and principles, would never for a minute imagine they were striving to return to primitive conditions in art, but would conclude, rather, that their chief object is to perfect a new decorative formula based on Puvis de Chavannes, and all that Puvis derived by sympathetic study from the great decorations of the early Italians; though they bring to this work a self-consciousness that at times threatens to plunge them into deliberate eccentricity. Matisse's Lady with the Green Eyes does not belong by rights to a small panel shut in by a frame, nor do Denis's scenes from the Odyssey: they might be so many fragments of so many different schemes for mural decoration.

This is not quite so true of Van Gogh and Gaugain, to both of whom a great deal of space is devoted at the Grafton. Van Gogh, as seen here, is, if anything, more concerned with pictorial than decorative problems. His great bunches of Iris or of sun-flowers, his tall autumn-tinged trees against the green landscape, his reminiscences of Rembrandt and of Delacroix, his country near Arles, all keep their place within the frame, and none more so than his little canvas of Les Usines, with the line of wonderfully put-in red roofs between fields and sky. Others of his pictures now shown have the vigor less of primitiveness than of madness, and, in both the famous Berceuse and the portrait of Dr. Gachet, Van Gogh's devoted friend and patron, the force which cannot be denied is pushed beyond the limits of the sane in art, into morbidness and exaggeration. The few expressive lines with which the figure of the Berceuse is suggested and the flat space of green made by her apron are in strong contrast to the carefully worked-out, flower-strewn background; while the color scheme of the Dr. Gachet, in its full blues and whites, and the rendering of character in the face, seem to emphasize the violent directness of the technique and the touch of grotesqueness in the treatment of the head. The fame of Van Gogh has been, perhaps, unduly inflated of late years, some say for reasons which are not difficult to guess, but, thanks to much of the work he left, work done in his calmer moments, it will surely outlive the present vogue. To be honest, I must admit that Gaugain makes no appeal to me. It may be my loss, but I can see in his distorted figures, his muddy color, his composition, his technique, neither the charm nor the strength that gives me sometimes pleasure, and always claims my interest, in the work of Van Gogh and Cézanne, of Maurice Denis and Matisse.

Besides these artists, Seurat, Signac, and Cross are represented in pictures that push the technique of Claude Monet to its extreme in *pointillisme;* Picasso, in one picture—a nude holding a basket of red flowers, in profile against a blue background that has dignity and grace and is almost academic in comparison to his other and probably later work; and also Vallotton, whom I never find as successful in color as in black-and-white; Odilon Redon, but not too characteristically; and such less talked about men as Laprade, Vlaminck, Derain, Herbin. There are a few drawings, those by Matisse explaining what a masterly draughtsman he is. There are also a few bronzes by Matisse and Maillol, with a distinct character, but with a certain eccentricity in the forms, an undue emphasis in the modelling, that seem like deliberate exaggerations. The difficulty nowadays is that the most accomplished artist must doubt whether charm, refinement, and beauty, whether the exquisite surface and splendid serenity, that were the old roads to success and fame, can assure his triumph under modern conditions and in modern exhibitions. This doubt may have possibly as much to do with some of the later developments in art as the synthesis and primitiveness and expression of personal emotion which the preface to the catalogue of the present exhibition ascribes to the Post-Impressionists. If they were less artists, and less well-trained artists, all the theorizing in the world could not make them the interesting painters many of them are. N. N.

"One Hundred Masterpieces" is a book by the late John La Farge, which is shortly to be brought out by Doubleday, Page & Company.

The summer school of Harvard University announces a course on Turner and the landscape painting of his time, to be given in London next summer by Prof. Arthur Pope. This is an innovation in the teaching of the subject of fine arts in Harvard University, and means an opportunity to study original works directly, instead of by means of photographic reproductions. The course will begin July 5 and end August 15, and will be open to women as well as men.

"Stories of the Spanish Artists, by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell," selected and arranged by Luis Carreño (Duffield), is a handsomely made book containing eight color prints and twenty-four halftone cuts. It was a good idea to reduce the charming but bulky chronicle to more practicable compass, and the work of the shears and pastepot has been done with discretion. Edward Hutton contributes a stimulating introduction on Spanish painting in general, and there are lists, by no means complete and up to date, of the paintings of the fourteen artists treated in the text. Readers

should be warned not to trust these pages too credulously for facts. In the life of El Greco, for example, much that was doubtful or inferential in Sir Stirling Maxwell's time has become clear since Señor Cossío's standard biography. A little annotation on such material points would have increased the value of this welcome anthology.

Sir Francis Piggott's "Studies in the Decorative Art of Japan" (Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh) is unique in its field, being less cursory and fugitive in character and treatment than other attempts. The author, who is chief justice of Hongkong has given considerable time to a first-hand study of his subject, and has, besides, a no small degree of artistic insight. The seven chapters of the book deal with: The Art of Temples, The Decoration of Flat Surfaces, The Wave and Cloud Forms, Lattice Work, The Decoration of the Japanese, The Use of the Circular Form, The Pakwa Diapers and the Key Borders. There are many apt and enlightening illustrations, finely executed, some in color and some in sepia. The impression created by lack of repetition and use of blank space in Japanese decorative art is carefully noted. The last chapter, on Pakwa Diapers and the Key Border, opposes the commonly accepted theory that these designs are a gift from Græco-Buddhist art that came East by way of India at the time of Alexander's conquests. Sir Francis Piggott shows that these forms are an evolution from a recognized religious symbol of the Orient, and that probably Greece borrowed from China. The fylfot, or rebated cross, is held to have been derived from the Pakwa, and may be regarded as representing the wheel of life. The style of the volume is itself artistic, and the book is, on the whole, pleasant reading.

A discovery of first-rate importance has been made in the neighborhood of Pompeii. Last year excavations on a farm close to the Porta Ercolese disclosed the remains of a magnificent mansion of more than twenty rooms. The work was resumed this season, the volcanic débris being removed to a sufficient depth to reveal the interior walls. These were found to be decorated with beautiful fresco paintings, many of which represent sculptural works, such as two Bacchantes in light drapery, Bacchus and Silenus attended by Satyrs, a priestess, and a dancing faun. Of great interest is a series of about nine scenes, which may reproduce either a continuous relief composition, such as those which occur on the Ara Pacis, or be taken from separate groups by various artists. One of the scenes shows a family of father, mother, and son, and an attendant bringing a patera to a priestess. Several scenes represent initiations by flagellation of female hierophants into the Dionysiac mysteries; the most striking is one of a woman, nude to the waist, stooping down with her head in the lap of a friend, ready to receive the stripes. Her companion places her hand caressingly on the victim's head, and watches the descending blow with terror in her face. Of great beauty is also a woman dancing with castanets, turning her back to the spectator. Finally there is a scene of the initiated, seated on a tripod, and arranging her hair, with Cupid holding up a mirror for her.

During some recent archæological researches near Alexandria, in Egypt, an interesting discovery was made. In the neighborhood of Kom-el-Chougafara a catacomb of Græco-Roman period was brought to light. The tomb is divided into three floors, and runs deep into the rock. The approach is by a winding staircase, which leads to a gallery, used probably in ceremonies in connection with the cult of the dead. From this, one passes to a triclinium, with tables and seats sculptured out of the rock. Three steps lead to the funeral chamber, elaborately carved with figures of the ancient gods of Egypt. The roof of this chamber is supported by a number of square columns, with lotus capitals. In a niche is placed a sarcophagus, ornamented with the head of an ox, and two Medusa heads, with floral festoons. Though the decorations throughout are copied from the Pharaonic period, it is evident from their style that they are not earlier than the third or fourth century A. D.

Finance.

RAILWAY RATES AND RAILWAY ECONOMIES.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission, a week ago last Monday, resumed its hearing at Washington on the proposed advance in railway freight rates, the case for the shippers was formally presented. In the preceding hearings, the railway counsel and the railway witnesses had in general contended that larger net revenue was imperative for three reasons—the first, that increased wages to railway employees had cut heavily into the former surplus earnings; the second, that present rates of dividends must be maintained, in order to preserve the companies' credit in borrowing on their bonds; the third, that in order to maintain proper facilities of transportation service, railways must have such annual surplus earnings and such credit in the market as shall provide the fund for improvements and extensions.

Counsel for the shippers' associations, in opening last week the case against the proposed advance in rates, raised two contentions. One was that even if larger revenue must be procured through higher rates, the proposed "horizontal advance" of rates on all commodities is unprecedented and, in its necessary consequences, unjust. The other, as outlined in the brief of counsel, was that, "even if the railroads need additional net income, it should be secured through greater efficiency and economy of operation, instead of resorting to the dangerous expedient of raising freight rates." The nature of the economics referred to in the second contention was thus described in the same brief:

> Besides economies from the introduction of scientific management, there are, as we shall show you, other economies possible in railroad operation attainable under the present system of management by the introduction of new devices, like the substitution of machines for hand labor. For instance, for comparatively small capital expenditure, large economies are believed to be possible through the use of appropriate machinery in the handling of freight in loading and unloading, warehousing and accounting, thus not only reducing the terminal expense, but overcoming the congestion of the terminals, a condition constituting one of the most serious transportation problems.

Witnesses were then put upon the stand to testify to the great reduction in operating costs which has been achieved in manufacturing plants through this scientific management, and, with somewhat more of reserve, opinions were drawn out to the effect that the railways have not kept abreast of the times in that direction. The reception of this argument, by the railway men in attendance at the Washington hearing, was interesting. The disposition was to treat the "scientific management" argument first as a joke and then as an impertinence. This attitude, however, was modified considerably when it was seen how seriously the argument was regarded by the newspapers and by the business community at large. The cross-examination by the railway lawyers began in a spirit of flippancy and ended in rather awkward silence.

As most people are aware, the chief counsel for the shippers is the same individual as conducted, two or three months ago, the case against Secretary Ballinger before the Senate committee. The merits of the railway contention and of the Ballinger contention are undoubtedly very different; but there exists an odd resemblance in the situation which the opposing counsel has created in both instances. On each occasion it had been more or less confidently assumed, by the party whose official position was under review, that the other side of the case was going by default, and the result, in the one inquiry as in the other, was an abrupt turn in the testimony which shifted the attitude of that party from aggressive to defensive. This was achieved, on each occasion, by evidence to show how the work of the department or institution under review could be made more useful and efficient. It is never wholly easy to combat such evidence, even when it operates against the contentions which one has supported; for the only obvious retort is either to say that methods already in operation are not capable of improvement, or else that one is not willing to try experiments in improving them. The first reply will never convince a practical and inquisitive American public; the second will simply throw up the case.

It may turn out that the argument for higher rates retains its force, notwithstanding this week's new testimony. But the inquiry brings up something more than a season's alteration in the rate sheet. Every one knows that the railways have made great strides, during

the period since the insolvencies of the nineties, in cutting down cost of operation. No one, however, can feel sure in the bottom of his heart that all has been done that can be done. It must be frankly admitted that the public has not been favorably impressed, these past few years, by the public assertions of eminent railway men that much more remained to be accomplished to make the railways properly efficient servants of the public, but that no possible way existed for doing it. It was not, perhaps, said openly that this was a very un-American point of view, but a good many people thought so; and when, a few months later, on the announcement that a radical advance in rates would be obstructed pending inquiry, other railway officers burst into shrieks of anguish that the credit of their companies had been ruined, sensible people turned aside in deep disgust.

It has been said, and with perfect truth, that it is difficult to make American industry learn the lesson of rigid economy, except in the school of severe industrial depression. Prior to 1893, the country was proud enough of its steel-producing industry. It doubted if any plants more serviceable and efficient could be found on any other continent. When the prolonged depression of the nineties came, we made some very unpalatable discoveries, both as to existing methods of production and as to methods of financing. Some people in the industry hinted that government ought to help them. Some sat down and wrung their hands, announcing that the country was going to the dogs. There were, however, others of that sturdy American type which is keen for innovation, which believes that industrial obstacles were made to be surmounted by enterprise and invention, and which assailed the problem with a comprehensive vigor that let no consideration of the smallest sort escape it. The result we know. That was in 1894 and 1896, and by 1899 we were driving England and Germany from the neutral export fields, and European public men were warning the world against the American invasion.

The case of the railways is not in all respects identical; the nature of their industry brings some different aspects to the situation. But it cannot altogether be ignored, by observers with impartial minds, that the remedial measures which the shippers tentatively urge at Washington are precisely the measures, so far as concerns their general scope and character, which the iron and steel trade pressed relentlessly on that industry after 1893. As to whether all such processes of economy may not already have been adopted or applied by the railways, that is another question, regarding which the burden of proof will necessarily rest upon the railways. All one can say in passing is, that the decade which we are just completing has been a period which, in general, has encouraged not economy but waste, and that the occasional glimpses which the public has obtained of the inner workings of the machinery of some very great corporations, have certainly suggested the conclusion—just or unjust—that there were many methods and practices which would have to go, as soon as the railways felt the spur of real necessity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addams, J. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Allen, J. L. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Macmillan. $1.50.

Arnold, M. The Study of Celtic Literature. With notes, etc., by A. Nutt. London: Nutt.

Bandello, M. Le Novelle. Vol. II. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Bell, L. Angela's Quest. Duffield. $1.50.

Boccalini, T. Ragguagli di Parnaso. Vol. I. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.

Bradford, A. H. My Brother. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

Branner, J. C. A Brief Grammar of the Portuguese Language. Holt.

Bridgman, H. A. Real Religion. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

Bryce, J. The American Commonwealth. 2 vols. New edition, completely revised. Macmillan. $4 net.

Champney, E. W. Romance of Imperial Rome. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Chandler, I. Little Comrade. Buffalo; Berger Pub. Co.

Chapman, G. Plays and Poems. Edited, with notes, by T. M. Parrott. Dutton. $2 net.

Connor, R. The Recall of Love: a Message of Hope. Doran. 50 cents net.

Cook, J. The Mediterranean and its Borderlands. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Winston Co. $5.

Cullum, G. W. Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. Supplement, Vol. V, edited by C. Braden. West Point.

Curtis, C. H. Orchids For Everyone. Colored illustrations by T. E. Waltham. Dutton. $6 net.

Dana, R. H., jr. Speeches in Stirring Times and Letters to a Son. Edited, with sketch and notes, by R. H. Dana, 3d. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

Diefendorf, M. R. The Historic Mohawk. Putnam. $2 net.

Dorr, R. C. What Eight Million Women Want. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2 net.

Eliot, C. W. The Conflict Between Individualism and Collectivism in a Democracy: Three Lectures. Scribner. 90 cents net.

Elliott, E. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Boston: Page.

Finck, H. T. Massenet and His Operas. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Flamini, F. Introduction to the Study of the Divine Comedy. Trans. by F. M. Josselyn. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.

Flaubert, G. The Temptation of St Anthony. Trans. by L. Hearn. Alice Harriman Co. $1.25 net.

Forbes, E. A. The Land of the White Helmet. Revell. $1.50 net.

Foster, O. H. Cookery For Little Girls. Duffield. 75 cents net.

Gambrill, J. M. Leading Events of Maryland History. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.

Gettell, R. G. Introduction to Political Science. Boston: Ginn. $2.

Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University.

Günther, J. H. A. English Synonyms. Second edition. Groningen, Germany: J. B Wolters.

Hackes, S. Fairchild's Rapid Letterer and Show Card Maker. Fairchild Company.

Haring, C. H. The Buccaneers in the West Indies in the XVIIth Century. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Harriman, A. A Man of Two Countries. Alice Harriman Co. $1.50.

Hauff's Fairy Tales. Trans. by L. L. Weedon. Illustrated by A. A. Dixon. Dutton. $2.50.

Hinchman, W. S. Tintagel and Other Verses. Groton School Press.

Johnston, J. H. L. Famous Scouts. Boston: Page. $1.50.

Lamar, A. The Aeroplane Express. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. 60 cents.

Lloyd, H. D. Mazzini and other Essays. Putnam, $1.50 net.

McKim, R. H. A Soldier's Recollections. Longmans. $2 net.

Mann, C. R., and Twiss, G. R. Physics. Revised ed. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

Martin. John Martin's Letter-Book for Children. John Martin's House.

Mason, E. Translation from the French of Aucassin and Nicolette. Dutton. 80 cents net.

Mathews, J. L. The Conservation of Water. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2 net.

Maude, A. Life of Tolstoy. Dodd, Mead. 2 vols. $6 net.

Meredith. Memorial Edition. Vols. xix and xx. The Amazing Marriage; Celt and Saxon. Scribner.

Miller, F. T. Portrait Life of Lincoln. Springfield, Mass.: The Patriot Pub. Co.

Mills, J. An Introduction of Thermodynamics. Boston: Ginn. $2.

Miltoun, F. Royal Palaces and Parks of France. Boston: Page. $3.

Mumford, E. E. R. The Dawn of Character: a Study of Child Life. Longmans.

Nitsua, B. The Mystery of Ashton Hall. Rochester, N. Y.: Austin Pub. Co.

Novello, C. Reminiscences. Compiled by her daughter. Longmans.

One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting. Introduction by R. C. Witt. Lane Co. $4 net.

Packard, W. Florida Trails. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Pennypacker, S. W. Pennsylvania in American History. Philadelphia: W. J. Campbell.

Petrie, W. M. F. The Growth of the Gospels. Baker & Taylor. 90 cents net.

Pfleiderer, O. Primitive Christianity. Translated by W. Montgomery. Vol. III. Putnam. $3 net.

Phillpotts, E. Wild Fruit. Lane. $1.50 net.

Piépape, General de. A Princess of Strategy: The Life of the Duchesse du Maine. Trans. by J. L. May. Lane. $4 net.

Putnam, E. J. The Lady. Sturgis & Walton. $2.50 net.

Ralston, J. H. International Arbitral Law and Procedure. Boston: Ginn. $2.

Children. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Rauschenbusch, W. For God and the People: Prayers of the Social Awakening. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

Reports of the Art Commission of the City of New York, 1908, 1909.

Rix, F. R. The Mastersinger. American Book Co. 65 cents.

Robinson, E. V. Commercial Geography. Chicago: Rand McNally.

Rosebery, Lord. Lord Chatham, His Early Life and Connections. Harper. $3 net.

Rossetti, C. Poems. Illustrations by F. Harrison. Intro. by A. Meynell. Boston: Dana, Estes.

Sayler, H. L. The Airship Boys in the Barren Lands. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.

Scott-James, R. A. An Englishman in Ireland. Dutton.

Sewall, F. Swedenborg and the "Sapientia Angelica." Dodge. 50 cents net.

Sharp, E. Rebel Women. Lane Co. $1 net.

Shaw, R. Spain From Within. Stokes.

Stacpoole, H. De V. The Drums of War. Duffield. $1.20 net.

Sterne, L. A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy. Illustrated. Putnam. $3 net.

The Christian Year Kalendar, 1911. The Church Kalendar Co. 75 cents.

Thwing, C. F. A History of Edueation in the U. S. since the Civil War. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

That the Democrats at the Capitol should be talking of Harmon and Wilson as the ticket for 1912 is merely a matter of course. While other material is available in the country, these two men are marked out plainly at the head of the list. It is a fortunate accident that their prominence in virtue of their record chimes in with those geographical and political considerations which usually figure as determining factors in the choice. Indeed, this latter is true in a quite exceptional degree; for not only does Wilson represent the East and Harmon the Middle West, but there are two other elements of very great pertinence. In the first place, Wilson, although he has made his career north of Mason and Dixon's line, is Southern by birth and breeding, and distinctively a Southerner in type. And secondly, both these men have carried by heavy majorities States which had long been regarded as hopelessly Republican. The really interesting question is whether it should be thought of as Harmon and Wilson or as Wilson and Harmon; and on that point the developments of the next eighteen months will have a great deal to say.

The meeting of the Governors at Frankfort, whatever merits it may have embodied, has been sadly disappointing to those who hope to see these annual conferences develop into an institution directly efficient in the conduct of government. Stimulating and beneficial to the participants it may have been, in the same way as are those annual gatherings of scientists and scholars which have become a part of the established order in the world of learning; but of a more immediate advancement of the large objects cherished by the originators and advocates of the idea there was little indication. The Governors themselves recognize this, as is shown in the suggestion that the next meeting should be held at some out-of-the-way place, where there would be no opportunity for social distractions. A body that has no definite task to the fulfilment of which it is committed needs every possible safeguard against the temptation to take the path of least resistance; and evidently the conference of Governors, in spite of the undeniably important possibilities of which it is capable, is no exception to this rule.

John R. McLean's announcement that he is a candidate for the Ohio Senatorship completes the list of men who should not be elected. If Sheehan were to be the most visible fruit of the Democratic victory in New York, James Smith in New Jersey, and McLean in Ohio, the betting on chances in 1912 would at once show odds in favor of the Republicans. Till now, the two men most prominently talked of in Ohio are Mr. Hanley, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and Mr. Pomerene, just elected Lieutenant-Governor. To the former it is objected that, from his record and associations, he would be no improvement even on Senator Dick. As for Mr. Pomerene, no one pretends that he has shown statesmanship of high rank, but he is comparatively young, is an able debater, an earnest student of public affairs, and a man of views above machine politics. He would at least have brains to put against McLean's barrel; and if it comes down to a choice between the two, the Ohio Democrats ought not to hesitate.

No less than $344,000 spent by the racing interests to influence legislation in New York State within three years—$188,000 in 1908 alone—is the discovery of the Bruce Investigating Committee. One lobbyist, now resident in London, received $40,290 for his services at one session of the Legislature. Of course, this was for purely legitimate work, such as seeing legislators, influencing agricultural fair associations, farmers' clubs, etc. Then there was Maurice Minton, who received $5,000 from Mr. Belmont for his share in the influencing of public opinion; this is the same gentleman who last summer got up those mysterious Gaynor clubs that were so bent on elevating the Mayor to the Governorship, but which the Mayor disavowed. A writer for the press earned $7,000 and more in a remarkably short time. Now, if he believes these were all legitimate expenses, Mr. Belmont is easy prey for men who wish to get rich quick. If he really thinks that $188,000 could be properly spent to oppose legislation in one session, he has a more confiding nature than most people give him credit for.

Acting under the advice of the Attorney-General, Secretary Meyer will not permit work to be begun on the battleship New York without getting express authority from Congress to incur the additional expense, above the $6,000,000 authorized in the present appropriation, which he finds will be necessary. This additional expense, of about $1,300,000, the Secretary ascribes to the operation of the eight-hour law. The case is interesting, therefore, not only as involving sound business methods in respect of observing the limitations set by the Congressional appropriation, but also as sharply calling the attention of the country to the question of what the eight-hour law costs. Whether one approves that law or not, it is right that the public should know what it means from the standpoint of the public treasury. The attribution of the whole difference of nearly 25 per cent. to this law would seem, on its face, to be excessive; but that something like this amount of added expense is caused seems probable enough.

Constant and enormous increase of navy expenditures has become so familiar a phenomenon—the world over—that people are apt to regard it as a matter of course. It is, therefore, quite worth while to note that a glance at any table giving the expense of the British navy and extending back half a century discovers that this habit of continual increase is of quite recent origin. A table stating the cost of the British navy at ten-year intervals, beginning with 1857-8, shows it to have remained almost stationary for thirty years, whereas it has more than trebled in the past twenty-three years. The expenditure for the navy in 1857-8 was £10,590,000; in 1867-8, 1877-8, and 1887-8 it was £11,169,000, £10,785,000, and £12,225,000, respectively; but ten years later it had reached the figure of £20,850,000, and in another decade it

had come up to £31,141,000. This was in 1907-8; the following year yielded only a slight increase, but the figure for 1909-10 was £35,807,000, and in the present budget the estimate for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1911, is £40,604,000! In round numbers, then, the people of the United Kingdom are called upon to spend $200,000,000 for their navy, compared with $60,000,000 only twenty-three years ago; whereas for thirty years preceding that time the naval expenditures showed hardly any increase at all.

The annual report of the Adjutant-General of the army records an encouraging decrease in desertions during 1909-1910, the percentage being 3.66, as against 4.97 per cent. in 1908-1909, and the high-water mark of 7.43 per cent. in 1905-06. The heaviest desertions were from the field artillery, coast artillery, and the minor detachments, such as the recruiting forces and recruits en route to stations. Gen. Ainsworth believes that the decrease in desertions is "undoubtedly due to the continuance of systematic and vigorous efforts . . . to apprehend and punish deserters." But just when the army has felicitated itself upon this and the fact that thirty-five companies reported no desertions whatever, Gen. Ainsworth records the chilling news that 2,999 soldiers purchased their discharge within the year, as against 1,769 in the last preceding annual period, and only 1,123 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908. As the average enlisted strength of the army was about 69,500, or say 70,000, it is apparent that one soldier in every twenty-four was so dissatisfied with the conditions of service as to be willing to make heavy financial sacrifices to escape from it. Adding the deserters, 3,464, it thus appears that no less than 6,463 soldiers left the service in twelve months, with or without permission, prior to the expiration of their enlistment, or at the rate of 538, or about two-thirds of a regiment, a month. When those also are reckoned who died, were discharged for other causes than purchase, and left because of expiration of enlistment each year, we have a total loss of 23,688, or one-third of the entire army. No less than 11,911 soldiers declined to reënlist. Plainly, therefore, there is much yet to be done before the service can be declared to be as attractive to American citizens as the War Department would have it.

Alderman Cortlandt Nicoll deserves the thanks of the community for having seriously grappled with the cab problem in this city, and worked out a plan for radically improving existing conditions. Cheap and easily accessible cab service is one of the great requirements of comfort in a metropolis like New York, and yet we have been decades behind the cities of Europe in providing it. The present situation, to be sure, is incomparably better than what used to prevail years ago, but it is still far from what it ought to be. In former days, twenty or thirty years ago, the want of well-paved streets was an undeniable obstacle to the introduction of cab service on the large scale that prevails in European cities, and at prices somewhat like those there established; though, of course, this was far from sufficient excuse for the absurd system, or want of system, which placed the people of New York at the mercy of irresponsible cabmen for one of the primary conveniences of city life. Now, however, the condition of the streets and the universal observance of proper traffic regulations make it perfectly practicable for New York to be supplied with this convenience as satisfactorily as London or Berlin, and we trust Mr. Nicoll will keep at his undertaking with the determination that its importance warrants.

It is a long time since so interesting a phase of the question of woman's place in the world of intellect has come up as that presented by the proposition to elect Mme. Curie a member of the Académie des Sciences. Nothing really analogous to this case has yet arisen in the course of the advancement of women that has been so remarkable a part of the history of the past generation; there is something more dramatic about the situation presented when the most distinguished group of scientific men in the world debates the admission of a woman into its charmed circle than in the gradual extension of the field involved in the opening of the doors of university after university, in country after country, to women students. As for the merits of the case, and its probable outcome, we cannot help feeling that it is at most only a question of time when Mme. Curie's admission will be effected; assuming, as no doubt it may be assumed, that the opposition turns only on the question of sex. Incidentally, it may be remarked that to the logical mind there will be little to choose between her admission and her non-admission, as an argument against the views of those who maintain that experience has shown women's incapacity for the highest forms of scientific production. If she is admitted, there will be one woman, out of the handful that devote their lives to scientific research, distinguished by one of the highest of scientific honors; if she is kept out, it will be one more proof of the difference between the encouragement held out to women and that held out to men for sustained devotion to strenuous intellectual labors.

We learn from a contemporary, with deep regret, of a sad development among magazine editors. It seems that that first step which costs has been taken in the direction of a magazine Trust. A community of interest, the editors will doubtless call it when put upon their defence, and we must admit that it is not yet quite clear whether there is to be at first a geographical division of the country into separate spheres of influence, or whether it is the world of subjects that is to be parcelled out by these lords of magazine creation. But we warn all these earnest souls that coöperation leads readily to more sinister things, as their moving stories of industrial Trusts ought long since to have shown them. Meetings to prevent duplication of muck-raking effort and wasteful competition are all too likely to tend to questions of rate-making, to "gentlemen's agreements," and so to combinations in restraint of the author's trade, and the exclusion of others from the muck-raking field; that is, a limitation of output. With the situation thus in hand, we fear that these editors will then yield to the temptation to charge all that the traffic will bear, with scant attention to the crying needs of the public and a consequent rise in the cost of living. Such has been the history of all our benevolent Trusts: they all began at lunches presided over by a Lincoln Steffens of industry—yet see where they have ended. What if three magazines are now simultaneously muck-raking Mr. Morgan? Competition remains the life

of magazine trade as of all others, and any one who would stifle it ought himself to be muck-raked.

As a result of the resolve of the Indiana State Bill Posters' Association to encourage cleaner advertising, the Muncie branch of the organization has decided to refuse to handle lithographs not deemed proper by its censor. The advertising of burlesque theatrical performances is said to be the special object of attack, but whiskey advertisements also are to be discouraged. More significant is the promise to give up altogether the use of boards that are situated in such places as to make them objectionable. To fight against viciousness is comparatively easy, and, in this respect, the action of these bill posters seems belated. They must foresee a public sentiment that would render their voluntary action no longer possible. But that they should actually give heed to the mere consideration of beauty, or even of lack of aggressive ugliness, cannot fail to strike many of their profession, we fear, as absurdly overscrupulous. Is not the "objectionable" place inherently the best place for commercial display? But this apparently voluntary move by the Muncie bill posters almost makes us hope.

If Dr. Cook has not discovered the Pole, he has at least found a novel, and no doubt in many ways pleasant, method of making money. It is true that few persons would be willing to go even as near to the North Pole as Anoratok, and lie *perdu* in the ice-fields for eighteen months, more or less, for the sake of the money that might be made by the exploitation of a false claim to the discovery of the Pole; but when it comes to a disappearance in Europe, with the enjoyment of all the comforts of civilization, that is another matter. We can think of few more agreeable methods of earning a living. The next thing in order, we presume, is a disappearance in Paris or St. Petersburg, followed by the sale of a series of articles showing that he was insane when he wrote his confession, but perfectly sane when he came back from the Pole.

As the English pollings proceed, the hopes of the Conservatives dwindle. The chances of the Liberals have certainly been improved by the fact that the Labor party is not running so many candidates at this election, so that the number of three-cornered contests, which cost the Liberals several seats at the previous election, will not be so large as before. In general, the Liberal-Labor alliance seems to be in good working order. Taking everything into consideration, it appears probable that Mr. Asquith will come back with a coalition force practically undiminished. This could not be called a great Liberal victory, but it could be called a Conservative defeat. In so far as the latter follows shifty tactics on the part of Mr. Balfour and his party, and above all marks the failure of the ridiculous cry about "American dollars," it must be accepted with a good deal of satisfaction as showing that the British electors are not to be stampeded by insincere clamors.

No really taking phrase has been produced by Mr. Balfour in his electioneering, but he essayed a great stroke by coming out for a referendum before a protective tariff should be enacted. At first this was hailed as the cleverest strategy conceivable, but later a reaction set in so that Mr. Balfour himself began to hedge, when he found that what was to inspirit his party was really dividing and discouraging it. No less than Bonar Law, who had left a safe seat at Dulwich to contest one in Manchester for the Conservatives, and who is pronounced for protective duties, at once declared that he would not eat his words, no matter what Mr. Balfour said; and there was, besides, the awkward obstacle of the letter by Joseph Chamberlain asserting the tariff to be one of the "two issues" presented to the electors, and affirming that "now is our opportunity to reconsider our fiscal system"—that is, to abandon free trade.

The beginnings of party government in China are discerned by the *Celestial Empire* as coincident with the establishment of the National Assembly, even in its present limited form. Palace parties there have been and still are, but party government in any broad sense is of necessity a new development. The Assembly itself was not chosen on a popular basis, and the representatives of the people who are in it consist of those members who were appointed by the various provincial assemblies, which, in turn, are not, to any great extent, popularly elected. Nevertheless, these members have taken seriously their task of representing the people, and a line of division has appeared between the nominees of the various government boards and councils in Peking, and the members from the provinces. So marked was this divergence that Prince Pu Lun, the president of the Assembly, asked and obtained five days' leave of absence from the troubled scene. Interestingly enough, the line of demarcation between Government and Opposition in this newest of Parliaments is the same as that which, under such names as those of Court Party and Country Party, once separated the groups in the oldest Parliament of them all.

Further testimony, if any were needed, to the perversity of the Oriental mind is furnished by Bishop Brent's parting admission that the Filipinos not only do not like us, but are quite frank to say so. True, this unaccountable antipathy appears to be confined to the upper classes—the lower thus far have displayed a strange indifference to the mere nationality of their masters—but whatever its extent, its violence, which has steadily increased since the first days of the American occupation, shows no signs of abating. How sharper than a serpent's tooth! Yet we do not recall that Dr. Fell, in the epigram, felt obliged to give up his preceptorial duties simply because for some undefinable reason he was not liked. Bishop Brent, indeed, had the satisfaction of finding most with whom he talked during his six months' visit among us quite ready to agree with him that the withdrawal of the United States from the islands would work great harm to the Filipinos and probably to us. It is a pity that such real benefits as the United States has conferred upon them—and we count Bishop Brent himself as one—should go stubbornly unappreciated, along with benefits not so real, because of this childish self-assertiveness on the part of our wards. Their sophomoric vaporings about the "despot's heel," "independence," and other outworn phrases, however, should not cause us to grow weary in well doing. It is true that in the entrancing game of "white man's burden" it rather spoils the fun when the smallest boy gets tired and refuses any longer to play "burden."

THE MESSAGE.

It is a disappointing form which President Taft has given his annual message to Congress. In the first place, it is inordinately long. It can be neither generally read, nor even printed. But the second criticism which must be made of the message is more serious. It is not inspiring; it gives no positive lead. This will be the more depressing to the President's party, because in the hour of defeat and in a time of great confusion, it would have welcomed a vigorous initiative, would have hailed a new watch-word. But instead of issuing a call to action, Mr. Taft has written a tedious judicial review. There are excellent positions taken in it, and many sound principles are laid down; but it is not the production of a born leader, scanning the political field and seeing where broken ranks can be formed again and fresh heart put into discouraged men. Republicans were looking to the President to give them an inspiriting ode in time of hesitation. Instead, they get a large wet blanket.

Dissecting out from the mass of the President's recommendations and discussions the matters on which attention ought to be fixed, we note with pleasure that Mr. Taft persists in his efforts to bring about a thoroughly businesslike and economical administration of public affairs. What he has done and proposes to do to eliminate waste, cut off extravagance, and heighten efficiency deserves nothing but praise and support. We hope the President will keep hammering away at this, despite the inevitable obstacles he will encounter and the temporary setbacks he will meet. It has often been said that the Government should be a "model employer," meaning thereby a too good-natured and lavish employer. The time has come when Uncle Sam, who is calling upon the railways and other corporations to be saving and to cut down their cost of production, should make his deeds square with his words. The President naturally links with what he has to say about making the public service less extravagant and more energetic, recommendations to remove it further from politics. What he urges in the way of extending the classified service so as ultimately to free the post office and the consular service and other branches of government activity from political taint, will gratify civil-service reformers and confirm the belief that Mr. Taft sincerely desires to leave the national administration better than he found it.

There has been much curiosity about what the President would say of the tariff. The note he strikes is very different from that he sounded last year in his unlucky Winona speech. He remarks that the schedules of the Payne bill have "been subjected to a great deal of criticism." All will admit that. But Mr. Taft also admits that some of this criticism has been "just." Certain rates of duty, he virtually concedes, were left too high. But the only hope of lowering them which he holds out is through the investigations and recommendations of the Tariff Board, and it is not yet ready to make a report on a single schedule. By the opening of the next Congress—that is, a year from now—Mr. Taft expects to be able to present the argument for further revision of separate tariff schedules; but, meanwhile, he is ready to have the Tariff Board enlarged and made permanent and endowed with further powers, if Congress sees fit. We doubt very much, however, if the Democrats in Congress—especially when they begin the next session with their large majority—will be content to wait indefinitely for the Tariff Board to make up its mind. There are some changes which even Mr. Taft admits should be made in the tariff, and which are certainly not beyond the unaided "wisdom of Congress."

On the subject of conservation, the President reaffirms the views to which he gave utterance in his St. Paul speech last September. He is none too urgent in dwelling upon the need that Congress should speedily pass the new legislation necessary if the coal deposits and phosphate lands and waterpower rights are to be both safeguarded and made available. This is the one great subject demanding Congressional action at an early date, yet it is more than doubtful if the laws desired can be enacted in the crowded short session. As concerns anti-Trust legislation, or further amendments of the Interstate Commerce act, the President advises a pause. This does not mean that the enforcement of existing laws is to be suspended—in fact, the Department of Justice is putting them vigorously in force—but only that it would not be wise to press forward with fresh statutes until we have got from the Supreme Court a full and final interpretation of the meaning and scope of the statutes we now have. This position is only in line with what Mr. Taft has repeatedly said, and seems to us the only sensible one to take.

Regarding other recommendations of the President, he can hardly hope that this Congress will take action. He suavely urges some form of ship-subsidy bill, but such a measure is admitted by old Congressional hands to be wholly out of the question. He appeals for money to fortify the Panama Canal, but Congress shows a disposition to be very slow about that. So with the parcels post and the proposed rates on second-class mail, the chances are that there will be more talk than action this winter.

WILSON ON THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Woodrow Wilson's address before the Governors at Frankfort last week is both delightful and stimulating reading. It is long since we have had a public man able to clothe his thoughts in such an elevated and felicitous style. And Dr. Wilson also has the thoughts to clothe. His estimate of the aims and functions of this annual meeting of the Governors was happy and just. It is not, and is net to become, a new branch of government, but simply a place for counsel and stimulus and suggestion, a device for better expressing and directing the abounding life of the nation. It was, too, with a strong grasp on realities and a refusal to be misled by phrases that the speaker traced the broad outlines of necessary Federal power, while he opposed the needless "invention" of new powers. But the chief object of his speech was to point out the unused powers of the States, and to insist that the time had come for their fuller and more fruitful exercise. Abeve all did he sound a new note in connection with the great opportunities and appealing duties of the Governors of the States. What has been dimly in the minds of many he set forth with as much clearness as force; and marked out a programme which, if he is able as Governor of New Jersey even partially to carry out, will prove to be something like an epoch in the history of our government.

In magnifying the office of Governor, Mr. Wilson seized first upon the unquestioned fact that a democracy is

always looking for leadership. For some years past, indeed, the people in the States have been hungering and thirsting for leaders. The extraordinary way in which Gov. Hughes rose in the admiration and confidence of the citizens of New York was not only due to the qualities of the man, and the causes for which he fought, but was also a proof of the strong popular desire that a Governor should stand out before the people as their direct representative and champion. Now, it is this general attitude of Gov. Hughes that Woodrow Wilson proposes as a model, but with some differences and enlargements. He would have the Governor make himself the interpreter and organ of the popular will, both in the way of formulating policies and of continually discussing them, reporting on how they fare in the Legislature, and rallying public sentiment in their support. The passages of his address in which Dr. Wilson elaborated these ideas have a freshness of attack upon old problems and reveal an ingenuity of resource, combined with perfect frankness and a shrewd insight into human nature and the actual facts of our political life, which mark him out as an original force in public affairs.

We will only single out here the admirable directness and play of humor with which Woodrow Wilson goes straight to the essentials, brushing aside all merely formal objections, and showing exactly how the Governor as leader would go to work. It is not a question of usurpation of power that does not belong to him, but of the vigorous use of the power that is unquestionably his. The warrant for the suggested new activities of Governors is not to be sought in constitutions and statutes so much as in the individual qualities of the men themselves. Mr. Wilson leaves no doubt upon this point. He is not talking about a Governor who will get the things done that he wants by the use of patronage; that method is as wrong as it is stupid and futile. It is not any kind of official influence, as such, that he would have the Governor exert. The whole thing rests upon personal influence. As he conceives the case, it comes down to this: A man who has sufficient weight of character and ability so to impress the people of the State that they elect him Governor, ought not to sink his individual qualities the moment after he takes office. If he could lead before, he can lead afterwards. If he could go before the citizens and debate the most important public questions prior to his election, he can do so subsequently. And this leadership in free public discussion, in keeping the voters informed, and inducing them to be alert and zealous in the scrutiny of the acts of all their public servants, is the kind of leadership that Woodrow Wilson urges upon the Governor. He does this both as a political philosopher and as a keen man of business. We may be sure that when he undertakes to carry out in New Jersey his own prescriptions, he will do it with a kindly wit and a bonhomie that will disarm his opponents while compelling them and the people of the entire State to attend to his arguments. What chance would a machine politician, or a group of bosses, have against a Governor who goes out disclaiming anything like an attempt at coercion, renouncing legal power, and appealing only to sound reason and fair play in the open forum of public debate? There is absolutely nothing to be said against the way in which Dr. Wilson puts the case for the Governors:

> Their real power over a Legislature is their ability to convince the people. If they can carry an opinion through the constituencies, they can carry it through the Legislature. No Legislature need be jealous of that, unless it be jealous of putting public questions upon a footing of open and frank debate. The field is free—as free for those who oppose the Governor as for the Governor himself. The best arguments, the handsomest motives, the most valid and straightforward purpose, the most defensible programme wins. It is too late, moreover, to be jealous of that method of control. The people are ready for it, wait for it, demand it, expect all who hope to serve them to accept the ordeal. No real man who speaks his real convictions need be afraid.

It is this definition and crystallizing of what the people in the States have been vaguely groping after that make Woodrow Wilson's address so noteworthy. It will heighten his reputation as a man fit for leadership because he has ideas and the ability to expound and enforce them. As he soon enters upon executive duties, it is certain that not only his State but the nation will follow his career with the deepest interest. Whatever else he may be, we may be certain that he will not be that sort of "practical man" who, in Disraeli's phrase, is "one who practises the blunders of his predecessors."

THE PROTECTIONIST PANACEA.

The time was bound to come, and to come soon, when the latest formulation of the protectionist creed would be tackled fully and squarely on its merits; and it is a pleasure to find that at this formative stage in the situation that task has been performed in the most admirable manner by Professor Taussig in the December number of the *Atlantic*. The force of his exposition is enhanced by the circumstance that Professor Taussig, as writer and teacher, is eminently cautious in his statements and judicial in his expressions of opinion; so that when, near the beginning of his article, he says of the difference-in-cost-of-production that "as a 'solution' of the tariff question this much-paraded 'true principle' is worthless," many persons will take notice who might otherwise stop their ears. And that the principle, as a principle, is literally worthless, Professor Taussig has no difficulty in showing to the satisfaction of any intelligent and unbiassed reader.

Even from the high-protection standpoint, it would be difficult to find anybody willing to follow this principle out to its logical conclusions, and it will be utterly impossible to offer a tariff strictly based upon those conclusions with the faintest chance of acceptance. Applied unflinchingly, it means, as Professor Taussig says, that "the production of any and every thing is to be encouraged—not only encouraged, but enabled to hold its own. . . . If the article is tea in South Carolina, for example, ascertain how much more expensive it is to grow the trees and prepare the leaves than it is in Ceylon, and put on a duty high enough to offset." This principle, to be sure, is already acted upon in our existing tariff; for on this basis the duties on lemons and prunes were raised in the Payne-Aldrich act; but it is one thing to apply the principle irregularly by the use of pressure in particular cases, and quite another to establish it as decisive, and make it the ground of an indefeasible claim. The attempt actually to do that in good faith, so far from saving protectionism, would prove to be just that last straw which would break its back.

Nor does it lie in the mouths of the gentlemen who have been acclaiming this great principle as a tariff panacea to plead that the principle is to be applied only within reasonable limits. In

the first place, it has already, in the judgment of the vast majority of the American people, been applied far beyond reasonable limits. No better illustration of this can be given than the tariff on wool; recognized as an outrageous burden on the whole people of the United States, it is looked upon by the wool-growers as the simplest of rights. The naïve letter from "the owner of a flock of sheep" which appears in our columns to-day, is absolutely typical of the attitude which has been maintained by the wool-growing interest for half a century. The idea that any demand on the part of the mere consumer can be reasonable if his own support as a producer is not first provided by the Government, does not enter this honest gentleman's head. A second argument against it is furnished by such a declaration as that quoted by Professor Taussig from a speech by Senator Aldrich in the tariff debate of 1909:

> If it costs ten cents to produce a razor in Germany and twenty cents in the United States, it will require 100 per cent. duty to equalize the conditions in the two countries. . . . As far as I am concerned, I shall have no hesitancy in voting for a duty which will equalize conditions. . . . If it was necessary to equalize the conditions and to give the American producer a fair chance for competition, other things being equal of course, I would vote for 300 per cent. as cheerfully as I would for 50.

When the high priest declares the meaning of the creed, of what avail is the mere common worshipper's interpretation? But there is a third argument even more fatal: if the principle is subject to the limitation of reasonableness, all the fat is in the fire again, and we are just where we were before the great panacea had been discovered.

However, it need not be denied, and Professor Taussig does not deny, that much good may come from the investigations of the tariff commission into the differences in costs of production between the United States and foreign countries. On the contrary, these investigations may, in a large number of cases, show that existing duties go far beyond what the principle would call for, and thus be made an effective basis for needed reforms; and in general, the light that they will throw on conditions of production at home and abroad should be of very great value to those desiring to deal fairly and intelligently with the situation as it stands. Professor Taussig thinks the investigations will be of especial advantage in two directions, "as to undue gains in monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic industries, and as to the extent to which there are vested interests which must be respected in a future settlement of the tariff." In connection with the discussion of both these phases of the subject, and, indeed, throughout his article, Professor Taussig takes occasion to illuminate the tariff question in its fundamental aspects.

As for the attitude of the Democratic party on the subject, it strikes us that this happy thought of the Republicans might easily be turned into a weapon of offence against them. Designed as a protectionist solution of the tariff problem, it is demonstrably incapable of playing that part. But in the hands of tariff reformers, it may, with one essential modification, be made to do good work. As a demand of right, a duty equal to the difference in cost of production should be dismissed as absurd; as a maximum which shall in no instance be surpassed, that difference may well be appealed to as decisive. In cutting down the tariff in the interest of the whole people, all reasonable persons will pay regard to the claims that may legitimately be put forward by those already engaged in industries that have been built up under the stimulus of protection; just what those claims are must be judged in each case according to the circumstances of that case. But anything beyond the difference in cost of production—a difference, too, measured by American production in favorable, not unfavorable, circumstances—is extortion. The abolition of such palpable and undeniable extortion is not to be, as the new Republican dogma would have it, the measure of tariff reform; but as an irreducible minimum of such reform in every instance it may have its use.

MRS. EDDY'S CAREER.

No sensible man will deny that the life of Mary Baker Eddy, with the widespread cult identified with her name, challenges explanation. The rough-and-ready way of either dismissing the whole of Christian Science as imposture and knavery, or hailing it as divine, will no longer suffice. No more delicate task—yet none more imperative—can be laid upon men who seek to think dispassionately and accurately, than that of distilling out observingly the soul of goodness in things evil, detaching truth from its encompassing medium of falsehood, and passing judgment upon great movements like Christian Science in a way at once comprehensive, fair, and charitable, while not shrinking from the truth even if it be disagreeable and give offence. In the entire process we have to guard the right of private judgment and individual liberty—as Prof. William James did when he appeared before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature to protest against a law forbidding all persons to consult "mind healers."

Few question to-day the physical benefits which some invalids have derived from the teachings and practices of Christian Science. Nervous conditions which set drugs at defiance may often be successfully outflanked, as it were, by approach from the side of the imagination and the will. Every open-minded physician admits this; and would often give a great deal if he could manage to impress certain patients with the sense of mysterious inner powers able to front and conquer disease. Indeed, the truth which lies in Christian Science healing has had wide recognition and application in schools of medicine entirely ignorant of Mrs. Eddy. The ways of attacking and removing persistent hallucinations and obsessions and deep nervous impressions, now common with advanced psychiatrists, have their roots in the same soil as "Science and Health," even though these practitioners may never have read Mrs. Eddy's "last revised edition" of that work.

Admitting, then, that there has been something in the doctrines of Mrs. Eddy and her followers which attaches itself to forces and possibilities "deep-seated in our mystic frame," and not denying that thousands of good people have found their religious natures stirred by the services of Christian Science churches, what are we to say of the rest of it? What is to be our judgment of the philosophy of the matter, put forward by Mrs. Eddy and her expounders—a philosophy at once crude and fantastic? How are we to account for the fact that not merely the doctrines, but the commonplaces and banalities, of "Science and Health" should have been accepted by thousands of excellent people as not only divinely inspired but clothed in language worthy of divine inspiration?

To begin with, it has to be borne in mind that the raw material for the rise of such cults as Christian Science has always been abundant in the United States. It is not simply that we have a great many credulous people. The very nature and flux of our population, the constitution of our political society, with its emphasis upon individualism, have always made it easy to "found" sects in this country. There was an enormous number of them in the early days of the settlement of Ohio, most of which, including the group worshipping the "Leatherwood God," have disappeared. But Americans of the middle and lower classes still lead the world, we believe, in a readiness to run after religious novelties, and to take up with some high-sounding new faith. Sunday's news informed us, incidentally, of the existence of a religious body in the United States known as "The Pillar of Fire." That light has not blazed high enough to attract general notice, and probably will be quenched ere long; but it typifies the fertility of Americans in that sort of queer religious belief and organization. Mrs. Eddy was merely more successful than other founders in utilizing the ample material ready to her hand.

Her greatest conquests were made among those who were already, at least nominally, Christians. The reason for this is pretty obvious. The Christian churches have the Bible, which they declare to be the Word of God, and most of them believe, or profess to believe, that it is verbally inspired. In practice, of course, they ignore or depart from any given literal meaning which is inconvenient; but Mrs. Eddy came forward with those passages of the Bible in her hand which seem to teach the miraculous healing of diseases, and insisted that they should be taken as implicitly as the passages teaching virtue and sanctity. In other words, she had a great initial advantage in the argument. You say you accept this book as the supernaturally-given guide. Very well, then, why do you not let it guide you to perfect health without the use of medicines and doctors? This was a powerful appeal, *ex concessis*, and it is no wonder that so many simple-minded members of Christian churches were unable to resist it. And when they had, in addition, the evidence of their senses that real cures were wrought by Christian Science, and suffering men and women wonderfully were buoyed up by the reinforcement of their wills, it is not strange that the new cult made rapid headway, and that Christian Science "temples" are now to be found in so many cities.

It might seem out of place to dwell at present upon the harm which has been done by Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. This we will only say has been, in our opinion, very great, and has involved both needless physical suffering and mental and moral injury. But institutions grow and thrive by their good qualities, not their bad. Christianity itself was called an *exitiabilis superstitio* at first; and it would be almost as great a mistake to call Christian Science nothing but a superstition. Its ultimate fate, however, now that its founder is gone, is problematic. A part of its membership will doubtless be re-absorbed into the Christian churches, which are themselves now doing something to win over those who believe in mental healing. Other Christian Scientists will fall away, for one reason or another, and the impetus of the cult, which there is some reason to believe has already been checked, will probably drop off with the years. Yet whatever may become of this singular association, its founding by a woman like Mrs. Eddy, and its long and seemingly inexplicable dominance by her, will remain a problem to try the wits of students of religious vagaries.

THE WAY OF WORDS.

Those who habitually cannot find words to express their feelings will be chagrined to learn from latest statistics that there are above 400,000 at their disposal, exclusive of foreign languages. While the returns of the census during the past months have been causing various excitements, it has escaped general notice that the little denizens of the dictionary have been multiplying, too. Mr. P. W. Long of Cambridge has collected figures that tell a startling tale. The first English dictionary in any real sense was not published until 1604. It contained 3,000 "hard usual English words . . . gathered for the benefit and help of ladies, gentle women, or any other unskilful persons." Then came, to mention only significant works, the Bailey dictionary, which was as popular in the eighteenth century as was Webster's in the nineteenth; and a little later that by Dr. Johnson, which in Todd's famous edition of 1818 had only 58,000 words. Webster, in 1828, printed 70,000; Worcester, in 1846, 85,000. Webster's International, issued this year, has more than 400,000, and what will be the total of the Oxford Dictionary when completed one can only giddily infer from the recent statement by Sir James Murray that he has 5,000,000 illustrative quotations stored in an iron room in his garden.

Like the great influx into the cities from the country, the new words that have rushed into the dictionary start an impulsive cheer, but in a thoughtful mind also the lagging doubt that they may have deserted a more desirable abode. Back three centuries Shakespeare carried about in his head five times as many words as the dictionary then contained; to-day the dictionary has a hundred words for every one that a good writer will use. Clearly, there's a moral here, even though not quite so obvious as it has been made to seem. The great gains in the number of words recorded within the last fifty years have, of course, come from a minute raking over of all accessible English documents and from special branches of human labor, particularly the sciences in which changing conditions have made necessary a host of new terms. In arranging, explaining, and labelling all these the lexicographers have achieved splendidly, and it behooves no one lightly to blame them. And yet for the nonce we could cry out with the late Professor Shaler, "Avaunt with your grubbing! There's too much knowledge in the world already." The dictionary men might well drill us in the words that we have before giving us any more.

For it is plain that, for some reason or other, the attitude of the educated public toward words, along with its attitude toward knowledge, has been changing with the years. Dr. Johnson, a learned man but not a trained scholar, attempted almost single-handed "to fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have been suffered to make in it." This proprietary right in the native tongue was shared in less degree by intelligent people generally; and even to argue an etymology was no proof of the pedant or specialist. Errors of detail sometimes went easily by, but with all their blundering men had a sure sense for words

which gave to the mere manipulation of them an agreeable excitement. To this the state of the language lent itself also. With structures still visible in more instances than to-day, words kept attention alert to their central thrusts while showing at the same time their seasoning. Especially true was this in the earlier day of Shakespeare, who took for granted even in the pit some glimpse into verbal destinies; otherwise he could never have ventured upon the amazing jugglery of Touchstone's humor.

Now, in reality, we do not urge this as a faint-hearted regret for an age that is no more, but merely as recognition of a serious problem which confronts us. The fact is that words, the most important medium of exchange, are passing into the hands of the favored few. It is the same problem as that presented to-day by wealth and by knowledge. With every chance, apparently, to reach them, the number of words is so great and their science has become so minute and complicated that only your genius dares to grapple with them in any large way. Presumably, the chief of a dictionary still sees wondrous vistas up and down the paths that words have trod; for most of us this is not the case, and it is not needful, of course, that it should be. But between the specialist in words and the insensitive babbler is a point of vantage which must in some way be won back by any one who has ideas worthy of fit expression. It is a question which our educators might well consider. Nor ought it to be too difficult to solve. If not swamped by the half-million words or thereabouts that exist, everybody can easily be interested in this subject, from the jingle-loving child up. The history of words and their combat with ideas can be made absorbing. It is not a return to the quixotic methods of Max Müller that is desirable. Lincoln acquired the instinct for words more simply by studying the Bible and a few other great books. Once let one get the sense of words in typical operation, as so often happens there, with their economy of effort in catching and crystallizing elusive meanings, and one will not willingly lose it. It is not for us here to suggest a more practicable means than Lincoln's; and yet we hope, too, that when the Oxford Dictionary is completed Sir James Murray, or some one with his enthusiasm, will, either by book or by lectures, place the results of that great work rather more vitally before the popular imagination than can its mere totality.

GREEK AT OXFORD.

Oxford, November 23.

That no conservatism is so strong as in a democracy is well illustrated by Oxford and Cambridge, the two oldest democracies in Europe, which to-day, as in the Middle Ages, are in control of the Masters of Arts, whose voice decides everything from the election of a Chancellor to the disposal of a five-pound note. In Oxford the resident M.A.'s and professors, with the heads of the colleges, form a body called Congregation, and these, with all M.A.'s, resident and non-resident, on the books of the colleges, form Convocation. The former has 526 members, the latter about 7,000. Every Tuesday in term at 2 P. M. these bodies meet to transact university business, prepared by a smaller body called the Hebdomadal Council. As a rule, the attendance is small—a handful of men—but when an important question is before the university several hundreds may be in Congregation, while the outside M.A.'s from all over the country may swarm to Oxford (even in special trains!) to *placet* or *non placet* a contentious measure.

In theory it is a magnificent thing, this democracy of learning, this Athenian demos, 7,000 strong, every one with his vote, but it is a cumbrous machinery with which to manage a university—though a grand sight in session! No finer academic function is to be seen than the Sheldonian Theatre, packed to the roof to hear Congregation or Convocation debate some burning question of university reform. Except the upper gallery reserved for undergraduates (only a handful of whom were lured from sport of another and more pleasing kind), Wren's splendid building was well filled yesterday with Grecians and Trojans, repeating sixteenth-century history, fighting again a battle over Greek. Then it was a struggle to restrain the introduction of the new learning, believed to be tinctured with heresy; now the battle is over the retention of this same old learning, *i. e.*, Greek, as a compulsory subject for the entrance examination. The Trojans carried their case in the Hebdomadal Council, and a statute was framed, the preamble of which reads:

> Whereas, it is expedient to amend the statute relating to the examination in stated subjects in Responsions (entranee examination) so as to provide (1) that Greek shall no longer be a compulsory subject, (2) that every candidate must, in order to pass Responsions, satisfy the Masters of the Schools in Latin and in Elementary Mathematics, and also either in (a) Greek or in (b) two other subjects, one of which must be a Modern Language, etc.

After the passing of a few decrees, the registrar read out the preamble and the battle began. It was, as I said, a fine sight—virtually the whole teaching body of the university, professors, tutors, nearly all the heads, many ancient Dons, not often seen in the house, and youthful M.A.'s. And it was not a "black brigade," not a gathering made up of the country clergy, who have been known to pack Convocation. These questions have to come first before Congregation, composed of the local M.A.'s and doctors, who reside within a mile of Carfax, the centre of the city. The vice-chancellor, newly elected, Dr. Heberden, the principal of Brasenose (great-grandson of the famous William Heberden, the English Celsus, whose "Commentaries" is still a famous book), presided with grace and dignity. The semi-circle below him was gay with the scarlet of the Convocation habits worn by the doctors of the various Faculties. In the matter of words the Englishman has a wonderful self-restraint, and the gift of taciturnity is nowhere better seen than in these Oxford discussions. *Opera non verba* is the motto, and in an hour or two questions are settled which would take Frenchmen or Americans days to discuss. They come to vote, not to talk, knowing that sensible people make up their minds on a question, and are not much influenced by eleventh-hour speeches. The battle is really fought in the pamphlets and statements circulated a week or ten days before the meeting.

Mr. Percy Matheson of New College, a leading Trojan, who had brought up the question eight years ago, introduced the preamble in a strong speech, in which he urged that in our modern conditions Greek should no longer be required as a necessary subject for a degree in Arts. He pointed out that it would not apply to the famous honor school of *Literæ Humaniores*, or the School of Theology, and it was stated that particular Schools could reserve their rights. A general education without Greek was better for some boys than a general education with Greek, for which the modern languages offered a proper substitute. The president of St. John's College, Dr. James, who has just come from Rugby School, opposed the measure as a weak concession to popular demands, and a sop to the scientists. If Greek were discarded to-day Latin would follow to-morrow. The greatest rulers of England—Canning, Peel, Gladstone, Salisbury, Milner, and Asquith—were products of the classical teaching of Oxford. Sir William Anson, the warden of All Souls, thought the preamble of the statute too uncompromising, as it made Greek optional for everybody. The Regius Professor of Greek, Gilbert Murray, while in favor of differentiation in the Faculties, could not support the statute as it favored universal exemption from Greek. After four other

members of the University had spoken a division was taken with the following results: *non placets*, 188; *placets* 152; majority 36.

This is the first "knock out" for the reformers, who are trying to rearrange the constitution of the university and its studies, in accordance with the suggestions made by the Chancellor, Lord Curzon. Two weeks ago the preamble of the statute reconstituting the Faculties was passed, and the reformers were pretty confident of success on this old question of compulsory Greek, which was decided adversely eight years ago. Had the statute been differently worded, making a differentiation in the Faculties, I believe it would have carried.

While in favor of relaxing the present regulations, I should like to see Greek retained in the older universities as a qualification for graduation in theology, medicine, and law. Under present conditions in England it is no hardship to ask a young man who is seeking a medical degree in Oxford or Cambridge to have a knowledge of Greek. Taught as it is to-day it may not be of much use, but, if for no other reasons, reverence for the memory of Hippocrates and honor of the labors of Galen demand that we should have some men in the profession with a knowledge of the language of our origins. Could the student be taught the dead languages "without the perplexities of rules talked into him" (Locke), could we but cease from "forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations" (Milton), could we but adopt the rational method by which Montaigne learned Latin and Greek as he learned his native tongue, these languages might become working instruments, keys to great literatures and to the minds of great masters; and the student would read his Celsus and Hippocrates as freely as his Watson or Trousseau.

This winter will decide whether Oxford is able to reform herself in accordance with the elaborate plan submitted by the Hebdomadal Council. Many feel that only by a Parliamentary commission can the necessary changes be enforced. The conservative element in the democracy may be—as to-day—too strong. The problem is how to unite in due proportion the monarchical element of an American university with the principle that gives a share in the government to the graduates. It is like the two mother forms of states of which Plato speaks, the one monarchy, the other democracy. "Now if you are to have liberty and the combination of friendship with wisdom, you must have both these forms of government in a measure"; and this holds good for a university as well as for a city.

WILLIAM OSLER.

Correspondence.

AN UNUSUAL SILVER WEDDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since Louis XIV founded the Comédie Française in 1680, and Napoleon remodelled it in his historic decree, dated from Moscow, this most famous theatre in Europe has seen many interesting events and curious fêtes within its classic walls, perhaps none more characteristic or more moving than the modest silver wedding ceremonies which took place the other day to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of M. Jules Claretie's connection with the Maison de Molière—a union fraught with much good for both the high contracting parties.

Few of the Americans who, within the last twenty-five years, have passed delightful evenings at the Théâtre Français realize how much of their pleasure they owe to M. Jules Claretie, the most brilliant administrator who has ever guided the fortunes of that playhouse. For a quarter of a century now he has held this most difficult post by the pure force of wisdom, patience, courtesy, and tact, a combination which has enabled him to furnish happy endings to many situations, so complicated they seemed without a solution. The most dramatic scenes are not always those we see played upon the stage; the greenroom and the director's office witness tragedies far more intense. But no one better than M. Claretie has understood that delicate art of calming the troubled spirits of actors and encouraging drooping and discouraged authors on the eve of a *première*.

My own personal acquaintance with M. Claretie began under singularly agreeable conditions. M. Coquelin had kindly included us in the little group of friends he had asked to the inauguration of his home for destitute comedians at the Château of Pont-aux-Dames. By an unexpected shuffle at the last moment, I found myself alone with M. Claretie in the automobile of my friend J. H. H. During the forty-mile run down and the return journey across the smiling French country in the June twilight, he who in the morning had been a stranger to me, became before the day was over almost a friend. Whether in his apartment on the Boulevard Haussmann, crowded by his personal souvenirs, or the historic greenroom of the Français, where the great works of art of two centuries smile at one from the panelled walls, M. Claretie has always remained the same gracious, cordial gentleman whose kindness has added so many charming hours to my Parisian visits.

His is an astonishing, many-sided personality, by turns historian, *chroniqueur*, novelist, administrator, and a writer of short stories almost without equal, even in France, where that delicate art has been carried to such perfection. His brain reminds one of those magic bottles (dear to the prestidigitators of our youth) which poured out sherry, lemonade, or champagne on demand.

Like all men in high places, he has had to fight bitter battles, suffer furious attacks, and, perhaps harder than either for a man of his temperament, has been forced to bear cruel ingratitude. In 1885 he received from his predecessor, M. Perrin, a theatre singularly abandoned by the public, and a troop of actors composed chiefly of nullities, brightened by one or two burnt-out stars, and from this discouraging beginning was able to build up an ensemble that has remained for almost a generation without its equal in Europe.

If among the numberless plays he has produced during his long career (a record in the annals of the stage) we can count but few masterpieces, the fault must be laid at the door of the modern playwrights, rather than at M. Claretie's, for, from the moment that he took possession of the directorate of the first French theatre, he opened its doors wide to the youth of that day. Lavedan, Brieux, Rostand, Rivoire, Paillerón, owe their start to his timely and enlightened aid.

The little fête referred to above was held last month at his playhouse. Invitations of this kind count among those one takes good care not to decline; the appointed hour found us mounting the monumental double staircase of the Rue de Richelieu, gayly decorated for this occasion by rare flowers and—pretty women.

After a few minutes of general chat, the guests, some hundred and fifty in all, moved to the stage, where, on a green covered table (together with the classic glass of water, prepared for M. Claretie) stood a Jeanne d'Arc of Frémiet's, a gift from the employees of the theatre, a bronze reproduction of Barye's Gladiator, sent by the *pensionnaires*, and a superb first edition of Corneille, bearing on its title page the signatures of the *Sociétaires*. A gold medal sent by the Association des Artistes Dramatiques must not be forgotten. As soon as his guests were seated, Silvain (Mounet-Sully was unavoidably absent) got on his sea legs and delivered a charming little congratulatory address, which had a decided maritime flavor, for he compared the Comédie Française to the ship which the city of Paris bears upon its shield, "storm-beaten but never wrecked," and showed us M. Claretie at the wheel. When he had finished, Mme. Bartet, that most gracious and beautiful of *doyennes*, recited an original sonnet, which is given below. When she had finished, M. Delaunay, son of the immortal *jeune premier* of our youth, spoke a few well-turned sentences. Then M. Claretie rose, and, for some twenty minutes, held us all under the spell of his incomparable and very personal charm; in concluding, he said:

You are right to love me, for I hold you all very close to my heart. If I have been able to accomplish anything during my twenty-five years in your service, it is because you have so valiantly aided, encouraged, and sustained me.

The moment was singularly intense, for, seated in the circle about him, were actors who, in the past, had conspired bitterly against him, and had circulated cruel calumnies touching his administration. One felt as he spoke that little by little he was winning their sympathy, and, as he sat down, there were those among his audience who had tears very near their eyes. Perhaps of all the successes won by M. Claretie during a quarter-century of struggle, this moment was the proudest of his life, and this conquest of these enemies his greatest victory.

A round of cordial handshaking concluded the simple ceremony; we drank a little champagne to M. Claretie's good health and

good luck, we nibbled a sandwich or two, and talked of the successes to come. As seven o'clock was striking, and the stage hands waited impatiently to set the scene for the evening performance, we slipped quietly out, leaving this veteran director to his thoughts and his laurels.

Son œuvre a la clarté d'une vive fontaine;
S'il a la plume aux doigts, il a la barre au poing,
Et lorsque la nuit tombe et lorsque le jour point,
Sa lunette en éveil suit la brume lointaine.

Voilà vingt ans et plus sur l'onde incertaine,
Debout au banc de quart, il guette et fait le point,
Et que, roseau d'acier qui plie et ne rompt point,
Il est quand vient l'orage un rude capitaine.

Et gardien souriant d'un trésor surhumain,
Louvoyant, esquivant des écueils du chemin,
Versant par les hublots sa verve journalière,

Il conduit sûrement sur le flot azuré,
Toutes voiles dehors, la Maison de Molière,
Nef qui flotte toujours et n'a jamais sombré!

ELIOT GREGORY.

New York, December 2.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to the correspondence on industrial education (*Nation*, November 10), may I relate the following little story. I have just been passing some time in the Pennsylvania coal region. One day a man came up to me and we talked. I asked him how he got on in a county where so few people now can speak American—he was an American—in a county where even official signs are printed in three languages, not one of which I am able to read.

"Oh," said the man. "Why, I know any old lot er jaw rattle."

"What?" said I. "German, Italian, Yiddish, I suppose?"

"Naw, ain't got no use for them dagos. I talk Lithuanian, Slovac, Greek, Rumanian, Polish. Yer has ter talk 'em; American's no good. But say, boss, I want ter get outen, or up in, der dam breaker. Where kin I learn mine engineerin'?"

"Why, haven't you got technical education, trade schools, here?"

"No—ain't no school, only fur kids and 'ritbmertic round bere. Only der Correspondence College, where fer fifty dollars they learns yer everything and gets yer a job, too; only I ain't got no fifty dollars."

And on returning to my native city I learned tbat in the coal regions there are no State technical schools—a delightful comment on the real position of the first and most important industrial State in the Union. It helps me to understand why a baseball pitcber is said to have been elected Governor, and wby the biggest crowd I have seen in Philadelphia and in the University precincts was fighting to buy tickets for a football match.

We in Pennsylvania have no use for industrial education. Yet the Pennsylvania Scbool of Industrial Art is tbe best, I am told, in tbe country.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

Philadelphia, November 21.

HOPES FOR SENATOR LODGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the contributions which it is to be boped will be made to tho rubbish heap of the recent elections, none will be regarded with more satisfaction by educated men than the sweeping up of Henry Cabot Lodge. That such a man could so long represent Massachusetts in the Senate was to make men say, with Lowell, "Massachusetts, God forgive her." When it is remembered that in 1894 this graduato of Harvard made a speech in the Senate advising that discriminating duties be levied on British goods in order to force England to change her standard of value, we get some idea of the moral and mental calibre of the man. Some politicians we can excuse with the apology that they know no better, but not so in the case of Lodge.

LAWRENCE GODKIN.

New York, Deeember 5.

DAMAGES FOR LYNCHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 1 you refer to the action brought by the legal representative of the unfortunate person who was lynched at Newark, O., against the County of Licking for damages on account of such lynching, and state that the result of this case will be watched with interest, especially as to the constitutional feature.

In Ohio the constitutionality of such an action has already been upheld. In 1896 the State Legislature passed an act providing that the legal representative of any person suffering death by lynching at the hands of a mob, in any county of the State, should be entitled to recover of the county in which such lynching occurred the sum of $5,000 damages. Shortly thereafter the administrator of Charles W. Mitchell, who was lynched at Urbana, brought an action against the commissioners of Champaign County to recover $5,000 damages, and the Supreme Court of Ohio, in the case of the Commissioners of Cbampaign County vs. Church, reported in 62 Ohio State, page 318, upheld the constitutionality of such legislation.

At a subsequent session of the Legislature, the law was so amended that hereafter the legal representative may recover a sum not to exceed $5,000 damages. Under the present legislation, tbe jury will assess the amount of damages, but the constitutionality of the proceeding is settled.

MAX B. MAY.

Cincinnati, Deeember 3.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in the *Nation* of October 27 contains the following gratuitous statement:

> For his [Dr. Adler's] teachings have spread through the country, not with the amazing speed and rapid accumulation of wealtb that marked the development of Mary Baker Eddy's private religious enterprise, but with that soberer, surer growth inevitable when the appeal is to reason, rather than to emotion or passion.

While writing something nice regarding ethical culture, do you not think it would have been wise to bave left it in shape to please the Christian Scientists, as well as others? Was it necessary in this connection to fling an insult in the face of Christian Scientists, who include a great many ot the most intelligent people of your city and of all cities? Besides, your insinuation gives a very wrong impression. The wealth of tbe Christian Science movement is due to tbe voluntary contributions of the beneficiaries of Christian Science. It is true that this religious movement was started by Mrs. Eddy, as every religious movement was started by some one individual. The Christian Science church to-day is world-wide, and all tbe benefits that it affords are open to the general public, notwithstanding the untiring energy of Mrs. Eddy in its behalf.

ALFRED FARLOW.

Boston, November 29.

TWO PARALLELS TO "LYCIDAS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One who is familiar with the notable elegies of our language is inevitably impressed with the similarity of their framework and the conventionality of many details in them. The November Eclogue of Spenser's "Sbepherd's Calendar" is suggested in "Lycidas," and "Lycidas" has a number of details that are repeated in "Adonais." "In Memoriam" itself resembles here and there the more artificial elegies. But even one who knows tbis fact is struck by the extent of the conventionality in "Lycidas," as the evidence is presented by Mr. J. H. Hanford in his articie on "Tae Pastoral Elegy and Milton's 'Lycidas'" in the September number of *Modern Language Publications*. Mr. Hanford shows that most of the details of "Lycidas" and many individual passages follow traditions of the pastoral elegy. While his discussion of Milton's poem is fresh in the minds of those interested, I should like to call attention to a slight kinship between "Lycidas" and two non-pastoral English works.

The fanciful poetic machinery of flowers, beasts, nymphs, and goddesses mourning for a dead shepherd, which is frequent in classic elegies, does not, like Milton's use of Camus and St. Peter, symbolize the pursuits and virtues of the dead shepherd, nor does it give occasion for such seriousness and sublimity as Milton's. Typical of Milton's symbolism and seriousness is Greene's "A Maiden's Dream" (1591), an elegy on the death of Sir Christopher Hatton. Here, indeed, pure abstractions, rather than symbolic figures like Camus, form a line of mourners—a device which finds a notable use in "Adonais"—but Greene's poem shows a purposefulness and a weigbtiness in its symbolism which prepare for "Lycidas," and which doubtless betray the influence of Renaissance standards and conventions. The imparting of an abstract moral significance to their work, whether tbrough tbe use of type figures or of suggested allegory, was dear to the hearts of Renaissance classicists like Spenser, Jonson, and Milton, however diverse their methods. There are also some parallels between "A Maiden's Dream" and "Lycidas" in phraseology, in the treatment of the virtues of the dead, in the handling of tbe mourners, in the consolation, and in other details; but these are probably due to a common use of accepted elegiac conventions.

Again, some details of what is assuredly the most notable passage in "Lycidas," the speech of St. Peter with its ominous satire on the abuses of the clergy, may be traced to Skelton's "Colin Clout." Mr. Hanford points out the fact that satire on the ec-

clesiastics was common in the later pastoral, and that parallels to the speech of St. Peter may be found in the May Eclogue of "The Shepherd's Calendar" (lines 38 ff.). Spenser, I think, was influenced by Skelton, and Milton by both, but more clearly by Skelton in this passage. Many lines of "Colin Clout" are suggestive of the passage in Milton, especially at the first reading, before an attempt is made to compare the two in detail; and certain lines of Skelton's arraignment of prelates will bear a closer comparison with the passage from "Lycidas." For example, Skelton says:

Laye men say indede
How they take no hede
Theyr sely shepe to fede,
But plucke away and pull
The fleces of theyr wull,
Vnethes they leue a locke
Of wull amonges theyr flocke (ll. 75-81).

. . . . .

And assay to crepe
Within the noble walles
Of the kynges halles,
To fat theyr bodyes full,
Theyr soules lene and dull,
And haue full lytell care
How euyll theyr shepe fare (ll. 125-131).

In "Lycidas" St. Peter rebukes

such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

. . . . . .

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

C. R. BASKERVILL.

University of Texas, November 28.

"MY VOICE AND I."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct a wrong impression conveyed by your reviewer in his remark (*Nation*, November 24):

In his "Psychology of Singing," David C. Taylor developed the same idea; and it is surprising that Mrs. Rogers does not refer to his book.

In justice to Mr. Taylor and to myself it seems proper for me to explain that "My Voice and I" was already completed in 1900, at which time the manuscript was, according to my contract, submitted to Harper & Bros., who published my "Philosophy of Singing" in 1893. It was not accepted by them, on the plea that the sale of such a work would be limited. Further reflection led me to believe that the time was not ripe for a psychological treatment of singing, so I laid away my manuscript in its portfolio, where it remained for nearly ten years.

It follows, therefore, that ideas developed by me in 1900 could not have been influenced by David C. Taylor's admirable work, "The Psychology of Singing," published in 1908, nor could I refer to a book which did not then exist. I may therefore say in all humility, my book is "a poor thing, but mine own!" It only remains for me to express my gratification that a man of such high intelligence as Mr. Taylor has reached on so many important issues the same conclusions as myself. CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS.

Boston, December 2.

A WOOL-GROWER'S FEARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Gore remarks that the wool schedule is the first point of assault. The Democratic party will no doubt illustrate the effect on the horse of putting a beggar on horseback. We shall have a collection of bills containing all sorts of foolish ideas of the ill-informed, and the voters will discover that they have sown dragons' teeth.

Being the owner of a flock of sheep, I think I know something of the subject—though, of course, this makes it difficult, if not impossible, to get the public ear. The wool was sold for 28 cents a pound this year. It takes a large, well-bred, and well-fed sheep to shear seven pounds. If a large amount of grease is in it, buyers will deduct from the price. The average is not above six pounds. Feed is high and labor also, and the price of wool is now so low that in Washington County, Pa., formerly one of the large wool-growing counties of the United States, the number of sheep has decreased fully one-half in the last fifteen years.

If the tariff on wool is so unreasonable I am unable to understand why wool is not higher, and I am also unable to discover what, in the minds of the low-tariff crowd, would be a reasonable price to the consumer. The mere mention of the wool schedule as the first point of attack shows that the fool-killer is not up and doing.

The Republican party may be characterized as a combination of shrewdness and rascality—that is, it has capacity. The Democratic party is well-meaning, perhaps, but without capacity. Such they will prove again to be, and the people will have to decide whether they prefer an engineer who is a rascal but understands the engine, or a good-intentioned one who doesn't understand and whose experiments may result in an explosion and wreck. W.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 25.

Literature.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Frank C. Papé's colored illustrations for "The Pilgrim's Progress" vary a good deal in excellence. The picture, for instance, of Christian Warning Sloth, Simple, and Presumption, is full of character and is pleasant to the eye; whereas The Destruction of Doubting Castle is in a tint to make the eye wince. On the whole, the illustrations will aid in a proper manner the imagination of the young reader. Both pilgrimages are given in the text, which is printed, as it should be, in modern spelling and punctuation. (Dutton, $2.40.)

"Mr. Pickwick," a considerably abridged text of "The Pickwick Papers," has been furnished by Frank Reynolds with twenty-five full-page colored illustrations for holiday dress. The pictures are not in the vein of caricature with which Phiz has associated the doings of the immortal travellers in our memory, although they do not lack humor when humor is necessary. Mr. Pickwick himself presents the round face and spectacles as we know him in the original publication. Sam Weller is changed, and looks to us like anybody but the great "Samivel"; he is not in character. The elder Weller, on the other hand, is excellent. On the whole, the sentimental and picturesque aspects of the story are rather emphasized than the farcical. (Doran, $5 net.)

Whether for copyright reasons or from critical choice, the quarto volume of "Poems by Christina Rossetti" does not contain all the verse published by her brother in the last complete edition. This is altogether an advantage, for Christina wrote too much and too fluently, and a considerable part of her posthumous verse ought never to have been printed. Mrs. Meynell, than whom no one is better qualified for this particular task, contributes an introduction to the present edition. There is, for instance, real insight in these few sentences:

Her poetry is, in a word, true poetry as gold leaf is gold; and sometimes her poems are, as it were, a mere film of poetry. This is true of the least admirable. In the best the unmistakable genius is not only present but important, even great. The poet of "The Convent Threshold" and "Up-Hill," for example, possesses her art in bulk and in condensation. These are brief poems, not little ones. . . . In "The Convent Threshold" there is, I think, more passion than in any other poem written by a woman. In this respect Christina Rossetti surpasses Elizabeth Barrett Browning, abundant as was the earlier poet, and few and reluctant as are here the words of the later.

Of the illustrations, many of them in color, furnished by Florence Harrison, some of them—those, for instance, for the "Goblin Market"—fit the theme very well. But such a picture as that for "Eve" would have shocked the poet and mars the pleasure of the reader. There is too much of Aubrey Beardsley here and there to harmonize with the spirit of Christina Rossetti. (Dana Estes, $6 net.)

To those looking for a religious gift-book, we may recommend Hugh Black's "Comfort," which is printed in ornamental borders, tastefully and without offence to the text. The style of the author's writing is too well known to need special comment. The theme of the present volume is conveyed in the dedication: "To W. B. Macleod, who has learned to comfort others by the comfort wherewith he himself has been comforted of God." (Revell, $1.50 net.)

"Colonial Holidays: Being a collection of contemporary accounts of holiday celebrations in Colonial times," compiled, illustrated, and illuminated by Walter Tittle, is a book sufficiently characterized by its name. Bits of old diaries, letters, and proclamations (notably Washington's) go to make up the record. But why is Pepys included among the Colonials? (Doubleday, Page, $2.50 net.)

The most important thing to be said of the "Sonnets From the Portuguese," edited by Arthur Guiterman, is that the paper and type are beautiful. Mr. Guiterman has also conceived the happy plan of interspersing among the sonnets four of Mrs. Browning's lyrics, inspired by similar themes, and of adding Robert Browning's "One Word More" and "Prospice" in an appendix. A few notes and a brief, appropriate preface complete the volume. (Paul Elder, $1.75.)

A dozen inset illustrations in color have been prepared for Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," by Everard Hopkins. In some of the pictures the figures have the stiff

pose of photographs, but many lovers of Sterne will be glad to see this philandering hero brought thus visibly before the eye. The press work is excellent. (Putnam, $3 net.)

"One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting," with an introduction by R. C. Witt, suggests nothing more serious at first sight than the drawing-room table, but anthology making is a task worthy of the best talent, and the selecter here has taken his function seriously. The selection begins with Simone Memmi's Annunciation, and ends with the late Charles Furse's Diana of the Uplands. There is courage in our author's choices. Surprises are the still-life painter, Kalf, Baldovinetti (the Madonna of the Louvre), Matthew Maris (in a landscape); and generally these audacities are inspired. We hardly reconcile ourselves to the absence of Giotto. Millais, with Sir Isumbras, seems an uncertain tenant in a house of fame that is too small for Delacroix and Goya. Mantegna possibly puts his worst foot forward in the altar-piece of S. Zeno at Verona. Joseph Israels looks a little like an intruder in this distinguished company. If early Titian abounds, why is early Bellini lacking? Enough of such cavils. To study the prints of this collection is to come to terms with underlying principles of value. (Lane, $4 net.)

"Hamlet," dressed point-devise for the holidays, is added to the sumptuous editions of four other Shakespearean plays. The story is told, superfluously enough, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, as a preface, but the feature of the edition is W. G. Simmonds's thirty excellently well done pictures in color, met at frequent intervals from frontispiece to final scene, where four scarlet-robed captains bear the Prince, like a soldier, to the stage. (Doran, $4.50.)

Goldsmith's plays, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-Natured Man," are issued in well-made volumes, with large type, with illustrations in color from original drawings by Frederick Simpson Coburn. One can only regret that the author could not have seen his comedies in such handsome form. (Putnam, $2.50 net each.)

"Stories of the Menehunes" is a selection of four legends from Thomas G. Thrum's "Hawaiian Folk Tales." The illustrations are of Hawaiian scenes. (McClurg, 50 cents net.)

James Whitcomb Riley's "A Hoosier Romance" is adorned with eight full-page pictures in three printings, and thirty illustrations in black and white, from drawings by John Wolcott Adams. In addition the background of each page is a delicate pearl-gray, outlining a Hoosier farm-scene. The whole setting is distinctly suited to the poem. (Century, $1.50 net.)

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is a story by Weymer Jay Mills, with pictures and decorations by John Rae. Of the former there are eleven, full-page, in color, while hearts and Cupids figure in most of the latter. The time of the story gives the illustrations the special interest of representations of the New York of Washington Irving's day. (Dodd, $2.)

No better choice for a holiday edition could have been made than "The Poems of Oliver Goldsmith," which, for simple sweetness and the charm of humble reflection, have always appealed, like the Christmas spirit, straight to the heart. The attractiveness of the poems is increased in the present issue by photogravures from original designs by Frederick Simpson Coburn, of which it would be futile to single out any for particular notice; there is a homely grace in them all, down even to "the noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool." The long introduction by Horatio Sheafe Krans furnishes a biography showing sympathy and understanding. (Putnam, $1.50.)

"Passages from the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer" is another of the carefully made Mosher books. The selections, which have been chosen by Clara Sherwood Stevens, are taken from the "First Principles," the "Principles of Biology," of "Psychology," of "Sociology," and of "Ethics," and from miscellaneous works, in this order. A most commendable feature of the book is the addition to each selection of the number of volume and page where it may be found in the complete edition of Spencer's works. (Thomas B. Mosher, $1.50 net.)

"'Our Village,' by Mary Russell Mitford, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie; one hundred illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and sixteen colored plates from drawings by Alfred Rawlings," is every whit as lovely as the elaborate title-page would signify. The drawings catch with success the faint, droll humor of the author, and set forth most of the moments and types of the village which readers will remember. Although highly colored, the plates are not overdone; there are the fields and hedgerows and red roofs, the low background of blue hills; the witchery of hyacinths and foxgloves and iris, with which Miss Mitford tempted the erring doctor back to Swallowfield; and other charms of sky and woodland. Those who have half-forgot the author's buoyant struggle with her purse, and her fame, will find the introduction most informing (Macmillan, $3.50 net.)

The peculiar feature of the "Oxford and Cambridge," delineated by Hanslip Fletcher, is, as the name implies, the inclusion of both universities within the same covers, thus affording interesting points of comparison. Mr. Fletcher's pictures in black and white vary singularly in manner and quality. In some, *e. g.*, the Porch of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, which forms the frontispiece, he has reproduced the mellow effect of age that is characteristic of the Oxford architecture; others, *e. g.*, the Tower of Magdalen College from the Bridge, are hard and lacking in atmosphere. As a whole, the result is successful. The text consists of an Introduction by J. Willis Clark, registrary of the University of Cambridge, and of chapters on the different colleges by various hands. Mr. Clark deals with the older period of the universities, and writes in no perfunctory vein. Thus (page 23) he corrects a common misunderstanding which supposes that the students originally lived like monks. The chapters are historical and descriptive, and together give a fairly complete survey of the universities. (Wessels & Bissell, $6 net.)

The "Green Willow, and other Japanese Tales," for the most part translated by the collector, Grace James, are not for children, but for readers who have learned to savor the peculiar pathos, not of tears, but as it were of a sorrow long ago, that runs through so many of the legends and stories of Japan. The translator has not the unique power of Lafcadio Hearn, who could retain all the delicacy of touch of the original, yet freight it with deeper, haunting meanings; but her English is good, and the little tales have an exquisite simplicity. Warwick Goble has furnished forty full-page illustrations in color that must rank with the best of the season. They are half Oriental and half Western in effect, without incongruity. The colors are clear, and in some cases have the tone of painting on ivory. We have not seen a more charming book this year. (Macmillan, $5 net.)

"The Way to Peace," a new story by Margaret Deland, is put forth in an edition specially illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens for the holiday season. Besides several full-page pictures, there are faint marginal designs and a cover gay within the limits of a certain intentional bleakness. The story itself is little more than an unembodied theme which might have been applied to any of a dozen settings. A restless young woman, finding that her married life does not give ample outlet to her feelings, leaves it for a while with her husband's grudging permission, to discover later that the experiment has lost her his love, which she now dearly craves. In the present instance, Athalia Hall joins herself for two years to the life of single devotion of a Shaker settlement, while her husband, Lewis, a country squire, camps in a nearby cottage. When Athalia, with a regenerate view of marriage, feverishly moves out of the settlement, Lewis, to her surprise and undoing, calmly moves in—a convert. (Harper, $1.50.)

The "Collected Verse" of Rudyard Kipling has appeared in an edition handsomely illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Kipling's imagination is of the sort which visualizes even when concerned with the strange, the lurid, the other-worldly, so that an artist could not go far wrong; and yet Mr. Robinson shows an accurate attention to details which implies a careful and sympathetic study of the text. One of the best of the pictures catches perfectly the piquant despair of these lines in "The Last Chantey":

> Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
> Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:
> "Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
> And the tune is something hard—
> May we lift a deep-sea chantey such as seamen use at sea?"

"The Three Decker" and "Tomlinson" are also subjects which no ambitious illustrator would pass by; they are both well done. (Doubleday, Page, $3.50 net.)

Bret Harte's romance of "Salomy Jane" now appears for the first time in a separate edition, with illustrations in color and otherwise by Harrison Fisher and Arthur I. Keller (Salomy's liberating kiss being in both categories), with marginal decorations, and with a binding in blue and gold. To say that the faultless daintiness of the volume scarcely accords with the rough-diamond quality of the story would be meticulous. (Houghton Mifflin Co., $1.)

Joseph Bédier's interesting experiment—in which he attempted to revive the Tristram legend for the man of to-day in its most ancient form by translating the extant fragment of Béroul, or the middle of Béroul's narrative, and by reconstructing

the rest from the numerous outlying versions—has been turned into English by Florence Simmonds, and issued in a handsome edition. There are a score of illustrations by Maurice Lalau wherein are designated with varying success the courtly shimmer and opulence, the airily-by-the-wayness, the mystery which form the elements in any modern retrospect to those mediæval days. (Lippincott, $3.75 net.)

One of the most elaborate of the gift-book editions is that containing the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" on pages provided with marginal designs and artistically wrought commentaries; the type, specially constructed, trails in grapevine figures. The book is illustrated in color by Willy Pogány, who is best known for his illustrations of "The Rubáiyát," and although in visualizing the supernatural, as in this epic of a sea having laws unto itself, there could never be agreement on the part of many, Coleridge's descriptive hints have been followed faithfully. All of the artist's work has a very decided interest. (Crowell, $5 net.)

A. M. Broadley's sumptuously illustrated two volumes on "Napoleon in Caricature" may be mentioned here among the holiday publications, although it will at a later date be reviewed at length. J. Holland Rose contributes an introductory essay on "Pictorial Satire as a Factor in Napoleonic History." (Lane, $12.50 net.)

RAILWAY PROBLEMS.

American Railway Problems in the Light of European Experience: or, Government Regulation vs. Government Operation of Railways. By Carl S. Vrooman. New York: Henry Frowde. $2 net.

Government Ownership of Railways, Considered as the Next Great Step in American Progress. By Anthony Van Wagenen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Railroad Administration. By Ray Morris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

Whatever one may think of the views expressed by Mr. Vrooman, one is likely, having taken up his book, to read it to the end. For it is a dispassionate and painstaking account of the experience of various countries with the problems of government regulation or ownership, and withal so entertaining that the views expressed appear not merely plausible, but well-nigh convincing. To be sure, it exploits a thesis. The author is a firm believer in the ultimate nationalization of the railways of the United States. Rather than have this policy come upon us suddenly and find us unprepared to grapple with it, as was the case with Italy, we should anticipate the future by devising as efficient a system of regulation as possible. If such a system of control should prove entirely successful, we should have accomplished what no other nation has yet done; if it should fail, the next step would be government ownership. And fail it must, in the author's opinion, for after a certain point is reached any increase in regulation becomes inelastic, cumbersome, and burdensome to the public and the carriers. Regulation can be nothing but a phase in the education of the nation. "The railways of the country to-day are being operated under a suspended sentence of nationalization."

With this underlying conviction, Mr. Vrooman aims to demonstrate that government ownership, if brought about in a conservative manner, is not so dangerous as most of us believe. His method of treatment is to take up one problem after another, and show how it has been met in various countries under the differing conditions of government and corporate management. Although he properly rejects as unscientific any attempt to decide the question by a detailed comparison of European and American railways, yet the method he adopts, which compares government-owned with private railways in the same country, is likewise inconclusive. For in any country in which the policy of government ownership predominates, private railways are at such a disadvantage, and have so little incentive to efficiency, that they can hardly be accepted as fair examples of the results of private initiative. One comparison he does make which appears to have real validity—that between the French Northern, a private road, and the Belgium system; but here he is under some difficulty to sustain his thesis that the government-owned road is, all things considered, the more beneficial to the public.

Mr. Vrooman very properly selects our accident record as one of the weak spots in American railway management, yet a study of English statistics makes it evident that reform may be brought about without nationalization. His discussion of the spoils system in relation to government ownership is hardly convincing to an American, for he confines himself to a description of the civil service in Belgium, Switzerland, and Prussia. Such illustrations can hardly reconcile one to the thought of injecting a million railway employees into the civil service of the United States. Nor does he dispose satisfactorily of the most potent argument against the European system—its lack of elasticity in meeting the requirements of the shipping community.

In spite of occasional lapses into unwarranted denunciation, and in spite of the use at times of statistical data in such manner as to create a false impression, Mr. Vrooman's presentation of the case is a fair one from his point of view. But his final conclusion puts the whole question beyond the reach of argument, for he insists that, cost what it may in time or money, nationalization is a luxury that no nation can afford to be without—which is, of course, a matter of opinion.

Mr. Van Wagenen's book is of quite a different stamp. He would have government ownership at once. Four-fifths of the nations of the world have adopted it, and cowardice alone prevents us from following in their footsteps. His book contains much more generalization than information, and much more denunciation than argument. He is reckless in the use of statistics, and frequently inconsistent in statement. One or two examples will suffice. To demonstrate the growth in railway casualities, he uses the year 1907, in which 610 passengers were killed. Yet that year was an unusual one, in which the number killed was fourteen per cent. higher than the next highest year for which statistics are available, and 75 per cent. above the average for the ten years which he is considering. His statement that in round numbers, the railways kill annually 12,000 persons is quite erroneous, for, although the number killed, including trespassers and all, was 11,839 in the unusual year 1907, this figure has never been equalled before or since, and the average number killed between 1888 and 1909 was a little less than 8,000. The case is bad enough without exaggeration. When arguing for a reduction in rates, the author calls attention to the fact that rebates have to a great extent been abolished, but in another connection he contends that railways are undertaking to collect from consumers generally millions which they pay in rebates. Dividends are paid on "billions of watered stock" by railways whose crude methods are the "sorry misfit of the times," and this utterly demoralized system of railways is contrasted with the superb management by the Government of our postal system and rural free delivery! The reason that we entered upon government regulation, rather than ownership a quarter of a century ago was because the "men who look after the railway interests in the Congress of the United States" procured the passage of the Interstate Commerce act, and turned public attention away from government ownership.

Among those who like this form of attack, the book may receive a welcome, but among thinking men, it will find few sympathetic readers and no converts. Mr. Van Wagenen declares in his preface that he approached the publication of his book with much hesitation, and that he offered his contribution only because no one else had presented this side of the question. After reading it, one wonders whether his excuse was altogether sufficient. Both Mr. Vrooman and Mr. Van Wagenen err in implying that government ownership is a question of principle. The history of the movement demonstrates indisputably that it is merely a question of expediency, and, for the present at least, the people of the United States do not

regard railway nationalization as expedient.

Mr. Morris's book on "Railroad Administration" has little to do with problems of regulation, but is rather a consideration of the railway as a working machine. Yet mention of it in this connection is not out of place, for in many ways its clear analysis of railway methods is an answer to the charges so carelessly made by Mr. Van Wagenen. When one follows in detail the extraordinary organization which has been built up to do the work of transportation, the efforts now making to improve the physical conditions of the properties, and the various methods of cost-keeping and of statistical comparison that have been devised to promote efficiency of operation, and then compares the conduct of this industry with that of a government bureau or investigating commission, with its wasteful use of public funds—a condition familiar to all who have come into contact with governmental methods in this country—one is amazed to find a writer like Van Wagenen advocating government ownership because of our "crude, disorganized, unscientific system of railways." A careful reading of Mr. Morris's chapter on Control through Statistics, one of the best in the book, should effectually dispose of that indictment.

The book is evidently intended as a manual for those who are engaged in railway service or who desire to enter it. It is a weakness of present day railway organization that the rank and file know only the work of their own department, and are almost entirely ignorant of the industry as a whole. This volume should give them the point of view from which they will be able to correlate their duties with those of their fellows in the organization of which they are a part. Largely of a descriptive character, the treatise opens with a chapter on the physical and financial beginnings of a railway, and continues with discussions of railway organization on large and small roads, on British railways, and on the government-owned roads of Germany, Italy, and India. In another chapter, that on financial organization, attention is given to the various kinds of securities issued. The author does not believe in the control of capitalization, and maintains that capitalization and rates have no relation to one another. Commissions, he thinks, are not likely to accomplish any permanent useful effects, and the result of endowing them with rate-making power will be to keep rates at a higher level than they would be if unregulated. The only beneficial effect of such bodies is in their function as safety-valves for popular indignation. While we may not agree with this somewhat extreme position, we can endorse the author's contention that the recent popular uprising against the railways was largely due to railway blundering, and that a more consistent effort to conciliate, rather than antagonize, would do much to remove the source of popular discontent. The volume is supplied with many charts, illustrating various forms of railway organization.

CURRENT FICTION.

John Winterbourne's Family. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Brown's world is inexhaustibly peopled with original characters which defy classification under any ordinary rules. From simple to subtle they range, but perhaps her forte is the exposition of the subtle in the seeming simple. No person is too insignificant outwardly to take a part in her drama, and the part is always a complex one because every human being is a complicated being. The sweeping of a hearth, the polishing of a table, the caprice of a child, the mood of a woman, are affairs of portent. Events are seldom exciting, yet one reads with almost gasping interest, breathing an air thick with the weight of small but immensely significant affairs. Her characters often are not in the least like any whom one has met, but they move with an authority no more to be disputed than that of the creatures of mythology. There is, indeed, not a little of the mythological in Miss Brown's New Englander.

John Winterbourne seeking to evade the "Tyranny of Things," and to sit by his fireside reading Theocritus, is at once a simple, single-hearted man, and a great, striving, resisting, natural force. Mrs. Ramsay, leaving her children daily while she lectures on causes, is no mere Mrs. Jellyby, but a faulty humanitarian on a large scale. Bess, daughter of earth, sweeping, cooking, ministering, is a domesticated Valkyr. Little happens throughout the story that is not homely, but the way in which it happens gives it profound and universal meaning. No need to sketch the plot. It deals with nothing more thrilling outwardly than domestic incompatibilities and the patenting of an ear-trumpet. But to the inner man it makes fervent appeal with its insight into human relations and its silent plea for right living and for strict attention to one's "job," however little time it leaves one for reading Theocritus. It is a noteworthy book, homelier but higher than "Rose MacLeod."

Pan's Mountain. By Amélie Rives. New York: Harper & Bros.

This tale owes its unusual and very palpable atmosphere to the strangely endowed heroine at its centre. Dione, although of modern birth, is a pagan. The mingling of Servian and Italian blood in her veins inclines her to regard, and, more, to feel, the old deities of whom her father told her, as real, and she pours midnight libations to the god, except for her unworshipped, whose haunt she fancies to be on the lake-guarded height, which she has rechristened Pan's Mountain. This intellectual unconventionality reappears in her unqualified frankness. But, however strange, she is never unreal. Exalted happiness and unfathomable bitterness find expression in words and actions that are consonant with her direct, elemental nature. As a creation of fiction, especially of recent fiction, Dione is refreshingly individual. Her few fellow-actors on the narrow stage are not dimly drawn, but none of them can vie with her in compelling the interest of their auditors. Adverse criticism must content itself with pointing out faults of style, and here it cannot be gainsaid that the author is decidedly overfond of the simile, which produces a slight effect of monotony. An odd error is the use of a form of "lay" for one of "lie," which occurs twice.

The Caravaners. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This author's specialties, as her readers well know, are Man, Prussia, and above all, Prussian Man. She has approached or rather attacked them from many points, and now she surpasses herself in ingenuity by choosing as the sally-port for her onslaught the mouth of Prussian Man himself. Baron von Ottringel, major of a Prussian artillery regiment, conceives the idea of celebrating by a journey the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. True, his silver-wedding wife has been dead for some years, but the institution has persisted with a negligible twelve months' forced interruption. Surely the Major was right in his reply to the later wife who questioned its being "their" silver-wedding. He tells the tale himself:

> "Dear wife," I retorted, surprised, "you know very well that it is mine, and what is mine is also by law yours, and that, therefore, without the least admissible logical doubt, it *is* yours."

The trip leads the Baron and his wife with a few friends to "caravaning" in England. For a moment, one expects a cheerful gypsying story with adventures and scenery and the international picnic touch. Instead of this, it is a protracted, unconscious confession of unbroken caddishness from one properly characterized by a fellow camper as "a very grievous bounder." He is insufferable in every direction; conspicuously so in all that concerns the differences between his own country and England; most of all in the relation of any Prussian husband to any wife. What with bad weather, bad roads, insufficient food, and an occasionally in-

subordinate wife, the warlike Major had a sorry trip. And truth to tell, although the self-revelation is at points amusing, particularly in those moments when the Baron is in the act of violently not taking a joke, four hundred pages of ill-natured caricature must needs pall.

The Court of Lucifer. By Nathan Gallizier. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Gallizler's picture of the Rome of the Borgias is huge, confused, and hideous. All the notorious crimes of Cesare Borgia, all the licentious excesses and voluptuous festivities of the papal court, all the turbulent political and military activities of sixteenth-century Italy, though resolutely pressed down and shaken together, still amount to rather more than a fair bookful. The author finds his pretext for this exhibition of horrors in vindicating the character of the maligned Lucrezia, enlarging and wresting to this purpose an authentically recorded incident. In negotiating the fifth marriage of his fair daughter, Pope Alexander VI met with considerable resistance on the part of the prospective bridegroom, Alfonso of Este, whose aversion had been aroused by Lucrezia's evil reputation and the fate of her former husbands. Only when she reached Castle Bentivoglio, the last stage of her nuptial progress from Rome to Ferrara, did he visit her—in disguise—then seeing her for the first time. By this tardy interview his reluctance seems to have been immediately and permanently dispelled, and his subsequently justified faith in the lady's innocence established.

In the present version Alfonso is represented as coming to Rome in the guise of a Knight Hospitaller (there is also a tournament reminiscent of Ivanhoe) to investigate for himself the foundation of Lucrezia's ill-fame. Through an incredible profusion of nocturnal adventure in grotto, grove, subterranean passage, dungeon, banquet hall, catacombs, deserted convent, and lady's bower, he arrives at an impassioned conviction of Lucrezia's spotless innocence, and a complete insight into the monstrous machinations of her fell brother, Cesare.

The Scourge. By Warrington Dawson. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.

A powerfully written story of the South during the Reconstruction period. The hero, the adopted son of the only rich man in the community, is a street waif who saves his employer's life by quick wit, and is literally picked from the slums. The elder man, also risen from the ranks, tries to raise the boy, to fill his place, but the hero refuses all refining influences, until he falls in love with a Southern girl of the oldest family in the town, and imbued with all the prejudices that would imply. Even then he does not try to change except by giving up the fortune his father has left, conditional on his not marrying. With all his lack of breeding he manages to leave a powerful impression, while the slim, well-bred heroine fades into misty lines. The book is well written, with the exception of occasional dialogues between the heroine and the mother, but these are not frequent.

The Prodigal Pro Tem. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. Bartlett has written a diverting and somewhat original tale, with a fair measure of bright dialogue. The scene is laid in the Catskills and concerns a woman and two men, one of whom is an artist, the other a musician. To save a blind man's life and reason the artist plays the rôle of the prodigal son who has refused to return home, and the complications that ensue are numerous and humorously related. The author's characters act like human beings, and, in spite of her sharp tongue, one cannot help liking Aunt Philomela and understanding how Eleanor, with her charming manner, proved to be an inspiration both to the artist who longed to paint her, and to the musician who felt that only with her could he write his best songs and symphonies. It is a book one finishes with regret, for it contains nothing disagreeable and much to amuse.

A GREAT PUBLISHER.

Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. By Charles L. Graves. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Graves had a plain tale to tell and he has told it somewhat drily. Nevertheless his book is profoundly interesting. The success achieved by the Macmillans was far from the ordinary rise of the canny Scot. It could not have been achieved without commercial ability, but still less could it have been achieved by commercial ability alone. Its history involves a good deal of the history of English ideas in the nineteenth century, and Daniel and Alexander Macmillan have a clear title to a place among the honorable company of great publishers. They had, of course, being Scots, a remarkable mother. "My mother," wrote Alexander to Guizot, "was a woman of very devout nature and habits, whose daily life was, as I believe, lived as in the conscious presence of God. She had a very noble, sweet nature, and a certain serenity and sweetness of mind that I have hardly ever met with in any other human being." Amid the drudgery of bringing up a numerous family with scanty means, she found time to read. There is a tradition that a visitor calling on her in her old age found her in bed with her black mutch on her head, reading Cary's Dante. The excellent father, as is also common in remarkable Scotch families, occupied the humble subsidiary position of St. Joseph. "From her," wrote Daniel, "we take any mental superiority we may have."

Alexander's meagre schooling ceased when he was fifteen. From that time, he earned his own living, such as it was, and, in 1843, when he was twenty-five years old, he formed a partnership with his brother Daniel, and opened the retail book-shop in Cambridge at No. 1 Trinity Street, which presently became famous as a kind of literary centre for the university. Dr. Sebastian Evans, who was an undergraduate of Emmanuel College in the early fifties, gives a picture of Alexander Macmillan's relations with the students:

> During my undergraduateship at Emmanuel not a single one of my supposed instructors, from first to last, ever betrayed the faintest indication of any interest in me personally. . . . The men of light and leading in the college were few, and, so far as the ordinary undergraduates were concerned, they neither lighted nor led. . . . Most of the students socially belonging to the middle class went up to college as a necessary preliminary to entering holy orders. It was among these candidates for future ordination that I regard Alec's influence as having been at once most powerfully and most beneficially exercised. Here was a born teacher and preacher about a dozen years older than themselves, a man of striking and varied gifts, of shrewd insight and large experience, always sympathetically interested in young men at the outset of life who came to him for intellectual guidance and help. . . . For many a year after I had left Cambridge, in listening to a preacher unknown to me, his use of some tell-tale catch-word or turn of thought would identify him to me as having at some time or other come under Macmillan's influence, and more than once or twice I was afterwards able to verify my inference. . . . The gap left open between teachers and taught at Cambridge was filled only by a Scot, not in holy orders and in no way connected with the educational arrangements of the university.

The purchase of the Cambridge shop was made possible by a loan of £500 from Archdeacon Hare, made at Hare's own instance. Daniel Macmillan had read Hare's "Guesses at Truth," in 1840, and had written to the author to express his interest. Hare was impressed by his admirer's intelligence and not only helped to set him up in business, but introduced him to Maurice. When the brothers ventured into publishing a few years later, Maurice became one of their earliest and most valuable authors, valuable not only for the influence of his own books and the reputation they brought the firm, but for his friendly service in introducing other authors, of whom Kingsley was probably the chief. In 1862, J. R. Green wrote to a friend, "Pray introduce me to Macmillan, if such a thing be possi-

ble. Among the Kingsley and Stanley set, Macmillan is the pet publisher of the day." From this time on, the Macmillan lists and Alexander's letters reflect more and more the history of Victorian ideas from 1860 to 1890. Among the books of these years bearing the firm's imprint may be cited Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," Freeman's "History of Federal Government," Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," Sir William Thompson's "Constitution of Matter," "Ecce Homo," "John Inglesant," "Alice in Wonderland," and the two series, "English Men of Letters," and "The Golden Treasury." As a Scot, Macmillan was a theologian. The movement that brought about the Abolition of Religious Tests in 1871 was largely conducted by his friends, and it interested him keenly in all its aspects. The publication of "Essays and Reviews" and the adventures of Bishop Colenso inspire some of his most animated letters. But if theology was his favorite pastime, he had also a profound and active religion, exerting itself in constant acts of kindliness and public spirit.

The professional correspondence and decisions of Alexander Macmillan give evidence of a high view of the publisher's responsibility. His conscience went into his work. He refused certain books, for which there was a fair prospect of profit, because he did not believe them to be honestly written books. This did not mean that he was unwilling to associate his imprint with books with which he did not agree. He held to his opinions, it is true, with Scotch tenacity, but he was ready to publish a book that traversed them, if he believed it honestly written and of a kind to bring any real contribution to the subject. He gave personal attention to a large part of the examination of manuscripts, and his letters in regard to these are full, discriminating, and sympathetic Highly interesting is a letter written in 1868 to decline the first novel of Thomas Hardy, entitled "The Poor Man and the Lady." Macmillan's very careful and elaborate criticism was apparently regarded by Hardy as final. Although his relations with his authors were for the most part friendly in the extreme, he could express himself with point when the literary temperament tried him too far. The sorrows of the publisher are a department of human suffering that have never been sufficiently laid before the public. They speak eloquently in a letter of Macmillan to a correspondent who had charged him with unfairness and prejudice:

> My private tastes are my own; but if I allowed them to interfere with an obligation to do justice to a client, I am guilty of breach of trust, morally if not legally; I can safely say, because it is capable of proof, that your books have given me more labor, letter-writing, expense, and anxiety than the most successful I ever published. . . . I am not going to recriminate, but the time of a publisher is as valuable as that of a lawyer. I gave hours of consultation with you in Cambridge, when you were pleased to honor me by consulting my private tastes. Since then at least 100 letters have been written by me from a nervous anxiety to do my duty by you. I do not and never would have complained that any profit that I get from your work does not pay my errand boy. I take things as they come, seeking to do my best for all whose work I undertake. But I do complain that when doing this at great inconvenience in the midst of profitable, appreciated, and successful work, entailing not a tithe of the proportionate labor yours has done, I am accused of the baseness of allowing personal likes or dislikes to interfere with my plain duty.

Alexander Macmillan died in 1896, having survived his brother Daniel by thirty-nine years. It appears that of the brothers, Daniel had the larger imagination and the larger ambition; while he lived he was the leader. But the achievements of the house after his death until 1896 are due to Alexander alone. It is probable that the history of publishing gives no parallel instance of so extended and important a development of a publishing house in the same space of time. It is interesting to note, in view of Macmillan's great financial success, that his tendency seems always to have been towards books likely to prove of permanent interest, rather than to "books of the season."

English Literature During the Lifetime of Shakespeare. By Felix E. Schelling, New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

After Professor Schelling's two-volume work on "Elizabethan Drama," one knows what to expect of him in literary history. By way of equipment: a style frequently overcharged with facts, but never languid, digestion of the results of recent scholarship, fresh and wide contact with the original material, enthusiasm for his subject, and an enlightened orthodoxy in his judgments. By way of method: a rearrangement of the facts of literary history, so as to emphasize the existence of schools, the character of literary movements, and the development of specific literary kinds.

In a brief preface Professor Schelling speaks a word in behalf of his method. "Until the history of literature cuts loose," he says, "from the tyranny of biography, as history at large has long since cut loose, little progress can be made toward the realization of the higher aims of literary study." He enters, too, a timely protest against the trivial and frivolous search for sources as ends in themselves. And he suggests with rare common-sense certain limits to the value of the study of foreign influences. To insist as he does by precept and example that the "discoveries" of our solemn investigators are insignificant till they have been related by some mind with a talent for synthesis to the larger issues of literary study, is to let light into a very dark place.

Chief among the larger issues, Professor Schelling places the recognition of those forces "by which even the greatest man becomes the product of his age." This arouses expectation. We look about for the "formula" that explains the Age of Shakespeare—indication of the forces of which Spenser and Jonson and Webster are the perplexingly divergent resultants. But Professor Schelling is not much enticed by the dangerous and difficult task of a fundamental unification. It is not the homogeneity, but the extreme diversity of Elizabethan literature that impresses him. He sees the movment of the times, not in the form of a great wave, but as a succession of little waves, broken up by cross-winds and currents. And the primary effect of his book is not to simplify, but to multiply our conceptions of the period.

The striking merit of his treatment is his ability—if we may borrow a phrase from dramatic criticism—to handle elaborate characterization within a highly complex plot. Though he constantly subordinates the individual to the type and its tendencies, he does not blur the outlines of the great personalities. He makes Shakespeare dominate the book, and yet exhibits him as the product and the producer of the romantic tradition. He portrays Jonson with equal distinctness at the centre of the classical reaction. He differentiates the vernacular from the new cultivated prose fathered by Lyly, and that, in turn, from the reformed prose of Sidney. He traces the Petrarchian stream of poetry to the point where it is traversed by the subtle imagination of Donne. Everywhere he attempts to see to it that his accumulated masses of detail shall not remain inert, but perform their function in the characterization of their species.

We may not entirely agree with Professor Schelling as to the "higher aims" of literary study. We may incline to believe with Sidney that the ultimate fruit of study is to come to some conclusion as to what is permanently great, valuable, and beautiful—"the divine consideration of what may be, and should be." In these sterner offices of criticism, he is occasionally somewhat reluctant and indecisive. He does not, for example, pronounce judgment on the central issue between Jonson and Shakespeare, between Elizabethan romanticism and neo-classicism. Indeed, such an utterance as this leads one to suspect that he has not clearly defined the issue: "Not less eager

in the pursuit of beauty than the Spenserian, the manner of Jonson seeks to realize her perfections by means of constructive excellence, not by entranced passion." As a matter of fact, it was not merely another means of realizing beauty that Jonson adopted; it was another beauty that he sought. Again, Professor Schelling speaks of those laborious failures, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," as "splendid examples of Jonson's power practically to apply his just and reasonable classical theories about tragedy and literary art to current English conditions." It would make the matter plainer to call these two plays striking evidence that Jonson was a modern man, that he had turned his back upon the ideal beauty and terror of Elizabethan romanticism, that he alone, therefore, among dramatists of his rank in the period, was unable to write anything worthy the name of tragedy. The obscurer form of speech, however, is natural enough to one who approaches literature from the scientific-historical point of view.

And when all is said, the praise to which Professor Schelling aspires he indubitably deserves. He has written the literary history of a great age with open and disinterested mind. He has cut loose from the "tyranny of biography," and has related his facts to what is at least one of the higher aims of literary study. It is not too much to say that no other book of similar compass presents so fully and organically the complex literary activities of Englishmen from the birth to the death of Shakespeare.

The Lady: Studies of Certain Significant Phases of Her History. By Emily James Putnam. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Garrod, in his brilliant little book, "The Religion of All Good Men," sought, not long since, to prove, with much plausibility, that the gentleman was a wholly modern institution, that his sole effective religion—that of honor—was neither Christian, Greek, Roman, nor Hebraic, but Teutonic, in its origin, and that, as a corollary, there is no example of the gentleman in history until he was developed by the social system and ideals of the Middle Ages. In the same way, it may be argued that the lady was likewise an exclusively mediæval product, the result of a special sentiment for womanhood that finds no counterpart in ancient societies. Certainly the word "lady" has definite, if somewhat indefinable associations that render insufficient and unsatisfactory Mrs. Putnam's practical and provisional description of her as merely "the female of the favored social class."

The conception and status of the lady have, obviously, shifted and changed from generation to generation, but the traditions of chivalry have never failed to color both, and to make of her something wholly different from any precedent feminine type. Mrs. Putnam herself offers an excellent example of this in her admirable chapter on The Lady of the Slave States, where she compares the woman of the South, in her domestic employments and lack of personal freedom, with the Greek woman of the age of Pericles. The parallel is very close, but the author herself notes the point of departure when she says of the latter:

> No sentiment had arisen in her day to mask the issue. If she was constrained to an exacting profession, no one obscured the fact by calling her a queen, or with a much stronger connotation of leisure, an angel. In the case of the lady of the plantation we are misled by her husband's vocabulary, which is that of the twelfth century. It is hard to realize that he could combine the manner and phrases of the minnesinger with the practice of the ancient Athenian.

But one may be grateful for the latitude which permits the inclusion of two such alien types as the Greek housewife and the Roman matron, for the sake of the delightful chapters in which Mrs. Putnam portrays their physiognomy, though these are in no wise superior to the subsequent chapters which treat of The Lady Abbess, The Lady of the Castle, The Lady of the Renaissance, The Lady of the Salon, The Lady of the Blue Stockings, and The Lady of the Slave States. In one place, Mrs. Putnam speaks of the lady's "usually light equipment of learning" as "a positive advantage to her in conversation," and remarks that "the intellectual irresponsibility which she enjoys by consent, enables her to be paradoxical without losing credit and flippant without giving pain." Her own play of paradox, epigram, and delicate raillery shows how much these qualities can please and stimulate from the pen of a woman, when learning and intellectual responsibility to facts are patent at every point. She has the imaginative gift of seeing things in their remote relations, whether these are actual or analogical. She can detect the social significance of the staircase that Madame de Rambouillet built at the corner of her house, instead of at the centre according to the custom of her contemporaries, and find in it the seed whence sprang the salon of the eighteenth century. She perceives that the insurgent Germanic lady of the dark ages found her freedom in a cloister, and thus decides that "the lady abbess is in some sort the descendant of the Amazon." She divines, even if she cannot plumb, the law of dress which associates far distant ages of civilization, as in the case of the "farthingale." Thus, "ladies so different in temperament as Madame de Maintenon and Queen Victoria witnessed its vigorous revival. If we can determine from its career thus far the law that governs its appearance, we must say that it coincides with times that we call great. Antecedently improbable, it is nevertheless true that the ugliest, most meaningless, and most fantastic dress ever donned by woman in Europe has prevailed in the great Minoan period of the Mediterranean civilization, in the Renaissance, in the Elizabethan period, in the France that prepared the Revolution, in the England of the mid-Victorian giants and in the United States of the War for the Union."

Frequently this wit takes a deeper turn and helps to illuminate some obscure phrase of racial or social psychology. Speaking of the fear in which the Southern gentleman lived, and which made isolation from the intellectual currents of the age his sole safeguard, she says:

> The planter was forced to build his moral house for defence, as the baron of the twelfth century was forced to build his physical house. Light and air were necessarily sacrificed to the requirements of fortification. The history of the Middle Ages is largely a history of the growth of walls induced by the improvements in the machinery of assault. So is the history of the slaveholding South. As the castellan developed his means of defence from the simple wall and tower to the mathematical complexity of the twelfth-century fortress, so the planter developed his moral position as the attack became more systematic; and every addition to his defences meant increased isolation.

But one could quote thus from nearly every page of this book, where there is always some unexpected turn of phrase or of thought to surprise the reader and to induce reflection. The only quality which one misses is, on the whole, sentiment. The modern woman, eager for the enfranchisement of her sex from a man-made and a man-governed world, is apt to show impatience to-day with the ideal of the lady which so clearly reflects masculine influences and aspirations, and to dismiss her as a parasite. A sense of her economic uselessness interferes with Mrs. Putnam's æsthetic appreciation of her subject, as it would not with that of a man writing on the same theme; and a thoroughly feminine realism dispels much of the romance that, for the male mind, would prolong its enchantments, even in the face of such bare facts as she adduces to prove that the life of the Lady of the Castle was hard and monotonous, and that the refinements of the Renaissance concealed the decay of cleanliness. But so natural and unavoidable a limitation of sympathy scarcely diminishes the fascination of the work, or prevents its being a most charming and graceful contribution to American literary scholarship.

Studies in Spiritism. By Amy E. Tanner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

The aim of this book is to analyze thoroughly the evidence for spirit communication and telepathy, test it rigorously and scientifically, and see whether the really substantiated facts are best accounted for on a spiritistic or a naturalistic hypothesis. The book is the outcome of a long and systematic investigation carried on by Dr. G. Stanley Hall and his special assistant, Dr. Amy E. Tanner. Though the body of the work is written by Miss Tanner, the influence of Dr. Hall is evident, and he concurs in the conclusions arrived at. The Introduction, moreover, and one of the chapters are written by him. It is probably advantageous for the influence of the book that Dr. Hall did not write the whole of it, for his Introduction is colored by a sarcastic tone and an evident animus which would have detracted considerably from the scientific value of the result. In fact, he says of himself: "Indeed, it is an utter psychological impossibility for me to treat this subject seriously." Fortunately, Miss Tanner is capable of treating her subject seriously.

The outcome of Dr. Tanner's investigation is completely to discredit the oft-repeated claim that psychical research has demonstrated the survival of bodily death. She makes thorough work of it. Spirit communication, "physical phenomena," telepathy, and Professor Hyslop are all weighed in the balance and found wanting. Most of the discussion centres, of course, on Mrs. Piper; her psychical make-up and the character of her "controls" are analyzed, and the messages which have come through her are systematically sifted. The results of her earlier sittings are first of all examined for their evidential value. All messages whose content was already known to the sitter Dr. Tanner throws out of consideration, because of the possibility (much greater than one might at first suppose) that the sitter unconsciously aided the medium. A long and careful chapter is devoted to the "test cases" (in which the content of the message was unknown to the sitter), and the conclusion reached is as follows:

> Approximately 110 facts in twenty years have been given which the sitter did not know and which were true. But many of these facts are easily explicable as inferences or guesses, or are so vague as to have little or no value, while the few striking coincidences are so few that it does not seem to be stretching tolerance if we frankly leave them unexplained or refer them to inferences or references in the sittings which were not considered important enough to record.

The subject of "cross-correspondencies" is then studied at greater length, and each of the more important cases considered by itself and explained as due to natural causes or to possible unrecorded influences. It must here be admitted that Dr. Tanner leans pretty heavily on the possibility of a faulty record; and also that, while she evidently tries always to be fair, her presentation of some of the cases makes them appear less striking than they really are. This is particularly true of the famous αὐτὸς οὐρανὸς ἀκύμων cross-correspondence. A comparison of Dr. Tanner's account with the original as given by Mr. Piddington (P. S. P. R., Vol. XXII, pp. 107-172) shows that, through lack of space, some rather suggestive details have been omitted; and, moreover, the naturalistic explanation proposed is at best unconvincing.

Dr. Hall and Dr. Tanner had six sittings of their own with Mrs. Piper, and these are reported at length. The chief value of this report is the light it throws on the psychical relationship between Mrs. Piper and her controls, and the demonstration it gives of their extreme suggestibility and the way they "fish" for cues and act on any hint given by the sitter. Dr. Hall invented several mythical characters, whereupon "Hodgson" swallowed the whole bait, recognized every one suggested whether real or purely fictitious, and reported them all as present in the spirit world. It was largely by this first-hand experience with Mrs. Piper that the investigators were enabled to work out in detail their explanation of the phenomena of mediumship; which is, in brief, that the controls are secondary personalities of the medium, bearing much the same relationship to her normal self that "Sally" in Dr. Prince's case bore to the real Miss Beauchamp. The fact that Mrs. Piper's secondary personalities impersonate departed spirits is to be accounted for by the suggestions tending in that direction given them by the sitters. "The controls themselves have thus been given a spiritistic education for over twenty years in all, so that whatever they were in the beginning, they are now thoroughly dyed-in-the-wool Spiritists." "The control, like all impressionable and untrained consciousnesses, tends to believe that any vivid idea is true, does not clearly distinguish between ideas and reality, and so confuses them in his assertions about them." And, in conclusion, Dr. Tanner says:

> The entire content of the Piper messages can be referred (1) to the ordinary laws of the mind as seen in apperception, inference, etc.; (2) to a greatly heightened suggestibility; (3) to a modicum necessarily unexplained because of imperfect records.

After finishing spirit communication, Dr. Tanner proceeds to sift the evidence for telepathy. And here it must be said her work is less convincing. She proves, indeed, conclusively how weak is much of the so-called evidence for thought-transference; and her keen analysis of even the best reported cases shows, as a rule, that the conditions were indecisive or the facts themselves uncertain. But a residuum of the evidence much too large to be put down as mere coincidence remains, *if we trust the records;* so that recourse must be had again to the possibility of mistakes in the reports as we have them—the author's ultimate resource in all cases of uncertainty. There is, no doubt, considerable justification for this course, but it can be over-done. It is rather too easy, and Miss Tanner's repeated appeal to it when in difficulty constitutes, perhaps, the weakest part of her book and does more than anything else to invalidate her rather sweeping conclusions.

For certainly the possibility of telepathy and even of spirit communication has not been *disproved* by this book. Both are still possible hypotheses, and subjects of such enormous human interest should certainly continue to be investigated—in spite of Dr. Tanner's critique and Dr. Hall's sarcasm. Still it must be said that this book has shown very plainly that if the spiritistic hypothesis is possible, there is as yet very little reason for thinking it true. And with the highly colored presentations of the results of psychical research which are read with such avidity in our popular magazines, it is high time that some one should do what Dr. Tanner has done so admirably. No one, in fact, who is interested in this question can afford not to read Miss Tanner's work. And while, perhaps, there is still hope for the spirit hypothesis, our author has succeeded so well in battering down its supposed demonstration which has taken so many laborious years to build up, that the unlucky spiritualists—on both sides of the Great Divide—are in the pathetic predicament of having pretty much all their work to do over again.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

I.

The many books that are sent to the editorial room for review make it almost impossible to do more than group them for the benefit of the buyer. If it were the problem of selecting the very best, the list would be largely confined to reissues which in every way are worthy of the publishers' skill. But the average taste and the moderate pocketbook have to be considered.

As its name implies, "The Louisa Alcott Story Book" (Little, Brown), edited by Fanny E. Coe, is a compilation made with the direct object of emphasizing lessons in morals or manners. Let us grant that one of the chief charms about the famous "Little Women" and "Little Men" is the genial spirit in them, but it is distressing for any real admirer of Miss Alcott to see her reduced to such purposes. Mr. Percival Chubb had a much more legitimate reason for compiling "Travels at Home, by Mark Twain" (Harper) from "Roughing It" and "Life on the Mississippi." His chief aim appears to be to introduce into the elementary schools a type of American

supplementary reader which will familliarlze children with literature of distinctive character. The human qualities of Mark Twain, "the characteristically American humor," make this author an educational necessity. The book is judiciously edited.

There is an historical basis for Charles Welsh's "Fairy Tales Children Love" (Dodge). In this volume is garnered a treasury of imaginative lore, made additionally famous because of the men and women who first gave the tales literary shape. A preface explains the growth of these stories, and their significance in an age which produced La Fontaine and Perrault. The stories of the latter, which are thought to have been written by his young son, have been retold by Sir Artbur Quiller-Couch in a rich volume called "The Sleeping Beauty, and Other Fairy Tales" (Doran). They are taken from the old French, with modifications where it was thought best. An introduction explains the "Cabinet des Fées," as well as the career of Perrault. It also defends Edmund Dulac's adherence, in his exquisite pictures painted for this edition, to the spirit of an age that fostered the fairy tale in the court as well as in the privato salon. The work shows taste throughout, though in its physical proportions it is beyond the grasp of tho average buyer. Mrs. E. Lucas has translated Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" (Dutton), which are accompanied by striking color-plates from illustrations by Maxwell Armfield. In these days of miscellaneous folk-lore, it is an excellent omen to find such permanent form as this given to the real classics. Andrew Lang's "Lilac Fairy Book" (Longmans) follows the usual plan of previous volumes, but, in addition to the stories from many lands, culled from so many obscure sources, the editor humorously explains the manner in which he and his wife collaborate in their rainbow series. This introduction is well worth reading, and, as usual, the book itself is printed in elaborate and pleasing fashion. In this respect it is better than "The Fairy Ring" (Doubleday), under the editorial supervision of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, though this particular collection appears to be equally inclusive in its territorial range, embracing "Tom Thumb," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Riquet with the Tuft," as well as others quite as famous, and perhaps new to the present generations. To offset this, we are glad to mention Miss Sowerby's book of "Grimm" (Duffield), which is agreeably illustrated by her sister. "Folk Tales Every Child Should Know" (Doubleday) belongs to a series which is very uneven in its quality, and quite haphazard in its choice. This particular volume is edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, who tells children in a condescending manner the exact value of stories which are made by the people and perpetuated from camp-fire to camp-fire. The sources are only occasionally given. Antiquarians would be more interested in some of this primitive material than young readers would be. "The Scottish Fairy Book" (Stokes), by Elizabeth W. Grierson, is a fit companion for the "Welsh Fairy Book," published last year. The stories retain the flavor of the country, some of them being dark and gloomy, others delicate in grace and beauty. The cover design might be better, and the red splashed upon every page is dazzling and confusing. An *édition de luxe* of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales" (Duffield) will bring satisfaction to young and old, for it is enriched with impressive illustrations by Maxfield Parrish, royal in color and noble in conception. It is a gift book which confers credit upon the firm publishing it, and should, by the very force of its cover design, attract the eye. Another issue of the same book has been imported by Dutton. Granville Fell's color work in this volume cannot in any way compare with Parrish's. The pictures are conventional and glaring in tone.

No season passes without a new volume of Kingsley's "The Water-Babies" and Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" (Baker & Taylor). This year's editions are adequate both in type and illustration. The black and white sketches are more successful than the color-pages, because the latter have been detracted from by ridiculous borders which have no bearing and are not necessary. Every one should welcome Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" (Holt), in an excellent new form, the type being agreeable and the drawings for the chapter headings of striking quality. The illustrative work is by E. Boyd Smith, an artist who believes in using faint color to produce atmospheric effect. It is to be hoped that the publishers will follow this book with others of the same kind. The Appletons are issuing an abridgment of stories by Scott. This method is not a safe one and is always open to justifiable criticism. Again we repeat what has been said before in these columns: What is needed is an edition of Scott published in a form similar to the Henty books, with no omissions, but with all prefaces thrown into appendices. The stories should be copiously illustrated, much in the way in which the Holts have published their first volume of Cooper. There is no doubt in the minds of many specialists on children's literature that Wyss's "The Swiss Family Robinson" (Dutton) is more popular than Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" (Houghton); the generous large editions, with clean type, are very desirable, but most of us have read these adventures in thick books with fine type and with line borders around the page. The Dutton volume of "The Swiss Family Robinson" has nowhere mentioned the author's name. The artist figures on the cover: Charles Folkard—the design for which is at the same time delicate and grotesque. The reprints show thought and feeling on the part of the publishers. Dainty in outward form, and assuredly worthy in content, are two old favorites by Juliana Horatia Ewing, "We and the World" (Bell) and "The Brownies and Other Tales" (Bell). The illustrations are spirited, imaginative, and often old-fashioned in touch. This is preferable, we feel, to the literalness and smoothness of the color work by Maria L. Kirk for Lippincott's estimable holiday editions of juvenile classics. Not that Miss Kirk is devoid of ability, but it is inspiration too well governed and mannered. She has illustrated Jean Ingelow's well-known and ever-popular "Mopsa the Fairy" and Louise de la Ramée's "Bimbi: Stories for Children." Both of these volumes have long ago been endorsed by their young public, and in their present format they are satisfactorily printed, between wide and pleasant margins. This is a rare excellence not often indulged in. Another distinguished reprint is Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (Harper), accompanied by illustrations from the brush of Worth Brehm. We know this artist's studies, and, while we like his present examples, we can imagine him dissatisfied with the manner of reproduction; the pages are so dark that all feeling is lost in shadow, a mistake we know that was not perpetrated in the originals.

II.

Most of the large books for children are of the same character as last year; in fact, they are a continuation. We expect to find "Chatterbox" (Dana Estes); indeed, Christmas would not be Christmas without it. "Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home" (Caldwell), consists of a collection of stories and verses from various pens, copiously pictured in lines and over brilliant color. The type is large, but the quality of the text is not to be commended. We like the humor of E. Boyd Smith's "Chicken World" (Putnam), even as we enjoyed the Guinea-Hen's reception in "Chantecler." Perhaps Mr. Smith wished the Rostand craze to enter the juvenile realm. But his new portfolios will amuse young and old alike. The conceptions are humorous and human, and there is a poetic touch to the side panels which is decorative and effective. This same artist has issued "The Farm Book" (Houghton), wherein two children see the activity that goes on in such a place. Here are twelve illustrations, and twenty-four text pictures.

Distinctive drawings would include Jessie Willcox Smith's "Five Senses" (Moffat, Yard), with accompanying text. Miss Smith has likewise turned anthologist in a sumptuous volume, entitled "A Child's Book of Old Verses" (Duffield). Not only are the illustrations quaint and poetically childlike, but the selections, largely old-fashioned, are chosen with discrimination—something which cannot be said of most recent compilations of this character. Three other volumes of verse worthy of mention have been edited for Little, Brown, by Mary Wilder Tileston: "Sugar and Spice and All that's Nice," "The Child's Harvest of Verse," and "The Children's Book of Ballads."

A handsome issue of Winston Stokes's "The Story of Hiawatha" (Stokes) attracts our attention; Miss Kirk's color-pages are ambitious and full of feeling, while the author's retelling is adequately done. But in comparison with the original poem, which forms the appendix to this prose text, such a method becomes almost useless, although Mr. Stokes had in mind, when he first conceived the idea, to bring readers close to the mystery of the forest through an interpretative medium. We are of the opinion that in the main, Longfellow himself was fairly successful. The familiar faces of Palmer Cox's "Brownies" (Century) peer forth from the covers of an eighth volume. The characters are virtually the same as have graced the pages of *St. Nicholas* for many years. But these gnomes are never behind the times; they always undertake the latest social work, this year being very ambitious in their civic activity.

De Witt Clinton Falls did not mistake child interest when he conceived and executed with pen and brush "The Journey Book" (Century), which will afford occupation "on the road" for quick eyes. The book is a jumble in some respects, but there is fun in it. There is coarse humor also in Peter Newell's "Slant Book" (Harper), which is ridiculous in its disaster, and strikingly original in its format. But it cannot escape the criticism one usually launches against the comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper. The "Why" book (Dodd, Mead), by John Rae, asks questions on one page and answers them backwards on the opposite page which has to be held before a glass to be read aright. This glass is ingeniously inserted as part of the cover design, forming a question mark.

To those on the lookout for music, H. C. Bunner's operetta, "The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town" (Harper), with music by Oscar Weil, is to be recommended.

Other books for children will be noticed in the *Nation* of next week.

Notes.

The next volume promised in D. Appleton & Company's business series is "The Principles of Industrial Managements," by Prof. John Duncan of the University of Illinois. The next book to be included in their railway series is "Railroad Traffic and Rates," by Emory R. Johnson and Grover G. Huebner, both of the University of Pennsylvania.

Cassell & Co. have in the press "Kearton's Nature Pictures," by Richard and Cherry Kearton.

Henry Frowde is adding immediately to the Oxford Poets and the series of Oxford standard authors a new anthology entitled "A Book of Light Verse," edited by R. M. Leonard, the compiler of "The Pageant of English Poetry."

We are asked to announce that an authentic biography of Thomas Love Peacock is now in preparation by his granddaughter, Mrs. Charles Clarke, who would regard it a favor if any persons possessing unpublished letters by Peacock would communicate with her at No. 63 Kensington Mansions, Earl's Court, London, W.

The Irish judge, McDonnell Bodkin, has ready for publication with Little, Brown & Co., in 1911, "The Capture of Paul Beck."

W. J. Griffith is publishing with Dent, in the series of Temple Cyclopædie Primers, "A Short Analysis of Welsh History."

Certain Welsh documents not before published are to be edited and issued by graduates of the University of Wales. The first to appear will be a fifteenth-century manuscript of laws and pleadings, edited by Timothy Lewis; it will be followed by three collections of Welsh poetry, including the historical poems of Lewys Glyn Cothi, drawn from a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

We could wish that Scribners had not chosen the hard, heavy paper that has gone into their complete edition of the "Poems of Eugene Field," but we are glad to get the book in any form. A good deal of Field's wit was of a distinctly journalistic type; but even in his most ephemeral productions the background of Horace and other good reading will break through now and then, and at his best he was mellow to the core and full of ancient-new wisdom. It seems unaccountable that his poems have never before been collected.

"A Thackeray Dictionary," prepared by Isadore Gilbert Mudge and M. Earl Sears, and "A Dictionary of the Waverley Novels," prepared by M. F. A. Husband, are two books useful to the student, and to the lover of Thackeray and Scott. Brief summaries of the novels are given, followed by an alphabetical catalogue of all the author's characters with an account of their doings. Some men can get inspiration from the pages of an ordinary dictionary; what an intoxication they might imbibe from the suggestiveness of these lists! The books are published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Nicholas Nickleby," in two volumes, and "A Child's History of England," in one, are added to Scribner's Centenary edition of Dickens. In the former work the original illustrations of Phiz are reproduced clearly, and in the "History" those of Marcus Stone and J. Mahony. The whole make-up of this edition is, as we have observed before, unusually good for the low price, one dollar the volume.

In our note of November 17, on the "Century Readings in English Literature," we made some comparison of this book with an earlier anthology of similar character edited by Professor Manly and published by the University of Chicago Press. For the sake of completeness, we might have mentioned also the "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose," edited by Newcomer and Andrews and published by Scott, Foresman & Co.

The life of "Lewis Carroll, in Wonderland and at Home," by Belle Moses (Appleton), here receives loving treatment. Although directed to a young audience, the book will give an agreeable occasion to many a grown-up as well, to review his earlier impressions of a singular author. Methodically, never brilliantly, Miss Moses follows this sensitive boy to Rugby and to Oxford, and prepares the reader for that rare combination of qualities which kept Dodgson a child, and at the same time scarcely less a man. Except in the simplest cases, she wisely avoids trying to explain the reasons for the great appeal which "Alice" has always made, being content to dwell appreciatively upon special episodes. Yet, this mere collocation of the facts of the life and scenes from the book helps one the better to see into Dodgson's quality. His mathematics, his acrostics, his formal illogic, belong to a perfectly logical series; the something besides—his understanding of little-girl nature—is another matter.

The series of descriptive papers which Winthrop Packard has gathered together from his correspondence originally contributed to the Boston *Evening Transcript* under the title "Florida Trails" (Small, Maynard) makes a readable volume of travel. Mr. Packard writes as a keen and appreciative observer of nature, and in the narrative of his journeys manages to cover the State pretty thoroughly, from Jacksonville to Key West. Without being too erudite, the book gives to its readers a considerable store of information in regard to all animal and vegetable life among the pines, marshes, palmettos, and swamps. A quiet touch of humor adds not a little to its agreeable qualities. To those who are going South, or wish to know something of the natural beauties of this semi-tropical State, Mr. Packard's book is to be commended.

A cheerful philosopher's musings while running down the Missouri River for 2,000 miles in motor boat and skiff are recorded in John G. Neihardt's "The River and I" (Putnam). The author sees his world through rose-colored glasses; a balky engine, boiling rapids, sand-banks, mud-bars, head winds, hunger, cheerless days and nights, serve only to spur his enthusiasm, and to add a lustier zest to his song in praise of life in the open. "The Missouri," he confesses, "is more than a sentiment—even more than an epic. It is the symbol of my own soul, which is, I surmise, not unlike other souls. In it I see flung before me all the stern world-old struggle become materialized. Here is the concrete representation of the earnest desire, the momentarily frustrate purpose, the beating at the bars, the breathless fighting of the half-whipped but never-to-be-conquered spirit, the sobbing of the wind-broken runner, the anger, the madness, the laughter. And in it all the unwearying urge of a purpose, the unswerving belief in the peace of a far-away ocean." The river was the path of the American fur traders in years gone by, and one may reasonably wish that Mr. Neihardt had told us more about that breed of men who followed its zigzag course into the wilderness, fighting their way mile by mile against savage tribes and the natural obstacles of an inhospitable country. The book is generously illustrated.

Those who are acquainted with the writings of Henry Demarest Lloyd will not be surprised by the virus of socialism in his posthumous book, "Mazzini and Other Essays" (Putnam). Mr. Lloyd had faith in mere numbers:

> Every one knows more than any one. Art, like government, to be at its best, must be art of all the people, by all the people, for all the people. Art is nature creating itself; labor is nature creating itself. True art and true labor are, therefore, one.

Such catch-phrases, which lead everywhere and nowhere, are typical of the author's method. In chanting the burden of collective man, his nine essays, most of them first delivered as addresses, point scholars the road to public duty, derive suggestions for the present from the former achievements of the Dutch, and transform the possibilities of Chicago into a vision. Throughout the book are an earnestness and an insistence upon intelligence which, despite the author's own fragmentary processes, make for dignity.

"Attitudes and Avowals, with Some Retrospective Reveries" (Lane), by Richard Le Gallienne, has the uneven character of such ingatherings of past journalism. To the present writer, the best of the essays is that on Grant Allen. An appreciation of Sidney Lanier, too, is sympathetic and discriminating. We like less the casual essays which betray the unrepentant quester

of the Golden Girl. Some of the subjects in this lighter list are Books as Doctors, On the Loveableness of Lords, Concerning Fairy Tales, and, coming nearer home, The Human Need of Coney Island. There are several papers on George Meredith, one of which contains the following keen and just observation:

As one grows older . . . one comes better to understand the academic distaste for writers of the Carlyle-Browning-Meredith school, and grows more to insist that writing shall be *writing*——not talking, however brilliant, not fantastic flashlighting of one's theme, no merely pyrotechnic hints of one's meaning, or musical adumbrations, or the presentation of a verbal palette, however chromatic and bizarre, for a picture. We crave "The little word big with eternity," the one inevitable metaphor, the word worthy of eternal marble, the image as immediate and universal as lightning or the cry of a child; not the innumerable tentative word, however vivid and strange, nor the play of clustering imagery, however Protean or merely harlequinesque. And the more we demand this expressive finality and universality of literature, the more we realize that these three writers I have classed together are inspired prophetic journalists, moulders of the spiritual aspiration of their time, rather than enduring voices of the eternal meanings.

In view of such opinions, it may seem fitting that the *toga virilis* be conferred upon Mr. Le Gallienne.

In "The Second Post" (Macmillan) E. V. Lucas has produced an appropriate "supplement and companion" to his earlier anthology, "The Gentlest Art." The first section of the book is a collection of letters "From Age to Youth," the opening selection being from Sydney Smith to "Dear Little Gee." Carlisle is one of the few—his wife is another—favored with an individual section. Among the "Whimsicalities" appears the famous reply of the Chinese editor who was under the painful necessity of refusing a contribution:

Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will—Your servant's servant.

"Sketches from the Karen Hills" (Revell), by Alonzo Bunker, gives the experiences of an American Baptist missionary among the hill tribes of lower Burma during a period of forty years. They are not descriptive of permanent station work, but accounts of pioneer journeys over lofty mountains and through regions rarely if ever before visited by a white man, for the purpose of preaching and establishing schools and churches. In them we are brought into close touch with much that is beautiful and sublime in nature, and especially with the wonderful flora of the Karen Hills. Interwoven with the narrative are some interesting adventures with wild beasts and serpents. On the whole, it is one of the sunniest descriptions of missionary life that we remember to have read. Our only criticism is that it fails to give any impression of the natives, their manner of life, morality, or religious beliefs. As we encounter them in these pages they are merely human beings without distinctive characteristics, except, of course, the native Christians. This lack is the more to be regretted as the primitive native whom the missionary met is fast becoming a thing of the past now that civilization has reached him. The book is attractively made up with seventeen illustrations, mainly of the natives, but with neither map nor index.

Prof. Samuel Macauley Jackson is the author of a painstaking monograph on the manuscripts and editions of Bernard of Cluny's "De Contemptu Mundi," which he modestly entitles "The Source of 'Jerusalem the Golden,' together with other pieces attributed to Bernard of Cluny. In English translation by Henry Preble" (University of Chicago Press). He gives himself credit only for the introduction, notes, and annotated bibliography, although these are the more original and valuable portions of the volume. Bernard's poem is commonly known only from the familiar hymns, "Jerusalem the Golden" and "For thee, O dear, dear country," which hymnologists have adapted from the Rev. John Mason Neale's translation of some two hundred lines of the original. The general understanding is that Neale's poem produces a mediæval work in its entirety and with fidelity to its spirit. As a matter of fact, however, the English stanzas represent but a small fraction of the original, Mr. Preble's prose translation filling seventy octavo pages; nor is the theme of Bernard the delights of heaven, but the wickedness of human society as he observed it. As Professor Jackson remarks, "it is as far as possible from being what John Mason Neale may have led you to expect." The vices of nobles, the soddenness of the masses, the bestiality of women, the venality of Rome, and the low morals of priests, are described with terrible realism. The poem is a document in the history of morals, not a rhapsody on the joys of heaven. Professor Jackson's bibliography is the result of study which led him to a large number of libraries in France, Germany, and England. He brings to light several errors in Archbishop Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry," in the notes of Neale's "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences," and in Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology." The translation of Mr. Preble is the first production of the entire poem in any language except the original Latin, as is likewise the case with Bernard's "Golden Booklet," "Hymn to the Virgin," and "Sermon on the Parable of the Unjust Steward," which are also included in this volume.

Two years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," edited by Prof. Samuel Macauley Jackson, and the appearance of Volume VIII (Morality—Petersen) indicates that the twelve volumes will be completed within three years, as promised by the publishers (Funk & Wagnalls). It may be hoped that the final volume will contain a complete index of all subjects treated in the work, like the *Register* of the twenty-second and final volume of the German original. The tolerance of the editors of the American edition is shown in the article on Mormons, the first part of which is an official statement by Joseph F. Smith, jr., assistant historian of the Mormon Church, which is followed by sections by Prof. J. R. Van Pelt, Dr. Henry King Carroll, and the Rev. Duncan J. McMillan. Among the original articles for the American edition is an excellent sketch of the New England Theology by Prof. Frank Hugh Foster and a history of Peace Movements by Benjamin F. Trueblood. On critical questions the endeavor is made to state both conservative and critical views, as when Prof. Henry S. Nash contributes a sketch of the Pauline literature, following the translation from the German of Prof. Theodore Zahn's article on Paul.

Christian Tearle has invented a new way of writing a literary guide-book of England, designed to attract the notice of the class most likely to buy it ("Rambles with an American," Duffield). Mr. James C. Fairfield of Chicago is a composite American, kindly endowed with all the qualities that his flattered compatriots would be glad to recognize as national. He is a sort of erudite Colonel Newcome, with the Colonel's trick of calling his interlocutor "sir," and the Colonel's enthusiasm for the great names of English letters. But Mr. Fairfield knows more than the names. In his learned and humorous company his friend the Englishman investigates many of the places most attractive to sentimental Americans, and jots down very agreeably the discoveries they make and their reflections on them. The Stratford chapters are specially entertaining, and should be read in connection with Henry James's story of "The Birthplace." But Henry James, that accomplished bilinguist, would never have allowed an American hero, even under the excitement of identifying in the midst of the Chatham and South-Eastern terminus the site of a house once dwelt in by Goldsmith, to speak with the same breath of "this depot" and "the permanent way."

A modest preface, in which the author disclaims any ability either to write a book or to describe Japan, rather disarms the critic of Herbert G. Ponting's text ("In Lotus-Land Japan"; Macmillan). But the matter might be much worse. As a medium for the publication of his pictures the volume which contains them is decidedly readable, though it does not add greatly to our knowledge of the country. An account of the artist-craftsmen in Kioto, with whom he had some personal acquaintance, is informing as well as appreciative; so, too, are the chapters on three great Japanese volcanoes, Aso, Asama, and Fuji. Indeed, the author writes so admirably about the business he is engaged in that we should be glad to have him more professional in other parts of his book. His trips upon these mountains, with eighty or a hundred pounds of photographic apparatus, must have involved considerable risk and required careful management. In one crater he made the interesting discovery that isochromatic plates, when exposed to sulphur fumes, develop a positive instead of a negative—a result rather curious than satisfactory to the author, whose pictures were thereby ruined. But the chief merit of this volume lies in its extraordinarily beautiful photographs, which it would be hard to overpraise. Of these the eight color-prints impress us less favorably than the monochromes. They are technically admirable, but Japanese gardens adorned with *musmé* look rather meretricious on the printed page. Fifteen of the other illustrations are devoted to Fuji, all of them worthy of her matchless charm, and two—Fuji at sunrise and a sunset from the summit—as admirable as photographs can well be. Mr. Ponting has a note to make on the Kamakura Daibutsu that is worth quoting as the observation of a careful student:

The Japanese measurements . . . are much exaggerated. The distance from knee

to knee is quoted as thirty-five feet eight inches—which is correct. The height is given as forty-nine feet seven inches, but it is really almost exactly the same as the length from knee to knee. The length of the face is given as eight feet five inches, which is about right. This is approximately a sixth of the stated height, whereas, as the photograph shows, the face is almost one-fourth of the total height of the figure, not including the stone pedestal. The width of the face from ear to ear is said to be seventeen feet nine inches, more than double the length; but the length and width of face are very nearly identical. I have often estimated the height of the figure, when inspecting it, as about thirty-six feet, and an examination of the photograph confirms these figures.

Mr. Ponting is now on his way to the South Pole with Capt. Scott's Antarctic company as official photographer of the expedition. A greater master of his art could hardly have been chosen.

"Romantic Days in Old Boston" (Little, Brown), by Mary Caroline Crawford, is an appreciative sketch of life in the Hub and some of its noted citizens during the middle of the last century. It begins with an account of that experiment in communism, Brook Farm, to which is added a chapter on a frequent visitor to it, Margaret Fuller. Then follows the story, told at much length, of the struggle of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. The only other person to whom special attention is directed is Theodore Parker, and to many readers this chapter will prove a revelation of a most interesting personality. He evidently had a keen sense of humor, for his fee for lecturing was usually stated, "F. A. M. E., *i. e.* Fifty And My Expenses." The remainder of the book is devoted to facts, many of them quite trivial, in regard to the old theatres, actors, and musicians, hotels, and stages, as well as to sketches of the social queens and some of the famous visitors to the city and the way they were entertained. Much is added to the attractiveness of the book by its 120 illustrations, 62 of which are portraits.

Clifton Johnson has the knack of putting in very readable and attractive shape his impressions of the historic waterways of North America. He has journeyed up and down the St. Lawrence, and its principal tributaries, with an observant and discriminating eye, and has brought together in a compact guide-book the sort of material that is likely to appeal to the intelligent tourist ("The Picturesque St. Lawrence"; Macmillan). It is perhaps not to be wondered at that in so wide a field his history is not always to be relied on. It is only just to say, however, that where he errs it is only on minor points. For instance, as the Dominion Parliament was not created until 1867, it is scarcely accurate to say (p. 120) that that Parliament voted money, in 1848, to pay damages to those who had property destroyed in the Rebellion of 1837. Similarly as Colonel By built the Rideau Canal, it is, perhaps, a little vague to describe him as "one of the government representatives interested in the canal." Mr. Johnson is more happy in his descriptions of the scenery of the St. Lawrence than in his comments on Canadian life and manners. There is neither truth nor good taste in the following (p. 58): "To smoke and spit in public places, to swear and swagger and guzzle seems to be the ambition of a very large proportion of the Canadian youths. Their elders set the pace. . . . Drinking is the habit of the country, and is not confined to any particular class"; nor in the following (p. 149): "They are inveterate tobacco users—these Canadians—and the boys, with sham smartness, start to puff at pipes and cigarettes pitiably young." Mr. Johnson must have been unfortunate in his acquaintance with individual Canadians, to have been led to such sweeping generalizations.

In "The Holy Land" (Century Company) Robert Hichens has given a precisely parallel volume to his "Egypt and Its Monuments." It is a series of brilliant impressions, surcharged, if anything, with feeling and distinguished from most travel books by happiness of phrase. The descriptions of the open country are much more successful than those of towns or buildings, because they have afforded wider scope for scraps of fanciful, sometimes fantastic, symbolism. There is throughout almost a strain to interpret, and the interpretations are individual to the point of registering moments and emotions. Yet there lies in many of them a deep reality, too. They render well the glory and marvel of Baalbee in blossoms and sun and snow-barred mountains; the shock of unoriental Nazareth; the friendly calm of the Galilean Lake; the pale gray country around Jerusalem; the hashish in the warm air of Jericho under the savage cliffs of Quarantania, and faced by the magic mountain range of Moab, lined across the sky. After these scenes there is effort in the labored picture of Damascus, where Mr. Hichens was only a tourist with an eye for flowing water and striped sofas. To read its secret there is need of knowledge, and not simply a sensitiveness to impressions, and a power of rendering these in words. The final long description of Easter at Jerusalem in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, "a barbaric castle of magic," is effective, but similarly labored; faithful without question, but just missing the ease of perfection. Jules Guérin's eighteen illustrations are lurid impossibilities of color. They would have been much better in black and white, as the one so reproduced in the advertisement of the volume shows. The forty half-tones from selected photographs are excellent. Yet any photographs must contrast oddly with Mr. Hichens's impressionism.

In "The Country Boy" (Dillingham) Homer Davenport gives a sketch of his own early years, the life of "just an ordinary boy, brought up, however, among people and conditions that were not ordinary." The spirit of the cartoonist, with its natural tendency to overdraw the ridiculous, is about as evident in the text itself as in the sixty-two illustrations from his original drawings. As a sample, he and his little sister go to hear Clara Morris in "Camille," at the Portland theatre, and weep till they have colds for a month, by getting their feet wet from their own tears. If this seems a little incredible at first sight one accepts it readily by comparison after reading of the girl who coughed up a feather upon which she had strangled "and broke one of the biggest window panes in town, so great was the velocity with which she let go of it." There is a strong purpose in the volume to immortalize Silverton, Oregon, his home town, as it existed before the latter day improvements inaugurated by "a newer element with higher collars and smaller hats" had destroyed its individuality. We are not sure, however, that he has not himself defeated that purpose by excessive exaggeration. Among the drawings, some five or six which are colored by serious affection are admirably done, such as that of his grandmother, on page 30, and a few in which his father is represented.

The Putnams add to their handsome collection of books relating to the waters of America—its rivers bays, and lakes, "The Mississippi River and its Wonderful Valley," by Julius Chambers. The volume equals its predecessors in beauty and interest. A well-based historical résumé gives the story of its connection with man, its economic importance is correctly estimated, and the efforts to subdue its lawless flood to human service intelligently described. Its picturesque side receives full illustration in the text, in the eighty photographs. It has hardly come home to us, but it is the fact that mystery hung over the true source of the Mississippi as long as it did over the source of the Nile. Mr. Chambers himself, so late as 1872, had a hand in clearing up the doubt; and the narrative of his explorations, with the voyage that followed from the ultimate spring to the mouth of the Southwest Pass, for more than half the distance in a canoe, is interesting reading.

John Eyton Bickersteth Mayor, D.D., for nearly forty years professor of Latin at Cambridge, England, died a week ago today in his eighty-sixth year. He was born in Ceylon and was educated at Shrewsbury and St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was soon elected a fellow. For many years he was editor of the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*, and for some time he directed the *Journal of Philology* and the *Classical Review*. Since 1883 he had been president of the Vegetarian Society. He edited "Nineteen Satires of Juvenal," Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster," and various other text-books and religious and historical works.

The Rev. Matthew Henry Buckham, since 1871 president of the University of Vermont, died a week ago, aged seventy-eight.

The Rev. Sylvester Tithian Scovel, president of the American branch of the International Peace Society and former president of Wooster University, at Wooster, O., died last week. He was seventy-four years of age.

Count Adolf von Goetzen, who in behalf of Germany observed the operations of our forces in the war with Cuba, and whose book "Through Africa from East to West" won him advancement at home, died last week at the age of forty-four.

Science.

The Book of the Animal Kingdom. Mammals. By W. Percival Westell, F.L.S. 14 colored and 260 plain plates, chiefly from photographs of the living animals, by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 8vo. Pp. 379. $4.

This is virtually little more than a kind of extended guide-book of the quad-

rupeds that chanced to be living in the London Zoölogical Gardens at the time the author's descriptions of them were written and strung together. As "a survey of the animal kingdom," Mr. Westell's book is a joke. What else can be said of a volume, so described by the author, which entirely fails to mention the ibexes of the world, save six lines devoted to the Persian ibex; that ignores the existence of the most important group of living bears (the big brown bears of Alaska); and, except for a reference to the wapiti, also ignores the existence of all the members of the deer family in the Western Hemisphere? The mountain sheep of the world had a narrow escape from non-representation. Inasmuch as the London Zoo happened to contain the little urial, Barbary sheep, and Burrhel, those species were mentioned and figured; but all the other members of that fine group were left out, bodily. The dormouse, however, obtained three pages.

As if his "survey" of the living animal kingdom offered too narrow a field, Mr. Westell includes a chapter on the Animals of Long Ago, another on Domestic Animals, and another on Animal Pets. In chapter xx the Rev. Charles A. Hall has manfully attempted to condense the matter suitable for a large volume into the narrow confines of thirty-three pages, on extinct mammals, and he has very creditably performed a difficult task. There is one other chapter in this astounding book that is creditable to its author. Charles Barrett's thirty-nine pages on the Mammals of Australia is an excellent piece of work. It shows on every page the hand of a real naturalist, who knows something about his subjects, and who has been quite uninfluenced by the easy-going methods of his fellow-author. Mr. Barrett is of Melbourne, Australia, where he is one of the editors of the *Emu*.

As a chronicler of his own observations, and of others derived from the keepers in the London Zoo, Mr. Westell is often interesting. On page 161 he relates in all seriousness that the python and crocodile are the deadly enemies of the orang-utan; but, "both these enemies are, it appears, more often than not overcome. The huge snake is pounced upon, held securely by the powerful hands, and bitten to death, whilst the crocodile is beaten both with the hands and feet, the flesh is torn from the body, and the animal killed, or, as sometimes happens, the jaws and throat are torn asunder, which, of course, means instant death." All this will be interesting news to the score or more of collecting naturalists who have lived and worked in the jungles of Borneo.

Except for the drawings of extinct animals, and the fourteen red-and-purple colored plates by W. S. Berridge, all the illustrations seem to be from photographs made in the London Zoo, and poorly reproduced. Mr. Westell intimates a purpose, subject to "sufficient encouragement," to follow up this unique volume with another devoted to birds.

The Bibliotheca Sacra Co. of Oberlin, O., is to issue early in January the fifth edition of Prof. G. F. Wright's "Ice Age in North America" (formerly published by D. Appleton & Co.), revised and enlarged.

The problem of garden-lovers whose homes are near the sea is a triple one—to find plants which do not suffer in a salty atmosphere, or which do not need shelter from wind, or which themselves will provide shelter. The problem has been considered in "Gardens Near the Sea" (Stokes), by Alice Lounsberry, with an unusual degree of success. The writer is a seasoned garden expert, she has not been too closely limited in space, and she writes without gush, but with due appreciation of her subject. No flower book short of encyclopædic size can fully treat each plant mentioned, but the advice of a sensible manual is often the guide to choice. This book is to be recommended, not exclusively for seashore gardeners, nor for those also whose homes lie in exposed situations; its words of taste and warning may be taken to heart by others than these. The volume has good illustrations, several in color, chiefly of sueeessful seaside gardens.

The suburbanite whose enthusiasm for poultry is as yet untempered by experience, will do well to include A. T. Johnson's "Chickens and How to Raise Them" (Penn Publishing Company) in his initial outlay. While the practical poultryman will find the book too elementary to be of any great value to him, the beginner may forestall some expensive lessons of experience by paying heed to the many sensible hints as to the rearing of chickens by natural and artificial means, feeding, and hygiene. A chapter on poultry ailments will be of use to the amateur, but the more hardened poultryman would substitute the axe for the treatment recommended for many diseases. Concise common sense marks the treatment of the relative merits of the different "systems" of artificial brooding of chicks.

Emile Dumais, once war correspondent in India and South Africa for the London *Times*, and always a man of scientific interests, died last week in Washington. He was the founder of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and the purpose of his visit to this country was to study the methods of the Department of Agriculture. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto.

Dr. Samuel Alexander, whose death occurred last week in his fifty-third year, was a graduate of Princeton and the Bellevue Medical College; he studied also in London, Leipzig, and Vienna. Since his return to America he had always been connected with Bellevue in some capacity. He was a member of the Academy of Medicine, the New York Surgical Society, the International Surgical Society, and the Society of American Genito-Urinary Surgeons, and honorary member of the Society of Clinical Surgery.

Dr. Christian Archibald Herter, pathologist, died last Monday in his forty-sixth year. After occupying professorships in the Bellevue Medical College and in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he was appointed in 1908 physician to the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute. With his wife, he founded two $25,000 lectureships, one at Bellevue, the other at Johns Hopkins. In addition to numerous special articles, he wrote "Diagnosis of Nervous Diseases" and "Lectures on Chemical Pathology."

Mary Baker Eddy died at her home in Chestnut Hill, Boston, on Saturday, aged eighty-nine years. She was born at Bow, N. H., July 16, 1821, the youngest child of Mark and Abigail Ambrose Baker. Her illness as a child prevented regular attendance at school, and beyond the elementary village education which she received, she was self-taught. At the age of twenty-two she married George Washington Glover, who, after six months, died of yellow fever; a few months later a son was born. In 1853 she married again, a travelling dentist, Daniel Patterson, from whom in 1873 she obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. Her third marriage was with Asa Gilbert Eddy of Lynn, Mass., in 1877. In the year 1866, she discovered, she says in her writings, the science of metaphysical healing, and named it Christian Science. How many were the suggestions which she received from Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., who seems to have treated her as early as 1861, in much the manner which Mrs. Eddy later recommended, is still a matter of dispute. At any rate, by 1875, the year in which "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" first appeared, her teachings had won her many followers. She organized, in Boston in 1879, the First Church of Christ, Scientist.

She founded the *Christian Science Journal* in 1883, of which for several years she was editor; and in 1898 the *Christian Science Sentinel*. She was awarded a grand prize and a diploma by the French government. Among her writings, in addition to the one already mentioned, are: "Christian Healing," "People's Idea of God," "Unity of Good," "Rudimental Divine Science," and "No and Yes."

Dr. John Cummings Munro, a prominent surgeon of Boston, and since 1903 surgeon-in-chief at Carney Hospital, died on Tuesday at the age of fifty-two. He graduated from Harvard, and was a member of the principal medical and surgical societies.

Dr. Horace Babcock, a well-known physician of Western New York, who served as a surgeon in the Army of the Potomac, died this week at his home in Gowanda, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Drama.

Molière. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Professor Matthews states his purposes in a prefatory note: "In this biography I have striven specially for three things: first, to set forth the facts of Molière's life, stripped of all the legends that compass it about; second, to trace

his development as a dramatist, making it plain how cautiously he advanced in his art and how slowly he reached the full expansion of his power; and, thirdly, to show his intimate relation to the time in which he lived." The execution of the first purpose has been a little scant, or, rather, the purpose itself has been unduly narrowed; the execution of the second, the author's standpoint considered, has been adequate; that of the third may be called without reserve satisfactory.

The story of Molière's life is told with the author's habitual clearness, with "resolute" caution, and with a condensation to which his distrust of the uncertain and his aversion to the unsavory have equally contributed. His abstinence in this regard impresses us as honorable, but over-strained. In the dearth of facts, legend or even calumny may, in a vague way, define a man in terms of the reaction he produced upon his contemporaries, and may fix the actuality of a being to whom they can add no trait. Again we may sympathize with the delicacy which ignores the worst scandals with respect to Armande Béjart's parentage, and yet think that delicacy unduly magnifies its office when it attenuates into a "love affair" the relation between Molière and Madeleine Béjart on which a nearly universal belief has set a more questionable but more significant construction. The resulting picture is inferior in warmth and freshness to that in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's readable and credible biography of Molière (1906), a work which combines wariness in its judgments with liberality in its reports. The Molière of Mr. Matthews is a highly respectable person who pays the normal price of respectability in a little dulness.

Mr. Matthews can hardly be blamed for failing to solve some of the deeper problems in Molière's life—the question, for instance, of that rare tenacity of the laborious, orderly, and self-respecting—one might almost say, the dapper and clerkly—Parisian bourgeois, on whose mind, to judge from his works, twelve years of the provinces stamped scarcely a place-name, twelve years of the high-road scarcely an image from nature, and twelve years of Bohemian vicissitude and temptation hardly a visible mark. Again, the union of independence and compliance, of humor and melancholy, is clearly recognized; but the articles of this union, the *modus vivendi* of these opposites, are left unexplained. On his own ground, however, Mr. Matthews is usually trustworthy; yet we note two or three minor errors. "Toulon" on page 32 seems clearly an error for "Toulouse"; on page 45 the Italian nights at the Petit-Bourbon are given as Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, whereas Tuesday, not Wednesday, is meant, as another context shows; the date, October 14, assigned on page 129 to the production of the "Impromptu de Versailles" in 1663 has been disproved by Paul Mesnard ("Notice Biographique," page 283). The author's hatred of legend has found means to adjust itself to some personal excursions into the field of conjecture, but he never forgets that the exercise is merely recreative. In matters of fact he has rarely or never been able to extend or to reverse the data collected by Paul Mesnard in his ample and impartial "Notice Biographique" (Œuvres de Molière, Vol. X, Paris, 1889).

In what may be called the heraldry of literature, in noting the family and tracing the pedigree of plays and parts of plays, Mr. Matthews is assiduous and competent. In the earlier and thinner works, the labelling and invoicing which these questions of genus and genesis involve sometimes draw author and reader together in the sympathy of a common fortitude; the criticism brightens in the treatment of the later masterpieces in which a larger enthusiasm has come to the support of an equal fidelity. Molière is for the author "the chief figure in all French literature"; the summary and condensation of the French mind; the inventor of "high comedy," a type to which all literature has furnished but a handful of examples and Molière himself only two, one of them rather doubtful; the associate, if not quite the equal, of Shakespeare (the comparisons with Shakespeare are extended and valuable), and the father of a literary progeny which recalls the Biblical prophecies of the seed of Abraham.

The admiration for Molière is the most candid of all admirations, because it is the most fearless. Mr. Matthews points out errors freely, apparently quite unconscious that the excellence of the aggregate or the average can be affected by the infirmities of the particulars. Molière is the master of dramaturgy, but, to confine ourselves to the best and best-known plays, the "Misanthrope" is "a little too empty and too episodic," the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is "a curious nondescript," "Don Juan" is "rather fragmentary," the "Avare" has "a fragmentary method," the "Ecole des Femmes" has a "more or less mechanical" intrigue, even "Tartuffe," the "superb," the "masterly," has a dubious ending. It is evident that the voice we hear in Mr. Matthews is the voice of the tradition, happy in the possession of a new mouthpiece. What was really needed was a frank and fearless revision of Molière's claims in the light of the clearer sense and the stronger feeling both for technique and for truth that have come to us in the last fifty years. A double proficiency, in these standards and in Molière himself, might have seemed to point out the professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University as the ideal man for the execution of this task; but a liegemanship, in itself rather beautiful, has disqualified him for adding this final service to the other claims of his book on the grateful attention of scholars. It lacks that preliminary skepticism which gives value to ultimate faith; the verdict has been restated, but we do not feel that the case has been retried.

The third of the author's designs, the delineation of the period in relation to Molière, has been successfully carried out; the pictures are clear, relevant, and duly subordinated.

We are told that this work is the fulfilment of a hope of nearly forty years. The example of Hamlet might show that a long-cherished and long-delayed intention may owe its fulfilment to the spur of impulse; and the English of this book suggests a precipitation unknown to its author's earlier work. Time and the lack of time are the disintegrators of style, but Mr. Matthews in this book has exceeded the bounds of reasonable indulgence. He has not only at times treated simple ideas with a repetition and elaboration which indicate that years have not confirmed his early faith in the intelligence of his countrymen, he not only gives us bulging and congested sentences; but he warps and perverts the English idiom, uses those novelties of combination which cloak negligence under the guise of originality, and indulges in some rather tinsel ornament, of which the jingling cleverness of "ingenuous ingenuity" may be cited as example. Those who remember the excellence of Mr. Matthews's style at its best will be the slowest to forgive its deterioration.

An elaborate, conscientious, and, on the whole, intelligent revival of "Macbeth" is a welcome incident in these degenerate days, and it is pleasant to think that this enterprise of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, which has just been accomplished in the Broadway Theatre, is likely to meet with ample public support. At all events, the capacious house has been packed to the doors at the initial performances. The interpretation of the tragedy is not especially brilliant in any respect, but maintains a high level of excellence throughout, and exhibits healthy purpose and vigor. Both stars are entitled to hearty credit. Mr. Sothern is not a subtle or inspired actor, but he has ambition and perseverance, and is still making steady progress in the development of his natural resources, which, in the beginning, did not especially qualify him for tragic parts. But he is no longer deficient in physical power, and is acquiring new facilities of expression. His monotony of utterance is still his chief artistic weakness, and is, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to his advance in the higher poetic drama. His action is often much more eloquent than his speech. Being a student, rather than an interpreter, his Macbeth runs along traditional lines, exhibiting little originality except in minor and unimportant details of stage business. In externals it is, as a rule, correct, but the spiritual side of it is vague, and it is

not always consistent. Its alternations—manifestly for stage effect—between abject weakness and criminal audacity are too abrupt and violent. After the murder, for instance, he is unable to walk or stand without his wife's assistance, but a moment later, when the alarm is given, he is in full possession of his faculties. In the cauldron scene, again, he rolls in hopeless collapse upon the ground. Macbeth was made of sterner stuff than that. He illustrates the terrors of the body, rather than the anguish of the soul. But he gives a thoroughly meritorious performance. Miss Marlowe's Lady Macbeth, if lacking in sustained tragic intensity and power, has some fine moments, and is an exceedingly clever attempt at a compromise between the old traditions and a more human conception of the character. Remorseless in her first promptings of her husband to murder, and in her scornful rallying of him after the deed, she strongly and pathetically emphasizes the subsequent tortures of her own conscience and her yearning tenderness for her suffering partner. Her sympathy for him is denoted by secret caresses and other tokens of wifely encouragement and caution, and her own anguish—to culminate in the sleep-walking episode—is most skilfully and effectively indicated. It would be easy to argue against the legitimacy of this ideal, but it is full of interesting suggestions.

When Mme. Bernhardt, as the young Duke of Reichstadt in Rostand's "L'Aiglon," made her first appearance Monday night at the back of the stage, there was such vigorous applause as the Globe Theatre has rarely heard. Mme. Bernhardt does not need flattery, and it would be untrue to say that in repose she looked the part of the boy prince, or that her voice, although still of the same bell-like tone in the calmer recitation, did not show signs of fatigue in the more impassioned parts. But her impersonation, which has long been admired in this city, is still a wonderful performance, more wonderful now, perhaps, in some respects than it was in bygone years.

Such differences as are to be noted between her present performance and that of ten years ago are those brought about by lapse of time. So finished an actress does not make radical changes in a conception that has once been carefully worked out in its minutest details. No more now than before can she disguise completely the truth of her sex, but her mimicry of masculine characters—the erect carriage, the free stride, and the decisive gesture—is as adroit as ever. She succeeds also in conveying a sense of personal distinction which is exceedingly effective. The Duke of Reichstadt, as she portrays him, is a positive entity which but rarely suggests the woman in masquerade. The depression of the captive and the fret of a gallant but downcast spirit are expressed in the manner of her first entry.

The New Theatre management doubtless exhibited enterprise in securing the first performance, upon any stage, of Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene," but would have been wiser, perhaps, in evading apparent responsibility, or semi-responsibility, for a representation which they could neither control nor direct. This work has been reviewed already in the *Nation* (October 20). The opinion was then expressed that it is fitted rather for the closet than the stage, and this impression is confirmed by the actual performance. There are several dramatic situations in it, but, on the whole, it is deficient in connected action and is episodical rather than truly dramatic. But in the present case it can scarcely be said to have had a fair trial. The production, though elaborate, costly, and spectacular, was not enlightened. Perhaps the most nearly satisfactory acting was contributed by the supernumeraries, who were many and well drilled. The delivery of the Sermon on the Mount, by the unseen Galilean, upon which Maeterlinck lays so much stress, was rendered almost wholly ineffective by the theatrical method of the reciter. Another striking scene, the summons of the Magdalene to the Master by the newly risen Lazarus, was made almost grotesque by the unintelligent effort to impart a sepulchral ghastliness to the messenger. But the play suffered most from the weakness of the principal performers. Miss Nethersole's impersonation of the Magdalene was especially disappointing, for the artificiality of the opening scenes—which might possibly be regarded as in some sense appropriate to the character—was maintained in the great final act, and was unrelieved by any of those fine outbursts of passion of which the actress is known to be capable. Her moderation would have been more of a virtue if her posing had been less suggestive of affectation. Silanus, that clever study of an old Pagan philosopher, was totally spoiled by the self-conscious airs of Arthur Forrest. Edward Mackay's manly performance of Verus was marred by slovenly speech. Charles B. Hanford imparted some vivid touches to Appius' story of the raising of Lazarus. But the general performance, even when capable, was altogether uninspired. Competent producers are almost as rare as great dramatists, and the latter, unfortunately, are almost wholly at the mercy of the stage manager.

The name of Charlotte Porter alone appears on the three latest volumes of the First Folio Shakespeare (Crowell), viz., "The Life and Death of Richard the Second," "The Tragedy of Richard the Third," and "The Life and Death of King John"; but the style of editing remains quite the same as in the earlier issues. The many excellences of this edition we have pointed out more than once. As the set nears completion, the unusual value of the publication becomes even more apparent.

"We Can't Be as Bad as all That!" is the title of Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy. It is a play of social life in the English upper classes, and is to be put in rehearsal at once by the Authors' Producing Company, under the personal supervision of Mr. Jones.

"Henry VIII" is expected to run through the winter at His Majesty's Theatre in London. It will be followed by "Macbeth," which Sir Herbert Tree has been promising for some years. Undoubtedly, he will make the fullest use of the pictorial opportunities which it will offer to him. He himself will play the guilty Thane, and the part is likely to suit him a great deal better than Hamlet and some others. Arthur Bourchier will be his Maeduff, and Irene Vanbrugh his Lady Macbeth, a character which she has played already to her husband's Macbeth. It is said that Gordon Craig will design a good deal of the scenery.

Seymour Hicks is preparing a version of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" for the use of Ellaline Terriss, who will appear as the maid, soon after Christmas. The production is to be on a lavish spectacular scale.

H. B. Irving has just selected the evening of Wednesday, December 14, for his reappearance at the London Queen's, after his successful provincial tour. He will then present, under the title of "The Princess Clementina," the new four-act play which A. E. W. Mason and George Pleydell have adapted from the former's novel, "Clementina." For the part of the heroine Mr. Irving has specially engaged Stella Patrick Campbell.

Music.

AMERICAN FOLKSONGS.

More than ever before, the public seems to be interested in the folksongs of various countries, and this interest is shared by the composers, who are as assiduous as their predecessors in weaving them into their scores. At the same time, singers, players, and lecturers find audiences eager to welcome them whenever folk-music is their theme. Last week daily opportunity was provided to hear the Imperial Balalaika Orchestra play the delightfully melancholy airs as well as the gay dance tunes of the Russian peasantry on their own instruments, and on Tuesday Marcella Sembrich gave a recital devoted entirely to those musical wild flowers known as folksongs—a recital which will stand as one of the most enjoyable events of the musical season.

As Mme. Sembrich sets the fashion in song recitals, she will have many imitators, but it is to be hoped that in one important respect her programme will not be accepted as a model by others. While every European country was represented, there was not one of those genuine American folksongs that are dear to many millions of people throughout this country. Not only were they ignored, but in the announcement sent to the newspapers there was a certain defiant air which cannot be allowed to go unchallenged: "Mme. Sembrich, having set a scientific as well as an artistic standard, has chosen to pass over the popular minstrel songs of America, but to let such indubitable folksongs as 'Gai lon la' and 'Musieu Bainjo' stand for the form in America."

The standard which excludes the popular songs of our Stephen Foster from the list of real folksongs cannot be accepted as "scientific." Dr. Hugo Riemann, the leading German theorist and lexicographer, defines the word "Volkslied" as "either a song which originated among the people (*i. e.*, the poet and composer of which are no longer

known), or one which has been adopted by the people; or, finally, one which is 'volksmässig,' *i. e.*, simple and easily comprehended in melody and harmony." Now, Foster's melodies are included under both the second and the third of these definitions as true folksongs: they have been adopted by the whole American people, and they are always simple in melody and harmony. To exclude them for the reason that their composer happens to be known, is an argument that can be reduced *ad absurdum* by a question: Suppose some antiquarian discovered that certain folksongs dear to the Germans for generations were composed by such and such an individual; would a single person in the whole Empire cease to regard them as folksongs? And if by some miracle the names of all the originators of these melodies were ascertained, would folksong cease to exist?

From every rational point of view Foster's popular melodies are genuine folksongs. In this species of music, as Wagner once wrote, "the word-poem and the tone-poem are one and the same thing; . . . separation of the two is inconceivable to those who sing them; they seem to belong together, like husband and wife." This is true of Foster's. He wrote his own poems as well as his melodies, and the words and music of such songs as "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "My Old Kentucky Home," are as closely allied as are the text and the music in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Yet--and here is another point of identity with the originators of true folksongs—he was not a professional musician. Far from it. To save his life he could not have composed a symphony or a sonata, or even a short piece for pianoforte, or art songs with complex harmonies like MacDowell's or Chadwick's. His harmonies seldom go beyond the three most elementary chords—tonic, dominant, and subdominant; and his melodies are so rich and satisfying in themselves that they give pleasure even without harmonies—which brings them under the definition of folksong given by Berlioz. Of musical form Foster took no more thought than a canary. His songs "give voice to the joys, sorrows, hopes, and aspirations of a people rather than an individual"; they are songs created by the people—the folk—for he was one of them. If they are not folksongs, what are they? Some have called them by the German name "volksthümlich," which means conscious imitations of folksongs, like Schulz's "Lieder im Volkston"; but Foster did not consciously imitate the songs of his or any other country; he wrote what he did because his genius was of that kind.

Not only are his songs—there are above a hundred and fifty of them—genuine folksongs; they are genuinely American, too. On this phase of the subject, also, erroneous notions are still widely current. Thousands who sing his songs do not know who wrote them, or care; many other thousands think they are negro plantation songs. Now, Foster did visit the plantations and campmeetings of the black men to catch their idiom; he had to make his living by writing for the "negro-minstrels," who at that time had virtually a monopoly of the concert business; yet even those of his poems which he wrote in the negro dialect voice the general feelings of mankind rather than the feelings of a particular race; and as for his melodies, they are as unlike true negro music as an Hungarian rhapsody is unlike a Bellini operatic aria. In every bar they betray his own individual genius, and that this individual genius was thoroughly American is indicated by the way in which the American people have taken them to heart—infinitely more than they have any imported folksongs. Apart from a national anthem, nothing arouses such intense enthusiasm in an American audience as the singing of one of these American folksongs. Indeed, there is nothing quite like it in any foreign country.

We have become accustomed to foreign artists slighting the music of our country; but the omission of Foster from Mme. Sembrich's programme was the unkindest cut of all. No doubt it is owing to a misunderstanding; yet none the less it is regrettable. However, no great harm will result. Foster's songs will survive this episode, and the American public may continue to believe that we not only have folksongs, judged by the strictest scientific standard, but that we have an abundance of them equalling the most precious of Europe's treasures. Had Foster lived before printing was invented, his songs would have been carried from mouth to mouth. As Dr. Martin Darkow has truly said: "The composer would have been forgotten, and the modern historians would have had occasion to place the American people themselves on the pedestal of the unknown poet-composer." Let us be thankful that the printer's art has made it possible for us to honor Foster individually—as the Germans honor Silcher for composing the "Lorelei," universally accepted as a folksong—while at the same time recognizing in his utterances the voice of the American people.

Dancing is the lowliest of the fine arts, yet when it is done with the grace and technical perfection exhibited by the Russian dancers last year in our opera houses, it is worthy of serious attention. For this winter Russia has provided us with another demonstration of what can be done with crude material. Twenty-two years ago W. W. Andreeff came to the conclusion that the peasant instrument called balalaika—a sort of mandolin with a triangular body under a long fingerboard—was capable of being elevated into the sphere of orchestral music. He perfected this instrument, as well as its cousin, the domra, trained a number of players on them, added primitive pipes and an instrument which he calls "dulcimer," but which is a sort of zither on piano legs, with a keyboard on the right side, and, behold, he had a new sort of combination, as different from an orchestra as an orchestra is from a brass band. The number of novel tone-colors obtained is surprising, and the precision and delicacy of shading secured by Mr. Andreeff from his twenty-five players are simply amazing. As a matter of course, the programmes are made up chiefly of Russian folksongs, which have no superiors—Rubinstein thought no equals—in the world; but performances of pieces by the great masters are also thoroughly enjoyable. The Balalaika Orchestra will play throughout the country, and it is to be hoped that the members of our numerous college mandolin and banjo clubs, in particular, will not lose the opportunity to hear what wonders can be achieved with this kind of playing.

An interesting document relating to Richard Wagner's first engagement at an opera house, has recently been unearthed in Germany. In 1833, when he was twenty years old, the Stadttheater in Würzburg, where his brother Albert was employed as régisseur, actor, and singer, engaged Richard to serve, particularly as chorus master. But, the document continues:

He must also, in case of need, help along in spoken or mute rôles in plays, and participate in the tableaux of ballets when called upon to do so. In case of disobedience or insubordination, the director has the right to punish him in accordance with the rules of the theatre. In case the earnings of said Richard Wagner should not cover the fines imposed on him, his bondsmen pledge themselves to pay them. Richard Wagner has to place all his energies and time, so far as required, at the disposal of the director of the Stadttheater, in return for which he will receive every month ten florins as compensation.

Mr. Converse, composer of "The Pipe of Desire," which was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, is now superintending the rehearsals of his new work, "The Sacrifice," at the Boston Opera House. The principal singers in it will be Constantino, Baklanoff, and Alice Nielson. Wallace Goodrich will conduct. The subject-matter of "The Sacrifice" is more distinctly American than that of the former opera. The scene is laid on the Mexican border in the stirring times of 1846, when the United States was engaged in hostilities with the sister republic to the southward. Mr. Converse, in this instance, has written his own libretto, except that the lyrics are by "Jack" Macy, one of the younger literary men of New England.

London is to hear "Salome," with modifications, so saith the Lord Chamberlain.

Art.

French Portrait Engraving of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries. By T. H. Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The eighteenth century in France has called forth a considerable literature,

even in the field of prints alone. Portalis and Beraldi have given us a dictionary of the engravers of that time; the Goncourts, Lady Dilke, and Ralph Nevil have written on the general subject; Bourcard and Delteil have recorded prices brought by engravings, and there are numerous monographs on individual artists of this and of the preceding century, for which latter there is also the catalogue of Robert-Dumesnil. But it remained for the author of the present work to make a special study of the portrait engraving of these two centuries, hitherto treated only incidentally, excepting in the work of Duplessis, published in French in 1879, and in Charles Sumner's article, "The Best Portraits in Engraving," published in 1872. For English-reading people, especially, the author had almost a free field, for Sumner's article was cursory and uncritical. The present careful work traces the development of engraving from the somewhat austere effect, but keen characterization, of Claude Mellan at his best, through the mastery of Nanteuil and the rich versatility of the Drevets (with whom technique and the rendering of textures were still subordinated to the end in view), to the rather soulless devotion to method of Wille, which marked the beginning of decay, and to the change to greater simplicity in design and technique in the period of Louis XVI and Cochin. These changes in technique were naturally to a great extent a response to the changing point of view that dominated portrait painting. The imposing distinction of the decorative Rigaud, for instance, is reflected in the brilliantly executed engravings of the Drevets, admirable examples of adequate adaptation of an art to its purpose.

The engraved figure-pieces of this period have a more obvious and vivid appeal through their subjects, as they mirror the life of the time in its elegance and light-hearted gayety. Yet the portraits also have a decided interest. Mr. Thomas does not bow unhesitatingly to previously accepted standards. Of the four famous plates long regarded as the finest portraits engraved, the Bossuet of Pierre Imbert Drevet and the Champaigne of Edelinck pass muster with him, while Masson's Brisacier and Nanteuil's Pompone de Bellièvre do not. "Engravers," he reflects, "are generally best known by works which are striking or sensational or peculiar," and the reader here may recall the case of Mellan's Head of Christ executed in one spiral line.

The sanity, the soundness of view, makes the book a stimulating guide, and the well-chosen illustrations are helpful because produced by a photo-mechanical process which does not cut up the lines by a mechanical network as in the case of the half-tone. Naturally, no one will expect them to bear too close a scrutiny, particularly as many are much reduced in size from the originals. The student will use this book in connection with such excellent facsimile reproductions as those in the volumes of "Engravings and Woodcuts by Old Masters" (prepared under the direction of the late Friedrich Lippmann), or those issued by the British Museum. Or he will get access to the originals if near a print room—as in Washington, Boston, or New York.

There is an appendix, giving a useful alphabetical list of engravers, with summary characterizations. But the proof-reading on the index has been careless. References one page out of the way, transposed names, omissions (*e. g.*, Woeriot, Fouquet, Duvet), and names spelled differently in text and index (Quénédey, Quénéday, Lombart, Lombard), are too common.

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for publication in the early spring a memoir of the late John La Farge, with a study of his work by Royal Cortissoy, critic of art and literature of the New York *Tribune*.

According to report, two new Rembrandts have been discovered in Frankfort, Germany.

There are numbers of books dealing with Egyptian art, but they are forbidden to the busy man on account of their length and the exhaustiveness of their detail. A shorter book is welcome, such an one as has been furnished by Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie in his "Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt" (McClurg). The range of subjects treated is great and multitudes of details are introduced, but they are pertinent and do not weary the reader. The volume contains one hundred and forty illustrations which are chosen with skill and out of a full knowledge. For the most part the text is made up of discussions based upon the things that are under the reader's eye. After a couple of chapters on the character of Egyptian art and its periods and schools, the author takes up in succession the following subjects: Statuary, reliefs, painting and drawing, architecture, stone-working, jewelry, metal work, glazed ware and glass, pottery, ivory working, woodwork, plaster and stucco, and clothing. It is evident that the work is not exhaustive when it is seen that the entire exposition runs to only one hundred and fifty duodecimo pages. The author has been able to bring forth many new points from his store of knowledge gained by many years spent in excavating sites in the valley of the Nile. Professor Petrie has not changed his view of the date of the first dynasty, but clings to his published date of 4777 B. C., instead of 3400 B. C., the date advocated by Professor Breasted and most German scholars. On some accounts it would have been better to group the illustrations at the end of the volume; scattered through the book they are less convenient for reference.

Emile Michel's "Great Masters of Landscape Painting" (Lippincott) is what its title implies, a series of individual appreciations rather than a history. It is a ripe work, but must be reckoned one of the author's minor achievements. He brings to the task a mature judgment, and often draws on personal reminiscences of the recent masters. Perhaps the agreeable tone of the criticism is more prominent than anything in the way of novel or pungent opinion. The volume is a small folio and contains more than two hundred illustrations, of which forty are photogravure plates. Sketches as well as finished pictures are fully represented. In the Italian field the treatment is scrappy and inadequate. Masaccio, who did a glorious mountain landscape in the Tribute Money, is not even mentioned; no attention is paid to two admirable pen panoramas by Leonardo da Vinci, while Perugino's distinguished position as a landscapist receives no recognition. In explaining Giorgione's fantastic picture in the Giovanelli Palace (p. 16), M. Michel (or is it the modesty of the translator?) provides that artist with an otherwise unknown "wife." Generally speaking, the author holds by the realists, and when he reaches his favorite Dutchmen and the masters of yesterday the work gains immensely in quality. Living artists are omitted, and this limits the treatment of the Giverny school to bare and disapproving mention. Constable is one of the excellent chapters; Turner is taken with many reservations. Of Ruskin's campaign against Claude is written: "Ruskin speaks of Claude with the most vulgar and unintelligent presumption." Change "vulgar" to "fanatical" and this harsh saying becomes wholly true. The sparseness of the index indicates perhaps that this is a book to be read rather than consulted, and indeed the appeal is chiefly to the general reader. From the skilful collection of so much pictorial material, much of it quite unhackneyed, the scholar too may profit.

We have received the forty-first volume of the *International Studio*, including the numbers from July to October last. Certain friends of this useful magazine would be glad to see it assume greater critical authority. As it is, it does useful service in gathering in current art intelligence from many sources. No single journal covers the field in so truly international a spirit. Essays on the art of Cecilia Beaux, Edward W. Redfield, and Daniel Chester French are attractive titles in the present volumes. A somewhat extended review of Modern Landscape Paintings in Japan, and Montgomery Schuyler's critique of the new Pennsylvania Station in New York are articles of more than passing interest.

"The Golden Age of Engraving," by Frederick Keppel (Baker & Taylor), is an ingathering of lectures, magazine articles, and brief essays, some of which have done duty in the booklets issued by Mr. Keppel's firm. First and last nearly all the periods and masters of etching, engraving, and mezzotinting are touched on by one who knows the subject intimately. There is naturally some repetition, but no more probably than is salutary for the unskilled reader. There are 262 illustrations, making a kind of compendium of the art. Among really great figures we miss only Hollar and Blake. An autobiographical introduction tells how casually Mr. Keppel was led into the calling which he has illustrated for more than a generation. The chance of buying a lot of old prints cheap, and of finding a collector honest enough to pay a right profit, turned Mr. Keppel from

bookselling to the allied trade. His first customer, James L. Claghorn of Philadelphia, was also his mentor. Of his adventures in the print shops and auctions of Europe Mr. Keppel tells vivaciously. Excellent is the story of Mrs. Noseda of London, who having lent some historical portraits to her landlord, Lord Salisbury, was rewarded by a personal visit and presentation of a life membership to the Army and Navy Stores. This she refused with the words:

Thank you, my lord, but I cawn't go against my own class. "Why, Mrs. Noseda," said he, "you will save 10 or 15 per cent. in the purchasing of all your household supplies." "Let the shopkeepers make their profit out of me," she shouted (by this time she was angry). "My lord," she went on, "you and the other great property owners are starving your own tenants, and if this goes on you will have whole rows of shops standing empty and idle. I won't accept your card?"

"The Lure of the Antique" (Century Co.), by Walter A. Dyer, will be of considerable value to amateur collectors of old furniture, china, mirrors, candlesticks, pewter, glassware, copper utensils, clocks, and some other household furnishings of the American colonial period and the early days of the republic. The book would be regarded by a museum expert as suggestive rather than authoritative. In style, text, and illustrations, it is journalistic, a compilation, for the most part, of special articles contributed to *Country Life in America*. It is not on that account less well designed to further the ransacking of garrets and enrichment of antique dealers. The author's enthusiasm, however, is tempered with good sense; his counsel usually cuts true, as in this: "When you buy an old chair, determine if it be really old, genuine, and fairly priced. But examine it also for good workmanship and intrinsic beauty, and try to see if it be comfortable. Chairs to be seen and not sat upon are intolerable encumbrances." Of antique pewter Mr. Dyer says: "Its beauty is rather that of some quaint, sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady in a lace cap than of a blooming ball-room belle. Some people don't care for old ladies—some do. And there is the whole story in a nutshell, applying to nearly all forms of antiques." The illustrations, many of them from Miss Mary H. Northend's collection of photographs, give glimpses of colonial homes on the Massachusetts North Shore and elsewhere. Not many of the objects in public museums or houses preserved by historical societies are included—a defect, certainly, if the work undertook to be a manual of its subject. And even accepting the book's limitations, one questions whether the general reader ought not to be informed where he may see good examples of American antiques, the list to include not only the art museums which exhibit colonial and later arts and crafts, but such collections as those, say, of the Oliver Ellsworth house, at Windsor, the Paul Revere house, Boston, the Spalding house, Lowell, and the Longfellow House, Portland. The textile arts Mr. Dyer does not include among antiques, and there are other omissions, doubtless justified by the impossibility of writing about all old things. The space given to spurious and "glorified" antiques is certainly not inordinate, for as the author says: "There's a vast deal of faking in the business, and it's a dangerous venture for the uninitiated."

The death is reported from Karlsruhe of Karl Hoilig, the painter and illustrator, aged forty-seven.

J. Exner, the Danish painter, died the middle of last month at the age of eighty-five.

The death is announced from Paris of the landscape and portrait painter, Etienne Prosper Berne-Bellecour, in his seventy-third year. His reputation was first made by pictures of episodes in the Franco-Prussian war.

Finance.

MR. HILL'S PROPHECY.

From start to finish, last week on the Stock Exchange was a week of demoralization and of declining prices. Losses in active stocks ranged from 5 to 10 points; selling by speculators for the decline was intermingled with realizing sales for the account of those unlucky people who had been conducting a belated "after-election boom." There were doubtless many causes for this severe reaction—among them the fact that prices for many shares, despite the abrupt decline of the day or two after November 8, were still, at last week's opening, ten points above October's initial figures, whereas the general financial situation could not be said to have improved. But the market itself assigned as the real cause, both for the break in prices and for the wave of pessimism which swept over the financial community, the interview given out in St. Paul by James J. Hill, a week ago last Monday, on the industrial outlook.

The Stock Exchange has a superstitious respect for a statement, made in print by an eminent financier, about the financial situation. Private expression of his views is not sufficient, even though all Wall Street knows what he said. Knowledge of the facts in the case by the whole community, before any oracle has spoken, is not enough. To create exactly the psychological situation requisite for the Stock Exchange's purposes, the thing must be down in black and white.

Last week provided an interesting illustration of the principle. Notwithstanding the Stock Exchange's unanimous opinion that the shove which toppled the market over was Mr. Hill's interview of last week, there was little or nothing, in the statements ascribed to Mr. Hill, which the common-sense part of Wall Street and of the business community had not itself been saying, ever since early autumn. That there was bound to be a distinct slowing-down in trade activity next year; that plans for industrial expansion would be curtailed, as a consequence of our recent over-production of goods and over-use of credit, and that employment of labor could not be so active as in the premature "boom year" 1909—all these conclusions had been reached, many weeks before, by men in touch with the facts of the present situation. Wall Street went further, after the published interview had been repudiated (in a very qualified way), and declared that Mr. Hill himself had expressed the same views long before they found lodgment in the newspapers. Nevertheless, the fact that the predictions were in print remained the central fact in their bearing on the market. The logical inference, from the Stock Exchange point of view, was that if only these prevalent opinions had been exchanged in whispers, and no one had uttered them in a really loud tone of voice, everybody might have been a pessimist without the innocent stock market ever suspecting it.

The truth of the matter is that interviews and statements of the sort are primary influences only when a responsible financier predicts something wholly at variance with what the market had previously expected, or when he forcibly sets forth misgivings which had been haunting only vaguely and indistinctly the mind of the community at large, or when, while merely confirming preconceived ideas, the prediction is uttered at one of those interesting moments when stocks are ready for a sudden rise or fall, and are waiting for something tangible to start the ball rolling. Clearly enough, it is in the third of these classifications that last week's interview belongs.

Perhaps the most noteworthy fact about the incident lies in the very frank and public concurrence of other financiers in the general views of Mr. Hill. President Mellen of the New Haven Railroad agreed in admitting that he saw "every indication of a reaction in business," remarking also, "How severe it will become, or how long it will last, I find myself unable to predict." President Underwood of the Erie, and with him other railway presidents, endorsed more cautiously Mr. Hill's general prediction. Some of them emphasized the brighter side, though even they did not question the main prediction. Thus Mr. Yoakum of the "Frisco" declared that business will continue to move ahead on a better basis than "boom-time methods," and Charles M. Schwab, while admitting that we may have "a little depression," added that "it cannot stop our healthy, happy, inevitable progress and prosperity."

In other words, the prophecy seemed to be concurred in, where one might possibly have looked for denial. But so far from being a matter of grave discouragement, that is in a way a reassuring sign. When predictions of trade reaction are made on manifestly correct grounds, but are angrily denounced (as

they were in 1902 and 1906) by all other men with financial and industrial connections, the inference cannot be escaped that the financial leaders have been caught off their guard, and that finance and industry themselves are unprepared for the readjustment process. When, for example, in midsummer of 1907, with the storm-clouds gathering rapidly on the financial horizon, and signs of grave economic disturbance coming plainly into view, William Rockefeller declared that he could "see no signs of a general reaction in business," and H. H. Rogers protested that "the prospects are very bright" and that "there is not the slightest reason why business should not show improvement," it was easy to infer that some great financial interests were unprepared. It was not a very bold further deduction that the banks and corporations governed by such large capitalists were in danger of being overtaken by the financial hurricane with all sails spread.

No such position of affairs exists today, and that is one essential reason why Mr. Hill and all the other prophets of slowing-up in trade agree in dismissing any notion of a crisis. Indeed, one evidence of the entirely sane and intelligent view held by the business community in the matter is its prompt rejection of all extremely pessimistic ideas. The St. Paul newspaper, in which Mr. Hill's interview first appeared, started it with the headlines, "Hill Sees Tie-up of All Business." But nobody took this caption seriously, and every one knows that nothing of the sort is on the calendar.

The industrial movement in this country, since the greatly overdone "Sunshine crusade" of 1908 and the visible over-expansion of 1909, has followed exactly the course marked out by the precedent of financial history. Historical precedent shows with equal clearness what the next chapter ought to be. What it points to is the return of American industry, through an orderly process of retrenchment, economy, and sobriety, to the sound position which it sacrificed in 1906 and 1907, and which it failed to regain in 1908 and 1909. When our foot is again on solid ground—and there are visible weather signs which will tell us of that achievement—people familiar with the story of other decades will know that the time is ripe for another great forward movement in American prosperity, on such a genuine basis as the country has not witnessed in many a year.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. W. The Golden Road. Wessels & Bissell. $1.50 net.
American Men of Science. Second edition: Science Press.
Aspinwall, A. The Listen to Me Stories. Dutton. $1.50.
Bean, R. B. The Racial Anatomy of the Philippine Islanders. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Beaumont and Fletcher. Works. Vol. IX. Putnams.
Bensusan, S. L. Home Life in Spain. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Bosanketh, E. The Pharisee and the Publican. Broadway Pub. Co.
Branch, A. H. Rose of the Wind and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Broadley, A. M. Napoleon in Caricature, 1795-1821. Introductory essay by J. H. Rose. 2 vols. Lane.
Browne, E. G. The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909. Putnam.
Brown, J. The English Puritans. (Cambridge University Press.) Putnam.
Burch, R. M. Colour Printing and Colour Printers. Baker & Taylor.
Burton, R. A Midsummer Memory: Elegy on the Death of Arthur Upson. Minneapolis: E. D. Brooks.
Butler, I. Tales from the Old French, Translated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Carroll's Alice in Wonderland. Pictured by M. L. Attwell. London: Raphael Tuck.
Chatterton, E. K. The Romance of the Ship. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Colby, F. M. Constrained Attitudes. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Conybeare, E. Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely. Macmillan. $2 net.
Cramp, W. Continuous Current Machine Design. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Dasent, G. W. Norse Fairy Tales. Illustrated by R. L. and H. J. Knowles. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Davidson, N. J. A Knight Errant and His Doughty Deeds: the Story of Amadis of Gaul. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Frowde.
Densmore, F. Chippewa Music. Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Dickens Centenary Edition. Nicholas Nickleby, 2 vols.; A Child's History of England. Scribner. $1 net each.
Dudden, F. H. Christ and Christ's Religion. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Duke, T. S. Celebrated Criminal Cases of America. San Francisco. J. H. Barry Co. $3.
Egleston-Hinman, E. Naya: a Story of the Bighorn Country. Chicago: Rand McNally.
Ellis, S. M. William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends. 2 vols. Lane. $10 net.
Erckmann-Chatrain. The History of a Conscript of 1813. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Fairbank, J. A. In Town and Other Conversations. Chicago: McClurg.
Ford, W. C. George Washington. (Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard.
Fowke, G. Antiquities of Central and Southeastern Missouri. Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Fraser, Mrs. H. A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $6 net.
Gilliat, E. Heroes of the Elizabethan Age. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Griffin, W. H., and Minchin, H. C. The Life of Robert Browning. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Griswold, G. Love and the Year, and Other Poems. Duffield. 60 cents net.
Hare, C. The Romance of a Medici Warrior. Scribner $2.50 net.
Harvard University Directory. Compiled by a Committee of the Harvard Alumni Assn., Harvard University.
Hauptmann, G. Der Narr in Christo, Emanuel Quint. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hearn, L. Japanese Letters. Edited, with introduction, by Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Henderson, E. N. A Text-Book in the Principles of Education. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Hobson, J. A. The Industrial System. New and revised ed. Scribner. $2 net.
Horne, H. H. Idealism in Education. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hough, E. The Purchase Price. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Howe, M. A. De. W. Boston Common: Scenes From Four Centuries. Cambridge Riverside Press.
Hurst, H. E., and Lattey, R. T. A Text-Book of Physics. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Irwin, W. The Readjustment. Huebsch. $1.20 net.
Jackson, G. E. The Adventures of Tommy Postoffice. Captain Polly of Annapolis. Dutton. $1.25; $1.50.
James G. Green Willow and Other Japanese Fairy Tales. Macmillan. $5 net.
Jeffrey's Literary Criticism. Edited by D. N. Smith. Frowde.
Jerrold, C. The Beaux and the Dandies. Lane.
Jerrold, L. The Real France. Lane. $1.50 net.
Johnson, G. S. Poems for the People. Broadway Pub. Co.
Kennett, R. H.; Adams, Mrs., and Gwatkin, H. M. Early Ideals of Righteousness. Hebrew, Greek, and Roman. Scribner. $1 net.
Kephart, H. Camp Cookery; the Book of Camping and Woodcraft. Outing Pub. Co. $1.; $1.50 net.
Kirk, A., and Bull, E. L. First Latin Book. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lane, L. S. I Married a Soldier. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lawton, F. Balzac—a Biography. Wessels & Bissell. $4 net.
Lewis, H. R. Poultry Laboratory Guide. Macmillan. 65 cents net.
Lockyer, N., and W. L. Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Lodge, O. Reason and Belief. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Luby, J. The Black Cross Clove. Huebsch. $1.20 net.
MacKaye, P. Anti-Matrimony. Stokes.
Maclean, J. K. Heroes of the Polar Seas. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Macpherson, H., jr. The Romance of Modern Astronomy. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Marshall, L. Fairy Tales of All Nations, translated and edited. Illustrated in color. Philadelphia: Winston. $2.
McClintock, W. The Old North Trail. Macmillan. $4 net.
McCutcheon, J. T. In Africa. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Marriott, J. A. R. English Political Institutions. Frowde. $1.10.
Meade, L. T. Pretty-Girl and the Others. Dutton. $1.50.
Meade, R. P. Life of Admiral Paulding. Baker & Taylor. $1.50 net.
Mero, E. B. American Playgrounds. Third edition. Baker & Taylor.
Moody, C. S. Backwoods Surgery and Medicine. Outing Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Morse, M. Scottie and His Lady. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin. $1.
Oppenheim, J. The Pioneers: a Poetic Drama in Two Scenes. Huebsch. 50 cents.
Ostwald, W. Natural Philosophy. Trans. by T. Seltzer. Holt. $1 net.
Pancoast, H. S., and Shelly, P. V. A First Book in English Literature. Holt.
Pound, E. Provença. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.
Pyle, K. Where the Wind Blows. Dutton. $2.
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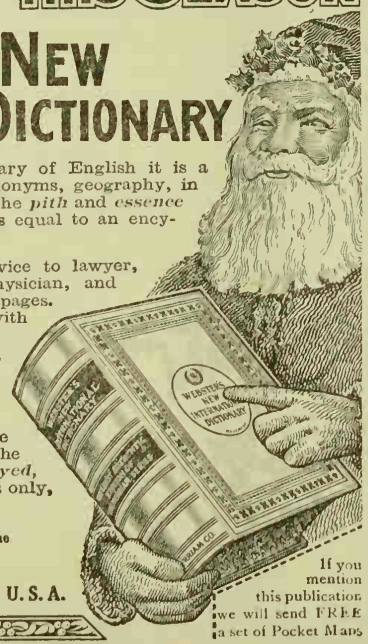

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1910.

The Week.

In finally deciding to appoint Judge White as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the President has apparently been swayed by the argument that, if a promotion was to be made within the Court itself, the youngest associate justice ought not to be put over the heads of judges of longer service. And there will undeniably be a feeling that a Republican President has at least shown a spirit of fairness in naming a Democrat as Chief Justice. Judge White is highly thought of by both bench and bar as a good lawyer of judicial habit of mind, who has, moreover, a vigorous and incisive intellect, and is master of a clear and forcible style. He has, in general, been reputed one of the "conservative" members of the Court. Of the other judges named to fill vacancies, Mr. Lamar of Georgia seems to have the needed qualifications, while the elevation of Judge Van Devanter from the United States Circuit Court would be unobjectionable were it not for one consideration, but that is serious. Judge Van Devanter sat in the important Standard Oil case which has now gone to the Supreme Court on appeal from the decision in which he joined. Propriety and judicial etiquette would dictate that he should not sit in an appeal from his own decision. If he does not, the great Standard case will be argued before eight judges, who may divide four to four. That would be unfortunate—though, of course, the decree of the lower court would prevail unless set aside.

There is at least one recommendation in the President's message in carrying out which there ought to be no difficulty during the short session of Congress. The reasons in favor of increasing the salaries of United States judges are so strong, the expense involved so utterly insignificant in comparison with the importance of the object to be attained, that the passage of the bill—already pending—should be attainable with very little expenditure of the time of Congress. Anything that raises the average of qualifications in the Federal judiciary is of immeasurable value to the nation. The proposed new scale of salaries—from $9,000 for district judges to $17,500 for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—is, of course, far below the income that lawyers of high-class get in their private practice; but either from public spirit, from a taste for judicial work, or from a sense of the honor of the post, many lawyers willingly make a sacrifice of income to accept judicial office.

The Library Committee of the House of Representatives is now reported as intending to recommend a reduction in the size of the House chamber—a sensible project. There will be much more chance of getting a bill passed which provides a method of effecting the change by means of a temporary architectural device than there would be for one which committed the House permanently to the new condition of things. It may be observed, by the way, that the objection which members have entertained in the past to removal of their desk facilities is reduced to comparative insignificance now that each one has a commodious private room in the House Office Building, and also the services of a private secretary. With these adjuncts to the convenient and systematic dispatch of business, the members of our present and future Congresses ought to be able to dispense with the practice of reading at their desks, writing, sorting documents, and clapping their hands for pages to run on their errands.

It has long been known that the Ballinger investigating committee had divided on strictly party lines—even to the point of Mr. Madison, the insurgent Republican, siding with the Democrats but not going to their extreme. Little importance therefore will be attached to the fact that the majority members have completely exonerated the Secretary in their report, of which a summary has just been issued. And the summary itself is too brief to throw any new light on the subject—if, indeed, it is possible to do so in a report, however long. The majority report pronounces Mr. Ballinger "a competent and honorable gentleman, honestly and faithfully performing the duties of his high office with an eye single to the public interest." We have repeatedly stated our own conclusion on this subject, and our reasons for it, and it is needless on the present occasion to say more than that this verdict of the majority members is, in our judgment, inconsistent with a number of facts brought out in the inquiry. The evidence failed to sustain any accusation of corrupt purpose, and indeed the intention to charge such purpose was distinctly disavowed by counsel and by the leading witnesses against Mr. Ballinger; but between this and a certificate of single-minded fidelity to the peculiar trust resting upon the Secretary of the Interior there is a wide gap. To our mind it is quite clear that Mr. Ballinger started out in a spirit of hostility not merely to the special views of men like Pinchot and Garfield, but to the carrying out of a policy for the protection of the public interests to which the Government was distinctly pledged; and in more than one instance he sought, in devious ways, to throw the responsibility of acts inimical to that policy upon other persons—this, however remote from his mind may have been any dishonest purpose.

Philadelphia is making another attempt to lock the empty stable. At the instance of a group of citizens, including Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, suit has been brought against the Mayor, the Comptroller, the Director of Public Works, the Chief of the Bureau of Highways, the Chief of the Division of Street Cleaning, and Edwin H. Vare, alleging conspiracy and fraud in the drafting, awarding, and enforcing of the Vare street-cleaning contract. The annulment of the contract, involving over a million dollars yearly, is asked, and the plea is made that the city be enjoined from making payments to Vare, and that he be required "to account for the sums of money illegally received by him under color of the contract." The contract provides that, upon failure to conform fully to its specifications, large sums may be deducted from the payments, at the absolute discretion of the Director of Public Works. The plaintiffs expect to prove that the contractor has performed less than half of the work required by the

contract, and that he has made false reports with the connivance of the city officers.

San Francisco successfully tested the working of a municipal referendum in a special election on November 15. Thirty-eight proposed amendments to the city charter, of varying degrees of importance, were submitted to a popular vote. Some forty-five thousand voters, or about 50 per cent. of the electorate, participated, in spite of the fact that there were no offices at stake. Every voter had to discriminate and act separately on each of the thirty-eight proposals. There were no party emblems to help him. Yet there is nothing in the result to indicate that the decision was not arrived at as carefully as it would have been had the amendments been submitted to a representative assembly. Eighteen of the proposals were carried and twenty were rejected. Virtually all the so-called reform proposals were accepted. Among these were the adoption of an effective system of initiative, referendum, and recall, direct nominations for municipal offices, the elimination of all party designations from the ballot, the publication of candidates' statements on the sample ballots, and a step in the direction of the "short ballot" by increasing the length of terms of office to four years and providing that half shall be elected every two years. The franchise rights of the city were safeguarded by the passage of amendments forbidding a monopoly of subways and tunnels and permitting the city to recall a franchise whenever it decided to buy the property of the traction company. Virtually every proposal that would have had the effect of raising salaries was defeated, as was that increasing the powers of the supervisors, and the one which sought to place the library patronage in the hands of the Mayor. Business interests opposed the proposal for the initiative and the recall, and a hard campaign was made against the franchise amendments, but both were carried, although by closer votes than those on most of the other proposals.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Sugar Trust conspiracy case is of very high interest, both theoretically and practically, although it should be stated at once that it does not dispose of the possibility that the indicted directors may still escape under cover of the statute of limitations. What the Supreme Court does decide, in the plainest and most emphatic language, is that a conspiracy continues in being so long as the operations that it sets in motion continue to be performed; that, therefore, the statute of limitations cannot be pleaded on the ground that three years had passed since the conspiracy was entered into, but only on the ground that three years had passed since the acts contemplated or set on foot by the conspiracy had ceased to be done. All this will strike the layman as good common sense; and in the opinion handed down the view is enforced in an interesting way by reference to the analogous case of partnerships:

> The contract [of partnership] is instantaneous. The partnership may endure as one and the same partnership for years. A conspiracy is a partnership in criminal purposes. That as such it may have continuation in time is shown by the rule that an overt act of one partner may be the act of all without any agreement especially directed to that act.

Hearty acknowledgment is due to the spirit in which the objections to the bill to create the Rockefeller Foundation have been met in the bill introduced by Senator Gallinger. That the original project was conceived in a spirit of the broadest benevolence and helpfulness there was never any reason to doubt; none the less was it the duty of Congress to guard against the possibilities of objectionable developments of the scheme in the future. This appears to have been, at least in a great measure, accomplished in the new provisions contained in the bill introduced on Monday. While the corporation is to be a self-perpetuating body, the name of any member selected to fill a vacancy must be submitted to the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, and the presidents of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Chicago; approval by a majority of these is necessary to validate the choice. Congress may at any time impose limitations on the objects to be served by the Foundation; its holdings are not to exceed $100,000,000; and the whole concern may be wound up at the end of a hundred years. Not all munificent givers are willing to accept criticism in a fair and generous spirit, and when such an attitude is shown, it is deserving of high praise.

The undergraduate hallucination which assumes an "entire absence of any connection between examination grades and post-collegiate success," receives another blow in the results of a recent investigation at Harvard upon new lines. The criterion of success hitherto employed, namely, the appearance of a name in "Who's Who in America," has been widely objected to, and, accordingly, a new standard has been taken for the latest comparison. As related in a recent number of *Science*, the class of 1894 at Harvard was selected for analysis. Three men, one of whom was Dean Briggs, were asked to select from this class the names of those men who, during their fifteen years since graduation, had achieved distinct success, each judge determining for himself his definition of that term. Twenty-three members of the class were agreed upon as deserving of this recognition by at least two of the three judges. The college records of these men were then compared with those of twenty-three of their classmates chosen at random, and it was found that there were between three and four times as many "A's" among the former as among the latter, the exact figures being 196 and 56.

During the first seven decades of our history—from 1790 to 1860—the population of the United States received an accession of a trifle more than one-third per decade. Then came a fall; but in a sense the rate may be said to have again remained virtually stationary for the three decades from 1860 to 1890. Taking these three decades as a whole, the rate of increase was almost exactly one-fourth per decade, as against the one-third in the previous period; and, if allowance be made for the natural repression of increase caused by the great war, and for the stimulation of increase in the process of recovery from its effects, 25 per cent. per decade may be said to have been the normal rate throughout these thirty years, the actual figures being 22.6 per cent. from 1860 to 1870, 30.1 per cent. from 1870 to 1880, 24.9 per cent. from 1880 to 1890. A still further reason for postulating this approach to uniformity is

furnished by the well-known defects of the census of 1870. From that rate of one-fourth per decade we passed, in the decade 1890-1900, to a rate of a little more than one-fifth; and the census just completed shows slight change from the one preceding. As against 20.7 in 1890-1900, we have a growth of 21.0 per cent. in 1900-1910. All this relates to "Continental United States"—a term which seems to be coming into use for the continuous region we usually think of as the United States, exclusive of Alaska, although Alaska is part of the American Continent.

Secretary Knox's final decision to grant the request of Italy for the extradition of Porter Charlton, the American who has confessed to the murder of his wife at Lake Como, will give general satisfaction. The public would have been aghast at the spectacle of a detected and avowed murderer walking out of court a free man simply because of a punctilio in diplomatic intercourse, or a petty scruple about the proper interpretation of a treaty. Since it was clear that the United States could not take jurisdiction of the crime, there was nothing for it but to send the man back to the authorities that have the power to inflict due punishment. We can well afford to leave the general status of our extradition treaties with Italy for future negotiation and adjustment; the immediate and pressing duty was obviously to make sure that an acknowledged criminal should not escape justice.

Mr. J. J. Hill's strong words on the question of reciprocal trade between the United States and Canada will attract exceptional attention. Both the international situation from the diplomatic point of view, and the economic situation in virtue of the pressure of high prices, point to progress toward free trade between the two countries. Mr. Hill, if correctly reported, declares entire free trade with Canada to be the logical consequence of the position of Mr. Taft and the Republican leaders; we confess that we are unable to follow the logical thread to that conclusion. But when we get outside the domain of pure logic, the forces making for a sweeping reduction of tariff rates between our country and its northern neighbor are obvious enough.

Secretary Dickinson spent six weeks in the Philippines, and during that time found out, as he states in his report, that the "public expression is very general" in favor of Filipino independence. Mr. Dickinson writes sympathetically of this admitted aspiration of the Filipino people, and evidently hopes that it may be realized in time, but again interposes the official dictum that the thing cannot be done "within the present generation." It will be noted, however, that he gives this opinion with the significant qualification, "if the present policy of control of the Islands by the American people shall continue." That is just the point. If your policy is against independence, and even against encouraging hopes for it and plans for it, and if you are stubborn enough to persist in that policy after it has been shown to be a mistake, you must expect the natural consequences to follow—namely, friction, dislike, and failure. But a change of policy would lead to quite other results.

A British general election is known as "an appeal to the nation," and party leaders always profess great eagerness to find out what the country desires; but at present the tendency seems to be, rather, not to ask the voters what they mean, but to inform them what they must have meant. The numerical result of the election will almost certainly be to leave the strength of parties very nearly what it was before the dissolution. That being so, Mr. Balfour declares for the Conservatives that the popular oracles have given no decisive voice, and that all must go on pretty much as before, until another conference is had or another election. On the other hand, the Liberals assert that they went to the country on the precise issue of the Lords' veto, and have now got a distinct mandate to abolish or at least modify it. They argue that, if the Lords were compelled after last January's election to accept the Budget, on which an appeal was taken to the country, even though the Liberal majority was greatly reduced, they must now swallow the bill limiting their veto, inasmuch as on that issue the country has returned a Liberal or coalition Government to power. The two cases are not, however, precisely alike in form. This time there was no definite rejection of a definite bill by the Lords, on which the judgment of the electors might be taken. It was less a legislative deadlock than a general Constitutional principle which was, as it were, put to popular vote. But on the latter, it is difficult to get a clear and perfectly unmistakable voice from a general election. It is, indeed, fair to argue that the people have spoken in favor of a reform of the House of Lords, and of so limiting its veto power as to give Liberal legislation at least a "fair chance," as the Conservative Mr. F. E. Smith has expressed it; but between that and some root-and-branch method which the Liberal leaders may have in mind there is a wide difference. While, then, the general election will soon be over, it is clear that England's political and parliamentary troubles will not.

Full details of the interpellation in the Reichstag, on the subject of the Emperor's recent divine-right speeches, bear out the interpretation put upon it by the Paris *Temps*, that it was virtually a case of "Revanche Impériale." It certainly looks so, when we turn back to the declarations made to the Reichstag by Chancellor von Bülow in 1908. The promise was then given that the Emperor would, in future, display "that reserve, even in private conversations, which is equally indispensable in the interest of a uniform policy and for the authority of the Crown." Yet on November 26, when the present Chancellor was asked what he proposed to do about the violation of this pledge by the Emperor in his speeches at Königsberg and elsewhere, the carefully prepared official reply was made that it was not the Emperor, but the King of Prussia addressing his subjects in a Prussian province, who was brought under inquiry. Herr Bethmann-Hollweg contended that an absolutist deliverance by King William had nothing to do with the Constitutional law which, he admitted, must govern the Emperor William. This nice division of his Majesty into two persons only angered the Social Democrats, whose spokesman made the tactical mistake of declaring that his party really believed in a republic. The Chancellor made great play with this language of revolution, as he called it; and the net result was to bring the Emperor off triumphantly, and to restore to him that liberty of public utterance which he had apparently renounced two years ago.

PARTY VITALITY.

Last month's impressive triumph of a political party which was laid out for burial in 1896, buried in 1900, and solemnly commemorated in 1904 and 1908, was a little upsetting to those who had put their trust in the professional skill of undertakers and pall-bearers. The fact that during the fourteen years after the supposed demise no heir appeared to claim the inheritance, or take the place of the departed, might have suggested the possibility of a mistake somewhere. At all events, the entombed Democratic party emerged, and in one day put to flight its enemies. Undaunted by the failure of prophecy in this instance, an English newspaper correspondent thought it worth cable tolls to announce to his American readers the formation of a new British party. He is prudent enough to admit that "this is looking somewhat far ahead," but believes that "many Liberals will be found eager to join the ranks of this new Whig or Centre party."

A look backward over English and American politics shows a pronounced disinclination to create new parties. In England, except for Lord Randolph Churchill's "Fourth Party"—composed of four—and the recently arisen Labor Party, new parties have sprung from Constitutional crises. The Liberal Unionists and the Irish Nationalists were born, however late, of the still-vexed Union; while the persistent Conservatives and Liberals are only the old Tories and Whigs, fitted out with modern ideas and ancient prejudices. On this side of the water, the Populists are the only new organization of national scope which has figured in the political arena since the wedge of slavery cleaved its way through the parties of its time. Here, too, was a Constitutional crisis. The record of Presidential and Congressional campaigns is steadily a record of the Democratic and the Republican parties. Whether the course of the Socialists will more resemble that of the defeated but perennial Prohibitionists, or that of the victorious but vanished Populists, we do not predict. That it will follow a new line, leading to anything approaching even a balance of power, is extremely improbable. And what has been true since 1856, was true before it. Federalists and Republicans became Whigs and Democrats. The American and the Anti-Masonic parties were as lacking in nationality of scope as in attainment of power or in permanence.

There seems to be in the Anglo-Saxon political nature a fine instinct for economy of effort. When old forms become outworn, they are still made to do service as patterns for new ones. Men go on in their old organizations, suffering from their defects and increasing maladjustments, but reluctant to displace them by new ones, until at length the perils of the untried seem lighter than the faults of the familiar. This vitality, not to say stability, of political parties would be impossible if parties were not representative, however unconsciously, of some fundamental distinctions in human nature. To be able to take fairly consistent positions with reference to successive and frequently unrelated questions, with the continuing approval of the great bulk of their members, would be a rare display of skill if it were not rather a result of instinct. Leaders may be governed and may partly govern by intelligence, but most of their followers will act from motives not deeply reasoned. The further fact that parties in Anglo-Saxon politics are virtually limited to two, simplifies the analysis of their relation to the deeper springs of human conduct. Perhaps the old division into the party of order and the party of progress is as valid as any.

Even with this instinctive response of outward organization to inner impulse, one thing is necessary to the securing of stability. That is sufficient elasticity to permit of internal reform, amounting at times to revolution, which shall make a new party unnecessary. It is in this element of party nature that our own recent times have been richest. Look at it as you will, the campaign of 1896 was unique, and was so because the prestige of a great party name was made to serve the purposes of a host of voters who, without it, would have been forced to the enormous undertaking of forming a new party. This may not have been immediately beneficial to the party so roughly made over, but it did two things that parties in enlightened communities will forget again at their peril. It loosened party ties, and it revealed the possibility of swift and radical interior change. From both of these lessons, both parties, and the people they exist to serve, have since profited. Parties are hard to kill, even by their own mistakes. Important new parties arise only as last resorts, and voters will long put up with Hobson's choice. Nevertheless, party vitality, in the long run, is conditioned upon party adaptability. Like any other organism, a party is subject to the blight that besets the unfit. But so long as it is reasonably responsive to public opinion, it will continue, under whatever changes of name and management, to serve successive generations—now as Government, and now as Opposition.

CONCERNING "LAME DUCKS."

The Washington correspondents have had a good deal of fun over "Lame Duck Alley." This is the name they have given to a screened-off corridor in the White House offices, where statesmen who went down in the recent electoral combat may meet to display their wounds and compare notes about their chances for the future. All of them, of course, hope ultimately to reach the President, in order to lay before him their tale of woe, and to extract from him practical sympathy in the shape of a promise that "something will be done" for them after their term of office expires. In this expectation, obviously, lies the significance of the name jocularly given to them. They are "Lame Ducks" in the sense that they have been winged, but hope to preen their plumage again, if not to flap their pinions, in some other office. If the voters won't elect them, perhaps the Executive will appoint them.

The spectacle is not novel. For many years lame ducks have hobbled back to Washington after losing elections. Their numbers are greater after a general *débâcle*, like that of 1890 or 1910, but there are always some to be found. They belong to the political class that "must be taken care of." No system of outdoor relief being available for them, they seize upon the system of appointment to office. They eagerly go over the list of possible vacancies. They scan the roster of commissionerships and judgeships and marshalships, of collectorships and postmasters, feeling themselves fit for any office which they know they badly want. Their sufficient qualification is that they need the job. They are men with "claims"; they regard themselves as too important to be overlooked. Like the financial cripples in Wall Street who have been such great figures that they have to be "help-

ed," lest their hopeless crash should carry down others, the political lame ducks picture themselves as persons of such consequence that, if they are permanently left out of office, the whole party will be injured and the wheels of government come near stopping altogether. To Senator A, thoughtlessly voted down in his State, it appears incredible that he should ever become a mere private citizen; while Representative B, overwhelmed by an adverse majority, will inevitably entertain gloomy fears for the republic if he has to go to work to earn his living.

We do not say that all the lame ducks who, in past years, have been kindly picked up by compassionate Presidents and put in places in the public service, have been failures. Many of them, however, have been unquestionably. Mentioning no names, we will merely say that some of the ex-Senators who got berths on the Panama Commission were very slightly ornamental and not at all useful. Indeed, in the nature of the case, a lame duck is not, as a rule, fitted to be a valuable public servant. He is thinking more of his hurts, and how to heal them, than of his work. The office which is flung to him, like cold victuals to a tramp, he regards less as a recognition of merit, or even a balm to wounded dignity, than as a mere stop-gap. It is all well enough as a base of campaign, all too small though its supply of the sinews of war may be, but is to be abandoned as soon as he is ready to march for another assault upon a seat in Congress. If appointing officers, therefore, are thinking more of efficiency than of charity, they will, in general, do well to pass the lame ducks by.

It might be fairly argued that filling Federal offices with ex-Congressmen is against at least the spirit of the Constitution. Its framers guarded so far as they well could against the practice of preparing soft berths for injured statesmen to fall into. They made it unlawful, for example, to appoint any member of Congress to any office which had been created or the emoluments of which had been increased during his term of office. That sort of anchor to the windward was forbidden to any Senator or Representative looking forward apprehensively to a popular storm. Against the other thing there is no law and could not well be; but against it there often is a feeling of propriety. It ought not to be supposed that there is any class of men whose disappearance from public life is unthinkable; that there is any rule once an officeholder, always an officeholder. We leave ex-Presidents to shift for themselves, and so we fairly may ex-Congressmen. If it is distinction that the latter crave, they might get it in being pointed to as "extinct volcanoes," to use Disraeli's phrase about discredited men.

We do not deny that there is something pathetic about the lame ducks at Washington. The fondness for office has been said to be "an acquired taste" for most men, but it may be easily cultivated and soon becomes an imperious appetite. It is this, we suppose, and not merely salaries, which drives the sorrowing procession of unappreciated statesmen to the White House to ask for places within the President's gift. They long for official dignity of some sort or other; they still want a handle to their names. But they ought to be warned that, if they do not cease displaying their broken wings to the public, and squawking piteously for aid, they will, indeed, get a public title, but it will be that of membership in the Ancient but Dishonorable Order of Lame Ducks.

SPEAKING OUT ABOUT THE SENATORSHIP.

Woodrow Wilson promised the New Jersey voters that, if elected, he would go upon the plan of "pitiless publicity," in all that related to the interests of the State, and he is living up to his word in the matter of the United States Senatorship. His public statement last Friday opposing ex-Senator Smith can be thought of as an astonishing procedure only in the sense that it is astonishing to find a public man doing after election exactly what before it he said he would do. Gov.-elect Wilson's case stands by itself, but it is perfectly clear. His attitude is not "sprung" upon the people. This very issue was openly debated during his campaign, and both by speech and letter Dr. Wilson took a position which was entirely explicit. He frankly declared that a vote for him meant a vote for party leader; and in his answers to the questions put to him by Mr. Record, he stated in the most positive way that there could be under him no domination by the Smith machine, and that he should feel "forever disgraced" if he submitted to any kind of boss dictation. These assurances undoubtedly won him thousands of votes; and he now stands forth simply as a man living up to his side of the contract. Even if he swore to his own hurt, he changeth not.

In his clear-cut announcement of his position, Dr. Wilson makes it plain that in coming out against Smith he is not speaking as Governor. He is, he admits, going outside of his "legal duties." But, as he grimly remarks, "there are other duties." A question of good faith with the people has arisen, and of "genuine representation" in the Senate, and he, as a citizen, and as a man who has taken upon himself special obligations and responsibilities from which he cannot shrink, does not propose to hold his peace. He has not spoken until it was necessary. Mr. Smith was given every opportunity to take himself out of the Senatorial contest. But since he has refused to do so, Dr. Wilson calls upon the party to compel him to that course. There can be no doubt of the result. James Smith cannot stand up against Woodrow Wilson. Whether knowingly or unwittingly, the Democratic party of New Jersey has elected a real man Governor, and is bound to follow where he leads. A breach with Smith does not matter, even an angry quarrel within the party is of no consequence, compared with the overmastering duty of keeping faith with the people.

It is important to notice precisely what it is that Woodrow Wilson is attacking. In a word, it is an attempt secretly to circumvent the will of the people. Smith has made no open canvass. His own newspaper, the Newark *Star*, has kept as silent as the grave about his candidacy. There has, in fact, been no public advocacy of his election, worth speaking of. Such expressions of opinion as have been made are nearly all against him. But that did not prevent his machine from being put quietly into operation. Every kind of subterranean influence has been exerted, every hidden wire pulled, midnight conferences held, furtive appeals made to this local boss and the other political dealer. The whole Smith campaign has, in fact, been under a blanket; and what Woodrow Wilson has done is to tear the blanket off. The thing can no longer be done in a corner. There must

now be open discussion, and the Senatorship will be settled in the full light of day. This is the old fashion, and it is the only democratic fashion. As the Prime Minister of France said the other day, in his address at the unveiling of the monument to Jules Ferry, "power in a republic rests, not upon silence, but upon debate."

New Yorkers, as they look across the North River and see the policy of covert scheming for a United States Senatorship shattered by the bold act of Dr. Wilson, cannot avoid a feeling at once of envy and of mortification. For New York is threatened with a Senator by arrangement, not by free and public canvassing of the merits of the different candidates. All the talk of the political quidnuncs in New York is of some one to be "seen," of some interest to be privately conciliated, some secret shuffling of the cards in order to get a winning hand. The friends of certain candidates are, it is true, pressing their claims in public by every fair argument and honorable effort, but it is impossible to be blind to the general expectation that, in the end, everything will be settled by two or three men. They, meanwhile, are pursuing the same plan as James Smith—saying nothing, discussing nothing, proposing no one, but plotting in the dark and assuming the right to impose their will upon the Legislature.

This cannot go on. The people in New York are no more ready than those in New Jersey to see a United States Senator drawn out of a boss's hat. Sooner or later, they simply must get back to the American way of government in the open, a free field and fair play, election of Senators on the principle of the survival of the fittest, not the machine elevation of the unfit.

RAILWAY RATES AND RAILWAY ECONOMIES.

In the current *Outlook*, Mr. Walker D. Hines sets forth temperately and clearly the grounds on which the railways believe themselves justified in asking for higher rates. His fundamental thesis agrees with that of numerous witnesses in the recent inquiry; it is, that a railway must have the opportunity to earn enough to pay interest on its debt and satisfactory dividends on its stock, and, in addition, a surplus large enough to keep the property up to date. Mr. Hines argues that, under present conditions, these purposes cannot be achieved except through a substantial increase in the company's net revenues.

On his own railway, Mr. Hines points out, expenditure for new equipment and betterment, during the fourteen years since the Atchison's reorganization, has averaged $9,000,000 per annum, but in the past five years it has averaged $16,000,000, and the rate of expenditure, he thinks, "will increase continually and progressively." This money can be raised in four ways only—by taking it out of profits, by selling new stock, by issuing bonds with a mortgage on the property, or by borrowing on promissory notes or bonds without a lien on the property. The Atchison's property, Mr. Hines shows, is already mortgaged up. In order to pay for improvements from the surplus, the surplus must be earned, and in order to sell stock or unsecured bonds and notes, such new securities must be offered by a going enterprise, paying "a sufficient dividend on the common stock to make that stock attractive as an investment." This, he believes, necessitates higher railway rates.

The *Outlook* article did not discuss the phase of the question on which Mr. Brandeis insisted in the recent Washington hearing—reduction in working costs through scientific management. This consideration Mr. Hines takes up in a letter to the *Nation* which we print on another page. He does not dispute the reasoning of Mr. Brandeis, but he raises two points which, he believes, would militate against that plan as a complete solution of the financial problem of the railways. One is the fact that, in his judgment, introduction of such a system, in so extended an industry, would be "a matter of years or decades," whereas "the protection of railway credit is of vital, immediate interest." The other is the attitude of organized labor regarding piece-work and the bonus system.

Each of these counter-arguments has force, and calls for careful consideration. The one regarding the position of labor is to some extent borne out by Mr. John Mitchell's interview of last Sunday, declaring that "organized labor is against the premium or bonus system of payment to the workman, because that is designed to speed up the workman beyond the safety line." We doubt, however, if Mr. Mitchell has clearly understood the purpose of the system which he was criticising; which, in reality, is based, not on straining physical capacity to the limit, but on economizing to the uttermost the workman's expenditure of energy. Mr. Ray Morris, in his practical work on "Railroad Administration," explains the feeling of railway labor by "the unfortunate fact" that, in experiments on the basis of individual effort, managers have sometimes tried "to make the exceptional record of one season the minimum standard of the next, so that the only result of brilliant work was to make it progressively harder for the average worker to earn his living." But nothing could possibly be further away than this from intelligent scientific management.

Mr. Hines's argument that the railways cannot safely wait for the complete introduction of a new system of labor supervision has more weight, though, naturally, its conclusiveness depends on the argument from necessity. It must frankly be said that an argument which begins by assuming that a given enterprise must pay a satisfactory dividend on its stock, leads to some logical difficulties. Some companies have been large borrowers on both notes and bonds, when they were paying no dividends at all. Such borrowers, doubtless, have to bid a higher price for money, either through actual rate of interest paid or through discount on the selling price of their new securities; but that is the lot of other business enterprises. Union Pacific was able to raise money enough to buy the Southern Pacific and half of the Northern Pacific's stock, when it was paying only 4 per cent. dividends on its own; yet there are numerous railway men who declare 6 per cent. to be imperative.

We are not arguing for lower dividends, but we do not see how Mr. Hines's full assumption can be accepted unless we recognize a quasi-responsibility on somebody's part to guarantee railway dividends. But, if so, then what is to be the outcome with inefficiently managed or unfavorably located railways? And how are we to escape the paradox of an advance in rates when general business is at its worst—on the ground that the reduced volume of traffic will, at the previous rates, no longer suffice to pay last year's dividend on the company's stock?

Whatever the conclusion at which the Interstate Commerce Commission arrives in the immediate question of next season's railway rates, it will not do to drop the matter of scientific management. There was great force in this remark by Mr. Henry R. Towne, in his testimony last month at the rate inquiry:

> I am not here to oppose the proposed increase of freight rates. I do not know whether the railroads should have it or not. If they are entitled to it, they ought to have it. But I see this fact, as a manufacturer; that, whereas, in other industries, when we are confronted by too close an approximation of our income to our expenditure, competitive conditions rarely, if ever, permit us to open the interval to the point which will cover a fair profit by putting our prices up. Our competitors will not permit of our doing that. We have to meet the competition, and, therefore, we are compelled to look within for the remedy—not to pass the burden on to others, but to face it ourselves, and find some way of relief. We have done it again and again, successfully, on a great scale in hundreds of thousands of cases; and it is one of the many illustrations of what is commonly understood as a blessing in disguise.

MAKING LAWS FOR AIRSHIPS.

The International Conference on Aerial Navigation has again been in session in Paris after an adjournment on June 28, taken at the request of the British Government, which desired plenty of time to examine the draft of an international convention upon which the Conference had nearly agreed. A summary of that convention, which has just appeared in the London *Times*, bears on its face such evidence of its great importance as to make it plain that other nations besides England will need ample time to consider before giving their adhesion to its provisions. As an instance of international law-making in a new sphere of human activity, it is particularly interesting and will doubtless afford fresh inspiration to those enthusiastic members of the new World-Federation League, whose objective is a Supreme Court of International Justice. It may well be asked if the nations can so readily be got together to discuss questions of aerial navigation, why they cannot be induced to legislate in regard to the excessive armament that is steadily bringing on the financial ruin of Europe.

As bearing on this point, it is of interest that all the participating nations agreed that the aerial transport of explosives, firearms, ammunition, and carrier-birds must be forbidden. An airship of one nation arriving in another's territory will be exempt from duty, passengers' luggage to have the same treatment as if it had arrived by sea or land. If there are, however, any photographic films or negatives on board that have evidently been used on the flight, the visited state has the right to insist on their being developed—this, we presume, with a view to preventing the photographing of fortifications. "Merchandise," says the convention, "can only be carried under special conventions, or in virtue of internal legislation," and wireless is to be used for no other purpose than to secure the airship's safety. Unfortunately, the Belgian Government's proposal that there should be everywhere free trade in airships in order to advance aerial navigation was not accepted.

As to liberty to navigate the air, the following rule was accepted:

> Each of the contracting states shall permit the navigation of the airships of the other contracting states within and above its territory, under reserve of the restrictions necessary to guarantee its own safety and that of the persons and property of its inhabitants.

The restrictions referred to relate chiefly to the question of certain zones, over which, if they are properly indicated in advance, no airship may fly unless compelled by necessity. If an aeroplane is carried by accident or by adverse air conditions over an interdicted zone, it must descend at once and indicate its disability. It must also descend if signalled to from the earth; but just how the airship, which may be 6,000 feet high, can be signalled from earth, and how it can always be made to descend if disabled, are technical points that are not touched upon. Will an airship flying 3,000 feet high be able to make a distress signal as required, which can be seen from the earth? Practice alone can tell; but this question shows clearly that, while it is easy to theorize, the effectiveness of the new rules will after all have to be tested in actual practice a few years hence when the dirigible and the passenger-carrying aeroplanes have reached a greater development than at present. Meanwhile, all captains of airships must be provided with certificates of their government, or of some recognized aeronautical association. Moreover, "a very detailed log must be kept, giving not only the names, nationality, and domicile of all persons on board, but the course, altitude, and all events which may occur during the voyage. Log-books must be preserved for at least two years from the date of the last entry, and must be produced on demand of the authorities."

The question of the nationality of an airship brought up some interesting points. It was decided that it should be determined by the nationality of the owner or by his domicile. It was also voted that:

> A state may require its subject to be at the same time domiciled on its territory, or it may admit domiciled foreigners as well as its subjects. Airships belonging to companies must take the nationality of the state in which their head office is situated. In the case of an airship belonging to several owners, at least two-thirds must be owned by subjects of, or foreigners domiciled in, the state conferring nationality.

The Swiss delegates protested that this article would permit the establishment of many foreign airships in one nation without the supervision of their own, and then drew attention to a suggestion already made by them that no nationality be attributed to airships, but that each airship be compelled to acknowledge a "certain port of register or domicile." This system, the Swiss believe, "offers from the point of view of the safety of states, very superior guarantees to those secured by the system of owner's nationality." But the Swiss proposal was rejected.

Each state is required to furnish in the month of January to every other signatory to the convention a list of all the aircraft to which it has granted nationality in the preceding year. These airships must have distinguishing marks and otherwise conform to the *Règlement de la Circulation Aérienne* which is to be annexed to the convention as finally passed, and will, doubtless, help to elucidate many doubtful points. A distinction is made in the convention between public airships—those employed for civil reasons by states—and military airships. The latter are naturally exempt from certain of the regulations, if manned by men in uniform; but the departure or landing of military airships of one nation in the territory of another is strictly prohibited without the authorization of the visited state. Each state may forbid the passage of any or all military airships over its lands. Finally, the convention in no wise interferes with the liberty of action of belligerents or with the rights and duties

of neutrals. Non-signatory states may adhere to it by notifying their intention in writing to the French Government. A contracting state may denounce it in the same manner.

FASHIONS IN HOLIDAY BOOKS.

This is the bookmaker's hour. Now, if ever, he expects the public to give him heed. After months of preparation his shop is thrown open. And in many ways, no doubt, well it may be. Outdoing Mohammed, he has made the mountain, and the whole world besides, come to him. Through him East and West, North Pole and Southern Seas, are any reader's for the asking. So are the painters, authors, prophets, martyrs. The completeness of the output is, indeed, a little appalling. There is scarcely a branch of knowledge which is not presented comprehensively, in attractive form and manner. What though at Christmas the oracles are dumb, the publishers are not.

We may mention at the outset some of the features which are more particularly associated with the season. Especially agreeable is the thought which has been given to children's books. The best of the fairy-tales, tales of heroes like Odysseus, Roland, and Samson, and a quantity of other historical matter told pleasantly but without gush, besides photographs of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, place the elements of culture where a child will not avoid them, and make a valuable foundation for later thought and reading. Under such tutelage, who shall say that the child, become man, will not win back the pleasurable art of allusion, or that he will not cultivate the habit of historical perspective in forming judgments of present needs? A word likewise for the illustrations, both for juveniles and adults—at least, for those illustrations which stand out from the many that are garish and tawdry. Artistic skill in this line has been progressing steadily; so have the processes of mechanical reproduction, and between the two some beautiful creations have resulted. Books of travel, in particular, have come off well, with their lovely bits of the old world; and, in a few instances, we have observed simple photogravures of city scenes almost as artistic as etchings. As to the so-called "handsome editions" with which Christmas is loaded, opinions will differ widely. To us they are, for the most part, overdone, and contrast unfavorably with those true rulings and simple pages of other days. Here, much more than in the less elaborate editions, the designs and color-schemes are of the impressionistic, unstable sort.

In general, the publishers have shown rare ingenuity in trying to meet a great variety of tastes. Part of their zeal, however, seems to us questionable, if not pernicious. "Reading," under ideal conditions, "maketh a full man," but to-day it becomes a weariness to the flesh, even for him who reads but the titles. Publisher vies with publisher. Not only are the old favorites re-issued, but new favorites are created on the spur of the moment. The publishers, no doubt, will tell you that they are carried along by a force stronger than themselves. Like the etiquette which prevents disarmament, for which each nation shouts in turn, suspicion of the other fellow keeps the publisher from his avowed wish to limit himself to a few books each year. Meanwhile, to stand the bombardment, the reading public may well pray for *aes triplex*. True, he who runs may read, and still the running reader is no match to-day for the active publisher.

The latter, in point of fact, recognizes this, and agrees to do your reading for you by furnishing a predigested variety. There never was a time when books of reference were so plentiful. There are even summaries of fiction, the best hundred pages of Plato, of Herbert Spencer. Keeping pace, too, with the specialist, publishers now get out hosts of "series" in which knowledge, cut perpendicularly, athwart, or to order, is easily accessible. If it is true that "he is wise who knows the way to the book-shelves," then wisdom will soon be omniscience. And in this respect—putting conveniently upon record the doings of man, his every thought and feeling, however trivial—the publishers of the present time have wrought heroically. Yet there comes the distressing feeling that this policy is partly mistaken. Does the reader read more the more his reading is done for him? That may be an Irish question, but it fairly presents the situation. The chances are, we believe, that the modern way is weakening to the public's mental fabric. When men had to go distances to borrow books and had to make their own summaries, they remembered what they read, if only in self-defence. The tendency nowadays is to get knowledge literally at hand, and to get it permanently any farther is thought unnecessary. In the hour of need, we append the words of Francis Bacon on these very matters:

> Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

RECENT GERMAN POETRY.

Compiling and editing poetical anthologies is a task to which German men of letters devote themselves with enthusiastic industry. Even the younger generation has given us a number of lyrical collections of merit, and has roused interest in the poetry of other countries. Karl Henckell, one of the leaders of those militant secessionists who made their début in the "Moderne Dichter-Charaktere" twenty-five years ago, gave us a loose-leaf collection of the world's lyrics some years later, and now his name appears on the cover of a book called "Weltlyrik" (München: Die Lese), which contains some of the choicest specimens of lyric verse written outside of Germany and which, with the exception of one of Shakespeare's sonnets, is limited to the last century. The beautiful little volume bears the subtitle "Ein Lebenskreis in Nachdichtungen," defining the scope and character of the work. There are selections from Shakespeare, Rossetti, Swinburne, Poe, Whitman, Holger Drachmann, Pushkin, Mjereshkowski, Maria Konopnicka, Ada Negri, and others, among them fifteen Frenchmen, beginning with de Musset and ending with the singer of Bruges, the mysterious George Rodenbach. The keynote of the work is struck in the editor's prologue, a hymn to life, and for epilogue he has appropriately chosen the hymn to the sun from "Chantecler."

The translations are really "Nachdichtungen," namely, poetical reproductions, and as such have great merit. Among the best are the lines on love from Whitman's "Mystic Trumpeter," Poe's "Eldorado," Emilio Praga's "Night Prayer," Asnyk's "Futile Plaint," and Maupassant's poem on the wild geese. Almost all of Henckell's versions of Verlaine are distinguished by a rare spontaneity, but in rendering Sully Prudhomme's "Broken Vase," he has been less successful. As a whole, the book is a remarkable achievement. It reflects sometimes the more sordid phases of human existence, but the only selection which might have been omitted is that from Aristide Bruant, though as a translation, it is a veritable *tour de force*.

When Ernst Freiherr von Wolzogen, who is now lecturing in America on the

German drama and the past thirty years of German letters, abandoned the enterprise to which he had devoted a number of years, the *Überbrettl*, he little dreamed that the idea of transplanting upon German soil the gripping pathos and audacious humor of the French *chansons du cabaret* would survive longer in books than on the stage. Maximilian Bern, the compiler and editor of poetical anthologies for the Reclam edition, collected specimens of German poetry approaching that *genre* in spirit and form, and called his book "Die zehnte Muse" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). A second and enlarged edition of that work has just appeared, showing that there is a demand for *Überbrettl* poetry wherever German is sung and recited. The book differs from most poetical anthologies in the absence of the hackneyed sentimental and sweetly inane. Among the groups into which it is divided, satire covers the largest space, next comes erotic poetry, and next forty pages of poems more or less directly implying criticism of the present social order. There are also fables, parables, tramp tunes, and romances of reality, and the lines of demarcation are remarkably well observed. The selections cover three centuries of German poetry and revive the memory of long forgotten poets, introducing to the readers a number of obscure singers whose work deserves recognition. For purposes of recitation, this book is likely to be without a peer in the German book market.

Carl Hauptmann has published an enlarged edition of the quaint volume of prose and verse entitled "Aus meinem Tagebuch" (München: Georg D. W. Callwey), which illustrates the elusive originality of the author. It is a book to be taken up at quiet moments, if one is to sense its spiritual unity. Hauptmann's interests embrace the universe. He has sympathy with the exalted aspirations and pity for the criminal cravings of mankind. He looks upon the turmoil of the workaday world with eyes that seek to fathom its meaning. He listens to Bach and Beethoven and illumines what was vague or obscure. There are lyrics in the book insinuatingly tuneful; there are philosophical reflections, simply worded, but full of suggestions; there are passing glances at men of letters—Schiller, Turgenev, Zola, Liliencron, surprising for their insight; there are interpretations of artists, Böcklin, Meunier, Segantini. The book is appropriately dedicated to Anna Teichmüller, a woman composer of Germany, who has made a number of his lyrics into songs, with rare ability.

Among the poets that now and then spring from the plain people of Germany, Johanna Ambrosius has perhaps risen to undue prominence, while Christian Wagner has been comparatively neglected. For this son of the same Suavian soil that brought forth the much-beloved Schiller is a personality of greater artistic distinction and spiritual import than that facile poetess of the obvious and the commonplace. Christian Wagner does not avoid the homely topics of everyday life; he does not seek his subjects in remote realms of thought; yet his songs strike a new note. For he has the gift of extracting the essence of poetry from the life about him and of coining images and moulding phrases of individual beauty. The ten volumes that contain his work are the fascinating record of a spiritual and artistic development. With the exception of a few readers of *Poet-Lore* who may have seen translations of his poems by Miss Thomas, Christian Wagner is unknown to American students of German poetry. Yet there are few poets of contemporary Germany capable of making a wider appeal than the peasant-poet of Warmbrunn.

The slim volume which has lately come from the pen of this septuagenarian is entitled "Späte Garben" (München: Georg Müller), and its contents and quality are typical of his work. A series of charming flower-songs introduce the collection. From his intimate knowledge of the flora of his home, Wagner weaves fanciful myths about the daphne, the nettle, the water-iris, the evening-primrose, and even about the quitch grass growing among the wheat. He sings of planting, hoeing, and digging potatoes, of the simple beliefs and customs of his people. He does not echo the well-worn rhymes of an unlimited procession of poetical ancestors, but writes from direct and personal impression. There are a score of poems reminiscent of an Italian journey which he was able to make through the generosity of a literary society.

Otto Sattler is a German-American of whose poetical gifts the little volume entitled "Stille und Sturm" (Lemcke & Buechner) gives fair promise. He treats a variety of motives and skilfully adapts his manner to the matter before him. He sings of the joy of life and love and of the Wanderlust which has taken him, like so many of his people, around the world; he writes of the daily drudgery in factory and workshop, among the whirr and the roar of machinery. He pictures the sordidness of poverty and strikes notes of stirring fervor in uttering his faith in a better future for all mankind. Of the longer poems in prose the one called "New York" commands attention. Among the specimens of a Whitmanesque style that have appeared in Germany within the last two decades, this poem compares well with those of Johannes Schlaf and Alfons Paquet. The meaning which the image of the city holds for the author and the hopeful inference which he draws from it are expressed with a strength and a dignity that reconcile us for some pages of a rather trite sentimentalism.

The posthumous volume of "Poetische Auslese," by Hugo Andriessen (Beaver, Pa.), awakens memories of a time when a wave of radicalism swept over the German element of the United States and found organs to lend it voice in Karl Heinzen's *Pionier*, published in Boston; the *Arme Teufel*, edited by Robert Reitzel of Detroit, and the *Freidenker*, which alone has survived and is still sent out from Milwaukee. For in those weeklies could always be found poems by the latest author, voicing the gospel of free thought, taking up the cause of some political movement and spreading the message of evolution and a monistic philosophy. This book contains many specimens of that didacticism, but the editors of the volume have wisely included poems unburdened by any message and a number of clever translations from Swinburne, Adelaide Proctor, Longfellow, Charles Wolfe, William Bedford, Lyall, and Villon.

Another little book by a German-American, Dr. W. L. Rosenberg, is pompously entitled "An der Weltenwende" (Cleveland: Windsor Publishing Co.). He significantly uses as dedication a translation of "The Under-Dog," by "Barker," presumably Elsa Barker. The poems evoke dramatic scenes of a Ghetto pogrom, of miners' strikes, and of sweatshop slavery. Some hark back to the abolitionist movement, and one brings the book singularly up to date; it is the poem entitled "Roosevelt," of which every stanza begins with the line "Nimm dich in Acht"—Take care. But the feature that relieves the monotony of the *Tendenz* note struck too insistently and incessantly is the translations from William Morris, John Hay, and Victor Hugo.

A. von Ende.

Correspondence.

THE SHAPE OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Students of the Elizabethan drama owe a considerable debt to V. E. Albright's monograph on "The Shakespearean Stage" (Columbia University Studies in English, 1909). It will hardly be thought derogatory of his admirable work to mention a detail in which his sketches of the "typical Shakespearean stage" seem likely to convey misapprehension.

Mr. Albright's plates represent a stage not square, but converging to a relatively sharp point in front. The only authority for this conception is found in a rough sketch of a stage of some kind, printed on the title page of "The Tragedy of Messallina," in 1640. It is by no means clear that this can be relied upon as a faithful picture of conditions in the public theatres of that day. It is certainly vague and not improbably fanciful. Moreover, it bears a very strong resemblance to the stage portrayed on the title-page of the Latin play

of "Roxana" (1632), which was acted in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, and by reason of its language and general academic character cannot ever have been produced in the London popular theatres. "Messallina" itself, acted by the company of the King's Revels, is not precisely a popular play; and it is possible that the stage portrayed in both dramas is meant to be that of the academic hall rather than of the public theatre. The employment of the word "Theator," quoted by Mr. Albright on pp. 44, 45, does not contradict such an assumption.

In any case, however, a comparison of the "Roxana" and "Messallina" sketches (reproduced in Prof. Baker's "Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist," p. 270), with Mr. Albright's ideal drawing, will show that the side lines of the stage converge relatively very little in the two former. It seems to me even doubtful whether any convergence at all was intended. The shortening of the front line may be merely the device of an awkward draughtsman, whereby he is enabled to represent, from a direct front view, the two side lines of the stage, which naturally would be invisible if allowed to remain entirely parallel to each other and to the line of vision.

Even if we admit, however, that the "Messallina" picture proves at least one English public stage in 1640 to have been somewhat narrower in front than at the back, no such assumption concerning the Shakespearean stage of a half century earlier seems allowable. The well-known De Witt drawing of the Swan Theatre, dated 1596, shows a perfectly square stage; and De Witt's picture, untrustworthy though it may be in details, is certainly better authority for sixteenth-century practice in regard to so fundamental a matter than the equally vague and much later frontispiece to "Messallina."

Fortunately, it is not necessary to depend altogether for one's decision upon the balancing of these rough and contradictory sketches. The question seems to be settled, as far as the procedure of 1600 is concerned, by the details given in Henslowe's contract for the building of the Fortune Theatre, January 8, 1599, 1600. Many of the features in the construction of this building, it should be remembered, were avowedly copied from Shakespeare's Globe; and here a rectangular stage, virtually square, is certainly described. In length it is to be forty-three feet; in breadth, it is to extend to the middle of the "yarde," or pit; *i. e.*, forty feet, since the entire width of the house is named as eighty.

In one place, indeed, Mr. Albright admits incidentally that the "outer stage may have been square in its earlier history, and converging in its later" (p. 78). Since we have good evidence that it was square in Shakespeare's time, and only the most dubious reason to believe that it may have been converging forty years later, is it not a mistake to represent "the typical Shakespearean stage" as converging to such a degree that it is almost triangular?

The matter seems one of decided importance, because several features of Elizabethan dramatic presentation can hardly be explained in connection with the stage which Mr. Albright depicts. A ruling principle in the construction of Elizabethan theatres was always, apparently, the provision of generous stage room. The Fortune of Henslowe and Alleyn, previously mentioned, allotted more than one-fourth of the entire ground area to stage and tiring-house. Performers on Mr. Albright's stage would, however, be excessively cramped, and there would be no place at all tenable by the spectators, who, as we know, frequently occupied stools on the stage. The narrow front portion would be quite useless for real action, and all the exciting scenes would have to be presented toward the extreme rear of the outer platform or on the inner stage under the balcony—a very obvious disadvantage for the audience. Moreover, a glance at Mr. Albright's sketch will show how entirely unsuited this useless forward point would be for the seating of auditors. Half a dozen gallants and citizens, stationed as the stage directions in the prologue to "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" indicate, would hide the entire stage from all the spectators in the pit. On the other hand, auditors placed farther back on Mr. Albright's stage must be put either between the inner and outer stages—an impossible position—or else directly in the way of the doors by which actors entered and left the outer stage.

It seems clear, therefore, that the Shakespearean stage must have been square, or even more probably, as in the case of the Fortune, rectangular, with the longer side abutting upon the pit. Only under such conditions could a large number of actors and a group of spectators have been accommodated simultaneously without occasioning the unendurable discomfort of the rest of the audience.

C. F. Tucker Brooke.

Yale University, December 6.

"SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT" FOR RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many railroad officers have attempted to show that the public interest requires a marked improvement in railroad credit, and that to accomplish such improvement there must be substantial increases in net revenue. However, some who concede these propositions assert that such increases of net revenue ought not to be accomplished through increases in rates, but through increased efficiency of operation in accordance with the theories recently advanced by witnesses before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The support of this view rests largely upon the claims of Mr. Harrington Emerson, one of the witnesses before the commission.

Mr. Emerson made it plain that his criticism of inefficiency related not merely to the railroads, but, generally speaking, to all industrial activity, much of which he declared was "disgracefully" inefficient. When asked about the difference between railroads and other industries, Mr. Emerson stated that the railroads "are fully up to, if not ahead of, the average ability, and probably ahead of what they were some years ago." I believe that any impartial investigation will show a higher average efficiency on the part of railroads as a whole than on the part of other industries as a whole.

Bearing in mind that the improvement of railroad credit is a matter of vital interest to the public, it would seem contrary to the public's own interest for the government to prevent increases in rates and thereby obstruct the protection of railroad credit, merely because the railroads have not yet realized an ideal standard of efficiency far beyond that realized by well-managed industries in general.

Moreover, the supporters of the theories urged upon the commission made it very clear that those theories would revolutionize existing industrial methods. It is apparent that such a revolution would be a matter of time even in a single shop, and probably would be a matter of years or decades with respect to any extended industry. But the protection of railroad credit is of vital, immediate interest to the public and cannot be postponed indefinitely to await the success of an industrial revolution; it is a question which demands favorable attention now according to the general conditions and standards which prevail.

The theories of these experts involve the plan of securing greater efficiency from the individual laborer by means of a bonus system, and this is a system to which union labor is understood to be very much opposed. For example, one railroad company attempted to apply this bonus system to the operation of its locomotives, but the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, one of the most intelligent labor unions in the country, protested with such effect that the attempt was given up. Apparently trade unionism must be revolutionized before its coöperation can be secured in putting any such theories into general effect.

The fullest discussion of the question of industrial efficiency is to be welcomed and will tend to improve efficiency in all enterprises, both railroad and non-railroad, and perhaps will promote coöperation on the part of union labor. But the present situation cannot properly await the future working out of these problems. There is an imperative public necessity that the railroads should have adequate credit, and this credit is on the point of being seriously impaired unless additional net revenue can be had without delay. Under such conditions the protection of the public's interests ought not to be postponed for an indefinite period to await the revolutionizing of industrial methods or trade-union principles either as to the railroads or as to enterprises generally

Walker D. Hines.

New York, December 9.

LIFE AT THE SORBONNE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The student from an American college entering the Sorbonne discovers immediately a difference in methods, even in the formalities of registration, which indicates that the notions of education held in Paris are not those of Harvard or Princeton. Having in mind the infinite precautions taken by the American college to insure his doing a little work from time to time, he is surprised to find that the French authorities take it for granted that he will work of his own accord, and that, in fact, he has come to the Sorbonne for that express purpose. He can follow twenty courses, if he likes; or—amusing as it sounds—none at all. Absolutely nothing is officially required of him beyond the production of a diploma of secondary, or, if he prefers, of higher, instruction. Entrance examinations do not exist. If he wishes to take a de-

gree, he may present himself for final examinations after a period of years which varies according to the degree. On the other hand, after receiving his card of admission, he may cast one glance at the stately court and dome of the Sorbonne, and then depart forever. He will not be pursued by summonses from the dean, nor will his parents be notified of his "undue absence from university exercises."

Hearing of such a situation, a certain number of American undergraduates will inevitably exclaim "What a cinch!" and immediately begin to think seriously of transferring the seat of their education to Paris. But they would find the institution less agreeable than they had expected. For there exists at the Sorbonne no trace of the varied social activity which is the real attraction at American colleges. There being no dormitories or commons, the students live where they please, or where they can. The university is not concerned with them outside the lecture rooms. There is a total lack of the patriarchal spirit which manifests itself, at times so painfully for the undergraduate, through the American "committee on discipline." And what makes this attitude possible is precisely the complete absence of the clubs, fraternities, "proms," and football games which crowd the American student's days. In France they would never believe that we pay athletic coaches higher salaries than full professors, nor that the coaches sometimes lodge complaints when "university work" is allowed to encroach on time consecrated to football practice.

Whatever may be the motives which send an American boy to college, the chances are against their being connected with the inside of books. Custom, fashion, desire for amusement, a hundred various ambitions, petty but absorbing, all may have something to do with it. But in France the situation is much simpler; there is no use in going to a university for anything but study, because study is the only thing to be had there. Of course, there are numbers of young men from the provinces who come to the University of Paris, and especially to the faculties of law and medicine, solely for the sake of a few years in the metropolis. But just because of the extreme liberty allowed them, they do not trouble the professors by attending any of the courses, and consequently have as little influence on the schools as any of the other thousands of sightseers in Paris who never heard of Robert Sorbon.

It may be objected that the social side of American universities has its importance, and that a boy brought up in a sort of scholastic monastery would be a difficult type to live with. But the French are a proof of the fact that the social element may be neglected in universities without its being affected outside. They have both kinds of education, social and intellectual. They simply do not attempt to impose both of them on the university. That institution they consider as intended solely for intellectual training. The rest comes naturally, in the course of everyday life. And it is just this singleness of purpose, together with the higher regard accorded to things of the mind by the people in general, which gives the French university its air of seriousness, of efficiency, of accomplishment. This air is bound to strike the American as one of violent contrast with the institutions of his own land, where study slips apologetically and all but unnoticed through the roaring years of college life.

HERBERT JONES.

Paris, November 16.

PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of November 24 appears in an editorial on "Navy Yard Reform" the following statement concerning the Portsmouth Navy Yard: "The waterway to the yard is so bad that no battleship is docked there, and even a gunboat approaches it with great caution." As a reader of the *Nation* who puts great faith in its statements of fact, I beg leave to correct this extraordinary misstatement. Such battleships as the Maine, Wisconsin, and New Hampshire have repeatedly come up to the Portsmouth Yard under their own steam. The Maine and Wisconsin are lying at the yard piers at the present time. The armored cruisers Tennessee and Montana (502 feet long) were at the yard a few weeks ago, and the North Carolina, of the same class, was docked last Monday. One of the officers of the North Carolina told me that she came up to the yard at a speed of ten knots under her own steam and without the yard pilot. It would be possible to give further facts showing how the Portsmouth Navy Yard is now entirely and easily accessible to the largest men-of-war.

ALFRED GOODING.

Portsmouth, N. H., December 6.

[Our information was taken from an apparently uncontradicted statement made in Congress by a member of the House Naval Committee in an appeal to Congress to vote no more money for the Portsmouth and other yards.—ED. THE NATION.]

Literature.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—II.

A pretty story, "A Christmas Mystery," by William J. Locke, has been illustrated for the season by Blendon Campbell and printed as a slender gift book. (Lane, 75 cents net.) Another short story pleasantly decked out for the season is "The Green Door," by Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, with illustrations by Mary R. Bassett. (Moffat, Yard, 75 cents net.) Of older vintage is a translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette," by Eugene Mason, for which Maxwell Armfield has prepared several colored illustrations in antique style. (Dutton, 80 cents net.)

Gordon Home's sixteen full-page illustrations in color, together with a few line-drawings in the text, do, as he desires, give "The Romance of London." The color-plates are, with one or two exceptions, clearer and cleaner than common, and thus please the eye without detracting from the desired effect. The text deals with the history of the buildings whose exteriors and interiors are portrayed. (Macmillan, $1 net.)

As a companion volume to his "London City," James S. Ogilvy has taken a wider sweep in his "Relics and Memorials of London Town." The colors of the fifty plates by the author are not, to our taste, as agreeable as in the slighter volume by Gordon Home, but the scope is much larger. The text also is much more inclusive and is interspersed with quotations and anecdotes. (Dutton, $5 net.)

As in almost all the illustrated volumes published by Adam & Charles Black, the printing of the colored plates in "St. Petersburg" is clear and attractive. The pictures are from paintings by F. de Haenen, and cover pretty well the buildings of the city and the types of life in it. The text is written by G. Dobson. (Macmillan, $2.50 net.)

Unusual in form, with its leather covers and clasps, and rich in contents, is the new volume of the Mediæval Library, in which Miss Edith Rickert has gathered together a host of "Ancient English Christmas Carols," ranging from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, with a few modern songs in an appendix. A translation of obsolete words at the bottom of the pages, with a glossary at the end of the volume, makes the reading of the old texts easy; and, to a degree that will not affect the quaint manner of the original, the language has been modernized here and there in the texts themselves. The spelling, where the rhythm is not altered thereby, and the punctuation are regularly modernized, and this, we hold, is the only sensible way of dealing with such material for readers as distinguished from students. A number of photogravures from old illuminated missals are of real charm. Altogether, the book is one of the most attractive of an originally conceived and well executed series. (Duffield, $3.25 net.)

Edward Sandford Martin's "Luxury of Children" has been put out with illustrations by Sarah S. Stilwell. (Harper, $1.50.)

A unique memorial of a city is Louis J. Stillmann's "The Vanished Ruin Era," which consists of a series of photographs of San Francisco as it appeared after the earthquake, together with descriptive poems corresponding to the pictures. (Paul Elder, $2.50.)

"A Book of Hospitalities and a Record of Guests" is novel in design and happy in execution. After a "foreword" (this, for preface, is the only blot on the book) on Old House Mottoes, by Arthur Guiterman, we pass to a series of original epigrams by the same writer, some of which might serve for actual inscriptions, while others, such as those on the Master and on the Dog, might be a trifle awkward to inscribe, but are apt as mottoes. Many of these couplets and quatrains have a pretty touch, as may be seen in these three on the Gate, the Books, and the Andirons, respectively:

Now lift my Latch, and readily I swing
To bid thee come where Courtesy is King.
My Hinges creak,—for that I cannot teach
Their tongues to welcome thee in plainer Speech.

Thy Host loves well, when Nights are wild or cold,
To pore upon our Pages manifold.
We Books are Friends of his,—so, prithee, make
His Friends thy Friends, for Friendship's Sake.

Let Love endure. Thy Heart should feel no Shame
Like us to show the Marks of ancient Flame.

There are blank pages to be filled by the record of guests. (Paul Elder, $1.50.)

A. L. Coburn has taken a score of photographs of scenes in New York, and these have been printed in photogravure under his personal supervision at the Ballantyne Press. They form a romantic, and, in part, even beautiful record of the streets and bridges and wharves of the city. H. G. Wells contributes an introductory note, full of admiration for the vigor of New York

life, and for the marvels of her architecture:

I will confess an unqualified admiration for the sky-scraper—given the New York air to reveal it clearly to its summit against the sky. The Flat-Iron I visited again and again during my brief stay in New York, that I might see it at every phase in the bright round of the New York day and night. Mr. Coburn has given it between wintry trees, and in its graver mood, but I liked it best in the pellucid evening time, when the warm reflections of the sundown mingle with the onset of the livid lights within. To suggest that, the most exquisite of all New York's daily cycle of effects, Mr. Coburn has given a picture of the Singer tower at twilight, in which I verily believe his plate has caught something of the exhilaration of the air.

Mr. Wells thinks that these photographs will still be admired a hundred years from now; we are content to recommend them for the present. (Brentano's, $6.)

There was a time when few travellers penetrated the remote places of the peninsula of Brittany. Aliens were chiefly English residents on the fringe of coast, attracted by the moderate cost of living. Increasing facilities of travel, and, for the motorist, the lure of good roads have opened the land to invasion—a land picturesque, with an atmosphere of sombre romance, where the cult of Celtic saints still persists, where much of mediæval and even Druidical days still lingers. Scientists explain in vain the stones of Carnac. Every Breton peasant, whose church still tolerates a reverence for stones and springs, knows that it is St. Corneille who saved Carnac from destruction by turning the pagan army into stone; and the fisherman on the wind-swept headland knows as well that the blast at his hut door is the knock of a Druid soul pleading for Christian burial. It is into this world of witchery and romance that George Wharton Edwards invites us in "Brittany and the Bretons"—into the world of Merlin, of stout Du Guesclin, and sturdy Anne of Brittany, of gray villages of one tone, of plain, uninteresting churches, peopled by a patriotic race, faithful to religion and law. The volume is a companion to the author's "Holland of To-day," and is illustrated by somewhat sombre pictures which, however, accord well with his subject—a land of sinister beauty, a people whose life is bound up with the tragedies of the sea. The illustrations are handsomely reproduced in color. (Moffat, Yard, $6 net.)

Harrison Fisher has for a gift-book this year "A Garden of Girls," the title of which, together with Mr. Fisher's well-known manner, sufficiently explains the nature of the drawings reproduced. (Dodd, Mead, $3.50 net.) Another volume by Mr. Fisher is "Pictures in Color." (Scribner, $3.50 net.)

Among the special illustrated books from Boston may be mentioned Trowbridge's "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," with pictures by Wallace Goldsmith, and Mrs. Wiggin's "Rebecca," with a frontispiece in color by F. C. Yohn and reproductions of photographs taken from the play. (Houghton, 50 cents net and $1.50.)

Howard Chandler Christy offers his instalment of sentiment in something above a hundred illustrations for "The Lady of the Lake." (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.)

A "Christmas Treasury of Song and Verse" has been compiled by Temple Scott from sources ancient and modern. The book is neatly printed. (Baker & Taylor, $1.25 net.)

ENGLISH DRAMA.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vols. V and VI. The Drama to 1642. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 each.

The volumes before us, which, together, form a history of the English drama from its beginnings down to the closing of the theatres by the Puritan Parliament, are decidedly the most notable that have yet appeared in this series. The contributors are nearly all authorities of the first rank—English, German, and American—in the field of the drama, and the result is a more exhaustive record of present knowledge of the subject than is to be found in any other work. One observes, moreover, a progressive improvement in the supervision of the general editors. There is no serious conflict of statement from chapter to chapter, and cross-references are here given for the first time to any considerable extent. Dr. Ward has himself contributed two valuable chapters on subjects which his past researches have fitted him peculiarly to deal with—namely, The Origins of English Drama and Some Political and Social Aspects of the Later Elizabethan and Earlier Stewart Period.

Among the chapters which are devoted to the different branches of the drama as distinguished from individual authors we note in Prof. W. Creizenach's treatment of the miracle-plays and moralities a masterly survey, in brief compass, of the early religious drama. He remarks of the original purpose of the miracle-plays—viz., to constitute a sort of living picture-book of sacred history at a time when so few could read the Bible itself—that it explains why nothing was left in them to be done behind the scenes or told by messengers; and this observation is significant not only for the mediæval drama, but for its descendant, the modern drama, generally. He also lays due stress on the degree to which the interests of the priesthood color the miracle-plays, as in the case of Cain, whose unwillingness to pay his religious dues seemed to these ecclesiastical authors a much more heinous offence than the killing of his brother. We observe that in the "Elckerlijc-Everyman" controversy Professor Creizenach accepts the English play rather than the Dutch as the original—a position which is hardly tenable since the recent thorough examination of the problem by Professors Manly and Wood. Prof. J. W. Cunliffe's discussion of early English tragedy, which follows immediately after, is noteworthy, especially for new material on the sources and mutual relations of the plays of this group, the debt of which to Seneca he has done much to set in its true light. The weightiest contribution, however, to the study of a particular branch of the drama is unquestionably that which F. S. Boas has devoted to the university plays. We have here a full and careful account of university activity in the drama, including plays in both Latin and English, for the whole period down to 1642. Mr. Boas's history of these academic efforts, which, notwithstanding their obvious limitations, were not without influence on the popular stage, fills a real want in the literature of the English drama, and, besides, contains much material with which even specialists are not familiar. We would call attention particularly to the summary which is here given of Griffin Higgs's "True and faithfull relation of the risinge and fall of Thomas Tucker, Prince of Alba Fortunata, etc.," the manuscript of which is preserved in the library of St. John's College at Oxford. This manuscript, which has hitherto been printed only in part, lets us more completely behind the scenes of the collegiate theatre, as Mr. Boas remarks, than any other document in existence. The "Relation" is an account of a series of festivities which lasted from All Saints' Eve, 1607, to the first Sunday in the following Lent. It is curious to observe how strong a hold even at this late date the allegory of the old moralities had on the academic playwright.

In his chapter on the Masque and Pastoral, the Rev. Ronald Bayne is treading in less obscure paths. Possessing, however, a distinct charm of style, he has known how to convey to his own pages something of the picturesqueness of his material, as the authors of certain standard treatises on these species of drama have failed to do. The sympathy with which he has entered into his subject has led him to exaggerate, perhaps, the literary value of Jonson's masques. In any event, the different estimate which is put on these productions by Professor Thorndike and himself marks a stronger discord than anything else that we have observed in the present volumes.

Of the chapters which deal with the individual dramatists, the best are those on Marlowe and Kyd by G. Gregory Smith, Middleton and Rowley by Arthur Symons, and Massinger by Emil Koeppel. Indeed, the pages devoted to Marlowe and Middleton offer the most penetrating criticism that is to be found in the two volumes. Especially to be commended is Professor Smith's insistence in regard to Marlowe's influence on the Elizabethan drama as one of poetic quality rather than of dramatic workmanship, and his view that the "history play" does not in any essential respect stand apart from the accepted dramatic categories. On the other hand, Professor Koeppel's treatment of Massinger is marked by lucid exposition and an easy mastery. But we

may say, in general, that, with one conspicuous exception, the various dramatists are discussed in a satisfactory manner. Unfortunately this exception, Shakespeare, is the most important of all, and one cannot but feel a keen disappointment that the principal figure not only in the Elizabethan drama, but in the whole range of our literature, should have found such inadequate treatment in a work of this authority. The discussion of the poems is not open to serious objection, but in the chapter on Shakespeare's Life and Plays, we have Professor Saintsbury at his worst. He exhibits the familiar disparagement of the results of modern research at the outset and the consequent attitude of barren negation, which is sufficiently typified in the sentence, "We do not know whether he ever went to school." Only by his reluctance to accept the results and methods of recent research can we explain the author's rejection of the customary chronological method in the discussion of Shakespeare's plays in favor of the confused scheme which he actually adopts and which he would have no trouble in copyrighting as his own—that is to say, first, the plays mentioned by Meres in the "Palladis Tamia" (with separation of the history plays from the rest), next, "Pericles," and, then, the remaining plays according to "the usual folio order, with one single exception, that of 'The Tempest.'" As a matter of fact, even as regards the main categories—comedies, histories and tragedies—this is not the only instance in which the folio order is departed from, and within these categories that order is not observed at all, the plays on classical themes being discussed first and then the great tragedies. We may note, in passing, that Professor Saintsbury is inclined to take "Timon of Athens" as entirely Shakespearean, and "Julius Cæsar" as written "about the same time" as the other Roman plays. In view of the attitude of mind which we have described, no one will be surprised to learn that in the Tabular Conspectus, which is supposed to give the "facts" of Shakespeare's life, no use whatever is made of Prof. C. W. Wallace's discoveries or that this same Conspectus ascribes the first quarto of "Titus Andronicus" to 1595 (instead of 1594), and dates the old play, "King Leir," 1605, simply because it was printed in that year. One could, of course, forgive these deficiencies of Professor Saintsbury's, if they were offset by merits of literary criticism or the verve of style which lends interest to his recent address on "The Grand Style in Shakespeare," but we fail to discern these qualities in his present contribution.

With regard to the Rev. Ernest Walder's chapter on the Text of Shakespeare, we have only space to remark that it is, in the main, an acceptable piece of work, although not entirely up to date. For example, the writer repeats the common opinion as to the surreptitious origin of the quartos, without mentioning the grave doubts as regards a number of them which have been raised by A. W. Pollard's admirable treatise, "Shakespeare Folios and Quartos." This book, to be sure, is included in the bibliography, but no use is made of it in the text. Nor do we find here any allusion to the theory of Greg and Pollard concerning the printing in 1619 of certain of the quartos which bear earlier dates—a theory which has received convincing confirmation from the investigations of W. J. Neidig, published in the current number of *Modern Philology*.

The bibliographies which accompany the volumes are full and valuable. We hope, however, that the brief estimates of individual books which they contain here and there will be more numerous in future volumes. Indeed, this ought to be made a regular feature of the work.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Guillotine Club, and Other Stories. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co.

Admirers of Dr. Mitchell's fiction will not find these tales less effective than their predecessors. Among other accomplishments he has caught the knack of the short story, so far as it need be caught in order to win a considerable audience. He has, in fact, an eye for the picturesque scene, and the stageable, if not dramatic, episode. And he is always intelligible. No doubt this latter quality, the fact that he is in the habit of leaving nothing to the ingenuity of his readers, has had something to do with his popular success. Magazine readers do not want to be bothered with subtleties of plot or style. Dr. Mitchell writes always like a promising beginner. His wires are visible, his puppets move to the prompter's lips. The persons, for example, in the story of "The Guillotine Club" have little or no objective reality. They are called into action by the necessity of the plot which the author has invented, and which remains his master. There is no illusion; the whole thing is artificial, entertaining only as an idea. But Dr. Mitchell's acceptability seems to be independent even of novelty in idea. The outworn superstition about thirteen at table figures in two of these four stories; their freshness consists merely in a minor ingenuity of application. But we suppose the secret of Dr. Mitchell's undoubted hold upon a public of his own is an open one. It lies a little, no doubt, in the glamour that surrounds the writer who is eminent outside of literature, but chiefly in the very genuine and human interest in life and character which shines through work that might otherwise be judged artificial.

Westover of Wanalah. By George Cary Eggleston. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

This is a story of old Virginia before the war, a Virginia whose hospitality and life Mr. Eggleston is well qualified to describe. His hero, a young plantation owner of good family, through a case of mistaken identity, is arrested and convicted of the crime of breaking into a girls' school, but happily, just as he is about to go to prison, the real culprit is discovered. The incident, however, has the effect of breaking up Westover's love affair and sending him to the mountains, where Judy Peters, a feminine political boss of the district—a character, by the way, that the author has used before—helps to restore his self-respect. The author gives a satisfying picture of the chivalrous respect of the Southern gentleman for his womankind, but the people of "Westover of Wanalah" are a little bit untrue—they are almost too perfect, all save Judy Peters, kindly, shrewd, rugged, and strong, influencing all with whom she comes in contact.

Romance of Imperial Rome. By Elizabeth W. Champney. With 60 photogravures and other illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Upon a broad and solid foundation of familiarity with the literature, art, and history of ancient Rome, the author of "Romance of French Abbeys," "Romance of Italian Villas," etc., has reared another of her charming fabrics—not so light and airy as to incur the charge of flimsiness, and not so heavy as to be burdened by its own weight. In this collection of stories, the tender and tragically ending love-tale of Sulpicia is enough of a story easily to stand alone as fiction, and has the added attraction for cultivated people of introducing the flesh-and-blood characters of Albius Tibullus and his Delia, Horace, Virgil, Mæcenas, Glycera, and a villain or two. "The Song of the Sirens," another pleasing attempt to make Imperial Romans live, calls up the names of Augustus and Livia, Agrippa and Vipsania, Tiberius and the Princess Julia, and other members of the court circle, among them Ovid, and invokes the sympathy of the reader for the notorious daughter of the Emperor. "The Villa of Unhappy Love" is a story of the Flavian reign; "A Dog of Britain" treats of Druids and Dryads and Love. "The Nameless Pedestal" tells of the punishment of a Vestal, and "The Necklace of Vesta" brings back the times of Alaric and Attila. "The Flight of Apollo" and "The Loves of Horace" are more in the vein of the essay, and are not so convincing, especially the latter. The photogravures are excellent, all of the illustra-

tions are appropriate and few of them hackneyed, the book is well printed, and the scenic background is one that brings delight to the heart of those who have seen the west coast of Italy. In a word, "Romance of Imperial Rome" is an uncommonly successful attempt to convey instruction and entertainment in history, literature, and art, under the guise of fiction.

The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The scene of this drama is Simpkinsville. Its central figure is Mary Ellen Williams, tragic heroine of "the terrible, terrible weddin' thet never came off," but that left her "a pore little half-demented woman," who believed herself to be Mrs. Bradley. Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Alexander, and the Rev. Mr. Binncy form a conspicuous group of strongly individualized men, as level-headed as they are soft-hearted. Dr. Jenkins has written up the case, as far as it has gone at the time of the opening of the present account, and called it "A Psychological Impossibility." As he observes, "a heap of impossible things have turned out to be facts—facts that had to be argued backward from." Then there are old 'Pollo and Milly, the negro servants of Mary Ellen, and, more dimly drawn, the sisters of the women's prayer-meeting. But all these are nothing to the deserted woman in comparison with the great wax doll which, intended for her namesake niece, reaches her, and, regarded by her as alive, is at once her sole interest in life. Only the most tactful handling could save such a plot from fantastic unreality, but the straightforward way in which the characters concerned face what they cannot attempt to solve, as being "one o' the mysteries that it's hard to unravel," holds a spectator to a serious attitude.

Ashton-Kirk, Investigator. By John T. McIntyre. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

This detective story is in the main well worked out, and is worth reading. At the instance of a friend, Ashton-Kirk begins first to seek the secret of the fear that is haunting Allan Morris, the betrothed of Edyth Vale. Scarcely is he engaged upon this, when Hume, a curio dealer, at No. 478 Chrystie Place, is murdered. All evidence points either to an Italian musician, or more directly to Allan Morris; and Miss Vale, too, it is found, had been at Hume's shop at the time of the murder. The dead man, as Ashton-Kirk has established, had been the cause of Morris's strange actions toward Miss Vale. She now tries to balk the investigator, and so, as she thinks, to protect Morris, who has disappeared. Ashton-Kirk goes beyond the apparently patent clues and fixes the crime upon the real murderer.

The book is patterned a bit too obviously after the manner of Sir Conan Doyle, and the ending, both in the melodramatic death of the criminal and in the dénouement of the love story, is rather trite. The detective's part, however, is a well-knit piece of reasoning, and furnishes an engaging problem for the reader.

The Smiling Road. By Hanna Rion. New York: Edward J. Clode.

This novel can scarcely be said to have a plot, the thread of story barely serving to hold together the short episodical sketches called chapters. This want of unity is a serious defect in a volume which has some merit otherwise; for with all the multiplicity of characters, the author draws in her pictures of rural life with a reasonably truthful touch. "Lady" Trevelyan's smiling cheerfulness lightens up the sordidness of "the road," just as Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy did for the Cabbage Patch.

GENERAL WOLFE.

The Life and Letters of James Wolfe. By Beckles Willson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4 net.

A new life of James Wolfe, promising materials never before published, should certainly arouse interest. We are disappointed, however, at finding that Mr. Willson throws little additional light on Wolfe's career or character. The collection of letters, for the most part to his parents, were known to, and cited largely by, Wolfe's earlier biographer, Wright, from whom Parkman later culled out the passages which are most significant. Of documents of any other kind, Mr. Willson seems to have made no discovery, and strangely enough he makes no mention of Parkman. We take it that he has embodied in his book more thoroughly than has been done before the correspondence of Wolfe, though we are left in doubt as to whether or not the publication is complete. But though we have here not many fresh facts of importance, we are glad to have the book as it is. Wright's life has been long out of print, and says little of Wolfe, except while he appears as an American figure. Mr. Willson arranges the letters so that Wolfe tells his own story, for the most part to his much-loved mother, from his boyhood to the moment when he stepped out upon the Plains of Abraham—the unstudied record of thoughts, feelings, and events set down for those with whom he stood closely bound through sympathy and affection. Mr. Willson has lived in the house which Wolfe knew as a boy, and has faithfully followed his footsteps through camp and field. His notes and narrative connecting the letters are vivid and give all needful illustration. The portraits and views are numerous and full of value.

Hanoverian England was, no doubt, a bad place for men, but there was no place better—certainly not France under Louis Quinze; nor Germany distracted, corrupt, and enslaved; nor decadent Spain. In England, at least, lay the hope for better things, and it is fortunate that the enthusiasm of a hero so potent was enlisted to make her great. His service began early; as a boy of fifteen he carried the colors. He was in the thick of it at Dettingen and Culloden. Though close at hand, it was his fortune to escape Fontenoy; but at Laffeldt he was again at the front, receiving a ball in his body. He was plainly a type of the young soldiers who, in our time, could apply a torpedo to the side of an "Albemarle," or "carry a message to Garcia." He was put at the head of a regiment, when barely out of his teens, but, quiet now prevailing, he was set to garrison duty, for the most part in Scotland. To a temper so energetic this seemed a misfortune, but it gave opportunity for finer qualities than the alertness and rude courage for which he had become noted. In the disordered Highlands, which had fought for the Pretender, his task was now to subject and reconcile. He accomplished both, compelling recognition of the new and better order, and at the same time winning affection. He was probably the first to perceive the military value of the Highland spirit, as he was soon after the first to marshal Highlanders for English conquests. He made his regiment, through rigid discipline, the best in the army, but the men loved him. Meantime the lieutenant-general, his father, a worthy veteran of the Marlborough epoch, and his invalid mother, in London or in their country-house on Blackheath, received at short intervals the dutiful, manly letters which it is our high privilege still to possess. We see in them a young man amiable, industrious, high-purposed. He has no tendencies to vice. He employs his leisure under the best masters he can find in studying mathematics, Latin, and military science. He reads the Greek historians in French translations. He becomes perfect in fencing and horsemanship. Fearing, as he writes his brother, that his life in camp and guard-house may make a ruffian of him, he learns dancing, that he may be fit for the society of the other sex. He is far from being insensible to the charm of literature. At Blackheath his father was next neighbor to the Earl of Chesterfield, and Chesterfield's son, to whom the famous Letters were written, was Wolfe's acquaintance. There is no touch in Wolfe of worldly-wise philosophy or loose morals, but passages occur in the letters marked by a high sensibility and a grace of style which, had conditions

been different, might have placed him among wits and poets.

His promotion had been rapid, but his impatient spirit felt that he was held back, and he thought it hard that he should be bound to a garrison when the field lay open, or at least he might perfect himself by study and travel on the Continent. His superiors, however, perhaps with the connivance of his parents, kept him in the island. His service was needed there, and, besides, the risk was great that a spirited young officer, unemployed on the Continent, might be allured to foreign colors. He could procure a respite for only a few months, which he spent in Paris, diligently studying and observing, though he found time for society, was presented at court, and chatted in her boudoir with the Marquise de Pompadour.

He had matured into a tall, spare man, red-haired, with face not unattractive though hardly denoting the power that was in him. He had still to go through a period of drudgery, now general in England, during which his letters give proof of good-hearted sensitiveness as to the bad conditions. He is horrified at the state of Portsmouth, the great rendezvous of the fleet and army, which was indeed a sink of evil; and when sent with troops to put down riots of the Gloucestershire weavers, lets his mother know how his heart bleeds over the wrongs and sufferings of the poor men whose disorder he is set to repress. He hears at last of the outbreak of the Seven Years' War with a joy which to those who favor peace at any price seems savage. His time had now come; he was but thirty, he certainly had not waited long. Well-accomplished and fully experienced, he was sent as a quartermaster-general to play a part in the expedition to Rochefort, a dismal failure. Wolfe, however, initiated a plan which would have led to success but for the untimely caution of his senile superiors. "Vous avez manqué un beau coup," said the French prisoners, admitting the certainty of an English triumph had matters been pressed. But Wolfe at least had not lacked, and his desert was recognized. Pitt was now at the front, who made Wolfe a brigadier in the expedition to capture Louisburg. When a slow official remonstrated with the old King, and urged that Wolfe was mad, "Mad is he," said George II with a twinkle of Lincolnian wit, "then I wish he would bite some of the other generals." Louisburg fell, and he was the chief instrument of its downfall, and now we reach the exploit which was for the glory of Wolfe at once the acme and the eclipse. No page of history is better known than the story of the victory of Quebec. The results have been vast and are still accruing, and as all English-speaking men must believe, have been widely beneficent. The hero built better than he knew. In his fight he was not thinking much of the welfare of mankind in the large. In his limitation he was merely a patriot, hardly recognizing that "above all nations is humanity." His motive, so passionately felt, was to save to England her leadership—a motive narrow, perhaps, but nevertheless noble. To the duty he saw his devotedness was complete.

Nothing has done more to endear the memory of Wolfe to men and women of feeling than the beautiful tradition that while awaiting in the boat the moment for scaling the cliff, he relieved the suspense by repeating to his officers Gray's "Elegy," declaring that he would rather be its author than to win the victory for which he hoped. We are glad to note that Mr. Willson regards this example of fine sensibility as well authenticated, and gives ample reason for his conclusion. The story comes from Robison, a midshipman in the expedition, who afterwards became professor of natural philosophy at Edinburgh, and has generally been accepted by those best qualified to judge. To our mind, a strong proof of its genuineness is the complete unlikelihood that such a tale would ever be invented. What could be less congruous with the usual mood of a soldier at such a crisis or with the particular environment of the occasion! The reader of these letters can see that Wolfe was quite capable of such a demonstration. For what he did and for what he was James Wolfe was a hero too great to be allowed to fade in our memories, and his record, we believe, may best be studied in this book.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce. New edition, completely revised throughout, with additional chapters. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

The substantive changes in this long-awaited revision of Mr. Bryce's work, though not such as to swell greatly the bulk of the volumes, are in themselves considerable. In the first volume, supplementary notes have been added to the chapters on Merits of the Federal System, The Working of State Governments, and State Politics; while the Hon. Seth Low has quite made over his American View of Municipal Government in the United States, to take account of the most recent developments. Four new chapters, entitled, respectively, The Latest Phase of Immigration, Further Reflections on the Negro Problem, The New Transmarine Dominions, and Further Observations on the Universities, together with a note on recent legislation regarding primaries, have been added to the second volume. A comparison page by page with the previous edition shows, in addition, almost innumerable minor alterations in the text, chiefly by way of bringing the survey fully abreast of the latest practice, or of replacing earlier illustrations by later and better ones. In these particulars the chapters on State and local government have, naturally, been the most amended. Statistics of all kinds, of course, have been brought up to date. In the appendix to Volume I the sketch of the federal system of the English universities, together with specimens of provisions in State constitutions limiting the taxing and borrowing powers, have been dropped, and extended extracts from the Constitution of Oklahoma inserted in their place.

There can be no need of pointing out again the qualities which have made Mr. Bryce's work a classic. Its consummate union of philosophical insight and comprehensive observation leaves it still, after the lapse of twenty-five years, a political and social survey of incomparable excellence. Happily, too, for us, and pleasurably, we cannot but believe, for him, Mr. Bryce is still hopeful. In controverted political issues of the moment he does not, indeed, permit himself to express opinions; but the ugly revelations of public and private dishonesty, the rude shattering of many an idol and ideal, have not shaken his faith in the inherent soundness of the American state, or kept him from finding a fountain where others wail "mirage." If the defects of the electoral or party systems, of Congressional committee action, or of the Speakership are still apparent, they have at least, in his judgment, grown no greater. The vast expansion of Federal powers, in the effort to cope with great national exigencies, still savors little of "usurpation" or of fatal warping of the Federal system. State legislation, though still unconscionably bulky and ill-digested, is nevertheless more orderly, sensible, and progressive than it was; while the efficiency and purity of municipal government show decided gains.

Of the new chapters, those on immigration and the negro will doubtless seem to many the most important, dealing, as they do, with matters in regard to which almost everybody to-day feels himself entitled to an opinion; and they are certainly excellent examples of Mr. Bryce's method and intellectual habit. Recognizing fully the difficulty of assimilating the diverse social elements which have of late poured in upon us from southern and eastern Europe, and the burden which the civilization of these low-grade foreigners lays upon every community to which they come, Mr. Bryce nevertheless apprehends no permanent danger from their presence. They are not coming as fast as they were, and our social digestion is not yet impaired; and although much remains to be done to help the immigrant adjust himself to his new surroundings, the efforts of churches, schools, settlements, and other agencies win from Mr. Bryce distinct commendation. For the negro,

too, there is increasing hope, not merely through the elevation of the race to a higher plane of industrial efficiency, but also through the subsidence of race antagonism among the better class of Southern whites, and the recognition that it is the superior, as well as the inferior, race that suffers under a régime of injustice, violence, or neglect. Just as the best thought of America came at last, after long years, to a repudiation of slavery, why, asks Mr. Bryce, may it not in time come also to a removal of grounds of friction between the races under freedom? Doubtless such an inquiry does not sound the lowest depths of the fundamental problem of race; but it has at least the merit of holding up a rational moral ideal to be striven for, and an ideal, too, consciously pursued to-day by the men and women, North and South, who have studied the negro most attentively and impartially.

Mr. Bryce is not blind to the momentous growth of American democracy from primitive to complicated conditions, nor to the difficult problems of government and administration which such development involves. His power, however, and the permanent usefulness of his writing lie in the sureness with which he distinguishes fundamental political values in a community of rapid change. It has been said of "The American Commonwealth" that, beyond any book ever written about us, it has revealed America to itself; and for a book which can do that there should be, as unquestionably there will be, warm welcome to a new lease of life.

A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner, and John B. Andrews. Vols. III, IV, and Vol. IV, Supplement. Labor Conspiracy Cases, 1806-1842; Selected, collated, and edited by John R. Commons, Professor of Political Economy, University of Wisconsin, and Eugene A. Gilmore, Professor of Law, University of Wisconsin. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.

These three volumes assemble in convenient compass the records of early labor conspiracy cases, some of which —and these the more important ones— were previously not generally accessible. At the outset, these volumes present a sharp contrast to their two predecessors ("Plantation and Frontier," noticed in the *Nation*, October 13), in the use made of legal monuments to decipher industrial changes. In the two earlier volumes, the statute book and court records were conspicuous by their very infrequent citation: these later volumes contain judicial records exclusively, if we except the important prefatory essay. It is to be hoped that we may have at some time a full history of the doctrine of conspiracy as applied to trade disputes, with an appraisal of the validity or invalidity of the doctrine as a solvent of economic ills; but nothing of the sort is attempted in the volumes under review.

These judicial records are employed by Professor Commons in his introductory study as indicative of the early relationships between industrial classes, and particularly as casting light upon the origin of a self-conscious laboring class whose interests conflict with those of the capitalist-employer. The substance of this study was embodied in an article from Mr. Commons's pen which appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for November, 1909. The history of the shoe-making industry alone is here canvassed, but inasmuch as nine of the seventeen conspiracy cases prior to 1842 had occurred among shoemakers, Mr. Commons contends that the emergence of class distinctions in this industry is "interpretative," if not typical (Vol. III, p. 58). This is plausible, even probable, but confirmatory evidence upon the point is desirable.

The gist of Mr. Commons's contention is that, in the United States at least, "it is the extension of markets more than the technique of production that determines the origin of industrial classes, their form of organization, their political and industrial policies, and demands, and their fate" (Vol. III, p. 28). The Marxian doctrine that the proletariat is created by the introduction of masses of machine appliances for production fares badly in the boot and shoe industry. It stumbles over the awkward fact that "even as late as 1851, all of the labor in the manufacture of shoes was hand labor" (Vol. III, p. 51), whereas long before 1851, the organized laboring class had appeared in this industrial field.

The first, or colonial, period of industry is made by Mr. Commons to extend to the decade of the twenties in the last century. He relies rather too much upon a single instance of a shoemakers' guild in 1648 in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, as affording a picture of the conditions of handicraft manufactures for a period of one hundred and fifty years. Whatever the incorporators of this guild desired to obtain, it is certain that the itinerant cobbler was not "suppressed" throughout this period. On the other hand, the first conspiracy case, the Philadelphia cordwainers (1806), presents a picture of the situation in the trade about the opening of the nineteenth century. The master commonly booked orders in his shop, and put out the work among his journeymen. An increase in wages was rather easily shifted upon the purchaser in an enhanced price for the wares. But when some small masters began to "stock up" with standard sizes, and even to a greater degree when stocks of low-grade shoes began to be sold in the public market for what they would bring, the easy control of price which had unified the interests of master and journeymen was threatened.

The widening of the market effected the final loss of control over prices (except for custom made shoes), by the small master. As enterprising shoe merchants sought for customers at a distance, these merchants found it necessary to quote prices that would not yield the customary wages to the cordwainers. The merchants, moreover, as they obtained their supplies eventually from widely separate sources, could regard with relative impunity the protests entered at first by both the small masters and their journeymen in any one particular locality. The small master who sided at first with the journeymen was forced to align himself with the large merchant-capitalists. Strikes followed, and the self-conscious labor organization was speedily evolved in the shoe industry.

A single comment may suffice, upon this really brilliant essay in industrial history. The extension of the market ought not to be regarded as an inert, half-automatic manifestation of impersonal economic energy—a sort of "force not ourselves that makes for production." The extension of markets is not merely a reflex of bettered means of communication, for this widening of the market was clearly in evidence before railways and canals had been built. It is an indication of enterprise, of a search for economizing expedients, for the savings of large-scale production. Moreover the comfortable torpidity of the old régime of the shop, where the customer was forced to pay an advanced price at the virtual dictate of the small master, egged on by his journeymen, was too invertebrate an industrial organism to offer very effective resistance to a virile competitor. It is true that the impersonality of modern industrial conditions has brought with it a menace in depressing some levels of work and life below what is socially or morally tolerable. It has also created the class antagonisms of today. But it has its advantageous side, as well as its defects, and chief among its excellences is its preferring the interest of the consumer to the lethargy of antiquated methods of production.

Peace or War East of Baikal? By E. J. Harrison. Twenty-three chapters, with illustrations and maps. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

This book, the work of a journalist whose extended residence in the Far East somewhat qualifies him for his task, aims at giving the present status and future prospects of both Russia and Japan in China. The main question

treated is whether present conventional restrictions and treaty obligations can be faithfully observed; for upon this depends the prevention of a tumultuous change in the map of the Far East.

The first half of the book deals with the Russian situation; and that country is pictured as at present mainly engaged in working out the problem how to retain her Far Eastern possessions. The various schemes, by means of which Russia came into her Far Eastern heritage, are fully discussed in a style aggressive but incisive and lucid, though with more of a journalistic than a literary quality. The writer thinks that Russia's encroachment upon Manchuria opened up the whole of her Far Eastern empire to attack by removing the Manchurian screen. Due emphasis is laid on the significance of the fact that, in spite of great energy and expense in promoting various immigration schemes, Russia's East Asian empire is still very sparsely populated. Some interesting stories are given of Russian press censorship, one of which shows the punishment of an editor for publishing the report of an affair in which an officer wounded a comrade in trying to shoot a cap from his head for a wager. Numerous instances of Chinese contravention of agreements with Russia are cited to show that, since the war with Japan, China has regarded Russia as the under dog. The author insists on the assertion that it is a conviction of Russia that China and Japan have a plot for the undoing of Russia; hence the willingness of Russia, for the present, to curry favor with Japan. This is alleged to be the "yellow peril" from a Russian point of view; and the two chapters describing the position of Russia as that of the man who feels it better to "agree with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him," are among the most interesting in the book.

In the section dealing with Japan in South Manchuria, extended notice is taken of the progress of the invader along all modern lines in the region occupied. The conviction is expressed that, though Japan is simply building upon the foundations laid by Russia, she is admirably avoiding much of Russia's misdirected use of energy. Port Arthur, rising amid tons of expended gold and rivers of human blood, is aptly described as a monument of human heroism and human folly. The important questions leading up to Secretary Knox's proposal for the neutralization of Manchurian railways are next considered, and the growth of an increasing ill-feeling towards the United States noted. The ground is taken that self-interest will insure peace on the Pacific. The chapters dealing with Japan at home give a full account of recent political and social progress. In discussing Japanese customs one notices a few errors: as, for example, the statement that Japanese school children are obliged to bow daily before the portrait of the Emperor. This act of veneration is restricted to national holidays and other national occasions, the Imperial picture at other times being veiled in the sacred alcove reserved for it. In summing up the Japanese character, Mr. Harrison wisely avoids the sweeping generalizations often indulged in by writers and publicists less familiar with the people, while he corrects a good many false impressions that have gained currency abroad.

It would be a mistake to regard the book as chiefly taken up with political disquisitions; for these are largely subordinated to topographical and ethnological descriptions at once instructive and picturesque. The writer has a good working knowledge of both the Russian and Japanese languages, which lends zest to some interesting details. The value of the work is enhanced by its having as appendices all the important conventions and treaties, with notes, relevant to the Far East, as well as good maps of the countries treated.

Democracy and the Party System in the United States, A Study in Extra-Constitutional Government. By M. Ostrogorski. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

This volume is an abridged edition of the second volume of Ostrogorski's "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties" (reviewed in the *Nation* April 30, 1903). In bulk it has been reduced about one-half, and its contents have been brought up to date. One new chapter on extra-constitutional government in the legislative assemblies has been added. The general verdict upon the original work, that it is admirable upon the historical, critical, and analytical side, but weak in its suggestions for political reconstruction, may be safely reaffirmed. Some of the earlier proposals, such as the removal of the Presidency from popular election, have disappeared. But the insistence upon temporary, single-issue organizations to replace permanent political party organizations is continued.

The new material embodied in the present volume is traceable, first, to the recent emphasis given to "predatory wealth" in control of government; and secondly, to the variety of expedients now mooted for the regulation of primaries, conventions, and elections. The question of direct primaries is discussed with fairness and ability. The agitation in their favor is "likely to do service in the fight against the machine" (p. 348); but "neither the sanguine hopes of the reformers nor the fears of the bosses have been entirely justified . . . As a rule, the machine still makes up the slate" (p. 346). It is rather curious that in his inventory of patents taken out to improve political machinery, there is no mention of the Short-Ballot movement, particularly as Ostrogorski declares that the "first and greatest reform in the elective system is the curtailment of the system itself, the reduction of the number of elective offices to a minimum" (p. 444).

The new chapter upon extra-constitutional government in Congress and the State Legislatures is rather disappointing. In recounting the recent results of "Insurgency" in the House, the author falls into a rather notable error in saying that "the Speaker has been, at last, in March, 1910, deprived of his power to make up the committees of the House" (p. 286, *note*). It was only the Rules Committee, which was taken out of the Speaker's power. The Speaker is excluded from membership upon this committee, and the committee itself is elected by the House. The remaining committees the Speaker appoints as hitherto.

JUVENILE BOOKS—II.

A genuine volume of sport is "Walter Camp's Book of Football" (Century); it makes appeal to the best in the athlete, it describes the technicalities, history, ethics, and personalities of the game. In these days of various inventions, there are many channels of amusement and profit. Francis A. Collins's "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes" (Century), by its very title, suggests the service of the young aviator in solving the problem of flying. The text is explanatory and historical. "The Romance of the Ship" (Lippincott), by E. Kehle Chatterton, and "The Romance of Modern Astronomy" (Lippincott), by Hector Macpherson, jr., belong to an excellent series which will please boys of a scientific turn of mind. They are lively in their narrative and authoritative in their facts. The volumes are attractively bound. W. Dwight Burroughs's "The Wonderland of Stamps" (Stokes) describes the designs of the most important stamps in the world, grouping them according to their characteristic symbols.

We are glad to be able to mention four books of plays for amateurs. Constance D'Arcy Mackay's "The House of the Heart" (Holt) is more literary than the others, the author being particularly interested in the morality form. The title piece was given by the New York Educational Theatre for Children and Young People. "Harper's Book of Little Plays" consists of six, by various hands, modelled along conventional school lines. It is designedly educational in purpose. Marguerita Merington's "Holiday Plays" (Duffield) are five in number, covering the festivals of the year. The characters and costumes are mostly historical. In view of the Dickens Centenary, H. B. Browne's "Short Plays from Dickens" (Scribner) will be of unusual interest.

"Where the Wind Blows" (Dutton) consists of ten fairy-tales retold by Katharine Pyle; their sources are from Japanese, Russian, Norse, German, Irish, Greek, and Indian. The copyright shows that the book was first written in 1902. Each

chapter begins through the initiative of the wind. Abbie Farwell Brown's "The Christmas Angel" (Houghton), with illustrations by Reginald Birch, should find warm welcome; the story is touching and effective in the same way as "The Christmas Carol." Eden Phillpotts has written "The Flint Heart" (Dutton), a mixture of Dartmoor and Lewis Carroll. Those who are unfortunate enough to hold the unlucky stone called the Flint Heart lose all gentleness and compassion. Disaster follows upon disaster. "Finella in Fairyland" (Houghton) is by Demetra Kenneth Brown, who has told very prettily and simply how a naughty girl was made good through the ministrations of flower fairies and of butterflies. Clifton Johnson has turned his hand to many forms of editing; readers will remember his Tree Fairy Series. This year he is editing for Baker & Taylor "Golden Books for Children," the first two being "The Arabian Nights" and "Robin Hood." We like the general scope of the series, with the introductions which give each story a setting, but we should be better pleased if we were surer of having before us the true versions. We would call attention to a cheaper edition of Barrie's "Peter Pan" (Scribner) with Rackham's delightful color plates, though we must warn the buyer that the story herein contained is not the same as that of the play. "Norse Fairy Tales" (Lippincott), selected and adapted from the translations by Sir G. W. Dasent, is an artistic volume copiously illustrated in color and line by R. L. Knowles. In their original these tales were not intended for children. L. Frank Baum, in "The Emerald City of Oz" (Reilly & Britton), declares that this shall be the last of the "Oz" series; he therefore assembles all of the characters, so enjoyed by children, for their farewell. The first of these books appeared in 1900, and we believe their popularity was due more to the fancifulness of a name, and the oddity of the characters, than to the fact, as the publishers think, that they were "bloodless fairy tales" which "led the way out of the dark ages of Bluebeard books for children." The Rand-McNally Company's edition of Browning's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" has been effectively illustrated and lettered by Hope Dunlap. The color is very broad, but the conceptions are agreeable, and almost mural in scope. The black and white pages are equally effective.

"Famous Scouts" (Page), by Charles H. L. Johnston, is just the sort of book to please boys, for it is not only by the author of "Famous Cavalry Leaders," but it includes careers of trappers, pioneers, and soldiers of the frontier. It begins with Israel Putnam and ends with Buffalo Bill. A second volume in the Guide to Biography series includes "American Men of Mind," among them philanthropists and reformers, painters and sculptors, and so on. It is difficult to regard this work by Burton E. Stevenson (Baker & Taylor) as anything more than a cursory sketch of short related biographies, so arranged as to be a ready reference volume—another "Who's Who." The tone of Edwin M. Bacon's "The Boy's Drake" (Scribner) is to be recommended. It is a full biographical account based on an authentic record, and containing copious quotations; there are pictures, maps, and reproductions of title pages. Already there have been issued in this series "The Boy's Hakluyt" and "The Boy's Catlin." Harvey F. B. Wheeler has prepared an adequate volume entitled "The Boy's Napoleon" (Crowell). It is well written and is full in detail. A fit companion to this is Edward Fraser's "Bellerophon" (Stokes), which traces the record of the British man-of-war on whose deck Bonaparte gave himself into custody. The book is effectively printed, and bound in an attractive cover design.

Of books retold we may name the following: "The Boy's Cuchulain" (Crowell), by Eleanor Hull; "Knighthood in Germ and Flower" (Little, Brown), by Prof. J. H. Cox; "Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid" (Holt), by Mary W. Plummer; "Stories from Dante" (Crowell), by Susan Cunnington; "Heroes of the Elizabethan Age" (Lippincott), by Edward Gilliat; "Heroes of the Polar Seas" (Lippincott), by J. Kennedy Maclean; "Tales from the Alhambra" (Houghton), by Josephine Brower; "Stories from Shakespeare" (Crowell), by Thomas Carter; "Old Greek Nature Stories (Crowell), by F. A. Farrar, and "The Children's Plutarch" (Harper), by F. J. Gould.

It is almost impossible to give any adequate idea of the field of fiction for children. About 30 per cent. of the deluge consists of members of the series class, and these we pass by, warning the Christmas buyer. We have extracted from the mass a few volumes deserving of special attention. For young and old alike, we know of no more refreshing story than Inez Haynes Gillmore's "Phœbe and Ernest" (Holt), which tells in graphic manner the trials of a hero and heroine during a transformation age. Norman Duncan's "Billy Topsail & Company" (Revell) contains all the splendid dash of a former volume. H. H. Jackson's "Nelly's Silver Mine" (Little, Brown) is a story of Colorado, worthy of the new form given it. Among the college stories, none is more distinctive than Katharine Holland Brown's "Philippa at Halcyon" (Scribner). It may be overcharged with a certain moral tone, but it abounds in fun and good cheer. John Masefield's "Martin Hyde: The Duke's Messenger" (Little, Brown), a story of the Pretender, loses slightly by its first person narrative, but it has excitement in it, and a deal of movement, besides good writing. The same criticism applies to Gulielma Zollinger's "The Rout of the Foreigner" (McClurg). No more charming story has reached us for a long time than Charles Major's "The Little King" (Macmillan), which tells of the varied adventures of the child Louis XIV and Sweet Mam'selle. The illustrations are striking. Lieut.-Com. Yates Stirling, jr., U. S. N., is the author of many volumes, in a series of which "A U. S. Midshipman in the Philippines" (Penn) is one. The same may be said of Commander E. L. Beach's "Midshipman Ralph Osborn at Sea" (Wilde). In passing we must note Rupert Hughes's "The Lakerim Cruise" (Century), Annie Fellows Johnston's "Mary Ware in Texas" (Page), "Patty's Success," by Carolyn Wells (Dodd, Mead), and Margaret Sidney's "A Little Maid of Boston Town" (Lothrop, Lee). Dudley and Stratemeyer are also well represented.

Notes.

The two volumes which will supplement the text of "The Cambridge Modern History" will include an historical introduction, an atlas properly following the order of the narrative, and in the second volume an index consisting of genealogical tables, lists, and a general index.

A facsimile reproduction of the manuscript of the "Canterbury Tales," which is in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere, will be published by the Manchester University Press.

John Adams Thayer's "Astir," which appeared in France last June simultaneously with its publication here, is to be brought out in London early in 1911, by T. Werner Laurie, with the title "Getting On: The Confessions of a Publisher."

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce for the autumn of 1911 a translation of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's story of bull fighting, "Sangre y Arena," by Frances Douglas (Mrs. Charles F. Lummis).

At a meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which was held at the New Theatre on Thursday and Friday of last week, it was announced that the gold medal of the Institute of Arts and Letters was this year awarded to James Ford Rhodes, the historian.

Dr. William Sadler will publish with A. C. McClurg & Co. "The Physiology of Faith and Fear." The same house has made arrangements with Charles Carver for dramatizations of the following books: Randall Parrish's "My Lady of the South" and "Bob Hampton of Placer"; Charles E. Walk's "The Silver Blade," and Will Lillibridge's "Ben Blair."

Henry Frowde announces for immediate publication an addition to the Church Art in England Series, viz., "Wood Carving in English Churches," by Francis Bond, which has much to say about stall and tabernacle work, bishops' thrones, and chancel chairs; there will be 124 illustrations. Another volume, "Wood Carvings," is being written by P. M. Johnston, which will deal with chests, almeries, organ cases, doors, and collecting boxes.

Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, Colombia, Venezuela, and Spain are represented in "Las Mejores Poesias Liricas de la Lengua Castellana," edited by Prof. E. C. Hills of Colorado College and Dr. S. C. Morley, which Holt & Co. are issuing shortly.

Holt & Co. also promise "Das Märchen von Heute," edited with notes and vocabulary by M. C. Stewart (which includes besides the title story "Der Elfen Geheimnis" and "Der Glückspitz"), and "The Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays for Young People."

The Appletons will have ready February 1 "The American Year Book," which undertakes to cover the history of the year 1910 entire and to serve as a convenient handbook.

A new, large paper edition of Wordsworth's complete poetical writings, in ten volumes, with a series of photogravures, is announced by Houghton Mifflin for appearance this month.

The list of books to be published in January by Frederick A. Stokes Co. includes:

"Sydney Carteret, Rancher," by Harold Bindloss; "Woman and Marriage," by Margaret Stephens; "Garden Flowers in Colors: Orchids, Daffodils"; "The Book of Cupid, Anthology," by Henry Newboldt, and "Favorite Operas from Mozart to Mascagni," by Cuthbert Hadden.

A ninth volume in the Beaumont and Fletcher of the Cambridge English Classics (Putnam) adds five plays: The Sea-Voyage, Wit at Several Weapons, The Fair Maid of the Inn, Cupid's Revenge, and the Two Noble Kinsmen. With the tenth volume the labors of the editor, A. R. Waller, will be ended.

The "Greek Studies" has been added to Macmillan's new Library Edition of Pater. Only one more volume is needed to complete the set.

A committee of the Harvard Alumni Association, with C. Chester Lane as chairman, has compiled a "Harvard University Directory," which is published by the University Press. In a stout volume of nearly 1,300 pages, the names are listed, amounting to 32,188, of all living men who have at any time been students of the university. For 1,656 of these men no addresses could be found; for the others, the address and degrees, with dates, are given. Various statistical tables at the end of the volume increase its usefulness.

That this year, the centenary of Mrs. Gaskell's birth, would not pass without the reissuing of one or two of her novels, was inevitable from the publisher's point of view, and was a pleasant thought to that growing body of readers to whom her work singularly appeals. Bell & Sons of London have set forth "Sylvia's Lovers" in a rather handsome edition, with colored illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse. The preface, by Thomas Seccombe, contains a very readable life, and undertakes to define Mrs. Gaskell's position in English fiction.

If you ask for the normal type of English novel in the highest degree of perfection to which it ever attained, I should certainly be inclined to say, take "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Sylvia's Lovers," and "Wives and Daughters." Not one of them altogether or entirely attains to the perfection of which Mrs. Gaskell herself was capable. But they fully and adequately reveal her power, and likewise her intention of subordinating herself in some degree to a form of the potentialities and limitations of which, alike, it seems to me, she had an intuition surpassing the utmost efforts of any of her greater contemporaries.

"Wives and Daughters" is issued by Henry Frowde, as an addition to the series of "World's Classics." There are a few pages of introduction by Clement Shorter.

The importance of Boston in the history and culture of the country makes M. A. De Wolfe Howe's "Boston Common, Scenes from Four Centuries," which is issued by the Riverside Press, Cambridge, a book of more than local interest. Old drawings, plans, and maps, and modern photographs present the city from a very primitive stage down to the present day; town records carry the history back to the very beginning. We read of the year 1646:

That there shall be kept on the Common bye the Inhabitants of the Towne but 70 milch Kine; . . . that there shalbe no dry cattell, younge Cattell, or horse shalbe free to goe on the Common this year; but on horse for Elder Oliver; . . . that if any desire to kep sheep, hee may kep foure sheep in liew of a Cow.

How persistently the Common has been the centre of public life in Boston is revealed by this book clearly enough. Present residents will look with special curiosity at a plan of the streets made by Capt. John Bonner in 1722, whereon we note that Treamount Street runs into Common Street.

"The Oxford Book of Italian Verse" (Clarendon Press) contains three hundred and forty-five lyrics, from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth century, chosen by St. John Lucas. About one hundred writers are represented by significant poems, and in general the selections are judiciously made. No reader who is familiar with Italian literature will, naturally, agree in every case with the editor's judgment. For instance, among the ten poems quoted from Carducci we miss the famous "T' amo, o pio bove," which is often spoken of as the finest sonnet of the nineteenth century. As no living poets are included, Carducci brings the collection to a close. In an introductory sketch Mr. Lucas gives a spirited account of the historical development of poetry in Italy. The opinions expressed are those generally accepted; the different poets are neatly, if sometimes rather too definitely, classified and withal the editor's enthusiasm is persuasive. There is no bibliography, except for the occasional mention of a title in the notes, along with the extremely concise biographies. A few of the historical allusions and fewer still of the difficult words are explained. Sometimes the information given is exceedingly scanty, as in this note on Vittorelli (a poet, by the way, whose fame is just now having something of a revival in Italy): "Born at Bassano. Held a public appointment at Venice. Byron liked his poetry. ["Rime," Venezia, 1851.]" Similarly, the notary of Lentino, properly called either Giacomo or Jacopo, but here dubbed Giacopo, is dismissed as "another of the Sicilian group of poets." But if the annotation is limited in extent and in usefulness, as a collection of verse this Oxford Book is a delight to the eye and to the mind. Uniform in style and method with the English and French anthologies from the same press, this new volume will be even more welcome to lovers of poetry, owing to the lack of competitors in its special field.

Walter Tyndale's "Japan and the Japanese" (Macmillan), which comes to us arrayed both inwardly and outwardly in festal apparel, is the work of an English painter, who wisely sketched and colored in the rainy and misty climate of Japan only when he could secure the right light, atmosphere, and appropriate natural conditions. Hence, the twenty-two full-page illustrations in color have a home-like look to an old resident in the sunny isles of the cherry blossom. To others the tints may seem extravagant. Mr. Tyndale's landscape is ever a thoroughly human one, and probably no illustrated book thus far produced shows more significantly the effect of natural beauty on fine manners. Praiseworthy is Mr. Tyndale's desire to paint the blooms less directly associated with Japan, like the oleander and the pomegranate; though the standard features of the vegetable world and of art and architecture are not neglected. The perspective is unusually good. The author's text is light, pleasing, and accurately descriptive of the daily ways and temperament of the Japanese. He exposes some ridiculous notions, among others that of the mythical Chinaman in the Japanese banks, who keeps the money. There is an index.

In "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature" (Macmillan), Sir Norman Lockyer and Winfred L. Lockyer have gathered together and classified all the passages from the poet's works "which deal with the scientific aspects of nature." "The highest poetry," Sir Norman observes in the preface, "should be associated with the highest knowledge. Tennyson's great achievement has been to show us that in the study of science we have one of the bases of the fullest poetry." Tennyson was a close friend of Sir Norman's, whom he often visited, and the astronomer and man of science was astonished at the poet's "minute knowledge in various fields." Sir Norman continues:

So far as my memory serves me, I was introduced to the late Lord Tennyson by Woolner about the year 1864. I was then living in Fairfax Road, West Hampstead, and I had erected my six-inch Cooke equatorial in the garden. I soon found that he was an enthusiastic astronomer, and that few points in the descriptive part of the subject had escaped him. He was therefore often in the observatory. Some of his remarks still linger fresh in my memory. One night when the moon's terminator swept across the broken ground round Tycho, he said: "What a splendid Hell that would make." Again, after showing him the clusters in Hercules and Perseus, he remarked musingly: "I cannot think much of the county families after that." In 1866 my wife was translating Guillemin's "Le Ciel" and I was editing and considerably expanding it; he read many of the proof sheets, and indeed suggested the title of the English edition, "The Heavens."

Of Tennyson's conception of the cosmogony, Sir Norman writes:

In Tennyson we find the complete separation of Science from Dogmatic Theology thus foreshadowed by Milton, finally achieved . . . The modern *Systema Mundi* which Tennyson dwells on over and over again is dominated by

Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses.

In "The Beaux and the Dandies" (Lane), Clare Jerrold has collected for those whose curiosity runs after such matters a fair-sized volume of anecdotes of Nash, Brummel, D'Orsay, and their courts. The beaux for whom Mr. Jerrold has a soft heart really began with the Restoration, when Charles II drew a crowd of young men about him; but they flowered in later reigns. Some of the anecdotes which the author has got together are excellent for their humor or wit, but there is much that might have been omitted. He recalls a story of the heartless Sheridan, who was at Bath, under Beau Nash. Meeting, after a long absence, one Major Brereton, who was noted for his high play at gambling, Sheridan asked: "How are you, major, how have you been going on of late?" "I have had a great misfortune since last we met," was the reply. "I have lost Mrs. Brereton." "Aye," answered Sheridan. "How did you lose her, at hazard or at quinze?" A number of George Selwyn's stories are given, and altogether it is almost as much a book of wits as of beaux.

"Gambetta's Life and Letters" (Appleton), an authorized translation by V. M. Montagu of M. Gheusi's "Gambetta par Gambetta," published in Paris in 1909, is, as the French title shows more clearly than

the English, composed almost entirely of Gambetta's own writings, principally letters, collected together as a sort of posthumous *Apologia*. The chief value and interest of the book lie in its refutation of certain stories that have been diligently circulated about Gambetta. The first is the famous and infamous tale that Gambetta madly blinded himself in the right eye because his father would not take him away from the little seminary at Cahors, to which the boy had taken a violent dislike because it was run by priests. The second story is yet more dramatic—that Mme. Léonie Léon ruined Gambetta's life and then, when he failed to carry out a *coup d'état* on his own account, murdered him for the sake of another lover. These stories, to the regret of all lovers of scandal, M. Gheusi refutes once and for all. It is to be hoped that they will not be resurrected again. Gambetta brought himself into public notice first in November, 1868, when he made his famous speech in the Procès Baudin. In vain did the President try to stop his eloquence: he refused to stop speaking. His words were a veritable flood, and the reporters, "after breaking their pencils in the effort to follow him," as his biographer enthusiastically relates, sat rapt in admiration of his overwhelming eloquence. He was busy in the courts defending revolutionary and radical leaders from the time of that speech to October, 1869, when he was elected a Deputy to Parliament. There he at once gained a commanding position through his eloquence and extraordinary activity. M. Gheusi deals somewhat too gently with the amatory passages in Gambetta's highly irregular life, and makes too sympathetic a scene out of a death that was caused in great part by irregular living at the time when Gambetta was at the summit of his career. Still, even to the unsympathetic reader, the letters in this volume will seem more than sad. There is a vein of tragedy running through them all. The fearful struggles the man went through against poverty and ill health, and his consummate bravery, do much to eradicate the unsavory taste of his life in other respects. And there is a touch of fineness in the letter of his father, who, when asked that his son's body might be sent to Paris for burial, replied: "You had him when he was alive; now that he is dead, worn out by your politics, I wish to have him. He shall rest in the cemetery at Nice, whither his mother has preceded him."

In "The Qualities of Men" (Houghton Mifflin Company) Joseph Jastrow presents in popular form the results of an extended study soon to be published with the title of "Character and Temperament." Dr. Jastrow emphasizes throughout innate sensibility as chief motive of right action. Men differ more in their sensibilities than in their logical capacity. Four general grades of sensibility are distinguished, the Poietic, Kinetic (executive), Dull, and Base. In the case of Poietic man, the adjustment of individual sensibility to social convention is necessarily a very complicated one. Indeed, the success of the adjustment is in direct ratio to its elaborateness. Of simple lives and utopias Dr. Jastrow is no friend. On the practical side the book is largely a plea that our democracy should make larger use of the man of imagination. Our danger, he finds is in over-exaltation of the kinetic type; and in resentment of spiritual superiority. In many ways this book confirms independently the sociological views expressed by George Bourne in "The Ascending Effort" (reviewed in the *Nation* August 11). Both critics, by emphasizing the value of sensibility, approach the pragmatic position, and both by insisting on the validity of remoter ideals, evade this fashionable classification. Dr. Jastrow's manner is robust and interesting, but possibly by reason of insistent cleverness of phrase a little difficult. One could wish the teaching taken up by one who had the public ear. This little book whets one's appetite for the larger study of which it is a forerunner.

From Doubleday, Page & Co. we have an American edition of "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad," by George D. Abraham, well known to readers of mountain-climbing literature as author of "The Complete Mountaineer," and as an enthusiastic member of various organizations of the climbing fraternity in England and on the Continent. If the Englishman is subject to some reproach for seeking his pleasure in going out and killing something, it must be admitted as an offset that going out and getting killed is just as constant an element in his recreation. The disasters incidentally recorded make Mr. Abraham's volume rather grewsome in parts, though it must be said to his credit that he uses these stories, not to feed a morbid interest in the sensational, but to counsel such sane methods of climbing as will eliminate the large proportion of really avoidable accidents and free an exhilarating and ennobling recreation from undeserved reproach. Bits of Virgil, Byron, and various other poets give to this volume a certain air of literary cultivation often missing in current books of adventure, though one cannot accuse the author of reaching the level which he alleges against the late Sir Leslie Stephen, whose account of an ascent of the Schreckhorn, in 1861, "reaches such heights of literary excellence that nobody since has been able to identify the route taken." Old accounts of the distressing physical effects of ascent to high altitudes lead the author to the conclusion that the human race is gradually improving in its capacity to endure the rarified atmosphere of high levels, and that, so far as this difficulty is concerned, the highest Himalayan summits may yet be conquered. The volume is provided with a brief glossary of the technical terms employed in the text, and a fairly complete index.

Thomas Okey is an industrious bookmaker, who has turned his hand to many themes. His "Venice and its Story" (Dutton) is a combination of history, guide-book, and art-manual. The historical sketch is mainly an epitome of Horatio Brown's larger work, written with an eye on the picturesque or dramatic episodes. One misses, however, the essential—the clear tracing of evolution in the life of a people that extended over eleven centuries. Mr. Okey's remarks on the painters, sculptors, and architects are of little value. There are pen-and-ink and several colored illustrations, which give the book a holiday air.

"A Book of the Black Forest" (Dutton), as we are told in the prefatory note, "does not pretend to say everything there is to say about the Black Forest." But it very nearly does it. Section after section is taken up by the author, C. E. Hughes, and we get a description of the scenery, of the towns, industries, and inns, with a spice of legend that helps to make it readable. Mr. Hughes spent several holidays in the forest, and he must have taken notes with a certain plodding fidelity that is perhaps too well reflected in his clearly-printed pages. In short, the utilitarian object of the book makes it seem just a little too uninspired. But it is assuredly full of information for the traveller, it contains two good maps and above twenty illustrations by the author.

Of all the great natural spectacles within the borders of the United States, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River of the West, in Arizona, probably is the greatest. It shows the world in the making. Including the Marble Cañon division this chasm is 283 miles long as the river runs, with an average depth of some 4,000 feet, and a width across the top ranging up to twelve or fifteen miles. It must be studied physiographically and historically to be understood, and George Wharton James has done well to present in compact and attractive form this guide-book ("The Grand Canyon of Arizona"; Little, Brown), which contains a large amount of necessary information, and is easy to carry. There are excellent photographs in half-tone, and the text is lucid and comprehensive. The tourist who wishes to approach the wonderful scene in a state of preparation should first read this book.

The October number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just issued, opens with Paul S. Reinsch's comprehensive paper on the Fourth International Conference of American Republics—a body which, he declares, has assumed a well-defined and dignified position among great international organizations. This Fourth Conference met at Buenos Ayres on July 12, under the active presidency of Dr. Bermejo, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Argentina. It was understood beforehand that certain aspects of the general welfare of the Continent were to be the subject of the Conference. Technical reasons for denying admission of representatives were brushed aside; delegates from all the republics were welcomed, even those of Nicaragua, whose dominant *de facto* government had not been universally recognized. The organization of the Pan-American Union was a subject of detailed and careful consideration in committee, and the tentative draft of a treaty was adopted by the general body. No action was taken looking to any essential modification of the Union's functions, which, however, were strongly emphasized. The Union has intervened in unifying consular documents, in improving custom-house regulation and sanitary police, in promoting the construction of the Pan-American Railway, in the improvement and promotion of steamship service, the interchange of university professorships, the strengthening of international confidence. Samuel B. Crandall discusses the law as applied to the Spanish treaty claims commission. Lester H. Woolsey considers early cases on the doctrine of continuous voyages—a subject with which the Supreme Court dealt after 1861. He shows that that court, in decid-

ing cases involving this doctrine, simply applied what had been held by British courts half a century before.

Two papers touch Chinese questions: one, by E. T. Williams, on the abolition of slavery in the Empire—noting that recently a rescript has been promulgated declaring that the institution is abolished, and almost procuring that end, though the Manchus seem not to have been brought within its terms as completely as have the Chinese proper; the second, by William R. Manning, on China and the Powers since the Boxer Movement. This is an elaborate narrative of international events occurring since 1899 that have affected the Empire. In most of them China has herself directly participated, including entry into arrangements with Russia and Japan touching Manchurian railways. She has relinquished much. In fact, she has virtually withdrawn from Manchuria, as far as railways are concerned. The Japanese press is urging that suzerainty in Manchuria be assumed; the Japanese treat the country as a conquered one, her railway guards being found at great distances from the railway, and interfering in matters outside of their province. But since the Treaty of Portsmouth Mr. Manning thinks that China has won courage to resist; *e. g.*, when in 1908 Russia asserted exclusive jurisdiction at Harbin and elsewhere in the railway zone over both Chinese and foreigners, China interposed; was supported by the United States consul, and in May, 1909, Chinese sovereignty there was recognized by Russia, and the jurisdiction divided. The Supplement with this number presents copies of twelve treaties and conventions affecting China, and correspondence on one international matter affecting her. Important also is the complete award, covering forty pages, of the Arbitrators in the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries case between Great Britain and the United States, with the reasoning *in extenso* on the various points decided.

The Rev. George Wolfe Shinn, who for thirty-one years was rector of Grace Church, Newton, Mass., and lately its rector emeritus, died last week, at the age of seventy-one. He was the author of a "Manual of the Prayer Book," and edited for twenty-five years the Whittaker Series of Sunday School Instruction.

Dr. Emil Reich, author and lecturer on history, died last Sunday. He was born at Eperjes, Hungary, in 1854, and was educated at Eperjes, Kassa, Prague, Budapest, and Vienna University. Up to his thirtieth year he studied almost exclusively in libraries. Finding books unsatisfactory for a real comprehension of history, he determined to travel extensively in order to complement the study of books with the study of realities. He spent five years in the United States, four in France, and about twelve in England, where he lectured frequently at Oxford, Cambridge, and London Universities. The British government employed him to assist in the preparation of the Venezuela boundary case. Among his publications were: "History of Civilization," "Græco-Roman Institutions" (Oxford Lectures); "Hungarian Literature," "Atlas of English History," "Handbook of Geography," chiefly physiographic and mathematical; "General History," "Foundations of Modern Europe," "Success Among Nations," "The Foreigner in History," "Select Documents Illustrating Mediæval and Modern History," "Atlas of Ancient History," "Atlas of Modern History," "Principal Characters from the Great Philosophers," "The Fundamental Principles of Evidence," "Imperialism," "The Failure of the Higher Criticism of the Bible," "Plato as an Introduction to Modern Life," and "Success in Life."

Gen. Henry Edwin Tremain, a distinguished veteran of the civil war and the author of "Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry," "Two Days of War," and "Sectionalism Unmasked," died last week, at the age of seventy. He was a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and of the American Authors' Society.

The death is reported, in his seventy-third year, of Prof. Robert Flint, D.D., formerly professor of moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh. Of his many writings may be mentioned: "Philosophy of History in Europe," "Historical Philosophy in France," and "Theism."

Science.

Reptiles of the World. By Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles in the New York Zoölogical Park. With a frontispiece in color and nearly 200 illustrations, from photographs taken by the author. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $5 net.

In this volume—needlessly large from the thick paper of the text—there are 185 (not several hundred as claimed on p. v) admirable pictures of living species of turtles, crocodilians, lizards, and snakes from all parts of the world. The nearly exterminated Tuatara of New Zealand, representing the otherwise extinct group, Rhynchocephalia, is briefly discussed in the Introduction; it might well have replaced the gaudy but less instructive Rhinoceros Viper of the frontispiece. Excepting about twenty pages of lists of genera which are somewhat out of place in a popular treatise, the text comprises descriptions of selected forms, directions for their housing and food, and accounts of their habits, often based upon the author's personal observations; some of these are thrilling and some amusing, for example, that related on pp. 266-267. Figures and descriptions of structure are few, and the soft parts are nearly ignored; this is fortunate, perhaps, for the general reader, if we judge from the treatment of a single case: the easily recognized difference between alligators and crocodiles, viz., the pit in the upper jaw for the reception of the fourth lower tooth in the former, which becomes a notch in the latter, might have been made clear by a simple diagram and a few words, but is clumsily treated on three separate pages.

Actual errors and important omissions are commendably few. There is no picture of a gavial. The "flying dragon" should have been shown also in the folded condition. On p. 75 the discovery of the presence of a true crocodile in Florida is credited to Director Hornaday in 1875, whereas it was made in 1869 by Jeffries Wyman. The comprehensive work of Boulenger of the British Museum is properly referred to; but there is no mention of the numerous publications of Stejneger of the United States National Museum; neither is it hinted that a monograph of the turtles of North America was published by the elder Agassiz nineteen years before Mr. Ditmars was born. There are occasional attempts at "fine writing" which will merely befog the reader. Indeed, beginning with the subtitle, where "Eastern and Western Hemispheres" would imply the existence of others, there is hardly a paragraph that might not be improved. But these faults are trivial compared with the lack of coördination between the illustrations and the text, for which the publishers are equally to blame. With two or three exceptions, the forms shown in the plates are not described in the contiguous pages; the plates bear no reference to the appropriate pages, which may be far distant; the text lacks all reference to the plates, and the index refers to the text alone. Comparable defects in a mathematical or classical treatise intended for beginning students and general readers would bar it from publication.

The irony of selecting such a title as "Orchids for Everyone" (by Charles H. Curtis. New York: Dutton) for a work on the most fashionable and costly decorative plants is merely apparent. The title must be read between the lines. It means orchids for those who have a few extra hours each week and a little space in a greenhouse. The author was formerly keeper of the orchid collection at the Royal Gardens, Kew, where there can always be found an immense number of species under observation, and where there is a fair percentage of the hybrids and variants prized in cultivation. Consequently, Mr. Curtis can speak with a good degree of authority and give good counsel. The treatise itself belongs to the type of garden books of which we have lately had so many; a small quarto or very large octavo in size, with heavy paper and broad margins, a true *édition de luxe*. The colored illustrations are of unequal merit; some of them being almost exact reproductions of the subjects in hue and brilliancy, while some of the others are below any reasonable standard. The best are exceedingly attractive and satisfy the eye fully, exhibiting the features which have long rendered this order of plants the favorites of wealthy amateurs. Here one can see the slight differences in shape and color which command fabulous prices, and which are likely to keep their place until they are, in their turn, supplanted by successful rivals. We can heartily commend this work for its wise advice and abundant information.

The noted French physician, Henri Huchard, who was an officer of the Legion of Honor and a member of Academy of Medicine at Paris, died last Sunday, at the age of sixty-six. He founded the

Journal Médical des Praticiens, and wrote the following books: "Traité des névrosos"; "Traité clinique des maladies du cœur et de l'aorte"; "Consultations médicales," in four volumes, and "Les Maladies du cœur et leur traitement."

The death is announced from London of Mrs. French Sheldon, M. D. She was born in this country, but later married and settled in England. Mrs. Sheldon made three journeys around the world in the interest of ethnological research. In addition to her scientific concerns, she wrote on a wide range of topics, and translated extensively, her rendering of "Salammbô" having been placed by the French government in Flaubert's tomb at Rouen.

Prof. Cooper D. Schmidt, professor of mathematics for twenty-one years in the University of Tennessee, and dean of the university, died last week in Knoxville, aged fifty-one.

The death is announced from Boston of Dr. John Cummings Munro, ex-president of the Society of Clinical Surgery, and a member of many other surgical and medical fraternities.

Dr. John Chalmers Da Costa died last week in Philadelphia in his forty-eighth year. He ranked among the great surgeons of the country, and at the time of his death he was emeritus gynæcologist at Jefferson College, chief gynæcologist at St. Agnes's Hospital, and president of the Philadelphia Obstetrical Society. He wrote "A Manual of Modern Surgery."

James Huff Stout, a leader in educational movements in Wisconsin, died last week at his home in Menomonie. Institutions which he founded, viz., schools of manual training, domestic science, and agriculture, were later consolidated as Stout Institute.

Drama.

During the past week Sarah Bernhardt has appeared in the Globe Theatre in several characters never before acted by her in this city. In one of them, Photine, the heroine of Rostand's Biblical fantasy, "La Samaritaine," she failed to make a deep impression. The work itself, full as it is of religious aspiration, broad humanitarianism, and poetic fancy, is not suited to the theatre, where its reverential feeling is vulgarized, and much of its imaginative beauty destroyed. The part played in it by Christ—dignified, tender, and impressive, in the printed book—becomes painful on the stage, because of its inevitable insufficiency. Moreover, the legendary Photine, a dashing and reckless wanton arbitrarily converted into an evangelizing saint, is, on the boards at least, too obviously theatrical a figure to be credible or inspiring. And the manifest artificiality of Madame Bernhardt's devices to emphasize the transformation of the sinner was fatal to the creation of emotional sympathy. As usual she astonished by the variety of her expression, the aptness of her poses, and the vigor of her torrential declamation. But the character is not one in which she shines preëminently. She was much more fortunate as the pretended humpback, René, in Zamaçois's delightful romantic fantasy, "Les Bouffons," well known in this city by the adaptation called "The Jesters." This is an exceedingly dainty, humorous, and imaginative work, and the part of the hero, with its oratorical opportunities and its poetic amatory appeal, calls for the exercise of some of her choicest gifts. Her delivery of the verse was marked by all her old declamatory ability, and, in the love scene of the third act, by exquisitely musical and tender modulation. The general performance by her company was exactly in the right veins of romance and humorous extravaganza.

On Monday evening Madame Bernhardt appeared as the unhappy wife and mother in Bisson's "La Femme X"—known here as "Madame X"—and completely eclipsed the memory of the local version. The play, except for its purely theatrical qualities, which are strong, has no real value, but the performance by the French company was extraordinarily good. Half a dozen members of it would be "stars" here if artistic capacity were the sole test of advancement. Madame Bernhardt made the spiritual, not the bodily, ruin of Jacqueline the main feature of her embodiment, which was marked by a psychological subtlety that raised it far above the level of common melodrama. The different phases of the woman's career were illustrated with startling passion, a most subtle portrayal of morose despair, and many delicate strokes of maternal pathos. The actress never exhibited surer instinct or more capable execution. Whether the worth of the character repaid the labor and skill bestowed upon it is another matter. M. Maxudian, M. Deneubourg, M. Tellegen, M. Canroy, and Madame Duc were all prominent in the notably fine cast.

Haddon Chambers has just completed a new play. It has been acquired by Frank Curzon and Gerald du Maurier for Wyndham's Theatre in London. It bears the title of "Passers-by," is in four acts, without any change of scene, and deals with modern London life. It is said to break fresh ground, and to stand as far apart from "Captain Swift" as from "The Tyranny of Tears."

Herbert Trench has engaged Phyllis Neilson-Terry for the new piece which will succeed his revival of "The Blue Bird" in London.

"The little French Theatre in London" is soon to be established by Vaughan Grey at the Boudoir Theatre, Kensington, in conjunction with Léo Claretie and Prof. Victor Spiers. The French tragedian, Mounet-Sully, has made a provisional promise to appear at the opening performance. Subsequent engagements include those of Gallipaux and Jeanne Granier. The idea is to give three matinées and three evening representations in each week, and there will also be regular "Causeries." The staple entertainment will be comedy of a high-class order.

Josephine Preston Peabody's fine play, "The Piper," which won the prize in the recent Stratford-on-Avon competition, will be among the Christmas theatrical novelties in London. F. R. Benson has arranged with George Alexander to present it for a series of matinées in the St. James's Theatre.

L. N. Parker has been talking to an English reporter about his new Disraeli play. He said:

It is not a Disraeli play in the sense that Fauchois's "Beethoven" was a Beethoven play. So far from its being a stage version of a biography, the story is almost entirely fictitious, and the only real characters in it are those of Lord and Lady Beaconsfield. It will be found, when this play is produced, that I have taken a very great liberty with history, social and political.

Bernard Fagan, author of "The Earth," is preparing for stage presentation his friend Robert Hichens's well-known novel, "Bella Donna."

The current number of *Modern Philology* contains interesting confirmation of the theory, the joint work of Messrs. Pollard and Greg, that the following quartos of plays by or ascribed to Shakespeare were all actually printed in 1619, the earlier dates on the title-pages being forgeries: "The Whole Contention" (n. d.); "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1600); "Sir John Oldcastle" (1600); "The Merchant of Venice" (1600); "Henry the Fifth" (1608); "King Lear" (1608); "Pericles" (1619); "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (1619); "A Yorkshire Tragedy" (1619). Mr. Pollard's discovery that these nine quartos are uniformly larger than their fellows and that they all appear together in three, and probably four, early bindings, led Mr. Greg to an examination of the watermark of the paper on which they were printed, an examination which convinced both Mr. Greg and Mr. Pollard, if not from the nature of the question all the world beside, that the paper in each case was from the same stock. This evidence Mr. Sidney Lee and others positively reject, and with Mr. Pollard's summary of the various matters in controversy in his "Shakespeare Folios and Quartos" (1909) the dispute could be terminated only by the introduction of new and determinative evidence. This W. J. Neidig in *Modern Philology* supplies by applying to the study of the printed page "a system of exact measurements not unlike the modern Bertillon system of measuring criminals." Comparing the 1600 title-page of "The Merchant of Venice," for example, with the 1619 title-page of "Pericles," he finds that the blank spaces above and below the line "Written by W. Shakespeare" and the spaces on all sides of the printer's device are of the same depth in both; and that the lines show precisely the same spacing and the same amount of quad material. Such coincidences can hardly be due to chance, nor would it be possible for a printer to duplicate an older title-page with such mathematical accuracy. A composite photograph shows that the lower halves of the two title-pages exactly correspond. The explanation offered is that the lower half was "lifted" and made to do duty for no less than seven of the nine quartos. The work of the printer in doing this is followed, step by step, leading to the conclusion that the quartos bearing dates of 1600 and 1608 were printed within a few days of those dated 1619. The investigation was carried out with the highest degree of mechanical accuracy, and the twelve half-tone plates that accompany the article are offered as the most perfect facsimiles of title-pages ever produced.

The Vienna correspondent of a London journal gives an account of "Der Junge Medardus," an historical tragedy by Arthur Schnitzler, calling it in every way the most ambitious of Schnitzler's work. It is composed of twelve more or less historical tableaux setting forth the period just preceding and including the second

occupation of Vienna by the French in 1809, and culminating in the attempt upon Napoleon's life at Schönebrunn. With atmosphere entirely Viennese, it is a satire in the manner of Sardou; it has twelve principal characters, and lasts five hours, with only one pause of any length.

Henry Guy Carleton, the playwright, died in Hot Springs, Ark., last Saturday, aged fifty-four years. He had been producing plays since 1881. Among them are "Mennon," "Victor Durand," "The Pembertons," "The Lion's Mouth," "Ye Earlie Trouble," "Princess of Erie," "A Gilded Fool," "The Butterflies," "That Impudent Young Couple," "Ambition," "Colinette," and "Jack's Honeymoon."

Music.

PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA.

When Giacomo Puccini, who is undoubtedly the most popular of living opera composers (his income from royalties is said to approximate $50,000 a year), visited this country a few years ago, he attended a performance of "The Girl of the Golden West," by David Belasco, whose dramatic version of Luther Long's story, "Madame Butterfly," had served him as libretto for his last opera, the first American performance of which he had crossed the ocean to superintend. Although he could not understand the dialogue, he was so much impressed by the picturesque Western scenery and costumes and the romantic incidents that he decided then and there that this was the popular play he had been looking for to serve as basis for his next opera. He allowed his librettists abundant time to make their version—not an altogether easy task, in view of idioms and Western slang—and then devoted eighteen months to writing the music. Long before it was done the announcement that it would have its first performance in New York aroused great indignation among the Italians, who seemed to have forgotten that they had behaved so rudely toward "Madama Butterfly," when it was first produced in Milan, that Puccini made an immediate repetition impossible by taking away the score.

It would be difficult to imagine a more striking contrast to this fiasco of what is now the most popular of all operas than the enthusiastic reception of "The Girl of the Golden West" at its Metropolitan production last Saturday. At double the usual prices the house was crowded, and there were at least fifty recalls for Puccini, Belasco, Toscanini, and the principal singers, Caruso, Destinn, Amato, all of whom had far surpassed their previous achievements, at least from the histrionic side. The possibility of having his new work produced with such a cast, and under the magnetic direction of Toscanini, would in itself explain why Puccini preferred New York to Milan, which has no singers or conductor to match them. But there were other reasons. The management of the Metropolitan paid $5,000 extra for the privilege of being first to stage this opera. Moreover, Belasco himself had not only allowed Gatti-Casazza to copy his scenery and costumes, but had promised to coöperate as stage manager. For several weeks, while orchestral rehearsals were going on, he drilled the cast—seventeen persons in all—for hours every day until Caruso looked and acted like a real California bandit, Didur like a Wells, Fargo & Co. express agent in pursuit of him, Destinn like a genuine girl of Western romance, serving whiskey in her bar, while teaching the Bible and softening the hearts of the miners; Amato like a gambler and sheriff of Bret Harte's, Reiss like a bartender to the counter born, Bourgeois and Mattfeld like a real Indian and his squaw, De Segurola like a colored minstrel, and Missiano like a Mexican bandit, while the eight miners named Sonora, Trin, Sid, Bello, Happy, Joe, Hopper, and Larkens were impersonated with the same realism in costume and action.

The significance of the situation lies in this, that the Metropolitan Opera House had been made for the time being into something similar to what Wagner wanted his Bayreuth theatre to be—a place for the creation of traditions. With both Puccini and his high priest presiding over the rehearsals, the musical side was sure to be correctly presented, while the presence of Belasco insured realism in scenery, costumes, and action. All this made the Metropolitan performance of great interest, without regard to the intrinsic value of the opera. But as for traditions—apart from those which relate to the orchestra and the singing—it is to be feared that when "The Girl of the Golden West" is produced in Italian cities, the California miners will be converted, in the absence of Belasco, into the traditional Sicilian brigands so familiar to opera-goers.

Paradoxical as it seems to say it, this may prove the salvation of Puccini's work. To be a real work of art, an opera must have music suited to the action. The action and local color in "The Girl of the Golden West" are intensely American and Californian. The music is not; it is thoroughly Italian—that is, in the modern sense of the word—and would seem less out of place around the sulphur mines of Sicily than the gold mines of the Pacific Coast. Brahms was no opera composer, yet when he wrote his "Academic Overture," at the time when he was made an honorary doctor, he instinctively did the right thing by making several popular student songs the melodic themes of his composition. When Belasco produced his Californian play he had a quartet singing "Old Dog Tray," "Camptown Races," "I Bet My Money on a Bob-Tailed Nag," and similar ditties of the day. Puccini should have woven into his score some tunes of this sort for the miners to sing. He did introduce Foster's "Dooda, dooda da," but so altered in the melodic curve that no one but an expert would recognize it. The few Indian tunes he introduced are also Indian to those only who know about them. In a word, there is in this opera hardly a trace of what can be called American from any point of view; and those who had hoped that just as Gluck and Meyerbeer, though Germans, had written real French operas, so Puccini, though an Italian, would give us a real American opera, are grievously disappointed.

Besides the desirability of local color, there was a further reason why he should have adopted American melodies in the fact that his own melodic fountain seems to have run dry. In the whole opera there is not one of those stirring, broad, sensuous melodies which have made "La Bohême," "Tosca," and "Madama Butterfly" famous. The orchestration is rich and varied and betrays great technical skill; but in this direction—the direction taken by Berlioz and Richard Strauss—operatic success does not lie. We shall be very much surprised if "La Fanciulla del West" is a success in any European country. How it will be received in Chicago and Boston we shall know in a few weeks.

Arthur Friedheim will give a recital at Mendelssohn Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 17. His programme will include the Liszt sonata (the playing of which is a revelation), Liszt's "Benediction," twelve Chopin preludes, Liszt's Ballade in B minor, Mephisto Waltz, Pesther Carnival, and 1 Mazurka in A flat by Chopin. Mr. Friedheim is virtually the last of the genuine pupils of Liszt, and his playing is always a delight.

Two special Wagner concerts will be given by Lillian Nordica and the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conducting, in Carnegie Hall, on January 4 and 11. Mme. Nordica will sing excerpts from all the Wagner music dramas in which she has appeared, including "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," and "Tannhäuser." The great American prima donna seems to be in particularly good form this winter.

Max Bruch has, at the age of seventy-three, composed a new violin concerto. It will be published soon by Simrock in Berlin, and Willy Hess will have the privilege of introducing it to the world.

Nothing is more remarkable in the musical world than the increasing interest in Grieg's songs and instrumental works. They are sung and played five times as often as they were a few years ago, the musicians having discovered at last that nothing more surely brings applause. Like the music of Chopin and Schubert, Grieg's music combines popular luscious melody with harmonies that delight epicures.

Art.

What Is Art? By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

The title of Professor Van Dyke's new book suggests a treatise on pure æsthetics; it is rather an attempt to meet certain current misconceptions. We get, Mr. Van Dyke fears, our notion of art chiefly from museum officials and dealers, and that means that we indulge both the historic and commercial fallacy. Art is neither a curiosity nor a commodity; "art is primarily a matter of doing, somewhat a matter of seeing and feeling, and perhaps not at all a matter of theme or thinking." If the dealer and the pedant have variously misled us, the modern artist also has often been faithless to the tradition of his craft. For pungent good sense commend us to the chapter on The Use of the Model, which is incidentally a quiet but scathing exposure of the literalism that afflicts modern art. A tour through a gallery might almost persuade the visitor that memory and invention had been stricken off the artistic vocabulary.

Towards the connoisseur who treasures what is rare and the Philistine who adores only what is dear, our author is impartially severe. Both are enemies of sane art appreciation. Mr. Van Dyke deprecates the creation of fanciful personalities in art. It offends him, for example, that Mr. Berenson's Amico di Sandro gets into the art histories and even "influences" artists who are there by grace of documents. It seems to us that these ingenious reconstructions stand or fall by their own credibility. If Mr. Berenson has correctly assembled the works of an unknown personality, that artist, whom we may call Amico di Sandro, or Master of the Chantilly Esther—the name not mattering—may perfectly well have influenced a contemporary. Objection lies, if at all, to the reconstruction, not to the name or imputed influence.

To feel quality is the chief business of art appreciation, and while Mr. Van Dyke may not have successfully defined quality—an almost impossible task—he sufficiently intimates how it is to be looked for. What we want is the immediate effect of the work of art itself. A connoisseur of our acquaintance asks himself on entering a gallery, What are the two finest pictures in this room? and arrives at results often contradictory to catalogues and guidebooks. Mr. Van Dyke deplores the craze for old masters and urges an intelligent patronage of our own art. Here it seems to us is some neglect of fundamentals. A really intelligent patronage of our own art might leave nine-tenths of it wholly unpatronized, while the grievance against the plutocratic collector is not that he affects Rembrandts, but that he does not love those he owns. Any kind of honest love of art as art must work for the artistic good of the country. A fine work of art, we think, is never expatriated where it finds a lover. And quite practically it has been the enlightened collectors of older art among us who were the best patrons of Whistler, Puvis, and Manet. We heartily wish that the tyranny of the dealer and art historian may be abated, and we feel deeply the insincerity of much collecting, but we are convinced that the only salvation is to eschew the bad and hold fast to the good art of whatever period.

Throughout this little book, Mr. Van Dyke shows his familiar qualities of literary distinction and clear thinking. It will do good wherever it is read. Whether a prophet of the beautiful who consents neither to bait with florid phrase nor yet to adopt the yawp barbaric can make himself heard in our particular desert, is quite another question.

The whole period in which Gothic architecture arose, found a completer expression than other styles have ever attained, reached its limit of possible development, and then suddenly declined, was less than four centuries. To study its essential features we need seek no example outside the narrow geographical limits of the old Royal Domain, whose structures have been very happily described in "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France," by Elise Whitlock Rose, with illustrations from original photographs by Vida Hunt Francis (2 vols., Putnam). All the genius of the northern French—a race whose daring imagination and undeviating adherence to direct and logical expression fitted them to measure themselves with the noblest problems of architecture—was concentrated on these buildings. In the other arts they took no such significant part. Thus they expressed a deeper religious sentiment than Europe had yet known, and demanded of common and often inferior materials a long series of constructive *tours-de-force*. In the fact that nothing was built purposelessly or fantastically lies the interest of their work. Huysmans has found from the patient examination of a single cathedral that every detail of carved stone or painted glass is to some extent a mystical exposition of the history and doctrine of the Church; Viollet-le-Duc and Choisy show that every moulding was cut in conformity with an underlying constructive idea, and even in the matter of contemporary history the stones of these churches are more truthful witnesses than the written records. The author of the present volumes has a scholarly historical knowledge, and, better still, she shows an intimate acquaintance with the buildings themselves. The work of the illustrator is in sympathy with the text. Besides the familiar general views there are many charming details of porches, chapels, and galleries.

"The Whistler Book," by Radakichi Hartmann (L. C. Page & Co.) bears an over-ambitious title, and is here and there marred by phrases more florid than exact or expressive. On the whole, it is a sympathetic and judicious criticism. It takes courage to assert the comparative emptiness of the famous "White Girl," and independence to write that technically Whistler was probably not "the best etcher of his day." In the nocturnes and lithographs our author finds the most individual and exquisite expression of Whistler's genius. The entire book is an odd combination of real perceptiveness, with extravagance of statement and allusion, but it has the virtue of readableness and enthusiasm, and often it cuts to the heart of the matter. It is carelessly printed, proper names being frequently disfigured. Monet for Manet, on page 79, and Walter Gray for Gay, on page 226, are perhaps the worst instances. There are fifty-seven illustrations, a bibliography, and a list of paintings not quite complete or up to date.

"Peasant Art in Sweden, Lapland, and Iceland" is the attractive title of the special Autumn Number of the *International Studio* (John Lane Co.). On inspection one regrets the prominence given to Swedish art, much of which seems derivitive from southern models. In silver-smithing and weaving, however, we have the true primitive note. Whatever is given from Lapland and Iceland seems pure gold. Especially the bed panels of Iceland preserve a robust tradition running back to the so-called dark ages. Beside the illustration after peasant objects there are photographs and color-prints after paintings depicting the houses and the peasants themselves, in all six hundred cuts.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts announces its one hundred and sixth annual exhibition, which will open to the public Sunday, February 5, and close Sunday, March 26. The exhibition will consist of original works by American artists in oil painting and sculpture, which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia. All works intended for exhibition must be entered upon regular entry cards, which must be properly filled out and sent to the academy by Monday, January 2. The jury of selection consists of the following members: Painting—Willard L. Metcalf, chairman; George Bellows, Adolphe Borie, Joseph De Camp, Daniel Garber, Walter MacEwan, Carl Newman, De Witt Parshall, Henry J. Thouron, and J. Alden Weir. Sculpture—Hermon A. MacNeil, Bela L. Pratt, and John M. Bateman. The hanging committee is composed of Willard L. Metcalf, Charles Grafly, and Adolphe Borie. The academy's committee on exhibition has as chairman Clement B. Newbold.

Richard La Barre Goodwin, the landscape painter, died at Orange, N. J., last Saturday, at the age of seventy years.

From Paris comes news of the death of the landscape painter Jean Emile Renié.

The death is announced from Berlin of the artist Ludwig Knaus, who, in the seventies of the last century, was considered one of the great *genre* painters of the world. At the Metropolitan Museum are to be found his Repose in Egypt of the Holy Family, The Old Woman and Cats, the female figure of Peace, and a Girl's Head. Other important pictures by him are Funeral in a Hesse Village, His Excellency Travelling, The Village Musician, The Inn, The Refractory Model, Solomon's Wisdom, and Peep Behind the Scenes. He was born in Wiesbaden in

1829, and from 1874 to 1884 was professor at the Berlin Academy.

Finance.

WALL STREET AND WASHINGTON.

That financial markets should have excited themselves, both before and after Mr. Taft's message to Congress, over what the President would advise regarding this session's company legislation, was in reality quite needless. The Stock Exchange (which may have got a peep at advance sheets of the message) professed cheerful expectation that the President would advise against further restrictive laws as to corporations. The expectation was fulfilled, to the extent that Mr. Taft declared his opinion that "the existing legislation with reference to the regulation of corporations and the restraint of their business has reached a point where we can stop for a while and witness the effect of the vigorous execution of the laws on the statute books." Since, however, the President not only assumed that existing laws would be enforced, but also declared that he should not renew his former proposals to authorize railway "pools" for establishing joint rates, the message, from Wall Street's point of view, contained bitter as well as sweet. When it was published in full, the stock market lost all its advance of the two preceding days.

But the concern of the market, over either sort of recommendation, was superfluous. It is true that laws of the first importance have on rare occasions been enacted in the final three months' session of an expiring Congress—even after an "opposition landslide" in November. The passing of the Specie Resumption Act in 1875 is a notable case in point. But in 1875 the dominant party, though defeated at the polls, still had a workable majority of 100, good until March 4. The dominant party of to-day has less than half that majority, and such majority as it has is not workable, in the face of the schism in the party.

The points of interest which were lacking in the President's message were to a certain extent provided in the Department reports. One introduced the remarks of the Secretary of Agriculture, repeating enthusiastically the Secretary's well-known views on the crops of 1910. We have produced this year, he points out, farm products "with a value reaching $8,926,000,000," which "is larger than that of 1909 by $305,000,000," and is a sum the meaning of which "nothing short of omniscience can grasp." The value of the corn crop, in Mr. Wilson's language, "belongs to the stories of magic"; the value of the cotton crop is 13 per cent above the five-year average.

All this is reassuring, but possibly just a little overdrawn. When a statistician deals with the actual size of successive crops, with their effect on railway traffic, on the country's export trade, on the cost of living in the case of grain and on activity at the mills in the case of cotton—he stands on firm ground. But when he begins to deal with values—especially with values obtained through multiplying total bales or bushels by the market price on a single stated day—he sometimes arrives at strange results. Such calculations may not belong to the stories of magic, but they are very likely to take their place in the realm of sleight-of-hand, or in the field of expert accountants retained to prove a case. Our crops of 1910, all things considered, are a mainstay of the financial situation; but the wheat crop is far more useful a contribution to prosperity because wheat prices have fallen, and the cotton crop very much less so because cotton sells at so exorbitant a figure. Mr. Wilson's line of argument lurches perceptibly over into that inverted political economy which hails with delight a deficient crop with excessive prices, and has serious doubts over a "bumper yield" sold at values more inviting to consumers.

The Secretary of the Treasury, as was to be expected, indulges in no such jugglery of figures; it is rather his conclusions which are interesting to finance. He takes up courageously the question of currency reform, and makes some really pregnant comments—as, for instance, that the present system of distributing and redistributing bank reserves is vicious, that there is no way now of suddenly increasing currency in a crisis, except through the futile and obsolescent law of 1908, and that the present bank-note system, with its requirement of government bond collateral, will not adapt itself to the fluctuating needs of trade.

But when Mr. MacVeagh approaches high economic theory in his report, he arrives at some deductions quite as novel as Mr. Wilson's. That "panics are no longer necessary and no longer respectable" is at any rate a safe assertion. No business man and no economic philosopher was ever heard to declare that a panic was needed for the general welfare, or that a run on banks, which was being chronicled in his diary, was a highly respectable event. But the Secretary's further deduction that panics are not only avoidable, but that "we can continue to have panics or we can stop having panics, exactly as we prefer," and that "it is for the government to say whether it will have panics in the future or whether it will not," calls for somewhat different comment.

A well-ordered currency and a proper centralization of financial resources would do much to mitigate the evils of those violent reactions in financial stability and financial confidence, which are partly inherent in human nature and partly, in this country, a consequence of the excessively daring use of credit by our greatest capitalists. But it would hardly bring about a financial millennium, in which fright over really alarming financial situations should be a thing of the past.

One of the strongest arguments for a Central Bank, for instance, is the prospect that it might, under wholly enlightened and independent administration, exercise over the most powerful manipulators and promoters, and over the excesses of the financial community in general, just such imperious restraint as is exercised abroad by the Banks of England and of Germany; that it might, at a moment when the strongest powers of Wall Street had overstrained bank resources to support an extravagant Stock Exchange speculation, put up the official rate of discount, not lower it, as was done in New York city, with the natural results, last October and in the same month a year ago. If a scheme for a Central Bank which, beyond any cavil, guaranteed exactly such large-minded oversight in affairs financial could be contrived and presented to the people, it would probably be accepted. But the question appears to be, can just that disinterested policy, at such times and by such an institution, be assured?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, J. W. The Place of History in Education. Appleton.
Ballard, A. From Talk to Text. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Bennett, A. How to Live on 24 Hours a Day. Doran.
Bragdon, C. The Beautiful Necessity. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press. $2 net.
Brissot, J.-P. Mémoires (1754-1793). 2 vols. Paris: Picard.
Brown, W. A. Morris Ketchum Jesup: A Character Sketch. Scribner.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XII, The Latest Age. Macmillan. $4 net.
Cartmell, P. M. Instinct and Intelligence. Cochrane Pub. Co.
Champneys, A. C. Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
Coburn, A. L. New York (Illustrations). Foreword by H. G. Wells. Brentano. $6.
Dewhurst, F. E. The Magi in the West. Chicago: Abbey Co. 50 cents net.
Dobell, Mrs. H. Poetical Works. London: Smith, Elder.

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Hazlewood, C. W. The Garden of Gray Ledge, and other Poems. Boston: Sherman, Freneh. $1.25 net.
Hinchman, W. S. William of Normandy: a Chroniele Play. London: Kegan Paul.
Hoek, H. How to Ski. A. Benziger. 50 cents.
Hough, E. The Singing Mouse Stories. Indianapolis; Bobbs-Merrill.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910.

The Week

For a subject that was pronounced "dead" a year ago, tariff revision is proving itself a particularly lively corpse. Both houses of Congress are giving up hours to its discussion. It is evident that the Western Republicans mean business; they are just as hot against dishonest tariff taxes now as they were during the campaign. An agitation of that kind, once started, gets rebellious ideas into the heads of the people, and will not die down. Even Senator Aldrich now perceives that the popular wrath against his handiwork cannot be laid by smooth words, and is prepared to concede something to it. A great light has also dawned upon Senator Lodge, and he—helped on, of course, by the angry Massachusetts sentiment which makes his reëlection doubtful—is also found among the tariff-revision prophets. Little can be expected of the short session, naturally, yet there seems a chance that a bill may pass making the Tariff Board permanent and enlarging its powers.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock is justly proud, in his annual report, of his reduction of the deficit of his department by $11,500,000. In his natural desire to wipe out the remaining deficit, he recommends the plan of making the magazines pay a higher rate for their advertising pages. Whatever the merits of this proposition, there is room for effecting great savings in other ways, by introducing business-like methods and getting the maximum work out of his employees. He has already proposed placing the low-grade postmasters under the civil-service rules. If he and Mr. Taft, without further ado, weed out a few hundred inefficient postmasters who hold office solely for political reasons, that alone will almost wipe out the deficit, provided that the postmasters are succeeded by energetic, enterprising business men. All newspaper publishers know how untrustworthy the present postal service is. Those in New York are doing a lot of the work of the post office, because the post office does not do it in any satisfactory way. The best way to improve its revenues would be to make it trustworthy and efficient.

Incredible as it seems, the House Committee on Invalid Pensions has favorably reported a bill to add nearly fifty millions of dollars to the existing pension roll. The pension of a veteran of sixty-two is by it increased from $12 to $15 a month. A veteran of seventy will receive from $50 to $75 a month additional, and one of seventy-five from $20 to $36 a month. An intermediate grade, between sixty-five and seventy, will come in for an increase of $20 a month. It is represented that in the first year the increase will "only be twenty-five millions," but the fact remains that within two years the extra pay will be fifty millions. What becomes of the proposed government savings? The debt to the old soldiers, which every one acknowledges, has been met more generously than any similar one in the history of the world. In addition, cowards, shirkers, and camp followers have profited by Treasury gifts until the privileged class of veterans has become as dulled to what is just and proper as have the protected manufacturers.

The significance of the New York State election, especially in the light of a defeat to Mr. Roosevelt, is emphasized by the official figures now published. We refer to the comparison between the plurality attained by Mr. Dix and those given to his associates on the State ticket. It is plain from these figures that Dix ran almost exactly 50,000 ahead of his ticket; his plurality was 67,401, as against 18,408 for the Comptroller, 18,332 for the Treasurer, and 18,066 for the State Engineer. Compared with the Lieutenant-Governor, his lead was not so great, while the comparison with the votes on Secretary of State and Attorney-General shows a greater lead; the reason in each case being obvious. Inasmuch as Mr. Stimson was an excellent candidate, this preferential vote of 50,000 in Mr. Dix's favor is clearly to be interpreted as a vote of protest; nor does it begin to measure the extent of that vote. For every Republican that entered his protest by simply discriminating in favor of Dix, there were probably three or four who either voted the straight Democratic ticket or did not vote at all. This conclusion, indicated by ordinary observation of the people during the campaign, is confirmed by the way in which the hoofs went with the hide—the Legislature with the Governorship—in spite of the advantages of Republican districting.

Both Gov.-elect Dix personally and the State of New York are to be congratulated on the decision of Mr. Charles E. Treman to accept the very important post of Superintendent of Public Works. One of the chief difficulties encountered by Governors, and especially by Governors of this State, in which the magnitude and complexity of the affairs to be administered are so great, is that of securing the services of men of a high order of ability in the principal offices connected with the Administration. Acceptance of these duties, on the part of the men most peculiarly fitted to perform them, almost always involves a personal sacrifice, and there is no truer patriotism than that which is manifested by shouldering these burdens for the public good. In the case of Mr. Treman, the question of health entered into the case, and hence his favorable decision is all the more to be appreciated.

There seems to be no doubt that Woodrow Wilson was approached by agents of Roger Sullivan when in Chicago recently, and offered a bribe in the shape of the votes of the Illinois delegation to the next Democratic National Convention if he would only not oppose Mr. Smith's election to the Senate. There are prominent politicians we might mention, whose mode of procedure would have been to palliate, consider, and compromise in order to be "practical." It would by many have been considered justifiable under the new theory of applied political ethics. But Mr. Wilson's reply was prompt and vigorous. For those who know him or have watched his political career, it is not difficult to imagine the fine scorn with which he waved these tempters aside, with complete contempt for any effect his act might have on his own career. This episode is, in fact, illum-

ined by a significant remark made by Mr. Wilson at the Southern Society's dinner last week. Introduced, with poor taste, as a probable "future President," Mr. Wilson promptly disclaimed any consideration of whither his new work would take him. He cared, he said, only for the task in hand, and not where he would arrive, except that he wanted to land "on the necks of certain people." There is every reason to believe that he will have his wish. The Americans who live in New Jersey, and those who live elsewhere, know a brave man when they see him. From all accounts, the State is rising to Mr. Wilson in a way to make Mr. Smith's brazen stand speedily appear an act of political suicide.

Pennsylvania's Legislative Reference Bureau is ready to perform its function of first aid to legislators. Although created by the Legislature of 1909, it was not until January of the present year that the Bureau began actual work. The first step was to establish a system of classification by which all the material to be gathered could be made available for instant use. The basis of this classification is the living statute law of the State, that is, the unrepealed statutes, exclusive of those which the courts have held to be repealed by implication or that have been declared unconstitutional. The 2,200 bills of the session of 1909 were then filed according to this classification, the history of each being indicated upon it. Cards were then obtained daily with the titles of bills introduced in the Legislatures of other States in the sessions of 1910, and the most important bills selected, sent for, and filed. Seventeen newspapers and a large number of periodicals were subscribed for, carefully clipped, and the clippings indexed and filed. Books and pamphlets, compilations of laws, and decisions of courts were also obtained. The object of the Bureau is to present to members of the Legislature information, digested and arranged, upon as many subjects as possible of those they may be interested in. The corresponding experiment in Wisconsin has been highly successful.

The seven selections for major-generals and brigadier-generals announced by the President represent almost a clean sweep for the bureaucrats of the War Department. Gen. Charles L. Hodges, one of the seven remaining civil war soldiers, is to be a major-general for three months before retirement—an honor no one will begrudge him. He is to be succeeded, not by one of the fifteen line brigadiers, but by the chief of the Coast Artillery, Brig.-Gen. Arthur Murray, whose place will in turn be taken by an officer on duty at the War Department, Col. E. M. Weaver. Of the four colonels to be promoted, the most gratifying fact is that they are colonels, and not captains or majors. On the other hand, all four are men who have been on detached duty from their regiments for the greater part of the last four years. Col. Duncan, one of the two infantrymen selected, is on duty at the War Department, to which Col. Schuyler of the cavalry was under orders. Col. Evans, too, is an officer who has been a great deal on special duty these last few years. This batch of promotions is, therefore, certain to be received by the army as official confirmation of the prevailing belief that the way to get ahead is to obtain duty near the powers that be in Washington.

Why should there be objection to Brigham Young's portrait on the silver of the battleship Utah? Are we not wiping out all historical issues of the past and forgiving everybody for everything? With Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall in his Confederate uniform, and Southern Governors declaring that Jefferson Davis shall soon have a place there as well, why cavil at Brigham Young's honoring on a battleship? Lee was an admirable character and a wonderful general; Brigham Young was an amazing conqueror of the desert and a remarkable captain of industry. The one stood for slavery of the blacks; the other for the enslavement of women. But let us forget all that and put it purely on the ground of their own personalities. Let the dead political past bury its dead. Soon we shall have monuments to Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr—indeed, a memorial to Arnold in praise of his gallantry at Saratoga was unveiled but the other day on the battlefield. In time, we shall commemorate as well Mr. Bryan's devotion to the cause of sound money and James G. Blaine's adoration of truth and common honesty. The statue of Matthew Quay stands in the Harrisburg Capitol. Whatever else we are, let us be charitable in regard to the past, and let us not impose standards of taste or ethics upon the rising generation. They have enough problems to face as it is.

The moral influence alone of the Census would justify its cost. Instead of inducing satisfaction over past achievements, the impartial figures have only spurred ambition higher. This is true in a two-fold sense. In Chicago, this ambition takes the paradoxical form of looking forward to the day when an obstinate Census Bureau will allow the claim of 2,500,000 individuals within its limits. This is a material reduction from the programme of the Three-Million Club, but, as an exchange of an impracticable ideal for a possibility, speaks well for the philosophic calm produced by the disappointing figures of 1910. But the great triumph of the Census is the emphasis it is leading many a city to place upon quality rather than quantity. Boston is modestly insisting that it is better to be just Boston than a so-called Greater Boston, which would not rival the largest centres anyhow. And to a number of other cities the population figures have brought this same lofty aim and solace.

Mr. Choate's announcement that Secretary Knox has worked out a plan by which the fifteen judges of the Court of Arbitral Justice, recommended by the second Hague Conference, may be chosen with satisfaction to the nations concerned, is most gratifying. Owing to the inability to devise a method satisfactory to the smallest countries, this court has languished. Few people realize how much good will come from the establishment of a permanent arbitration tribunal of this kind. Temporary arbitration courts have done valuable service; but what is needed is a permanent court to build up traditions and rules and lay down new principles of international law and justice. The question of enforcement of the decrees of an international court was discussed last Friday by a retired member of the Supreme Court, Justice Henry B. Brown. He regards the establishment of an international force to see to the acceptance of decisions as unpractical and as leading to the wars the world is anxious to stop. But many people will not be able to follow him in this. Why, for instance, assuming an arbitration be-

tween Germany and England, would it not be sufficient to have it known that France, the United States, Russia, Italy, and Austria would see to the acceptance of the court's decree? No actual use of force would ever be necessary.

The news from Cuba continues to be most unsatisfactory. So far as the Government is concerned, it long since forfeited whatever confidence of the business classes it ever had. Graft charges of a wholesale character are made every day, and Gomez himself, who is now reported to be in fear of his life, is the target of open accusation, and of much innuendo. No one believes that he will reside in Cuba, even if he survives his term. It has gone so far that a Havana newspaper is reported as laying the attempted assassination of Gen. Pino Guerra, once one of Gomez's close allies, at the President's own door. As for the regular army itself, which, contrary to common sense, the last American Governor of Cuba, Mr. Magoon, forced on the island with the consent of Mr. Taft, it has become a source of weakness, instead of strength. This was foretold at the time, but the blunder was insisted upon. Now Gomez is taking their ammunition away and scattering the troops over the island, to prevent their turning upon him. As the present Cuban situation is largely the result of Mr. Taft's own policy, he cannot fail to be deeply concerned over the unhappy outlook.

Pauperism in Great Britain has greatly decreased in amount, although it has increased in cost. At present, the outdoor pauperism is the lowest ever recorded for England and Wales, and the lowest in London for seven years, while the indoor pauperism of the metropolis is the lowest for three years. Indoor pauperism has remained stationary during the last ten years, says John Burns, president of the Local Government Board, because the workhouse is no longer the Bastille it used to be, and because children within the wards of the poorhouse no longer experience the treatment that was meted out to the Oliver Twists of fifty years ago. Above half of the indoor poor are now in special institutions, where their ailments are better looked after than in the old mixed general workhouse, which was a combination of the lunatic asylum and the jail, "with a little bit of street-corner thrown in." The increase of cost is due to the higher standard of relief for the aged, the sick, and children. It is better economy to spend $250 in getting rid of sickness before the patient is fourteen years old than to spend $1,500 in palliating his symptoms after he is forty. Of the total pauperism, 30 per cent. is ascribed to sickness, and 45 per cent. to age and infirmity.

As the fourth decade since the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany draws to a close, the region formed by the two conquered provinces is about to enter on a new stage of its existence as part of the German Empire. The Bundesrat has adopted the draft of a constitution for Alsace-Lorraine, including the creation of a bicameral Legislature, of which the lower house is to be elected by universal suffrage. This may safely be regarded as marking a stage in the subsidence of anti-German feeling in the Reichsland, in which such a step is regarded as unobjectionable by German sentiment in the ruling classes. The event may serve, too, as a reminder of the virtually complete disappearance of the *revanche* idea in France, a thing which, forty years ago, hardly anybody regarded as possible in so short a time. Not that the sentiment of attachment to France has ceased to exist in Alsace and Lorraine, or that regret for the loss of her provinces no longer enters into the thoughts of the people of France; but the whole tone of the situation has changed. The fiery passions which for a few years after the great war seemed to burn with a quenchless flame, are now almost as completely a memory as are the like feelings which were for a time cherished in connection with "the lost cause" in our own South.

Monday's action of the Imperial Senate of China in adopting a resolution impeaching the Grand Councillors, brings the difference between the Progressives and the Regent party to an issue. Young China is impatient of further delay, and the imperial edict announcing that the demand for the creation of a responsible Cabinet was refused, has only tempted the provincial delegates to take the bit in their teeth. If the contest were between the Progressives and the Regent, prediction of the result would not be difficult. But Chinese politics is not so simple. The Manchu nobles, who are adherents of the Empress Dowager, voted in October with the Progressives for the immediate convening of Parliament, and thus declared themselves opposed to the conservative policy of the Regent. But when, flushed with their successes, the Young China party passed a resolution calling upon the Grand Councillors to appear before the Assembly and explain their reasons for sanctioning the Hunan loan, a hint was conveyed through the president of the Ministry of Finance, who had been on the side of the Progressives, that any further violent display of hostility to the Government might mean the dissolution of the House. The Progressives of the Senate are evidently in the temper to test their power to the utmost, but no one can be surprised if, whether dissolution comes or not, palace politics defeats their present move for an authority which will be theirs in the end, but very possibly after a long period of waiting.

If the late Professor Freeman still cares for what goes on in this world, an approving smile must have been seen on the features of his shade as he learned that the Asiatic Exclusion League of San Francisco had resolved last Monday to give up the use of the term "Anglo-Saxon." Its motives are not exactly those of scholarship. It is not a question of substituting "Old English." The point in this case is that the large numbers of Germans and Irish and, we suppose, Slavs who, with the League, are determined to keep the pure native stock of this country from being contaminated by Asiatic immigration, object to having our civilization described any longer as Anglo-Saxon. Hereafter it is to be known as "American"—though if anybody can tell what that word means, racially, he will be wiser than seven men that can render a reason. Professor Freeman held that Anglo-Saxon was inexact and misleading, but we doubt if he would have liked "American" any better. Freeman was once toasted, somewhat ambiguously, as "the historian who had shown such an intimate acquaintance with the rude manners of our forefathers," but we think that, even in that matter, the Asiatic Exclusion League could have convinced him that time's noblest offspring is the last.

OUR OFFICE-HOLDING SYSTEM.

The next great step in the advancement of the merit system in the Federal civil service was clearly indicated by President Eliot in his address at the opening of the thirtieth annual meeting of the National Service Reform League, in session at Baltimore. It is natural that the great extensions given to the system by successive Presidents, and the gradual but complete dying out of the futile opposition to it so long manifested in Congress, should have brought about a general feeling that there is nothing of much consequence left to do; but such is by no means the case. The number of offices outside the classified service is, indeed, not very great—only some 9,000 as against 294,000 in the classified service—but their exclusion is nevertheless a matter of unquestionable significance. Being of a high class, and therefore much sought after, they furnish a very considerable supply of spoils for the politicians; a part, by the way, that is also played by the large number of special exemptions within the classified service, stated by President Eliot to be 68,000. But it is more important still that, so long as they are filled by favor, there cannot be within the classified service that spirit of ambition, that incentive to superior excellence, which is indispensable to the maintenance of the work at a high level; and, as a rule, it will also be true that the persons in the higher posts will not themselves possess the qualifications that would be regarded as indispensable for such posts if they were treated as the natural goal of successful effort in the lower positions.

How great a stimulus would be given to the whole body of the service if these 9,000 posts, or all but a few of them, were thrown open to proved merit—if they were filled, as a rule, by promotion, and when not by promotion by competitive examination—can easily be imagined by any one who knows how the same kind of incentive operates in railways, in manufacturing concerns, in financial institutions, indeed in any calling where a salaried man may look upon his work as opening up possibilities of a successful career. That is what the classified service, great as has been the advance over the old spoils system, does not do. As President Eliot says:

> However meritorious these servants of the government may prove themselves to be, they cannot reach higher posts without procuring the active influence of a patron or without commending themselves in some way to the persons in whose gift the higher offices lie.

In the promotion of this extremely important advance in our official system, the Civil Service Reform League will be able to point to the unequivocal support of President Taft, shown in more ways than one. Dr. Eliot referred to the President's recommendation in his message that the first, second, and third class postmasterships should be placed in the classified list; and Mr. R. H. Dana spoke of the programme of civil-service legislation laid before Congress by the President as not only showing Mr. Taft's clear comprehension of the needs of the service, but also as indicating that public opinion has "advanced to a point where it will no longer tolerate existing conditions under which minor employees are selected for merit, while the superior officers in charge of the work are to a large extent chosen with regard to their political qualifications." In commenting thus on the President's position, Mr. Dana doubtless had in mind the sweeping recommendation made in the message that the Executive should be empowered to include in the classified service "*all* local officers" under the Departments of the Treasury, Justice, the Post Office, the Interior, and Commerce and Labor, the necessity of confirmation by the Senate to be in all these cases done away with. Although Mr. Dana may be too sanguine in thinking that public sentiment at this time calls for such a change, experience clearly shows that it will require only a vigorous and continued effort to educate public opinion to the point of effectively demanding it.

While the application of sound principles has thus been making continuous and splendid progress in the Federal service, it has to be recognized with regret that in the States there has been little advance to record for a number of years. This is partly, and perhaps entirely, to be explained by the circumstance that public attention has been directed so much to the overshadowing question of corporation abuses. But whatever the explanation, the fact itself is to be deplored. New York State—which furnished the great leaders of the civil service reform movement in the days of its militant youth—was a pioneer in the introduction of the merit system in State and municipal office; but that system has not grown in strength as it should have grown with the needs of the time and with the progress made in the Federal service. One of the tests of the quality of the incoming Governor will be furnished by his handling of this subject. Whether it be viewed as one of the means of procuring economy and efficiency, or as an element in that upbuilding of State powers which is part of the general programme of the Democratic party, the strengthening of the Civil Service Commission and the determined enforcement of the civil service laws are among the objects which, we trust, Mr. Dix will take seriously to heart. By so doing, he would greatly strengthen his hold on that independent sentiment to which he largely owes his election, and at the same time get rid of a considerable part of the office-seeking pressure which threatens to make life a burden to him.

WHAT THE ENGLISH ELECTION SETTLED.

As the close of the pollings in the English general elections leaves the strength of the respective parties in the House of Commons almost exactly what it was before the dissolution, there naturally are dissonant voices interpreting the result. If editors and public men were to be held to what they said before the election, or during its progress, it would be easy to decide what had been settled by the voting. Thus the London *Spectator* declared on November 12 that the Government did not need to procure so large a majority as they had before, in order "to place the Constitution at their disposal," for "we may dismiss as idle the notion that the King could resist." But this was merely meant to frighten people into voting Conservative, not as a deliberate opinion on what should be thought of the election after it was over. So, too, Prof. A. V. Dicey wrote in advance that the "true issue laid before the electorate" was simply this: "Shall the Parliament bill [the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords] become the law of the land?" We presume that the Oxford professor would not now admit that it must be. After the first day's voting, when it looked as if the Government might lose thirty seats, Lord Rosebery asserted that, if they lost no more than five seats,

they "could not go on with their proposals." Yet his Lordship, no doubt, will still be found fighting those proposals, although no seats were lost. "The veto of the Lords is dead," affirms John Redmond. Winston Churchill's phrase is: "The veto of the House of Lords has been referended." On the other hand, Mr. Balfour takes the view that the election has been indecisive, and that another one must follow next year.

With doctors on the spot thus disagreeing, it would be rash for an outsider to venture an opinion. What the course and order of business will be in the new Parliament; what the Government will attempt to do; what will be the attitude of the Lords; what position the King will take—about all these things it is impossible to make any safe prediction. But one result is assured. The election has taken one thing out of the realm of political controversy: it has made an end of the hereditary principle as the basis of the House of Lords. The actual change may be written into legislation and made a part of the British Constitution, slowly; it may be enacted in one of several ways; but the decree of the nation has now gone forth, and the House of Lords as we have known it is henceforth a thing of the past.

It is the culmination of a movement long pursued. In 1884, when the Lords had thrown out a franchise bill designed to give the vote to agricultural laborers, John Bright made a speech at Birmingham in which he directly attacked the hereditary principle as the basis of any legislative body. "Privilege," he maintained, "everywhere begets ignorance and selfishness and arrogance." While Bright admitted that some of the members of the House of Lords were able and hard-working legislators, he had nothing but scorn for the mass of the Peers who never showed their faces in Westminster except when they were summoned to reject some popular measure. Bright was strongly then for either making over the House of Lords or limiting its veto. The proposal which he made was so nearly like the one which Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith later introduced that it is altogether probable that they drew their inspiration direct from that tribune of the English people. Bright's exact language is worth quoting:

> The proposition that I should make would be this—that they should have, unimpaired, all the power they have now with regard to any bill that has passed the House of Commons for the first time during the session in which the Lords are called upon to deal with it. That is, in the case of this bill, they would be at liberty to amend it, and send it back to the Commons. If the Commons did not like the amendments, and would not accept them, the bill would go back to the Lords, and if the Lords chose, they might reject it. But in a second session, if practically the same bill was sent up to the Lords, they would then also have a right to debate and to amend; but when the bill came down to the House of Commons in this second session, and the Commons would not agree to the amendments of the Lords, then the Lords should be bound to accept the bill.

It was virtually on this issue, as defined by John Bright in 1884, that a Liberal Government went to the people in 1910 and were sustained. Important events had, of course, come between. Chief among them must be reckoned the action of the Lords themselves, under severe political pressure, in voting solemnly that the hereditary right to sit in their House ought not to be alone sufficient for membership. That was the knell of a passing régime. The details of the reform remain to be worked out. The plan of the Conservatives is to reconstitute the Lords but to leave their powers virtually as they are. In its naked form, the Liberal proposal is to have nothing to do with a reformed House of Lords, but to leave that body as it is and then practically paralyze it by taking away its veto on legislation. Yet if English statesmen have not lost their open-mindedness and their instinct for compromise, there ought to be found some way of adjusting the matter, by another conference or otherwise, so that what both parties profess to desire may be procured—namely, a dignified and efficient Second Chamber, as ready to consider Liberal measures on their merits as Conservative.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GREATEST GIFT.

Had the world not been, of late, somewhat accustomed to vast gifts from Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie, it would to-day be fairly dazed by the latter's magnificent contribution of ten millions of dollars to the cause of peace. Surely no great foundation was ever inspired by a better motive, or dedicated to a higher cause. There is no issue of greater importance before the world to-day, from the financial, the economic, and the moral point of view, than this of doing away, not only with war itself, but with that preparation for war which is becoming quite as deadly to social and ethical progress as actual slaughter. All this Mr. Carnegie has for years seen and clearly understood. In season and out of season, by the influence of his pen and his prestige, as well as by his wealth, he has furthered every movement to open men's eyes to the truth that war can no more be justified among those who profess to follow the doctrines of Christ than it can be justified among brothers of the same State or nation. So, with unfailing generosity, Mr. Carnegie gave the $1,500,000 Peace Palace at The Hague, and built also the noble home of the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, and the lately destroyed international court in Central America, which he is now to rebuild. For the Heroes of Peace in America, he gave a fund of $5,000,000, and for those in France $1,000,000; yet these are but a few of the moves in his high-minded and unselfish war upon war.

What war really is, Mr. Carnegie has described repeatedly, but never in terser or better form than in his deed of gift. We wish that every school house and library in America might have inscribed upon its walls these sentiments:

> War is "the foulest blot upon our civilization."
>
> Although we no longer eat our fellowmen, nor torture prisoners, nor sack cities, killing their inhabitants, we still kill each other in war like barbarians.
>
> Only wild beasts are excusable for doing that in this the twentieth century of the Christian era, for the crime of war is inherent, since it decides not in favor of the right, but always of the strong.

And it would be only right to say, too, that, as Mr. Carnegie also states, a nation is criminal which refuses arbitration. To his truth that "honor is the most dishonored word in the language," we might add that patriotism ranks next so long as it is held to be synonymous with a readiness to die for one's country while blotting out the existence of other men who are themselves innocent of blame or hate. The truth is that the making of war and the killing of the warmaker's pawns by the hundred thousand is but another form of the slavery of the masses to their rulers, from which the world has been so rapidly emerging. Is it not inevitable that in the years to come the monstrosity of the Franco-Prussian war, which made of two nations the pitiful victims

of a half-dozen politicians, will be a source of amazement? Will future generations not find it utterly incomprehensible that the power of life and death over millions should have been delegated to an Emperor or a Chancellor?

How is this great gift of Mr. Carnegie to be utilized? How can its vast income best be spent to further the cause? The newly appointed trustees themselves have no definite plan, and beyond indicating a few forms of activity, Mr. Carnegie himself rightly says: "Lines of future action cannot be wisely laid down." Yet, as soon as the trustees and their agents apply themselves to their task, provided they do so with the honest intention of a radical campaign against the common enemy, a thousand avenues of activity are certain to open up. Already the million dollar foundation made by Edwin F. Ginn in Boston is at work in education, carrying on a vigorous propaganda. This the Carnegie Foundation can increase in volume; it can carry the facts as to war and peace into every household and into every school. It can undertake a wise political propaganda of a national and an international character. How much education is needed here at home, the flaring headlines in the press, about the annual "war scare" in Washington, amply testify. Mr. Taft has withdrawn the alarmist report of his Secretary of War, who is one of the great disappointments of his Administration; but one of the first things the Carnegie Foundation can do is to pour the daylight upon these perpetual war-scares, and apply calm reason to such absurd statements as that of Congressman McLachlan that 200,000 foreigners could calmly land and intrench themselves on the Pacific Coast. Patriots of this kind, whether in England or in America, can usually figure out just to the dollar or shilling what such a fearful invasion will cost their respective fatherlands. And then the Foundation should certainly reveal the connection of ammunition, armor plate, ship and gunbuilding concerns with navy leagues and boy scouts, and the war propaganda of every kind.

Much will, of course, depend upon the trustees themselves, and there we confess to one disappointment in connection with Mr. Carnegie's gift. Not a single radical opponent of war is on the list, but many who (as did Mr. Joseph H. Choate at the Root peace dinner of February, 1908, and Mr. Roosevelt in Cambridge only last week) express an intellectual interest in peace, but are not against battleships, too. Great as are the services Mr. Root has rendered as a Peace Secretary of State, he has himself reached the time of life when the forces of conservatism are at their height, and with him are a number of trustees of much greater age—for instance, two of seventy-four, one of seventy-six, two of seventy-eight, and one of eighty-two years. Much will be accomplished in the matter of arbitration treaties, international courts, and conferences. But if the cause of peace is really to be advanced rapidly, it must be not by lip-service or by voicing the tiresome compromises that run, "Of course, there are worse things than war"; "there are times when people have to fight." *Uncompromising* opposition to war is what is needed—in the spirit of Tolstoy. However, no such regret can prevent the *Nation* from recording its deliberate belief that this gift of Mr. Carnegie's is an event of great importance for the world.

IN COLLEGE AND AFTER.

President Lowell, in an article in the December number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, undertakes to use, as a basis for judgment on the oft-discussed question of the relation between college-student rank and after success, certain statistics of the standing attained by Harvard A.B.'s in their subsequent studies in the Harvard schools of law and medicine. Two classifications are involved, the one according to the nature of the studies chiefly pursued by the student while at college, the other according to the rank attained by him upon his graduation as A.B. Under each of these classifications, the question is asked, what percentage of students of a given type took their professional degree *cum laude*. And this is President Lowell's summing up:

> The conclusions to be drawn from the whole matter are these: that it makes comparatively little difference to what subject a man devotes himself in college, but it makes an immense difference how good a scholar he is; and that the men who are destined to take the highest rank in the Law and Medical Schools are markedly better scholars both in the preparatory schools and in college than their fellows. In intellectual power, as in other things, the boy is father to the man.

From the second of these conclusions —that it *does* make a great difference whether a young man has or has not been a good student at college—there is no room for dissent; and this not only because the statistics are themselves conclusive, but also because the conclusion might well have been regarded as established as a result of common observation. It may be, as President Lowell says, that there is a "popular prejudice" in favor of the opposite view—the view that a poor student at college is as likely as a good one to be a success in professional work; but, like the similar prejudice to the effect that precocious children are likely to be stupid or commonplace adults, and that the children of men of genius are not likely to be much more gifted than those of ordinary persons, it has never rested on any respectable basis of fact, but has on the contrary been in manifest contradiction to facts obvious to any intelligent and unprejudiced observer. To the "popular prejudice" on this last head, Galton's "Hereditary Genius" may be regarded as having given the *coup de grâce* nearly half a century ago; and the figures adduced by President Lowell should go far toward removing such misapprehension as may exist on the subject of the relation between a creditable record of scholarship at college and a like record in professional studies. Thus the figures show that of men who simply got a plain degree at college only 6.6 per cent. succeeded in getting a *cum laude* at the Law School, whereas this success was attained by 22.7 per cent. of those who, at college, had graduated *cum laude*, by 39.2 per cent. of those who had won a *magna cum laude*, and by 64.7 per cent. of the *summa cum laude* men. As the statistics cover twenty years, and more than a thousand men, this is a pretty conclusive case of concomitant variations.

Concerning the first of President Lowell's conclusions, on the other hand, there is considerable reason for hesitation, both as to the conclusiveness of the statistics and as to the true significance of the conclusion itself. The four great divisions under which the men are classified according to the studies to which they were chiefly devoted are Language and Literature, Natural Science, History and Political Science, and Philosophy and Mathematics. Now, to begin with, President Lowell himself rules out the fourth of these divisions,

because the whole number of students under it in the Law School was only nineteen, and in the Medical School only eight. There remain, then, at best, only the three other groups as a basis for judgment. But an extremely important objection must be entered against this conclusion; namely, that each of these large groups includes an enormous range, and that studies chosen *within* the group may be of the most diametrically opposite character as regards mental discipline. In Language and Literature, it may make all the difference in the world whether one takes Greek or English; in Natural Science, whether the choice is physics or geology; in History and Political Science, whether it is political economy or modern history. In a word, the classification is too loose to be made the basis of any confident conclusion as to the indifference of choice of subjects. It is quite possible that if a subdivision were made which would segregate the highly disciplinary subjects, these groups would show the same extremely high average of after-success that is shown in the figures of the little mathematical group actually contained in the tables.

Apart from the question of the conclusiveness of the result, there is, as we have intimated, the further question of its significance. We do not refer to the distinction between selection and causation—between what is to be ascribed to the kind of men who choose a given group of studies and what is to be ascribed to the effect upon them of that choice—which is somewhat touched upon by Dr. Lowell. Waiving this, we must still regard the subject from two distinct standpoints. The studies pursued by a student in his college course may influence his success in his professional studies in two quite distinct ways —first, by the amount of direct equipment he gets for his professional work through the acquired knowledge; secondly, by the mental discipline which they impart and the mental habits which they engender. Upon the first point, the Harvard statistics may be regarded as throwing some light, and perhaps justifying the negative conclusion; on the second, for the reason already mentioned, they throw no immediate light, and if they justify any inference it is the opposite of that which would be read on their face. It does appear, from the statements of detail made by Dr. Lowell, that the amount of knowledge acquired at college in the direction of one's profession makes little or no difference in the end, at the professional school; whence if *any* inference can be drawn it is that what the student gains at college turns on the general development conferred by the mental discipline. As we have pointed out, the figures throw no light whatever on the relation between success in professional studies and severity of previous training; but, indicating as they do that the mere choice of general departments of knowledge makes no difference, they should leave unimpaired the conviction, seemingly based on abundant experience, and still entertained, we trust, by many, that a training in exact scientific thinking and accurate study of language is not an idle exercise of useless intellectual muscles, but the most bracing and effective preparation for a career of intellectual exertion in any field.

A REVOLUTION IN GREEK.

Now and then a book is written which shows that, however Greek may be dwindling in the classroom, it is still very much alive in the minds of a few solitary scholars. Such was James Adam's "Religious Teachers of Greece," published two years ago, the posthumous work of one who was himself a much-regretted teacher. Such is the volume of "Lectures on Greek Poetry," just published by J. W. Mackail, the professor of poetry in the University of Oxford. The book is a fit companion to his "Springs of Helicon" issued last year; if anything, we move here even more securely on that ground where literature and life come together than we did in the essays on Chaucer and Spenser and Milton. If we were criticising the book in detail we might indeed point to certain deficiencies, and especially to a false note that has its origin in Professor Mackail's too great fondness for the luscious style of Morris and Swinburne and in his constant use of these poets for comparison with the ancients. But there is life in these pages. The poets of Greece still speak here the tongue of living men; not only do their words carry the everlasting consolation which we are willing to accord to the memory of something beautiful and lost, but their criticism of life cuts into actual problems of the day and all days.

In some ways the most significant of the lectures is that which deals with the vexations of the Homeric Question —deals with them somewhat in the manner of Dante's Virgil with certain noxious souls: "Speak not of them, but look and pass." The very gist of the matter is in this rather cavalier treatment of a theme that for a century and more has muddied the waters of classical scholarship and has been the occasion of a library of indescribable books and *dissertatiunculæ*. The trouble began back in the early days of Hellenic criticism, when the school of "Separaters" tried to prove that the Iliad and the Odyssey were composed by two different poets. Suspicions of the authorship of the poems crop out two or three times at the Renaissance and after; but the real debate, "die homerische Frage," *Die Frage*, was started in 1795, when Friedrich August Wolf published his "Prolegomena," and attempted to prove that there was properly speaking no Homer at all, nor any two Homers, but only a number of rhapsodes whose unwritten recitations got finally run together somehow into the Iliad and the Odyssey. The effect was startling. It disturbed the Olympian repose of Goethe; it created what the manuals love to call the *neuere Altertumswissenschaft*, the new science of antiquity; it was the source of innumerable theories and counter-theories. This man reduced the Iliad to a disjointed conglomeration of ballads; another plucked out for you the heart of the poem, the *Ur-Ilias*, about which successive centuries had attached layers of easily distinguished accretions; another rewrote the poem in its original dialect and by the variation of forms could tell you nicely when and where the various members were composed. They worried the poems into rags, and themselves into rage. Their treatises remain on the shelves of every well equipped classical library as one of the stupendous monuments of pedantry.

In general, the German universities were the centres of the storm. But it spread. For some time England, owing as much to her backwardness in erudition as to her common sense, ignored the Question, but later it swept both Oxford and Cambridge. A genial man of letters, like Andrew Lang, might continue to scoff at the theorizers, but the university men who had a scholastic reputation to maintain, soon grew ashamed of such old-fashioned ignor-

ance. French scholars followed suit, and so generally admirable a work as the Croisets' "Littérature grecque" devotes the best part of a volume to disjointing the Iliad and Odyssey and takes up the significance and value of poems which are the fountain-head of European literature, as quite a secondary matter. Then came America. Only the other year a school history of Greek literature gave most of what little space it had for Homer to an account of the Question, and to-day a translator of the Iliad has prefaced his hexameters with his own theory of authorship.

But a change has come at last, and a scholar like Professor Mackail can now assume without apology or fierce argument that the Iliad was in the main written by one real poet (written, for the old notion that writing was then unknown has been quite discredited), and that the Odyssey was probably from the same hand. It would be an exaggeration to say that this simple acceptance of tradition has ended the horrid dispute, for many scholars, especially in Germany, still cling to their respective creeds of impersonal composition; but the trend is undoubtedly away from the whole complicated fabric of theory. The pilgrim of letters will soon be able to pass by the Question unafraid.

In part this return to common sense is due to more precise knowledge; in part it is connected with a larger movement. The Homeric Question was in reality only an aspect of German romanticism; it sprang up with the distinction between naïve and artificial poetry, and with the whole sentimental glorification of *Volksdichtung*, which in turn was merely one outcome of the Rousseilian cry, Back to the primitive, back to nature. If the Homeric poems were great, it must be just because they were authorless, the unconscious creation of the people. For a century criticism in Europe, with some notable exceptions, has been repeating in various disguises the dicta of Herder and the Schlegel brothers, and the revolt from the Homeric Question may lead to a sounder view of literature in general. It is a pleasant irony that the exaltation of primitive balladry should have resulted in so huge and so artificial a body of scholasticism.

And there is another and more immediately practical side to this movement. It is an undoubted fact that the Homeric Question has been one of the contributing causes to the decline of Greek. Its effect was two-edged. On the one hand, in itself and as part of the Teutonic system, it has tended to exclude from the professional study of the classics such men as had a clear vision of the relation of literature to life, and, on the other hand, it has helped to desiccate the teaching of those who have remained. It is almost an impossibility that a student who reads and digests the mass of books on this and similar questions should be able with the fag end of his strength to put any vigor into his teaching of Greek as a human document. It is in this sense that we judge Professor Mackail's chapter interesting in itself and significant of better things to come.

NEW YORK'S NEED OF AN ART GALLERY.

In varying year by year the display in its crowded galleries, the National Academy of Fine Arts merely rings the changes upon a distressful situation. The galleries of the Fine Arts building were never big enough to house a representative annual show. The Pennsylvania Academy exhibits regularly from seven to eight hundred numbers under favorable conditions. The National Academy can show, under the worst conditions of space, only about three hundred, and fails to hang at all a matter of a hundred pictures accepted on their merits. In the course of twenty years high buildings have cut off the sunlight from the Fine Arts building, so that a tolerable gallery light exists only for a few hours each day. This year, in order to give sculpture its due of a single gallery, the walls are so crowded with pictures that a visit is a penance to any sensitively organized taste. What can be done to liberalize the membership and policy of the Academy has been done, but from the sheer unattractiveness of its shows a venerable and useful public body must either shut up shop or linger on in artistic insignificance.

Of this emergency two views are held. Your æsthete is likely to say, What of it? Academies were never very good, and will hardly be missed. Your average public-spirited man is likely to dwell warmly upon the shame of not supporting an ancient institution devoted to the art of the land. As is so frequently the case, both the æsthete and the public-spirited man are right, each merely taking partial views of a somewhat complicated subject. It is perfectly true that no sensitive lover of art would care either to support handsomely or attend frequently any big annual art exhibition, be it National or Royal Academy, Salon or Société. These omnibus shows, æsthetically considered, are at best necessary evils. One who loves painting or sculpture will naturally go for his delight to a place where he can see a few things of choice quality under good conditions. More sensations of art may be had in an hour at a museum or at any good Fifth Avenue dealer's than may be gathered from the academies of a score of years. Admitting this frankly, there remains every reason why the National Academy should continue to exhibit and why it should have a proper building.

The large annual exhibitions, wherever held, are not primarily æsthetic or artistic functions; they are necessary civic institutions having to do with the fostering of certain fine handicrafts which we over-ambitiously designate as the fine arts. Let us recall that the terms of admission to the great exhibitions are not solely artistic, but technical and professional. To be accepted means not that, on a universal scale, the contributor has made a fine work of art, but that on the temporary scale of the day—the current art-school standard—he has attained a considerable proficiency in painting or sculpture. The public exhibition is, under the system that prevails, about the only chance a young man has of winning the formal approbation of his elder colleagues. Now, since it is very desirable for the adornment and dignifying of our life that all the fine handicrafts should be practised, the fixed exhibition renders an evident public service, and rightly claims public support. But that support should be asked and given in the light of what can actually be done, and without raising false æsthetic hopes about what exhibitions never have done and never can do.

To the trained artist, the large exhibition is valuable because it affords him the only comprehensive opportunity he gets for measuring himself against his strongest contemporaries. In an age too busy to seek the artist, the exhibition grants at least the possibility of public notice and private patronage. It gives

to the middlemen, the official and unofficial art critics, the privilege of celebrating new talent and marking the progress of established talent. If properly managed, the more ambitious exhibitions serve a useful purpose as a market and keep alive public interest in the arts. No fine or profound knowledge of art can in the nature of the case be gathered from annual exhibitions. Their scope is too narrow. They may, however, create that diffused enthusiasm without which the economic basis of art is lacking. If ever the time comes when people care enough for art to frequent the studios, big shows will become superfluous, but there is no indication that such a day is dawning. Meanwhile, we should face the facts as they are, without illusions and with clear-sighted public spirit.

A calm estimate of values ought to shake hesitating patrons of the National Academy out of their misgivings. There is no question that, on a money basis merely, or considering more broadly the production and patronage of art, the great exhibitions of London, Paris, Munich, Venice, Philadelphia, do a valuable service to their respective cities. If their wealthy men were met with a proposal to withdraw support from such exhibitions, the suggestion would be scouted with wrath. Yet New York incomprehensibly withholds such aid from an exhibiting body equally deserving. The public worth of an annual exhibition clearly depends on its comprehensive and representative character. A small show pleases neither the æsthete nor the public-spirited man. As things stand to-day, our most important branch of painting—mural decoration—is seldom shown in New York. The presence of the better decorative pieces of each year in the Academy would immediately add character and distinction to the display. The National Academy needs, and needs now, a building with abundant space and good light. It is amazing and not a little shameful that in this age of profuse benefactions no donor should yet have seized upon so evident an opportunity for public usefulness.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Merle Johnson's "Bibliography of the Works of Mark Twain," just published by the Harpers, is an admirable piece of work. In it collectors for the first time have in an accessible form exact particulars of the first editions of many of Mark Twain's books.

Even when Mark Twain was writing for the Virginia City *Enterprise* and for the San Francisco *Alta-Californian* his material was freely copied by other newspapers. After his return from the "Quaker City" excursion and the publication of "Innocents Abroad," the English and Canadian pirates reprinted everything of his they could lay their hands upon. Long before the present international copyright law was in force, by taking advantage of the fact that the English laws granted protection to foreign authors, providing that publication was first made in that country, he was able to protect himself and his publishers there. In consequence the English editions of many of his books are actual firsts. Mr. Johnson, in many cases, has been able to ascertain the exact dates of entry and filing of copies at Washington and of publication in London. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" was published in London on June 9, 1876, whereas copies of the American edition were not filed in Washington until January 2 1877. Both titles are dated 1876. A comparison of the two editions shows that the American was actually the earlier text, which was edited more or less before it was printed in England. For example, in the fence-whitewashing episode (one of the best-known scenes in any of Mark Twain's books) all mention of Tom's sore toe is omitted in the English edition. In the case of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" the London edition, published December 10, 1884, is dated 1884 on the title-page, whereas the American edition, published only three days later, is dated 1885.

For a long time most of Mark Twain's books were published by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., in the characteristic "subscription book" form of the seventies and eighties of the last century. And while the total number printed of many of the books ran far into the thousands, the first printings seem to have been small in number, and to identify these first issues has been Mr. Johnson's task. The special features of the actual first issues of some of these books were described in this column on September 22 last.

The Bibliography is divided into four sections: (1.) Books or pamphlets entirely by Mark Twain, and containing an important contribution by him; (2.) books containing speeches by him; (3.) books containing letters; (4.) books containing anecdotes attributed to Mark Twain. The first section includes nearly all of the items of importance. Few of Mark Twain's speeches achieved contemporary printing outside of newspaper columns, though about a hundred of them have been collected in a volume since his death.

Following the Bibliography are a series of interesting Notes and an Index which records the appearance in periodical and book of every one of Mark Twain's pieces, which can now be identified, whether collected or uncollected. An examination of this Index shows that there is still considerable material not included in any of the uniform editions.

The following titles ought to be added to Mr. Johnson's Bibliography. Both were discovered too late for insertion in the book:

Tom Hood's | Comic Annual | for | 1874. | With Twenty-three Pages of Illustrations | By the Brothers Dalziel. | London: | Published at the Fun Office, | 80 Fleet Street, E. C. | 8vo.

This pamphlet contains, on pp. 78, 79, "A Yankee Story" signed "G. R. Wadleigh," but actually by Mark Twain. In No. xvii of "Chapters from my Autobiography," published in the *North American Review* for May 3, 1907, Mark Twain tells over again the story of "Jim Wolf and the Cats," and states that it was an actual adventure of his boyhood days. In 1867, when, as he says, he had "failed in all my other undertakings and stumbled into literature without intending it," he wrote out the story for the New York *Sunday Mercury* and received $25 for it. In 1873, when he was lecturing in London, an impecunious American came to him for assistance, and, besides giving him money, Mark Twain introduced him to Tom Hood. The young man, who turned out to be a swindler, wrote out this anecdote of Jim Wolf, signed his own name to it, and sold it to Hood for three guineas.

What American Authors Think | About International Copyright. | New York | American Copyright League | 1888. 8vo.

A contribution by Mark Twain fills the left-hand column of page 10.

A considerable portion of Mark Twain's library will be sold at auction by the Anderson Auction Company in January. Besides books from his library a number of autograph manuscripts are included, among them the following: "Eve's Diary," 34 pages; "Extracts from Adam's Diary," 34 pages; "My Boyhood Dreams," 18 pages; "The Death Disk," 37 pages; "Italian Grammar," 41 pages; "Meisterschaft, in 3 Acts," 70 pages; "My Debut as a Literary Person," 64 pages; "Concerning the Jews," 37 pages; "A Horse's Tale," 147 pages; "How the Chimney Sweep got the Ear of the Emperor," 26 pages.

In our previous note on Mark Twain's books we referred to the statement prefixed to the "Extracts from Adam's Diary" (New York, 1904), that a friend of his had "printed a few copies in an incomplete form." The autograph manuscript, which we have now seen, has this note at the top: "Published (don't remember when), S. L. C."

Correspondence

A SOURCE OF "THE RAVEN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The most important source of Poe's "Raven," Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," has hitherto been dismissed by biographers and critics, including Ingram, Lauvrière, Woodberry, and H. E. Legler, with scant notice. Such an unconscious conspiracy of silence is not justifiable, however, in view of the noteworthy parallels between the two productions. As Mr. Woodberry declares, the proper starting point is Poe's review of "Barnaby Rudge," published in *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1842, in which he made the following suggestion:

> The raven, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its croakings might have been *prophetically* [the italics are Poe's] heard in the course of the drama.

Significant words these, when we remember that Poe published "The Raven" in January, 1845, and may have written it consid-

erably earlier. He adopts, for example, his own suggestion in the very climax of the poem:

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!"

Poe's essay, "The Philosophy of Composition" (1846), purports to explain fully the genesis and composition of "The Raven"; but in reality, most critics now agree, it does nothing of the sort. It seems to have been in part a deliberate hoax, written in the spirit of Defoe and Swift. In this famous essay he does not mention "Barnaby Rudge," his only words on the subject of the bird being these:

Very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone* [the italics are again Poe's].

This, by reason of the fact that the raven is "the bird of ill-omen." Such failure to acknowledge a debt to Dickens is not proof positive of the absence of the debt. Poe, unfortunately, was sometimes disingenuous in statement, especially when his vanity was concerned. Mr. Woodberry has emphasized this point with quite sufficient severity. I am aware, indeed, that there seems to be another objection to belief in any close likeness between the two ravens: in the passage from the review of the novel, quoted above, Poe refers to the "intensely amusing" character of the raven in "Barnaby Rudge." But any one who will take the trouble to examine those portions of the book in which Grip appears will perceive that Poe's phrase is not applicable to all of them; there are several important scenes in which the bird moves in a sombre atmosphere.

Moreover, the raven is inevitably connected—and Poe, as is proved by his review, wished him to be still more closely connected—with his master, Barnaby, who, on account of his infirmity of mind, lives in a half-supernatural world which Dickens has very powerfully described. Poe himself, in the review mentioned, quotes a passage in point. Now, if there is anything for which this American is famous, both in his stories and his poems, it is atmosphere. It is not to be expected, therefore, that so striking an atmosphere as that which surrounds the mad boy and his pet would pass out of the poet's memory in less than three years. It is questionable whether so salient a detail as the refrain, "Nevermore," was not suggested by the following, from a gloomy scene in the prison between Barnaby and his mother:

"You hope! Ay, but your hoping will not undo these chains. *I* hope, but they don't mind that. Grip hopes, but who cares for Grip?"

The raven gave a short, dull, melancholy croak. It said "Nobody," as plainly as a croak could speak.

"Who cares for Grip, excepting you and me?" said Barnaby, smoothing the bird's rumpled feathers with his hand. "He never speaks in this place; he never says a word in jail; he sits and mopes all day in this dark corner, dozing sometimes, and sometimes looking at the light that creeps in through the bars, and shines in his bright eye as if a spark from those great fires had fallen into the room and was burning yet. But who cares for Grip?"

The raven croaked again—"Nobody."

"He never speaks in this place"—speaks no word but "Nobody"; and Poe's raven speaks no word but "Nevermore." Moreover, the "fiery eyes" which "burned into the bosom's core" of the lonely watcher in the chamber are seemingly reminiscent of the peculiar brightness of Grip's eyes. Is there not some significance, also, as regards the expectant atmosphere of the poem, in the admonition of Barnaby's mother?—"You must not go out to-night. There are ghosts and dreams abroad" (p. 352). Truly, the ghost, as the villagers think it, of the murderer, Barnaby's father, continually makes itself felt in the novel. Ghosts and dreams! Such is "The Raven"; such stuff as dreams are made of. And the ghost of the lost Lenore hovers constantly in the background.

None of the foregoing parallels, I hasten to say, shows anything that may be called plagiarism—although Poe himself, that literary detective, might have called it such in Longfellow or other poets. Dickens made no charges against his American admirer; and even "Outis," who bitterly attacked Poe for his charges of plagiarism against Longfellow, did not mention "Barnaby Rudge." Certainly "The Raven" possesses sufficient original features, such as the somewhat melodramatic perch of the bird upon a bust of Pallas, the skilful if artificial progress of the poem to a strangely effective climax, and especially the reverie of a lover over the death of a beautiful woman—a topic which Poe, in "The Philosophy of Composition," declares to be "unquestionably the most poetical in the world." But, finally, is it purely accidental that the opening words of "The Philosophy of Composition" should have been these?—

Charles Dickens, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of "Barnaby Rudge," says, etc.

In no better way could Poe have unconsciously acknowledged a debt which extends to much greater detail than has commonly been supposed.

HARRY T. BAKER.

Rockland, Me., December 14.

THE QUEST OF THE ULTIMATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with interest your article of November 17 on "The Quest of the Ultimate." You certainly make out an attractive contrast between the seeming uncertainty of the realm of religion and the eternal realm of art and beauty; and you make certain writers upon religion seem very boastful and ridiculous in their expression of a faith that mankind can ever enjoy such rest and satisfaction in religion as the lovers of beauty have felt in the great works of art. May I raise the question whether it is necessary, or true, to make this contrast, and to part company between the lovers of beauty and the lovers of religion? Is it not possible that you fail to understand the point which the writers to whom you refer are seeking to make? It may appear that they are nearer to the main drift of your article than you imagine.

I can best express what I mean, first, by quoting the remark of a very learned student of religion (one of your own valued contributors), who said in a conversation, "There has been a vast deal of superstition in the world, but so far there has been very little real religion." It might be added—what every one must agree—that there has been a vast deal of discussion about religion, though real religion has always been somewhat rare. Must we not now say very much the same with regard to art? We have loads of crude art in every town; we have art schools and endless books on art. But the great masterpieces, giving joy and peace, are very rare; and yet they are so real that the artistic sense of the world is continually being renewed by the inspiration of these few great pictures, statues, temples, or poems.

Would you call it very presumptuous, then, if a lover of the beautiful masterpieces, writing to express his sincere feeling about them, ventured his faith, or hope, that the world will come to find more and more permanent satisfaction upon the lines of artistic excellence, already laid by the great artists and poets; that the beautiful things are the simplest; that it is useless to strive and strain after effect and sensation; that to possess a single object of beauty, yes, if only a flower, and to love and enjoy it, is better than to fill a palace with bric-à-brac; that to hold in memory a few stanzas of the masters of verse is happier than to learn the columns of an encyclopædia? I can imagine a lover of art saying something like this, with the intent to call people's attention from the distracting sight of the commonplace, everywhere set up in the market, to those very things which, you well say, rest and satisfy men's souls as often as they are seen.

Now I suggest, I hope without dogmatism, that the lover of religion may try to say the very thing about the great, simple, and everlasting values of religion, at its best, which you have said about art. Is it absurd or boastful to urge that the coming man is likely to be free, to an ever-increasing degree, of the haze of superstitions that have overclouded the sight of true religion; that he will learn to care more for the painting itself than for any particular style of framing about it; that he will set his heart on the beautiful teachings which rise like mountain peaks out of the Scriptures of the world, rather than on the monotonous levels in which these great teachings find their base; that even children and the unlearned may catch the meaning of certain splendid psalms and hymns which have always rested the souls of good men and women; that it will be held true to the end of time, as Paul wrote, that "the fruits of the spirit" are love, joy, peace, courage, patience, and the rest; and that the image or ideal of the good life (let them call it the "Christ-life," if they please), set up in the shrine of the simplest man's heart, is more precious than big books of dogmatic discussions about religion?

Now that I have risen to speak, may I be allowed to add a few words which seem to me to have importance, as bearing upon the permanent policy of the *Nation*? I may be justified in my interest in the paper, for I became one of its readers, I think, in 1868. I have highly valued its utterances and have rejoiced often in its vigorous preaching of righteousness. On the other hand, I am one of a large number of its readers who have wished that it might more often have added generosity and humanity to its keen sense of justice and truth. It has seemed to us to suffer from the prevailing peril of the people of a small sect. Their danger lies in severity, and in failure of

sympathy toward those who differ in the least from themselves. They behave as if truth were a narrow line, and they alone were following it. Have you no use for a host of men whose faces may be honestly turned toward the light, but whose view of various subjects is somewhat different from yours? Of course, you answer, yes, but you often give the contrary impression.

For example, I have to assume that the *Nation* represents a philosophy of optimism, or at least of meliorism, which is surely a form of optimism. Otherwise, what use would there be in publishing a journal of ethical and political reform, if its promoters did not believe that truth and righteousness are the victorious forces in the world? If the *Nation* does not stand, upon the whole, for faith in human progress, we have misread all the best things that it has ever published. Why, then, should you seem to show a sort of displeasure, such as would befit your treatment of "the wicked" (if there were ever any persuasiveness in such treatment) when you deal with the views of other optimists, and especially more hearty or confident optimists, outside of your own editorial rooms?

I should think that you would be pleased to encourage all the actual friends of your great cause, even though they may not speak with the precise phraseology of your editorial room. I should think that you would like to try to understand them rather than to misunderstand them. Indeed, I should think it might occur to your own brilliant writers that there may be other tenable forms of faith in human progress, besides that cautious and somewhat chilling type which you sometimes affect. Or, do you imagine that the men of faith in religion and in the possibilities of civilization, who dwell outside your own circle, have no eyes to see the great obvious facts of life and death, that they do not measure the inexorable law of cost that rules the world, and that their faith and hope are only a blind necessity of their temperament, and not the result of serious and thoughtful convictions?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., December 5, 1910.

RAILWAY RATES AND CREDIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A sentence in the interesting letter of Mr. W. D. Hinds (the *Nation*, December 15) struck me with great force. It reads: "Bearing in mind that the improvement of railroad credit is a matter of vital interest to the public, it would seem contrary to the public's own interest for the government to prevent increases in rates and thereby obstruct the protection of railroad credit, merely because the railroads have not yet realized an ideal standard of efficiency far behind that realized by well-managed industries in general." Indeed, why should the government be more reluctant to bestow large favors upon the railways than it is to bestow them upon other great business corporations? Is it not a cardinal principle of our unwritten Constitution that large interests, regardless of their mismanagement, should be fostered by subsidies, protection, and privilege? And the railways are not even asking for subsidy or tariff, but are only requesting the privilege of making the public bear the expense of mistakes in management. Surely, if the government is willing to put a premium on poor business methods practised by many other favored industries, it ought at least to allow the railways to recoup themselves without going to the trouble of making, with a view to economy, a detailed analysis of their business and a reform from top to bottom.

The people of the country have just given their opinion on the subject of sacrificing the public for the profit of greedy corporations. Industries, pleading their infancy—*i. e.*, their inefficiency—as justification for their alleged inability to compete with foreign rivals, persuade Congress to allow them to dig deeper into the pockets of the consumer for their maintenance. But the people have begun to show that they perceive the meaning of these unceasing supplications for public bounty. It is not altogether impossible that when all is done it may be found that an increase of rates would be permissible; but public interest and public sentiment demand that if the railways or any other business enterprise sin against business laws they should repent of their sins before asking for additional assistance. Is not the promotion of efficient business methods itself a matter of "vital interest to the public"? and would it not certainly "seem contrary to the public's own interest for the government" to promote increases in rates and thereby obstruct the progress of economy and efficiency in business life?

D. R. ANDERSON.

Richmond, Va., December 17.

THE TARIFF BOARD'S REPORT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Americans are unquestionably an impatient people. They want work done well, and yet done quickly. The keynote of Professor Emery's recent speech at Chicago was a statement of the fact that we cannot remake our tariff quickly and make it well. He states that it is inevitably a laborious task and that time is essential. The many schedules of the Payne-Aldrich bill were encompassed in five months. This haste and the best methods we had at hand resulted in a bill which deluded the people, which was unsatisfactory to the country, and broke the Republican party. The tariff board was created to put things straight, by a system which after careful investigation should appear to be reliable and efficacious. The chairman of that board now states emphatically that such a system is possible, but to make it operative without arduous labor and sufficient time is impossible.

There are many business men in this country who have been and are still in favor of a tariff commission, but it is an anomaly that many of these have been under the impression that an immediate revision of certain schedules is quite practicable. Professor Emery, however, has made it very clear that this cannot be expected.

He has also proved conclusively that a tariff commission cannot be of real value until it is a permanent institution. He has with great frankness discussed the pitfalls and dangers, but he just as frankly states that the ultimate result can be only for the general good.

The value of the tariff board cannot then be determined until sufficient time is given to demonstrate it. The five months' actual work is proof positive that no just tariff rates can be made in that time. This therefore upsets the statement that the existing bill is as good as it should be. It also makes it clear that it is not yet time for revision, and establishes the fact that revision can and should be accomplished—"one schedule at a time."

Another most important "finding" is the great value to commercial interests which a well-compiled glossary of the facts would have, aside from the making and recommendations of rates of duty. This has long been needed in this country, and should prove of inestimable importance.

The final conclusion is one that stands out boldly. This country needs a tariff commission, needs it permanently, and needs the kind of a tariff commission which Professor Emery has so ably advocated.

Never mind which political party accomplishes it, let it be accomplished.

HENRY T. WILLS,
National Tariff Commission Association.

New York, December 5.

WAS SAMUEL DANIEL AN ITALIAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an unpublished record of expenditures (Public Records Office, Exchequer Accounts, Bd. 433, No. 8) made by Sir David Murray, Keeper of the Privy Purse to Prince Henry, son of James I of England, there occurs the following item: "June 14, 1609. To Daniell the Italian . . . 1 li. 10s." Since the record contains numerous similar payments to poor scholars, artists of all kinds and degrees, and in one case to "an Italian jugler," this item might be passed over as insignificant, were there not evidence of considerable weight to connect it with the poet Daniel.

In the same account book, under the date January 3, 1608 (09), there is a payment "To Mr. Daniell be comand . . . 7 li." This undoubtedly refers either to the poet or possibly to his brother, John Daniel, the musician, who was later master of the Queen's choir boys of Bristol; and it may be conjectured that the payment in June was to the same person. The fact that Daniel's brother and perhaps his father were musicians is in itself significant, since in the time of James I most of the masters of that art—Ferrabosco, Bassano, Lupo, and others—were Italians. The name Daniel, or, as it was usually spelled, Danielli, should cause no difficulty, for it was borne by the Italian mentioned in the payment, and it differs but slightly from the Italian forms Daniele, Danielli, or Daniello.

The poet's close friendship with the Italian John Florio should also be considered. Two of his sonnets written for Florio's works are addressed "To my dear friend . . . ," and a third to "To my deare friend and brother. . . ." Daniel possibly owed his pension and his position in the Queen's court to the influence of the Italian language-master; in the "Accounts of the Queen's Household, 1615-16," his name follows immediately after that of Florio. The latter, it will be recalled, was the son of a Florentine Protestant who came to England shortly before the reign of Edward VI; one is tempted to explain the friendship of the

two writers on grounds of family intimacy and kindred race.

That Daniel travelled in Italy in his youth is shown by the headings of two sonnets in the Delia sequence, "At the Author's going into Italie" (sonnet lii), and "This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in Italie" (sonnet liii). In Wright's "Elizabeth and Her Times" (II, 315), we hear of a Samuel Daniel abroad and in the company of an Italian doctor, Julio Marino. "A Description of Beauty translated out of Marino" (Daniel's Works, ed. Grosart, I, 263) can hardly be connected with the doctor, since the poet's given name was Giambattista, but it may serve to illustrate Daniel's knowledge of the Italian language and his interest in Italian literature. His first published work, entitled "Imprese," was a translation of a Latin tract on crests and seals by the contemporary Italian historian Paulus Jovius. His friendship with the poet Guarini is indicated by the following sonnet addressed to Sir Edward Dimmock, Daniel's first patron, on an English translation of Guarini's "Il Pastor Fido":

I do rejoyce learned and worthy Knight,
That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man
(This painfull and industrious Gentleman)
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light:
Who in thy love I know tooke great delight
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speake as good English as Italian,
And here enjoyes the grace of his owne right.
Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
Unto us both the vertues of the North,
Saying our costes were with no measures grac'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.
I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store,
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.

Lines 9-12 of the sonnet refer clearly to conversations with Guarini, and apparently to a personal friendship. Furthermore, it seems highly improbable that the pronoun *thy* in the second line would have been used by a poet who had every reason to consider the English translator quite as much his own countryman as Dimmock's.

Here, it is true, the point is weakened by the occurrence of *our* in lines 11 and 13, though the possessive in these cases indicates residence rather than citizenship. In general the value of the evidence that Daniel, though an Englishman by allegiance and perhaps by birth, was an Italian by parentage, must depend chiefly on its cumulative effect. We have a payment to an Italian named Daniel from the same source and not long after a payment to the poet. We know that the latter was of a family of musicians in an age when most professional musicians were Italians. We know that he travelled in Italy, translated from Italian writers, spoke the language, was on intimate terms with an Italian poet, and that one of his best friends was of the same stock. In the absence of exact information regarding his birth and parentage, these seem sufficient reasons for assuming that the stylistic purity of "well-languaged" Daniel is that of a writer for whom English was not strictly the mother tongue. ALLAN F. WESTCOTT.

Columbia University, December 16.

WOOL AND SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Pittsburgh correspondent (the *Nation*, December 8) is excited over wool. How great the cry! How little the wool! Cannot the American farmer learn to raise sheep and not be a mere wool-grower? With sheep prices where they have been for years, why mention wool at all?

Now I was once a breeder of sheep, and Merinos, too; and I made many a Merino breeder angry because I then said the tariff was robbery. It enabled the few of us to get a greater price for sheep and wool, but for one of us there were hundreds whom we were plundering in the price of clothes. I then sold my Merinos and went to breeding sheep. And I bred them all through the nineties when the fool-killer was at home attending to his own business. I did not call upon the fool-killer, but gave my sheep good care, and made excellent profits from them every year. If wool brought ten cents a pound, it was clear gain, for good sheep, with proper care, will pay if they do not produce a pound of wool.

Sheep-breeders who call for high tariff remind me of those who bred cattle for their hides. Years ago I used to know many who sold their cattle-hides in the spring. That was their harvest, but they wanted a tariff on hides, as their cattle paid nothing. Those farmers who to-day are raising sheep for wool are to be pitied in the same manner as we should pity the farmers who raise cattle for their hides, and hogs for their hair.

J. A. BARTHOLOMEW.

Naples, N. Y., December 14.

Literature

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The Campaign of Chancellorsville: A Strategic and Tactical Study. By John Bigelow, jr. New Haven: Yale University Press. $10 net.

This work by an experienced soldier, who later became known as the teacher of military science in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and as the author of works on campaigns in Europe and America, is a notable contribution to strategic literature. We think that no campaign of our civil war has been more accurately, elaborately, or ably described than is Chancellorsville in these pages, and soldiers in every land will thank the author for a technical study so satisfactory. No important detail of the eventful story from Hooker's assuming command at the end of January, 1863, to the retirement of the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock at the beginning of May, is omitted. The author does not restrict himself severely to the military record. Lincoln's unpleasant quarter of an hour with "Mother," after submitting himself to be kissed by the ladies at Hooker's headquarters, led on by the Princess Salm-Salm—that, with the joke through which Lincoln got out of the breakers, has a place in the narrative as well as the impact of the cannon ball which stretched Hooker senseless on the porch of the Chancellor house. Such occasional particulars, though irrelevant to the purpose of the book, serve at any rate to enliven.

We confess to some surprise at the author's selection of Chancellorsville as the campaign of the civil war most fruitful in lessons. He says that he chose it "because it presented a greater variety of military problems and experiences than any other in which an army of the United States had taken part. In no other was there so rapid a succession of critical operations. Moreover, no other one approaching it in importance has been so imperfectly apprehended and described." This assertion will not pass unchallenged. The reasons given for selecting Chancellorsville apply much better, we believe, to Gettysburg. The Gettysburg story bristles with problems over which the authorities continue to dispute. To mention a few: Lee, instead of invading Pennsylvania, might better, perhaps, have used his interior lines and reinforced Bragg in east Tennessee; then, assuming command himself, he could have thrown his mass, by forced marches, upon Cincinnati. Such operations in May and June might have caused Grant to let go his grip on Vicksburg; indeed, a concentration like this of Southern power against the greatly depressed North might have made it possible to penetrate far into Ohio, and to the east from the west. Whether or not Lee erred here is a point not settled, the study of which is full of instruction to the soldier. Did the Confederate right delay its attack unduly on July 2 and on July 3 was Pickett's charge a reckless enterprise? Or had Lee good warrant for his rush at the Federal centre? On the side of the North, should Sickles be condemned for occupying, on July 2, the Emmitsburg road, or is the contrary view to be accepted—held, we believe, by Sheridan and Gen. H. J. Hunt—that the position assigned the Third Corps at first was untenable, and that it was only prudent to occupy the higher ground in advance? Again, as to the ending of the battle, should there have been a counter-stroke at once upon the repulsed Confederates, as Lincoln thought and as perhaps the world in general has come to feel, or was Meade wise in not risking further battle?

We submit that in comparison with such problems as these the campaign of Chancellorsville offers little indeed. There is almost no difference of opinion as regards any important movement. Hooker taking command of a dispirited army restored promptly its morale and discipline. He struck at an opportune moment when Longstreet had been detached to southeastern Virginia with two divisions. He had two men to Lee's one, and more. His cavalry served him not in the best manner; but keeping Lee in doubt as to his plans by good manœuvres, he succeeded in crossing the Rappahannock and placing his army in

excellent position on Lee's left flank. So far his work was admirable. Now, however, he forsook his fine initiative, and, while his lieutenants stood amazed and protesting, retired to a position much inferior where he awaited attack. Lee was not slow to seize the offensive which Hooker had abandoned. Leaving a strong detachment to guard Fredericksburg, Lee pressed close upon the retiring Federals. He weighed correctly Hooker's incapacity, and with extraordinary audacity dispatched still another detachment, this time of half the force that remained to him, under Stonewall Jackson, to march across the front of the Federal army and turn the right. The movement was no secret; the march was plain to the Federals, but utterly misinterpreted. Hooker, with his vast preponderance, watched the advancing column, making only futile efforts to harass its progress, and awaking to his danger only at sunset, when the crushing blow fell upon the Eleventh Corps. His right was destroyed, but he still stood, more than two to one, compactly arrayed, close at hand to Lee's army, now divided into three well-separated fragments. But Hooker's efforts were more futile than ever. Two splendid corps, under Reynolds and Meade, probably his best subordinates, were scarcely employed at all: the corps that fought were misdirected. Sedgwick, advancing from the east, stormed Marye's Heights, and tried hard at Salem Church to fall on the Confederate rear. While his tactics may have been sometimes faulty, his promptness and resolution were in general admirable. But Hooker, out of his huddled thousands, sent him no help, though Lee from his handful strengthened the opposing line abundantly. A contusion quite disabled Hooker for a time, and perhaps affected his powers until the close of the battle. But there was no transference of command. The Army of the Potomac virtually had no head. To a large extent his corps had not been engaged. It was flung back in deep humiliation across the river which it had so proudly passed, and occupied its old camps with a bitter sense of complete and quite unnecessary failure. Such are the main features of the story of Chancellorsville, a story, we believe, universally accepted. Scarcely one of the points mentioned is in controversy; nor does Major Bigelow in his narrative present any point in a different way. So far from abounding in problems and situations in controversy, the case as to all the main incidents is remarkably clear.

With Major Bigelow's treatment of his theme, after once selecting it, we have almost no fault to find. The presentation is always clear, the maps numerous and careful. To note a small thing, we think undue liberty is sometimes taken in spelling proper names. The author speaks of the difficulty here: he has to do with a large number of unimportant localities and humble individuals whose names in an unlettered country are often of most uncertain orthography. In the effort for correctness he sometimes goes too far. For instance, one of the most important points on the Chancellorsville terrain is "Tally's," a farm with a log cabin, where Stonewall Jackson first struck the Federal right. In the text this name always appears as "Taylor's"; so also in the maps, although here "Tally" is given in parenthesis after "Taylor's." Heretofore the locality has always had the name "Tally's." It was so known on the battle-day and has been since. In 1904, the present writer visited the spot, enjoying a talk with old "Tally," a patriarchal figure who had interesting things to say about the bearing of Stonewall Jackson. The farmer walked at Jackson's stirrup as his guide, while the last dispositions were made for the attack.

We have insisted that in dealing with Chancellorsville the student has very plain sailing. Among the few things that are debatable perhaps no one is more interesting than why Hooker behaved as he did. Our author cites here some graphic testimony. Two months later Doubleday, Hooker's close friend, said: "Hooker, what was the matter with you at Chancellorsville? Some say you were injured by a shell, some say you were drunk. How was it?" Hooker answered good-naturedly: "Doubleday, I was not hurt by a shell and I was not drunk. I lost confidence in Hooker, and that is all there is to it." Major Bigelow appears to adopt this explanation: Hooker failed through irresolution, which, of course, springs from a lack of confidence. Probably the explanation is correct; but there will always be a suspicion that Hooker's well-known drinking habit affected him here. Couch and others, who were in close contact with him, declare that he took no liquor, but there may be something in the allegation, mentioned by Bigelow but not endorsed, that abstinence from his customary draughts left him not at his best when his faculties should have been most alert.

We feel like saying a word on the ideas prevalent as regards the vast literature of the civil war. In the general mind it is becoming classed under three heads. There are, first, the official records, which are coming to be held as the Bible, so to speak, infallible, or at any rate possessing a trustworthiness approaching perfection. Then we have an Apocrypha, containing the less formal documents of the great leaders' autobiographies, memoirs, and such papers as have been gathered in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," documents less valuable than the canon, to be followed with caution, and yet instructive. Lastly, we have the multifarious Profane Literature, the accounts of humble participants, and obscure observers and commentators, which, though often interesting, are of worth far inferior, and not to be taken as sources of truth without careful scrutiny. To men inclined to take this view, the exclamation of that good soldier, Gen. George H. Gordon, in one of his books, ought to be disturbing: "God help the history that is based on official records!" He was outraged at the report of his corps commander. In the records themselves one may find a statement of Graham, a brigadier of the Third Corps, denouncing as utter falsehood the report of one of his colonels as to the achievements of his "Zouaves" on a certain field. These out of many. The fact is that many things conspire to make an official report constrained and formal. There is the natural desire of every man to put the best face on things for himself as he sets his case before the government and the world: subordinates must be let off leniently; you must live with them, and it impairs comfort to have them sullen. To make a statement unpleasant to a superior might be construed as insubordination. The public welfare makes it imperative to tell a flattering tale. The temptation is constant to tell not quite the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There are important suppressions of fact in the official records, none more so, perhaps, than as regards Chancellorsville. Hooker's report was never published; our author says "he never made it." Still more: other reports were held back till Hooker should speak, among them so capital a piece of testimony as that of Carl Schurz; for what this admirably qualified witness saw and felt at Chancellorsville we must go, not to the official records, but to Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences." Indeed, it is the case that the roar of many a catastrophe becomes in the official records as mild as the piping of a sucking dove.

We should be sorry to be thought to minimize unduly the value of the official records. Unquestionably they form by far the most important body of evidence as to the period, but they require constantly to be checked and supplemented by other evidence. The memoirs of the leaders, written in after years, though they must be read with discrimination, are most informing. The compendium known as the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" is declared by Henderson, the best English critic of the struggle, to be "one of the most important military authorities ever published"; nor will the student enter fully into the crush and agony of the time who neglects such stories as that of Haskell, who, as an aide of Gibbon, was in the heart of things at Gettysburg, or the diary of the humble "war clerk" at Richmond, or that of Mrs. Chesnut, kept amid the wreck of a Southern home. It

is worth while to say thus much as to the weight properly due to the various classes of evidence relating to our civil war, because men here sometimes judge wrongly. We think that so great an historian as Rhodes falls to some extent into error, and we observe signs in this book that Major Bigelow is not entirely free. Speaking in his preface of his sources, our author has much to say of the high value of the official records, and very little as to testimony of any other kind. We are bound, however, to declare that in the citations in the text there is no neglect of testimony of any kind. The home-letters of the rank and file, newspaper waifs, the gossip of camps and cities, are utilized judiciously to throw light.

Altogether, Major Bigelow's book is masterly. We know of no more satisfactory scientific treatment of a military topic by any American writer. Shall we be thought trifling if we say that the book, while very handsome, is also very heavy? It weighs nearly five pounds and is nearly a foot square. Says Major Bigelow: "Whoever expects to follow a campaign reclining in an easy-chair, with a book in one hand and a cigar in the other, is doomed to disappointment." We should say so. Some of our young soldiers are said to need exercise, and it will perhaps be a good thing if, while perfecting themselves in their art, they can at the same time enjoy a strenuous gymnastic; but what of the discomfort of the old-timers during the many hours necessary to a proper perusal?

CURRENT FICTION.

Just Folks. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The heroine of this modern story of Chicago is a "tiny sprite of a fair-haired girl," a probation officer of the Juvenile Court. Called by the children "de p'leece lady," she resolves to level all barriers that might separate her from them, and we first meet her half-wistfully renouncing a residence in Hull House. The privileges of that "splendid institution" she meant to turn to her advantage and that of her boys and girls, but she elected to avoid the stigma of any appearance of "professional benevolence" by living in the most modest of rooms in the most modest of streets, and by turning her back on the luxury of even a settlement dwelling. The book naturally is a document of the most personal social service among "the other half," carried on under enlightened modern conditions. That any new theories are advanced is not to be said. But the book gives an account of the slums and the slum-dwellers, from the point of view of an equal, one might say, were it not rather as from that of an inferior, treating of her betters. The writer understands her Irish, her Russian, her Pole. She puts her characters through diverse paces of shiftlessness, misdemeanor, fidelity, heroism. Her heroine faces difficulties ranging from the recovery of pawned clothes to the tracing of traffickers in white slaves. She is full of tenderness and good sense, and only temporarily is tempted to defy the law in behalf of her stray lambs. The "awkward Samaritanism" of the rich is her reddest rag, and she does not always escape on her own part sentimentality for the poor. But hers is a clear ray shed upon dark questions, and her story a modest lesson in unaffected brotherhood.

The Vicar of the Marches. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

For those who like to hasten with an autobiographical hero through a series of hearty adventures, tinged with hate and vengeance, and colored with love, Tiso di Camposanpiero will make a welcome companion; his struggles against the fell power of Ezzilino da Romano, "well christened by some," as Tiso himself says, "Ezzilino the Devil," are both valiant and plentiful. Indeed, Mr. Scollard has written a story thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the rough times of the old Italian city-states, when Guelph and Ghibelline were at each other's throats, and feud and rapine were rife in the land. If the occasional clank of machinery makes a jarring note in the story, and if we find both hero and villain even more prodigious in their respective qualities than is usual in tales of the type, "The Vicar of the Marches" is, none the less, good reading enough, and the spirit of old romance is softened here and there by a poetic note, the echo of its author's familiar verse.

The Old Flute-Player. By Edward Marshall and Charles Dazey. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

A wealthy American woman suspects her companion, a well-bred young German girl, of stealing a diamond ring. She hastens with the accusation to the girl's father, an impecunious musician. He, instantly taking his daughter's guilt for granted, assumes the responsibility for the crime. The daughter arrives in the nick of time to prove her innocence —the ring has been given her by her employer's son, to whom she is engaged. The implacable mother will consent to the match only on condition that the shabby musician shall not attempt to see his daughter again. Everybody breathe hard! The musician, by documentary evidence, proves himself "Count Otto von Lichtenstahl." Down falls mamma at his feet and entreats his daughter's hand for her son.

To make the presence of humor more than doubly sure, the author has introduced several dialects, including an alliance of German, Cockney, and Italian. Perhaps the realest thing in the book is a burlesqued Ellis Island scene, in which the faithful M'riar, an amusing specimen of the familiar "slavey" type, figures with distinction.

The Purchase Price. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In "The Purchase Price" Mr. Hough has given a glimpse of the troubled days of the Missouri Compromise. Politics and history are freely discussed and treated with attention to detail. The dominating character is that of a beautiful Hungarian countess, an emissary of Kossuth, who puts her heart and fortune into the abolitionist cause. Her influence is so great that the authorities at Washington have her quietly kidnapped. Here the love story begins, and it proves to be an exciting one, though not before Josephine St. Auban has lost her fortune, and, like many pioneers of reform, has been badly treated by those she tried to help.

Aside from the romance, the book should be of interest to those who are not wholly familiar with that period of our history, in which conflicting Federal and State laws complicated the issue between the advocates and opponents of slavery. "As neither of the great parties of the day filled its ranks from either section," says Mr. Hough, "so in both sections, there were many who espoused, as many denied, the right of men to own slaves. We speak of slavery as the one great question of that day. It was not and never has been the greatest. The question of democracy —that was even then, and it is now, the greatest question." The book has received a dress worthy of the theme.

The Blue Arch. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Most women are loved for something they give a man, for the relation, not for themselves. But you will be loved for what you are, for yourself, like some stupendous natural beauty. . . . Women who are loved like that are not easily forgotten." Such is the distinction of Nina Sinnott, who, besides, is an engaging blend of *ingenue* and *savante*. She graduates from college with an astronomical bent, and pursues her vocation in the face of family opposition and dismay. As a crotchety astronomer's secretary in a mountain observatory, and later as teacher in a college, she achieves gratifying successes; but being, by her innocence and involuntary seductiveness, quite unfitted to cope with the insidious dangers of an academic community, she is caught in the toils of a faculty scandal. Thereupon the crotchety astronomer turns human enough to extricate and marry

her. He had never made the mistake of forcing his love upon her. He had merely permitted her to carry him his luncheon, and to stay up nights recording his observations.

The atmosphere of the whole book is rather thin and cold and dry. One is oppressed by a sense of restricting conventions, and the danger of lapsing from a great height. It is difficult to believe that beings of real flesh and blood could keep alive, much less make love in it. Some of the subordinate characters, especially a likable flirtatious sister of Nina's, are graceful and distinct, but they have all to be sternly repressed in order to vindicate the attractiveness of a very special type of intellectual femininity.

Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun. By Kate Horn. New York: Brentano's.

The pastoral adventures of Lord Edward Estcourt, second son of the Marquis of Adair and of his child-wife Gabrielle: how they endured poverty for a season at King's Chevral, a small property on the Suffolk Broads; how they were there subject to the heavy-handed ministrations of a single servant, Mrs. Honeybun; how, for a period, they were delivered from her by one Seth Cattermole, agriculturalist; how, in a dark hour of misfortune and financial stress, Mrs. Honeybun returned upon them in her true character—a blessing well disguised; how in due time, by the discovery of a hidden legacy, they were restored to happiness and abundance.

There is a delightful incongruity in pretending to introduce such exquisites as "Edward and I" to "the sordid miseries of poverty" and in picturing them involved in the complexities of the simple life. The sweet fragility of a Gabrielle was clearly never intended for rough uses; nor was Edward designed for endurance. The story is told in a whimsically artificial wording, graceful, decorous, a little stilted, like the pose of the Chelsea shepherdess on Aunt Sabitha's book-shelf, and leaves the reader with a charming impression of the idyllic, at once naïve and antiquated.

TYPES OF UNIVERSITIES.

Great American Universities. By Edwin E. Slosson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Slosson has rendered a valuable service to that large proportion of the general public, with or without a tincture of letters, which is mainly dependent upon intercollegiate athletes for its ideas of the characteristics of our leading educational institutions. He has spent a week—not an afternoon on the "bleachers"—at each of the fourteen universities ranked by their annual expenditure for instruction at the head of the list prepared by the Carnegie Foundation: Columbia, Harvard, Chicago, Michigan, Yale, Cornell, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, California, Stanford, Princeton, Minnesota, and Johns Hopkins. The record of his brief sojourns makes without padding a volume of over five hundred pages. It is no exaggeration to say that he presents a more distinct and many-sided view of every institution considered than many an old graduate could give of his own alma mater. The amount of solid information that he conveys along with his personal impressions is surprising. He has had an eye to the picturesque aspects of undergraduate life. He has meditated on the mysteries of university architecture. He has listened to the significant gossip of students and faculty. But he has also invaded the offices of registrars and presidents and presidents' secretaries; has visited classrooms and laboratories; has studied catalogues and university annals. He presents his facts in the effective form of graphs and diagrams, and he relieves the burden of the tale by the help of a dry humor and copious illustrations. He has, furthermore, ideas enough about administration, education, and research to set up a college president. The book is therefore no mere piece of superficial impressionism; it has what Mr. Slosson likes to call "dynamic" qualities. In order to appreciate its virtues it is necessary to understand that its author is literary editor of *The Independent*, that he is from Kansas, and that he is an ex-chemist.

As a journalist he urges the universities to keep in touch with the modern world. He thinks the humanistic brethren are somewhat slow in availing themselves of mechanical appliances such as the stereopticon, the phonograph, and moving pictures to relieve the monotony of their lectures. He is struck by the inability of many of the universities to maintain literary magazines and literary interests among the undergraduates. Perhaps his boldest suggestion relates to the doctor's thesis in English literature. It touches, at any rate, upon the sterilizing influence of much of our "higher" English study. Mr. Slosson cannot understand why doctors' theses in English should be limited to linguistics or literary history. Arguing from analogy with other professional degrees he says:

> It seems to me that it would be only fair to require of every candidate for Ph.D. in English literature the writing of a successful novel, a volume of good essays, a poem of distinct merit, an acceptable play, or some contribution to belles-lettres that will meet with the approval of the judicious if not of the public. . . . That is, if literature is a science, it should require original contributions to knowledge like the other sciences. If it is an art, it should require craftsmanship like the other arts. If it partakes of the character of both, it should meet both requirements instead of dodging both by keeping between.

As a western man, Mr. Slosson is a modernist, an ardent progressive, and a believer in "the people." He feels heartily in sympathy with the dominant ideals of the State universities—their industry, their democracy, their industrial and professional education, their immediate service to the commonwealth. He experiences no academic languor in the presence of milk tests, cement tests, soil analysis, scientific cookery, and pottery. These things seem to him as legitimate curriculum material as rhyme tests, style analysis, and poetry. For he recognizes, in short, as few Eastern bred men are able to do, the "utilitarian idealism"—please accentuate "idealism"—of Martha, busy about many things.

Mr. Slosson, as we have said, is, like Mr. Eliot, an ex-chemist, and his scientific proclivities reënforce his Western modernism and progressivism. He failed to catch the enthusiasm when they talked to him at Yale about their traditions. For traditions as such he obviously does not care a snap of the fingers. On the contrary, that a thing is an innovation appears to him decidedly in its favor. If it is not an improvement, it is at least an experiment; and the experimental temper indicates that a man is looking where the West looks, where science looks—into the future. Like Mill, he believes it is important "to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time appear which of these are fit to be considered customs." Not disposed, as some renowned educators are, to fix his eyes upon the peerless perfections of a single institution, he deplores the imitativeness of the universities, wishes them to specialize, and differentiate themselves as much as possible—each one to work upon an original plan of educational salvation.

Mr. Slosson takes what we may call the university point of view as distinguished from what he calls the point of view of the "old-fashioned college." He has the open mind, the catholic taste, and the optimism of the younger generation which *believes in everything.* It is interesting to compare with this spirit, the diagnosis of the present educational situation recently made by an English journalist, Mr. Chesterton. The one thing from which we are all shrinking to-day, says Mr. Chesterton, is that "ancestral responsibility to which our fathers committed us when they took the wild step of becoming men. I mean the responsibility of affirming the truth of our human tradition and handing it on with a voice of authority, an unshaken voice. That is the one eternal education; to be sure enough that something is true that you dare to tell it to a child. From this high audacious duty the moderns are fleeing on every side;

and the only excuse for them is (of course), that their modern philosophies are so half-baked and hypothetical that they cannot convince themselves enough to convince even a newborn babe."

Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century. Edited by the Duke of Argyll, K.T. With Portraits, Facsimiles, and Other Illustrations. In two volumes. London: Stanley Paul & Co.

There is nothing that serves so well to revive the past as a body of old letters, especially when these are artless, unpremeditated epistles, free from every trace of literary self-consciousness, and springing from no other inspiration than that of affection, interest, the urgency of affairs, or the mere love of gossip and the need of human intercourse. Then no subject, no turn of expression, is taboo, and the reader has all the advantage of the eavesdropper without any of the sensations of shame and guilt. To be sure, it requires to some extent a special imaginative and historical faculty to extract from such letters all they have to yield.

This is the principal difficulty for the general reader in the present work. It consists largely of letters written by men and women who, if not unknown to history, are quite unknown to literature. These not infrequently display small literary aptitude. Hence there is much in the two bulky volumes that will appeal only to those who are accustomed to the study of contemporary documents and the dry task of separating the grain of wheat from the mass of unremunerative chaff. The opening series of letters addressed by John, second Duke of Argyll, to Queen Anne, and to Lord Godolphin, on the subject of the union of England and Scotland are occupied exclusively with political affairs and official business, and are scarcely related to the plan and scope of the work as indicated by its title. The same is true in a measure of the next series of "Documents relating to the Jacobite Wars in 1716 and 1745," though they contain some interesting particulars of military movements in the Highlands during those exciting and romantic years. A chapter of "Domestic Documents," including accounts which show "the cost of living" at Holyrood Abbey, a part of which was regularly occupied by the Dukes of Argyll, comes closer to answering the reader's expectations.

By far the greatest number of letters in the first volume are those written either by, or to, Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, who, of course, was one of the beautiful Gunning sisters, and who married successively the Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Argyll, having two sons by each marriage. As all of these, in turn, succeeded to their family estates, she was called "the wife of two Dukes and the mother of four." The lady's letters show the intelligence and force of character for which she is remembered almost as much as for her beauty. But for a really human note, one must turn to the letters which open the second volume, and which were written to the Duchess by Dr. Moore, father of the "hero of Corunna," concerning her younger son by her first marriage, Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. This rather shallow and indolent young man was engaged in making the customary European grand tour with the learned and serious doctor as his preceptor and companion, and it was part of the latter's duty to make periodic reports upon the progress and physical and moral health of the fledgling peer. The relations between the two are not without their side of unconscious humor, especially when the Duke, breaking bounds, allies himself with several young English officers, and accompanies them to Magdebourg, giving his mentor the slip, and leaving him to write an uneasy but guarded account of the escapade to the truant's mother. The poor doctor's patience must, indeed, often have been sorely tried, and one feels that it was only a trace of obsequiousness towards the rank of his noble patrons, coupled with a prudent desire to conserve the good will of so influential a family, that kept him from throwing up his job or at least making a much more candid report of his charge's character and shortcomings than any which he sends the Duchess. Here, at least, there is a real side-light upon society in the eighteenth century, though it is scarcely a novel one. At all events, it is pleasant to know that Dr. Moore received his reward for his fidelity, even though this was not entirely disinterested or unmixed with what we should to-day call "snobbishness." It was through the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll that his son received that commission in the Fifty-second Regiment which opened the way to his brilliant military career. As it was through the influence of the same lady that Wolfe also received his commission, it should seem as if England owed much to this beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, who was herself daughter of a soldier.

European experiences of another sort were the lot of Lord John Campbell, who toured the Continent, in 1803, and who barely escaped arrest at the orders of Napoleon by crossing the Swiss frontier, dressed as a woman. He had previously met the First Consul, of whom he gives two interesting descriptions in a letter to the Marquis of Lorne. It must have been the fresh and unspoiled simplicity of the young Briton that fascinated Mme. de Staël. Not the least interesting letters in the collection are those which that lady wrote him from Coppet, where he and a friend named Robinson had visited her. With much ardor she expresses her desolation at their departure, and her desire to see them again. "There is that in your character and in the spirit of both of you," she writes, "a kind of charm which makes me feel a perfect happiness, and I do not know what one would not do to rejoin those who have the magic talent of making one feel happy." Doubtless what really speaks in these effusive epistles is the active boredom of the brilliant woman cooped up in her provincial chateau, and kept by her tyrant from returning to that Paris where alone she felt it possible to live.

The bulk of the books is rather gratuitously increased by the appending of English translations to the French originals of these letters and of those from Saussure, son of the great Swiss naturalist, who was another of Lord John's Continental acquaintances. Also the work as a whole would have profited if it had been shortened by half. Some of the letters, though of slight intrinsic interest or importance, were naturally retained because of the fame of the writers—William Pitt, George Washington, Samuel Johnson, Rob Roy, and others. But there are groups where it would have been wiser to make a representative selection. That the editor did not do this is due in part, perhaps, to a pardonable pride in the family archives of the Camphells, Dukes of Argyll, and a desire to reveal their wonderful richness for the documentation of social life in the eighteenth century.

Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. $1.50.

This is the life of a very feminine and sympathetic woman of talent by an extremely sympathetic and somewhat irritatingly feminine biographer. Mrs. Moulton was a writer of stories for children, literary correspondent, and reviewer for several journals, and a minor poet of slender compass but with an interesting personal and lyrical note. She had the temperament that craves and wins love, friendship, and admiration, and she repaid all her creditors with a bountiful hand. "In criticism," she says, "I made up my mind, long ago, that one should be like Swedenborg's angels, who sought to find the good in everything." The fruit of this angelic spirit in criticism may be suggested by the fact that at her death her library included about six hundred autographed volumes, of which not more than a fifth, according to Prof. Arlo Bates, contained "well-known names." Born in 1835, Mrs. Moulton was a critic and author by the time of the civil war, and she continued to write and make friends with writers, both in America and in England, till 1908. Her list of literary ac-

quaintances begins with the Boston and Cambridge group of Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Alcott, and Lowell, and extends to John Davidson, A. C. Benson, and William Watson.

There was material here for something more than a memoir of a coterie or a parish, but the possibilities have not been realized. The biographer sets out in this lofty and alarming strain:

> Genius, love, and friendship make up a triple dower which holds within itself the possibilities of high destiny. Their changing combinations comprise all intensities of human joy and human sorrow: the richness of sympathetic companionship; the enchantments of romance; the glow and passion of artistic achievement. . . .

After such an overture one relinquishes hope of any distinct presentation of Mrs. Moulton's character or appraisal of her poetical accomplishment. Between her and the reader there has been introduced the veiling enthusiasm of an admirer without a particle of humor, critical discrimination, or feeling for literary perspective. The result is the more distressing for the reason that humor and a sense for perspective are not prominent qualities either in the specimens of Mrs. Moulton's letters and journals here displayed or in the abundant extracts from the letters of her appreciative friends. As solemnly as if appealing to the highest tribunal, Lilian Whiting quotes Mrs. Spofford's verdict on Mrs. Moulton's last volume of poems: "'At the Wind's Will,'" says Mrs. Spofford, "fitly crowns the literary achievement of the century. . . . Her work exhibited in previous volumes has given her a rank among the foremost poets of the world." The labor expended by the biographer in accumulating testimonials of this nature is only equalled by her industry in setting forth the "brilliant" dinners, receptions, evenings-at-home, etc., at which Mrs. Moulton was present, together with a list of the other "brilliant" guests, checked off with comment suitable to the "Society" column of a daily newspaper. The point of view is parochial.

Notes

Smith, Elder & Co. are preparing for publication early next year a supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography which will include names of persons who have died in the interval between the death of Queen Victoria, January 22, 1901, and the close of 1910. Suggestions are invited by the editor, Sidney Lee, which may be sent in the care of the publishers.

The opening article in the *Annales de Géographie* directs attention to the work of the hydrologic service of the United States Geological Survey. It is stated that through its long-continued and widely extended observations it has contributed more than any other similar service to the solution of the great problems of erosion and continental denudation which lie at the base of physical geography. A detailed account, illustrated by reproductions of photographs, is given of the sixth geographical excursion of the French university students made last June, during which the western Alps were studied.

The "List of Books Printed in the Fifteenth Century in the John Carter Brown Library and the General Library of Brown University," which originally appeared as an appendix to A. W. Pollard's "Catalogue of the Rush C. Hawkins Collection," has been issued in separate form, with two plates not in the previous publication. These show the front and back covers of a binding which is signed "illigatus in Gyslingen 1470 per me Richenbach." There is a short account of the work of Johannes Richenbach of Giesslingen, who was probably the most widely known bookbinder of the fifteenth century, in the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* for last September, by Seymour de Ricci of Paris. M. de Ricci describes seven surviving bindings signed by Richenbach in European collections, and notes the sale at auction of three more, the present location of which he has not traced. The John Carter Brown example makes the eleventh recorded.

In his "Hidden Signatures of Francesco Colonna and Francis Bacon" (Boston: W. A. Butterfield) W. S. Booth devotes about half of his book to the subject of his title, and the rest to other forms of Baconian "evidence." For the attacks made on his previous acrostics in Shakespeare's Folio he can find no better refutation than ridicule. In his present argument he relies mainly on a single acrostic signature, similar in principle to his former ones, but complicated by the presence of certain numerical properties relating to the date of the play, etc. In working out these numerical properties the author has used figures at will to suit his own aims; and that he should gain such results by such methods is not surprising. We have found numerical combinations almost as astonishing in the first book which came to hand. And the explanation of our method is also the explanation of Mr. Booth's. Had we formulated what we were looking for beforehand, our chances of finding it would have been very small; but we were not looking for a set formula, but simply for *any* striking combination. Mr. Booth was not looking for a signature Baconicsicnarf, but for any one of his many combinations which would work out, and his chance of finding such a signature is not his chance of finding Baconicsicnarf (as he erroneously assumes) but his chance of finding any one of a great number of combinations. All Mr. Booth's mathematical reasoning is wrong because he ignores a very fundamental principle; that the chances of having anything occur are given by a fraction, having all possible chances as its denominator *and all possible favorable chances as its numerator*. For instance, a man's chance of drawing any one particular card in a pack of 52 would be 1-52; but his chances of drawing a heart would be 13-52. Now suppose that a man before drawing should be satisfied with any heart, but that after drawing he decided that the heart actually drawn was the only one he wanted. His real chance of success would be 13-52 or ¼; but he would say that his chance of success was 1-52. This represents Mr. Booth's position exactly, and shows why he can prove things impossible by mathematics when other men have proved them possible in practice. He says that there is one chance in eighteen of finding a capital B beginning the first line in the Folio. But a capital F, I, M, O, S, N, or T would have offered him just as favorable a chance, for each of these letters occurs at one end of some of his acrostics, and each could have been justified later by some different juggling of his hints and numerals. Moreover, the position held by the M of *Mast.* would be just as significant as that held by the B of Boteswaine, had it worked out. We have then eight possible letters and two possible positions for each; and the chance of getting started is not 1-18, but nearly 16-18, or almost certainty.

As for the rest of the book, Mr. Booth's literary scholarship seems of a piece with his mathematics. The fact that Bacon could write a sonnet in an age when sonnetteering was a fad is no proof that he could write Hamlet's soliloquy; nor does the fact that he showed some admiration for poetry prove that he could write "The Tempest," for on that basis all cultivated men would be Shakespeares. Neither are we greatly impressed when the author sets his own unsupported literary judgment above that of Spedding. When Spedding said that a few lines of Bacon's best verse were almost equal to Dryden's, he did not mean that it was quite equal to Shakespeare's. These books on the Baconian theory are like the desert, tedious to travel through and useless to mankind.

In "The Historic Episcopate" (Philadelphia: The Westminster Press), Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, favorably known by his history of American Presbyterianism and by his interest in church unity, has given an admirable introduction to the main question at issue between Presbyterianism and the Episcopacy. Firmly believing that the way can be cleared for the reunion of Christendom only by a reëxamination of the historical grounds for the theory of the "divine right of the historic episcopate" and "of an Apostolical Succession of manually consecrated bishops as the necessary channel of grace in the Christian church," he devotes himself to the study of the matter historically in the hope of contributing to a consensus of opinion. He concludes that the theory mentioned has no warrant in the Scriptures, as Jerome testifies, or in the earlier Christian literature; for the writers of the second century, Ignatius and "Ireneus" (so the name is consistently spelled) excepted, are "The Presbyterian Fathers," as the title of the second chapter significantly suggests. Dr. Thompson has difficulty in accepting the Ignatian Epistles as authentic, and is convinced that the monarchic bishop therein presupposed is not the diocesan bishop of modern times, but the pastor of an urban church whose members constitute a single congregation. He does not allude to the suggestion of Harnack in his treatment of Third John (1897), that Diotrephes is the first monarchical bishop whose name we know. Of Irenæus, the writer is also suspicious, at least of his reference to the establishment of a monarchic episcopacy in Rome. He thinks, however, that the estimable Bishop of Lyons was too wise to commit himself to the theory

that John set up a monarchic bishop in Ephesus. Not in the New Testament, not in the second century really, but in Cyprian is to be found the conception of the church "as a visible corporation, within which alone, and through whose bishops alone, the Holy Spirit confers grace upon men," and the other conception "of the succession of those bishops to the authority and functions of the Apostles." These conceptions, leading to papacy, were "elaborated from age to age by the later fathers," in spite of Jerome, by the "Romanist Canonists since 1570, and the Anglican polemics since 1589." Dr. Thompson closes with the question: "Are these to remain the permanent obstacle to a reunion of our Protestant Christendom?"

Fletcher Moss, who is his own publisher at the Old Parsonage, Didsbury, England, has sent us "The Fifth Book of Pilgrimages to Old Homes." It is an agreeable mélange of genealogy, archæology, and general history, mostly referring to Wales and the Scotch border. Naworth Castle, where the author took time to transcribe some amusing domestic accounts, Lanercost Priory, Newcastle, Stokesay, the Roman Wall from Newcastle to Carlisle, are typical subjects. The large octavo volume contains more than two hundred halftone cuts. Mr. Moss's greatest find is the actual wall behind which Caractacus made his last stand against the Romans. A sceptic might have his doubts. In fact, the book is chiefly interesting as giving the point of view of an amiable and almost extinct race, that of local antiquaries. Whoever reads Mr. Moss's recipe for roadside tea is sufficiently warned of idiosyncracy:

> Into a nice china teacup put three or four or more lumps of sugar, according to taste. On to the sugar pour boiling hot, freshly brewed tea, enough to cover and melt the sugar. Fill up with sweet cream skimmed from the fresh milk of cows. Drink and be thankful.

There is no accounting for popular taste. C. Reginald Enock's "The Andes and the Amazon," which received a scant welcome from geographical critics in 1907, has now gone into its fourth edition, to meet the demands of a public that likes to read about "The beautiful Andes; the terrible Andes; the life-giving Andes; the death-dealing Andes!" Perhaps one reason the book has been so popular in England is on account of its attitude toward the United States. In speaking of the Monroe Doctrine, at which Mr. Enock is inclined to look askance, he remarks: "Unfortunately the business and administrative methods of the North Americans are not such as to warrant their taking up the position of mentor to any one. . . . One thing is certain, the closer their association with Great Britain the sooner will their capacity for righteous administration be developed." The latest edition (imported by Scribners) is in a cheaper form than the others. The colored plates and the map have been omitted, but the charming frontispiece portrait of the distinguished author has been retained. Otherwise there is no change.

A new and revised edition of "The Industrial History of the United States," by Prof. Katharine Coman of Wellesley College, first published in 1905, is issued by Macmillan. The particular merit of this book for those wishing to familiarize themselves thoroughly with the subject, is the copious bibliographical references in the margin, for authority and further information on the topics briefly handled in the text. These references have been brought so closely up to date as to include historical or economic publications issued from the press barely a month ago.

Emerson Hough's "Singing Mouse Stories" (Bobbs-Merrill) are not stories, but sketchy allegories, somewhat lacking in concreteness and, accordingly, in effectiveness. Parable is so neglected in our time that any indication of interest in it on the part of a writer might be welcomed, but to call this collection much more than such an indication would be to exaggerate the facts. A selection will best show the tone of the book:

> "Do you know the story of the Wedding of the Times?" said the Singing Mouse. "You know, all life is a wedding. The flowers love, and the grasses, and the trees; and the circle of the wedding ring is the circle of life and the sign of eternity. Death and life, not life and then death, is the order and the law."

Less commonplace in idea and finer in expression is a short paragraph in the section entitled The Bell and the Shadows:

> "Thoughts," said the Singing Mouse softly. "Thoughts and remembrances. These are the things that live for ever. It is only the shadows that are real!"

In "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road" (Macmillan), H. Addington Bruce continues his work in the interesting field he entered with his "Romance of Western Expansion." As a biography of Boone—and the present book is more than that—it would not be just to compare it with the valuable life by Dr. Thwaites. But as an account of the work of Boone and his companions it is a book of real value. Mr. Bruce's historical writing is of a kind which, fortunately, is more common than formerly, and which, while written in an entertaining and popular vein, is far from back work. The author has sought to make the book serve the double purpose of a life of Boone and an account of the first phase of the nation's territorial expansion west of the Alleghenies. This idea has been well carried out. Boone's contribution to the upbuilding of the country is set forth in all its stirring and romantic details, but the author has not allowed the biographical matter to hide his deeper purpose of portraying the process of expansion in its political, economic, and military aspects. Indeed, his success in balancing these two purposes is so well done that it is difficult to say whether the book ought to be classed as a history or a biography.

The Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., for the year 1910 were delivered by Bishop William Fraser McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and are published under the title "In the School of Christ" (Revell). Concerned with the training of young men for the Christian ministry, they set forth the religious lessons the prospective minister should learn from a devotional study of the Gospels. Much of their matter is neither new nor original, but the spirit is earnest, practical, and devout. The most valuable suggestion is that each clergyman, as well as the religious leaders of a city or country district, should have a well-defined programme of work, based on careful study of the field. The plea for a more effective ministry is forcefully spoken. The same lectures at Vanderbilt University for the previous year were by the Rev. Charles McTyeire Bishop, on "Jesus the Worker: Studies in the Ethical Leadership of the Son of Man" (Revell). Their publication has been delayed until now. Dr. Bishop surveys the activities of Jesus during his ministry as examples and incentives for Christian service to-day.

"Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian Manuscripts, edited with corrections, additions, notes, and unpublished fragments" (Frowde), by A. H. Koszul, is intended to serve as a sequel to C. D. Locock's examination of the verse in the same collection. It presents conveniently the "Essay on Christianity," "A Defence of Poetry," and fragments on marriage, God, and metaphysics and morals. The substance of these fragments, often rough notes, adds little or nothing that is new to the body of Shelley's thought before published; but may be useful in fixing more precisely than we knew before the dates at which certain of his mental attitudes first took hold of him.

Alfred Söderström of Warroad, Minn., has been occupied for some years past in collecting material for a history of the Swedish press in America. This material, written largely by himself, with contributions by others, he has now published under the title "Blixtar på tidningshorisonten." We find reminiscences, anecdotes, character sketches, etc. On pp. 16-53 there is a complete list of Swedish-American newspapers and other periodical publications, in all not less than 1,158, of which 58 weekly and 232 monthly journals are still current.

Two or three years ago Dr. Ernst Schultze of Hamburg, the well-known promotor of the cause of public libraries published the first volume of an *Archiv für das Volksbildungswesen aller Kulturvölker*, which was intended to be a repository for information about all phases of popular education. Unfortunately, only this one volume appeared, but it is really complete in itself, as its several articles make up a handbook on the progress of public libraries, museums, lecture courses, etc., up to the date of its issue, in the year 1907. The two numbers which have so far appeared of the quarterly *Volksbildungsarchiv*, published for the Zentralstelle für Volkswohlfahrt as "contributions to the scientific intensifying of the movements for popular education," and edited by Dr. Robert von Erdberg, contain several important contributions. Rudolph Eucken offers some thoughts on the ideal of popular culture, while Walter Hoffmann in Dresden publishes a large amount of statistical material on the reading of the working classes.

The next, or tenth, publication of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft will be a new work by Seymour di Ricci, the author of the "Census of Caxtons," being a "Catalogue raisonné des premières impressions de Mayence," together with minute descriptions, the history of each copy to date, and the price paid for it. This announcement is made in the ninth annual report, from which we also learn that the society is to bring out a study by Gottfried Zedler of Albrecht Pfister, the printer of Bamberg, who came into possession of Gutenberg's

earliest type. As usual, the report is accompanied by the address at the annual meeting—"Die liturgischen Druckmäler in ihrer Blütezeit," by Dr. Karl Schottenloher.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America will be held at the College of the City of New York, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, December 28, 29, 30.

The general meeting of the Archæological Institute of America for 1910 will be held at Brown University, Providence, December 27-30. There will be five sessions for the reading of papers, including joint sessions with the American Philological Association and the American Anthropological Association. The titles of the papers to be presented are as follows:

"Roman Privernum," by Henry H. Armstrong, Princeton University; "The Purification of Orestes," by William H. Bates, University of Pennsylvania; "New Facts Regarding Justus van Ghent," by Morton H. Bernath; "Report on the Excavation of Sardis," by Howard Crosby Butler, Princeton University; "Classical Studies and the Awakening in Art," by Mitchell Carroll; "An Archaic Greek Grave Stele in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston," by Lacey D. Caskey, Boston; "The Bird Motive in Ancient Pajaritan Pottery," by Kenneth M. Chapman, Santa Fé; "A Bronze Cista in the Loeb Collection," by George H. Chase, Harvard University; "The Erechtheum," by George W. Elderkin, Princeton University; "The Case of Kyniska," by Alfred Emerson, Chicago; "Report on the Excavation of Cyrene," by Arthur Fairbanks, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; "The Work of the School of American Archæology in 1910," by Alice C. Fletcher, Washington; "Two Lekythoi in the Worcester Art Museum," by Elizabeth M. Gardiner, Worcester; "Measurements of 1910 in the Spiral Stairway of the Leaning Tower of Pisa," by William H. Goodyear, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; "Philistine and Hebrew in Palestine," by Elihu Grant, Smith College; "American Excavations in Crete in 1910," by Edith H. Hall, Mt. Holyoke College; "The Tewa Game of Kahtohphe," by John P. Harrington, Santa Fé; "The Sequence in the Development of Art in Copan and Quirigua," by Edgar L. Hewett; "Parthenon Studies," by B. H. Hill, Athens; "The Harvard Excavations of 1910 in Samaria," by D. G. Lyon, Harvard University; "Classic Myths in Art," Edmund von Mach, Cambridge; "Della Robbias in America," by Allan Marquand, Princeton University; "Italian Paintings in America," by Frank J. Mather, jr., Princeton University; "Some Ostraka from Samaria," by George F Moore, Harvard University; "The Historical Value of the Books of Chilan Balam," by Sylvanus G. Morley, Santa Fé; "The Excavation of Balcony House, Mesa Verde National Park," by Jesse L. Nusbaum, Santa Fé; "Survivals of Primitive Religion in Syria," by Lewis Bayles Paton, Hartford Theological Seminary; "Some Incantation Bowls from Nippur," by James A. Montgomery, University of Pennsylvania; "The Chair of Maximianus in Ravenna," Thomas J. Preston, jr.; "Coptic Architectural Fragments recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum," by Caroline L. Ransom, New York; "Two Copies of the Head of Athena Parthenos from Corinth," by David H. Robinson, Johns Hopkins University; "Notes on the Recent Egyptian Acquisitions from Gizeh now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts," by L. Erle Rowe, Boston; "A Marble Roman Bowl from Bagdad," by Oliver S. Tonks, Princeton University; "Methods of Classifying Roman Concrete Structures," by Esther Boise Van Deman, research associate of the Carnegie Institution, Rome, and "The Work of Domitian on the Palatine Hill in Rome," by Esther Boise Van Deman.

According to the report of the treasurer of the institute, which has been distributed in anticipation of the meeting, the income from all sources in the last fiscal year, exclusive of the gift of James Loeb for the endowment of the Charles Eliot Norton memorial lectureship (noticed in the *Nation* October 21, 1909), amounted to $36,684.47; the number of members is now 3,000, distributed in thirty-two affiliated societies. The rapid growth of the institute in recent years is indicated by the fact that as late as 1902 it had approximately 1,000 members, and an income of less than $7,500 a year.

The death is announced, in his forty-third year, of Paul Eve Stevenson, the author of the following books: "A Deep Water Voyage," "By Way of Cape Horn," and "The Race for the Emperor's Cup."

Science

Common Weeds of the Farm and Garden. By Harold C. Long, in collaboration with John Percival. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $2 net.

This book deals with British weeds, but since weeds are cosmopolites, much of the treatise may be applied to these plants found anywhere under the same general climatic conditions. The authors —one a member of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and the other a professor of agricultural botany in University College, Reading, England—have given us a very readable and instructive work.

There are sundry mischiefs attributable to weeds: they hinder proper and thorough cultivation; they harbor injurious insects and fungi; they diminish the ease with which a crop can be harvested; their seeds may reduce the value of harvested grain; they may block an entire system of underdraining; and, worst of all, they take up room and absorb much moisture, air, light, and heat. The sum of injury is variously estimated by good observers as from 30 to 47 per cent. In other words, the farmer is obliged to calculate whether it is worth while for him to fight to save this large percentage. Such a question is one of great importance to every cultivator, whether he is farmer, gardener, or merely an amateur.

But how came certain seed-plants to be the enemies of man? They are not all of them descendants of the punitive thorns and thistles. Why should a few plants more than others contest with cultivated crops the right to every foot of the soil? If we glance at what has taken place in recent times a partial answer can be suggested, namely, that these plants, called weeds, have by some unhappy accident obtained a start over the others and have kept the supremacy. A single illustration will make this suggestion probable. The island of Tasmania possesses a climate which is favorable for rapid and healthy growth of almost any vegetation of the temperate zones. Some of the early colonists, wishing to surround their homes with garden plants holding pleasant associations with their English birthplace, selected, among other things, the common sweet-briar, the eglantine. Within a few years this innocent plant had invaded much arable ground, rendering it absolutely useless, and resisting all attempts to exterminate it. In short, it has now become one of the worst possible weeds, exceeding in its pertinacity even the most troublesome thistles. It had been freed from all of its British enemies of fungi and insects, and it proceeded to run riot. As time passed, it found some Australasian foes, but they were not those of the old surroundings. Another illustration is found in the so-called "water-hyacinth," which, coming from the district of the Amazon, spread so rapidly in the still waters of Florida as to call for governmental intervention to eradicate it. But there is this marked difference between the plants which suddenly encroach upon the domain of other plants in a new country and the common weeds, that the former soon reach a point of luxuriance from which they decline, whereas most weeds hold their own against all comers. Nevertheless it is probable that some temporary freedom from enemies gave most of our weeds a start at the outset.

Our flowering plants have in general two modes of reproduction, one by seeds, and the other by buds or offshoots of some kind. The very process of "weeding" by hoeing or pulling may break the plant into fragments, each of which is virtually a "cutting" or "slip," ready for independent growth. And hence it happens that the cultivator may be a distributor of the very plant he is trying to eradicate. But the immense number of seeds produced by plants must not be forgotten as an important factor in their distribution. And, moreover, it must be remembered that the seeds of a certain number of our weeds are mature at about the time of harvesting, and are by it disseminated. Still further, it must not be forgotten that almost every plant under cultivation is a helpless thing, dependent upon man for enrichment of the soil and for a certain degree of protection from harmful influences. On the other hand, weeds, as a rule, can look out for themselves and avail themselves of the enrichment of the soil, so that, in fact, the strife between weeds and crops is very unequal. In all of its aspects it is a strife which is extremely interesting to every onlooker except the farmer or the gardener. The present treatise shows plainly how the cultivator can give his crops much-needed aid.

With the issue of this month the *Political Science Quarterly* completes its twenty-fifth year. The one hundredth number, like the first, appears under the managing editorship of Prof. Munroe Smith of Columbia University. Prof. F. J. Goodnow, who contributed an article to the first number, furnishes the opening article in this issue. In "The Legislative Power of Congress Under the Judicial Article of

the Constitution," Professor Goodnow argues that Congress has wide powers of legislation which are still unused, and that, in particular, it might establish uniform law to be applied by the Federal courts in controversies between citizens of different States, and between citizens and aliens. C. F. Robinson writes on "The Mortgage Recording Tax"; J. B. Ross on "Agrarian Changes in the Middle West," showing that the drainage of rich prairie lands is producing a reverse current of migration from the West eastward; Prof. C. F. Emerick calls attention to "A Neglected Factor in Race Suicide"; Prof. W. M. Sloane concludes a series of studies on "Radical Democracy in France," and Prof. Edwin Maxey describes "The Reconstruction of Korea" by Japan. A leading review of Croly's "The Promise of American Life" is contributed by Prof. Royal Meeker.

The University of Berlin was founded in 1809, and in commemoration of this fact Prof. H. Wagner of Göttingen calls attention in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* to its notable contributions to our geographical knowledge by its professors during the first century of its existence. Those whose work is particularly described are Carl Ritter, characterized in the Encyclopœdia Britannica as "the greatest geographer of modern times"; H. Kiepert, Baron Ferdinand von Richthofen, and the present incumbent of the chair, Albrecht Penck.

The death is reported from Turin of Prof. Angelo Mosso, the physiologist, at the age of sixty-four. He received, 1899, from the Accademia dei Lincei the Grand Prix for his work on the circulation of the blood in the brain. He invented several medical instruments, founded the scientific institute on Monte Rosa, writing his results in connection with it in "L'Uomo sulle Alpi," and as an archæologist excavated in South Italy and Crete.

Drama

Percy MacKaye's satirical comedy "Anti-Matrimony" has been published (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) in attractive book form. A reading of it does not greatly modify the impression made by its recent performance on the stage. It is brightly written, contains many effective humorous and satirical strokes, and is sound in its ridicule of various social vagaries. But it is too crazy in its construction and too grotesquely violent in its incidents to have much theatrical or other value.

"God's Heroes" is the title of a five-act drama by Laura Clifford Barney which has been published (J. B. Lippincott Co.) with an elaboration of ornament altogether out of proportion to the value of the subject matter. Every page is illuminated with presumably symbolical Oriental designs. The story, which claims to be historical, deals with a modern Persian religious movement—apparently a semi-Christianized Mohammedanism—which is said to be spreading and has already had its martyrs. In that respect it is interesting, and it is plainly the product of a fervid enthusiasm, but it has no serious literary or dramatic value, and its influence is not likely to be widespread.

Henri Bataille's "The Foolish Virgin" created somewhat of a sensation in Paris, when it was produced there last winter, but is not likely to prove successful here. The English version of it, given in the Knickerbocker Theatre, is of indifferent quality and the performance is distinctly poor. It is an essentially French piece, full of all sorts of emotional extravagances, which suffers much from the heavy-handed methods of the English speaking stage. In spite of its pretensions to serious social and philosophic purpose, it is only domestic melodrama, the exaggeration and inconsistency in both characters and incidents relegating it to this category. Its main thesis, apparently—for it deals sensationally with more motives than one—is that in cases of marital infidelity man is not always the seducer. Mr. Bataille might easily have provided a more plausible illustration of this indisputable proposition, if he had not been more anxious about theatrical effect than any sort of truth. He has imagined a school girl reared under the best domestic influences, daughter of a wealthy duke, who becomes the enslaver of a middle-aged barrister; and who, guided by passion alone, persists—in spite of warnings from father, mother, and her lover himself—in carrying him off from his devoted wife, and casting her own and everybody else's reputation to the winds. He has succeeded in making his heroine a wanton, but not in shifting one feather's weight of responsibility from the shoulders of the man. The deserted wife is resolute in the defence of her husband, stands by him in evil, as in good report, watches over him perpetually, excuses him as the victim of an irresistible power, interposes to save him from the hand of the avenger, and so demonstrates the nobility of her love that her rival becomes suddenly remorseful, and commits suicide, in order that the truant husband may be at liberty to return to his allegiance. There is much emotion, with some effective situations, in the story, but precious little truth of nature or life. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who enacts the superhuman wife, exhibits some striking outbursts of passion, but emphasizes the unnaturalness of the character by her mannerisms of speech and gesture. No discretion was shown in the choice of her supporting cast.

It is pleasant to note the return of comedy—very light but genuine comedy—to the stage of Wallack's Theatre. In "Pomander Walk," which was produced there on Tuesday evening, Louis N. Parker, in an interval of his labors as pageant master, provided an uncommonly fresh and pleasant entertainment in a form which in many respects may be said to be new even to veteran playgoers. His scene is a little red brick crescent of six practicable houses, which he has peopled with a group of personages who live their everyday life, as it were, in neighborly converse and exhibit their personal peculiarities in the course of their ordinary pursuits, without the least apparent consciousness of serving any dramatic purpose whatever. A small riparian suburban community is brought into the limelight for a day or two and then the curtain is dropped upon them and all is over. Two or three love stories are brought to a happy conclusion, just to give the necessary spice of romantic interest, but there is no trace of a plot, no harrowing emotion, no sensation, and no mystery. And the effect is singularly life-like, untheatrical, and charming. The piece is in no way remarkable for literary brilliancy or novelty in characterization. There is no more straining after effect in the dialogue than in the incidents. But the underlying idea of it is as original as it is ingenious, and it opens up a new field for dramatic experiment. It is not necessary here to enter upon descriptive details. A brief synopsis would be unintelligible. The time of the action is supposed to be in 1805, which offers rich opportunities to the costumer. Among the principal personages are a choleric, jovial old admiral, one of Nelson's men, superbly played by that finished comedian, George Giddens; a retired butler, aping fashionable airs, excellently acted by Lennox Pawle; a shy musician, very well done by Reginald Dance, and half a dozen women of various types, all cleverly embodied. The general representation is notably competent. "Pomander Walk," in short, is delightful entertainment, and it was evidently enjoyed heartily by a very large audience.

John Masefield's tragedy, "Pompey the Great," which has just been acted by the Stage Society in London, appears to be an uneven work, in which passages of great beauty and nobility of ideal are mingled with anachronistic modernisms of all kinds, as if to show, in spite of Molière, that the ancients and the moderns are very much alike.

C. M. S. McLellan's play, "Judith Zaraine," will be produced here in Christmas week, with the well-known English actress, Lena Ashwell, and Wilton Lackaye in the leading characters. The story deals with a labor crisis in a Pennsylvania town. A mill employing thousands of operatives has been forced out of business by a stronger rival, and the men are thrown on the street, filled with an intense bitterness against the powerful corporation. They are led by Judith Zaraine, who is one of the workers, and who centres her condemnation upon the head of David Murray, the guiding spirit in the Trust. The situation reaches the acute stage when troops are called out to protect the company's property. David Murray, who likes to do his thinking for himself, and to examine into conditions, visits Minetown, where he poses as a reporter for a New York paper, sent to cover the labor troubles. He interviews Judith, they become interested in each other, and their intercourse results in much mutual enlightenment. The end of the piece may be guessed.

The announcement has been made already in this journal that Marie Tempest is to be seen soon in the New Theatre as Becky Sharp in a version of "Vanity Fair" which is new to this country. It appears that she is also to enter upon a career of actor-manager, both in this country and in England. Here she will open proceedings next autumn in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, where she will produce, among other things, a piece dealing with vaudeville life by Paul Kester, entitled "The Bill Toppers," and a comedy by George Pastor, entitled "Clothes and the Woman."

Lewis Waller has agreed to give a scene from "Julius Cæsar" in a London music hall. Soon he is to appear in a new play called "Bardeleys the Magnificent."

Charles Frohman will soon produce in London a new light comedy by W. Somerset Maugham. It is entitled "Loaves and

Fishes," and the principal part will be played by Irene Vanbrugh.

Ellen Terry has begun in the Christmas number of the *Windsor Magazine* a series of articles on "Shakespeare's Heroines."

Music

Massenet and His Operas. By Henry T. Finck. New York: John Lane Co $1.50 net.

It is strangely true, as Mr. Finck observes, that there was no English work on Massenet until the publication of the present volume. It is equally true that there was no widespread interest in the creations of the French Puccini till the indefatigable Oscar Hammerstein, seeking material with which to infuse individuality into his seasons at the Manhattan Opera House, hit upon the happy idea of giving Massenet's operas in a characteristically Parisian manner. Mr. Finck is justified in his assertion that the few scattered performances of "Werther," "Manon," and one or two other of Massenet's operas at the Metropolitan Opera House never focussed public attention upon the peculiar manner of this interesting French master. The presentation of "Manon," in the days when Jean de Reszke made an enchanting melodic personage of the Chevalier des Grieux, was one in which the work, as a whole, was prostituted to the office of glorifying two or three singers. There was something like real pathos in the one appearance of the unfortunate Sybil Sanderson in the title rôle, but her flitting across the operatic stage cast but a momentary shadow upon the glamour that went with the name of Jean de Reszke. Later, we heard the opera with other *prime donne*, but none of them even faintly suggested the real Manon.

Mr. Finck is most amiable in his comments on the present-day representatives of Manon and des Grieux at the Metropolitan. With all his kindness, he must feel in his heart that it is not an ideal French conception of the work that is offered to the public. He doubtless felt this when he was impelled to write comments showing that he placed the productions of Oscar Hammerstein above those of the Metropolitan Opera House. There can be no question that the juster appreciation of the value and the character of Massenet's operas dates from the night when Mary Garden revealed to New York her ravishing Thaïs. Mr. Finck recognizes the artistic importance of this incident and very properly accords to Hammerstein's productions of Massenet's works the first position in his volume. He deals with the Metropolitan performances afterward, and reserves for the final part of his book consideration of those operas which are not yet known to the American public.

The plan of the present book is simple and direct, and the work will undoubtedly serve excellently its purpose. Mr. Finck, by reason of his warm sympathy with the French school of opera and his high admiration for some of its leading interpreters, was precisely fitted to produce a book of this type. Without doubt, he could have subjected Massenet's art to a more searching and discriminating criticism, had he so chosen to do; but it is obvious that this would have been outside the scope of his present volume, which is plainly designed as a help to further public understanding of the nature and beauties of these charming operas. It is pleasant to find that he has not hesitated to pay a proper tribute to such impersonators of Massenet's people as Mary Garden, Dalmores, and Renaud. Nor has he forgotten how much the works owe in America to the insight and affection of Cleofonte Campanini, a conductor wonderfully free from racial or national prejudice and narrowness of view. Perhaps in the final estimate of things musical, whenever that shall be made, it will appear that Mr. Finck has not laid too much stress on the greatness of Maurice Renaud. In the lyric world, he is, indeed, a splendid artistic figure. His interpretation of the monk Athanael ought to live in operatic history as one of the most pathetic and poignantly tragic creations. Its perfect counterpart was his assumption of the rôle of the Friar Cook in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," an exquisitely poetic piece of human comedy, of which the gentle humor and fathomless sweetness of temper will assuredly remain perennially clear in the minds of thoughtful lovers of opera.

A few years ago Richard Strauss announced that he would write no more orchestral tone poems, but would confine himself to the operatic field. He has done so, yet he finds time meanwhile to dash off an occasional song. Melody is scarce in these products, wherefore it takes a vocalist of the Wüllner type to make them palatable. Strange to say there has been hitherto no collection of the Strauss lieder. This want is now supplied by "Forty Songs by Richard Strauss," just published by the Oliver Ditson Company. In accordance with the plan of the Musicians Library, to which this volume belongs, James Huneker, being the foremost American champion of Brahms, was engaged to select the songs and write an introduction; but why did he devote eight columns to that composer's career and his orchestral works and less than two columns to his songs? As a measure of their value this may be just, but in a special collection of these songs, and the first one, too, one would have welcomed more copious comments from one so well-informed and so enthusiastic—one who finds that Strauss is, in these lieder, "the patient, curious master of miniatures, the ivory worker of exotic shapes"—a characterization that seems more applicable to Franz. Exception may also be taken to the statement that Strauss "knows Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms only to avoid them." Franz peeps at us from more than one page, and who, on hearing Strauss's "Morgen" (op. 27 No. 4), would ever suspect that anybody but Brahms could have written it? Grieg was in Strauss's memory when he penned "The Saffron" and "The Three Holy Kings." Two of the most popular songs—the "Serenade" and "Cæcilie"—are not included in Mr. Huneker's list. One wonders, also, why he excluded the songs in the comic vein, like "Herr Lenz" and "Für fünfzehn Pfennige"; but as it stands, the collection he made undoubtedly affords a good birds-eye view of the lyrics of Germany's most prominent composer.

David Bispham will give another all-English recital at Carnegie Hall, on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 3. The programme will include a group of modern songs, several excerpts from operas of Verdi and Wagner, and a recitation of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" music of Richard Strauss.

In Italy the most popular of Puccini's operas is "La Bohême," which was sung last year some five hundred times. In other European countries and in America, the favorite among his operas is "Madama Butterfly," which was given last year in seventy-three theatres in Germany alone. In France, according to *Comœdia*, 833 performances of foreign operas were given between January, 1899, and January, 1910, at the Opéra Comique, and Puccini stood first, his "Bohême," "Tosca," and "Butterfly" having received in that period 390 representations, or nearly one-half the total number.

The popularity of Puccini and Wagner, and also of some of the older French composers — Bizet, Gounod, Massenet, Saint-Saëns—has moved the younger opera writers to form a "defensive and offensive league" for the purpose of obtaining more attention for their work. To this the authorities replied that their justification lies in the fact that the old familiar operas pay, while the French novelties do not. Lydia Lipkowska, who is to do Thaïs in Boston, says that Massenet has rearranged some of the music so that it will better suit her voice.

Art

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

The feature of the Academy exhibition at the Fine Arts Building is the memorial display of five Winslow Homers in the Middle Gallery. Lacking the specific preciousness of fine painting, these pictures are so nobly imagined, so simplified to the bones of the graphic theme, that they give far cleverer pictures the look of not much mattering. Surely the business of landscape and marine painting is to enhance the vision of the ordinary man, to give him some aspect or emphasis beyond his common visual experience. Unless the landscape painter enlarge and intensify my seeing, to what purpose does he paint?

Such a standard would give to a good deal of our landscape merely the value of a rest cure for the artistic temperament. Yet here and there something is being done. A group, who, for convenience, may be called the naturalists, has at least recovered a fresh and vigorous idiom in paint. Redfield, the most accomplished member, is not represented this year, but we have Ernest Lawson's tingling Harlem River, George Bellows's Blackwell's Bridge, with a surging blue tideway; Gardner Symons's River Gorge, and Cullen Yates's The Rising Fog. One could wish this last hung by the Winslow Homers. It has the assured pictorial quality that the naturalists generally lack. Most of them paint and see with a sort of impatience that too often ends in swagger and casual emphasis. They are alive and help one to see keenly, but there is strangely little modulation in their product. In America to-day, there is no cleverer contriver of the minimum indication that spells light, distance, texture, than Mr. Bellows. Yet his East River scene tends to fall apart and abounds in uncertain indications. Gardner Symons has ably caught the look of a mountain in afterglow beyond a shadowed river valley; has caught everything but the main thing, the sense of vast space and of a unifying atmosphere. Mr. Lawson permits us to look through a crystalline lens that intensifies the view. Such painting as his is in itself almost pictorial, but not quite. Cullen Yates gets his picture out of simple constituents. An eroded cut in the rock swings down to a lapping sea, the horizon of which is lost in mist. Dipping strata, largely drawn, and giving a sense of continuity with unseen rock systems, interlock at the turns of the little gorge. It is extraordinary that so blond a mass seen under masked sunlight can be so vigorous, and that so hemmed-in a view can give its sense of immensity. It is in this kind of rhythm that much good painting is deficient. Childe Hassam naturally falls into this group. In poor light his Summer Idyl, with its tiny figure set in a big oblong of highly schematized saplings, seemed monotonous. While the fine executants just mentioned have notably improved and invigorated the practice of landscape art among us, many will feel that the most enjoyable landscapes are still painted by men whose vision is perhaps more distinguished than their handling.

Here may be mentioned Groll's desert scene, with its fairly illusionary clouds poised in the middle distance; W. A. Coffin's A March Evening, with an immensity of cold sky encompassing a sombre upland; Leonard Ochtman's Morning in Early Summer, a delicate blending of silvery and tawny values. Ben Foster, in his picture of a weedy pool at Longpré, reveals a novel and interesting manner, but there is perhaps some lack of pictorial harmony between the insistently realized water and the ghostly poplars beyond. William Ritschel's Night Shadows, the Grand Cañon, is one of the most ambitious and serious canvases shown. Its nearness to the Winslow Homers betrays the lack of characteristic and defining accent, or again it may be like many other landscapes the victim of a gloom cast by neighboring sky-scrapers. Charlotte Comans's Hills of Elizabethtown has a quiet and charming intimacy. William S. Robinson's Golden Days, which wins the Carnegie prize, is sumptuous in autumnal russets and ochres, but without distinction of arrangement.

As if in deference to the mighty shade of Winslow Homer, marine painting is somewhat in abeyance this year. Such strong men as Woodbury and Paul Dougherty are absent, so is Carlsen. Rehn and Bogert, from whom one expects better things, appear in rather sugary dilution. Henry B. Snell's Island, St. Ives, firmly set between a pale stretch of tidal sand and a lowering sky, and F. J. Waugh's colorful Harbor Cove in Sunlight, seem about the only contributions of note in this class.

In recent Academies street scenes, holiday crowds, have been prominent and good. This year the hanging committee has sternly set its face against these ephemeralities. Only Joseph Pennell, an accomplished master in this *genre*, occupies the line. Mr. Olinsky's illuminated Piazza of St. Mark's, Venice, has been sent to the "morgue," together with Ernest Lawson's Umbrellas, Coney Island. One can see that these are strong pictures, even by electric light, but only surmise that they are fine ones.

So long as the Academy has no wall space for large decorative designs, so long its representation of current figure painting will be merely fractional. We have this year the *plein-airistes* Dufner and Lillian Genth in agreeable but entirely familiar vein. George Bellows displays a new side of his versatile gift in a polo scene. It has not merely the rattle and rush of the subject, but is also well put together. Three very typical kinds of figure painting are represented by the president's contribution, a purely decorative, one might say calligraphic, arrangement of two female forms; by Kenyon Cox's A Book of Pictures, an academic performance in the best sense, and Charles W. Hawthorne's Refining Oil, which comes near the modern ideal of painting for paint's sake. Of Mr. Alexander's always debonair and graceful accomplishment no new word can be said. It has its roots, probably, in the rhythmical decorators of the past, the Venetians for choice, and it has taken eclectically the muted harmonies of the Whistler tradition. The result is a thing pictorially sure and invariably pleasing, but without great vigor or variety. It may be that a hundred art students have already murmured "old hat" before Kenyon Cox's academic group. If so, let them reflect that a few thousand up-to-date art students will pass away before any of them will do anything nearly as good. Mr. Cox has succeeded, where he often fails, in striking an equilibrium of bright colors, the linear drawing of the group of mother and child is exquisite, and the expression is where the mob always refuses to look for it, not in the eyes and lips, but in the whole figure. The abstract merits of fine analytical design and learned arrangement are not much valued to-day. No more will the taste that loves hasty syncopations and specious approximations be much valued in some wiser to-morrow. Mr. Cox's picture is not worse, but better, because it recalls the blithe mastery of early Renaissance painting in Italy. Though Mr. Hawthorne has an excellent eye for character and some regard for arrangement in line and mass, his preoccupation is mainly with paint. And this is, so far as it goes, high commendation. But it means, too, that he exalts the grammar of his art a little at the expense of its rhetoric. It is the flashing of green glass and pottery in a dusky interior that this time has challenged his able brush. These indications of an evanescent reality he grasps and records with fine gusto. As mere painting it is very nearly of the best. If it fails to make an impressive pictorial effect, that may be partly because the arrangement is obvious and rather uninteresting, and even more because the scale is miscalculated. We have in the dimensions of life what is really a cabinet piece. The same careless attitude with regard to scale is shown in Mora's spirited study of young yachtsmen, which unkind fate has relegated to electric light. And while on the sore topic of the "Morgue," be it said that by a proper installation of reflectors the horrors of what one regrets to call The Academy Room could be mitigated. The Independents last winter had the same problem, and solved it with relative success.

A good deal of the portraiture of every year necessarily is what may be called official. Workmanlike up to a certain point, deserving of exhibition, it arouses neither enthusiasm nor dissent. This year there is little stirring among the portraitists, and the exhibition, if reduced to a single class, might best stand on such contributions as Tarbell's President Timothy Dwight, superior official portraiture; Louis Betts's forthright head of Gardner Symons; Mary Foote's very picturesque study of Mrs. John Carpenter in keen blue hat and pink coat; Wilton Lockwood's tense and reserved presentment of Dr. J. W. Elliot; Albert Rosenthal's Peggy MacRae, wholly winsome in port, and a lovely shimmer of dull lilac and rose; Lydia

Field Emmet's Portrait of a Lady, most aristocratically conceived, and, last but not least, MacCameron's profound and sympathetic interpretation of a young man of poetic type, and Blumenschein's charmingly natural and humorous delineation of Mme. G. MacCameron's paint has beautiful quality. With little polychromy he achieves the sense and depth of color much as Venetian portraitists did of old. Blumenschein has not merely an extraordinary eye for the accents that mean character, but also a sympathetic humor that evokes idiosyncrasy, without suggesting caricature. Last winter his striking portrait of a comedian did not win me. I thought it overemphatic. I must have been wrong, for this year I delight in an almost identical treatment of Mme. G. How piquant the awkward way in which she slants comfortably across the oblong, how diverting the harmony, Debussy type, of a magenta footstool, with a wrap just flushed with palest salmon pink, how engaging the sense of good humor, self-possession, and genial self-criticism! Mme. G. is documentary of a civilization. It is as good as reading a novel in Henry James's latest manner, to reflect that no well-to-do American woman would ever permit Mr. Blumenschein to tell this amount of interesting truth about her.

Wilton Lockwood's Peonies is an exquisite bit of painting. Perhaps nothing in the exhibition except Alden Weir's little girl, in Playmates, approaches it for distinguished conception and flawless execution.

About a hundred and fifty pieces of sculpture are set in the South Gallery, and the apparent compensation for crowding is that for the first time in many years the display is fairly representative. French's memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer and Karl Bitter's portrait of President Angell of the University of Michigan, both high reliefs, occupy the end walls. French's composition is symbolic: a matronly woman guides from behind a slight girl who carries the lamp of learning. The general motive is that of an Attic stele. The arrangement of the figures is rhythmical, and the sense of protection and guidance is feelingly given. The relief is a good example of the studied grace of French's best work, and is a worthy memorial of the one-time president of Wellesley. Karl Bitter's presentment of President Angell is genial and evidently an excellent portrait. It hardly fills a space which in parts is overburdened with small accessories, but in its destined architectural setting the proportions may come right. James Earl Fraser's capital marble of a baby's head, and a finely posed nude called Grief, are from the point of view of craftsmanship among the more attractive displays. Three portrait heads by Grafly show a severe simplicity of modelling which is instinct with style. He has highly developed the sense of artistic economy, a rare merit. In contrast with this method, a young English sculptor, Theodore Spicer-Simpson, works out his bronze head of the late Moncure D. Conway in all detail, without losing the specific sense of intellectual melancholy. The work recalls not unworthily the famous Hellenic idealization of Homer. A group of portraits by Edith Woodman Burroughs and a marble portrait head by Evelyn Longman show kindred qualities of elaborate and sensitive modelling.

F. J. M., JR.

"Notes on the Post-Impressionist Painters (Grafton Gallery, 1910-11)," by C. J. Holmes, will be issued immediately by Lee Warner.

The sculptor Charles Verlet, professor at the École des Beaux-Arts, has been elected successor to Emmanuel Frémiet at the Académio des Beaux-Arts, after a spirited contest going to nine ballots.

A reproduction has been made by Dr. Gerolamo Calvi, under the auspices of the R. Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere at Milan, of Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on the nature of water, which is in the library of the late Earl of Leicester at Holkham.

In the Church of S. Martino a Strada, near Florence, has been found a large fresco of the Annunciation which is ascribed to Spinello Aretino.

A family legacy has added to the Louvre collection a series of more than sixty works of the elder Isabey (Jean Baptiste). It greatly supplements the known work of this portrait painter of the Revolution, Constituante, Directory, Empire, Bourbon Restoration, and Louis Philippe's monarchy. Isabey died in Paris in 1855, at the age of eighty-eight, and he painted to within a few years of that time. The new acquisitions begin with the artist's own portrait, painted at eighteen (1786); he already wears the hat which has since been identified with Bonaparte. From 1789 we have a crayon portrait of David, in whose studio young Isabey was working. There is a vignette of 1791, representing the luckless little Dauphin at his promenade near the Château of Meudon. There is a probable portrait of the Revolutionist, Collot d'Herbois; Madame de Staël, at thirty, with attractive looks belying the tradition of her ugliness; a sepia of Napoleon at Notre Dame; Josephine, Hortense, Madame Mère, the baby King of Rome, fifteen days old, and Marie Louise a year later; Talleyrand and Metternich in 1812; Josephine as retired Empress; Prince Eugène, Louis XVIII, Paul I of Russia, Duc de Bordeaux (future Comte de Chambord or "Henry V") as a boy in 1830; Dufaure, who lived to be Thiers's minister under the Third Republic, as he was in 1841, when he was a member of Thiers's cabinet, under Louis Philippe, and many unofficial celebrities in between.

An album, "La Peinture Chinoise au Musée Guimet" (Paris: Paul Geuthne, in the series of Annales du Musée Guimet), by Tchan yi-tchou and J. Hackin, reproduces some notable works from a late exhibition of Chinese paintings. It is prefaced by an excellent short history of Chinese painting; and its alphabetical index of painters is praiseworthy for being accompanied by the Chinese characters. Reproductions in the Japanese art review, *Kokka*, made known some time ago the rich collections of such paintings in Japan, and showed the inspiration caught from them by Japanese artists. The late Empress Dowager presented to M. Guimet two particularly noteworthy landscapes. One, by Tchao Po-kin of the eleventh century, has a delightful impressionist effect: the sun is setting behind a mountain whose base plunges in water from which mists are rising, while the summit is still in the golden light. There is a finely executed court scene by the Emperor Siuan-ho (twelfth century); paintings in camaieu of Tchao-Mongtou (thirteenth century); landscapes of T'ang-hi (fourteenth century); a magnificent warrior leaning on his sword, and various Buddhic or Taoist personages (seventeenth century); sample sketches from life, from which Chinese artists prepare the portraits of ancestors, showing great truth of expression. There are also rubbings from more ancient engravings on stone, reproducing among other subjects a portrait of Confucius, by Wou-Tao-tseu (eighth century), and similar reproductions of the works studied by Professor Chavannes of the Collège de France, in his book on Chinese sculpture, in stone, of the Han dynasties (tenth century). Besides its human and historic interest, all this opens new vistas in the technical history of art and art processes.

Another step forward has been taken in bringing forth from the shadows of documentary hints and expert's conjectures, a "Maitre de Moulins," as successor of Fouquet, painter of earliest Bourbons. A drawing in the Louvre collection, hitherto catalogued as Flemish of the fifteenth century, was swung round to this unknown artist at the exhibition of French primitives in 1904. Last May, at the Lanna sale, in Prague, the Louvre acquired a drawing (No. 199), on a leaf numbered "xxxiii," and torn from the same album as certain other designs which were dispersed at the Klinkosch sale in 1889. These have been attributed by Sir W. M. Conway to Gérard David, and as such the Lanna leaf was sold. Now, by comparison with other Louvre drawings and paintings, it is going to swell the mysterious master's claims to existence and fame.

A sixteen years' discussion of the authenticity and priority of two similar pictures of Leonardo da Vinci—Our Lady of the Rocks in the National Gallery, London, and La Vierge des Rochers in the Louvre, Paris—seems to be finally settled by Salomon Reinach in a communication, made to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, of documents from the notarial archives at Milan. The French picture was painted by Leonardo at Florence before 1483. In April of that year he received an order from Milan for a Virgin with two prophets, and he took the two Milanese brothers De Pretis to aid him in accessory details. With his usual dilatoriness, he delivered the painting only in 1492; but, instead of prophets, he had painted a Virgin and Child with the Angel and St. John, in other words, a replica with a few varia-

tions of his Florentine picture. It is the Milanese picture which is in the National Gallery. It was painted with the help of Ambrogio de Pretis, probably, says M. Reinach, because Leonardo was overladen with other work. If this version is accepted, Messrs. Claude Phillips and MacColl come out best among the critics who have taken part in the controversy. Sir Edward Poynter was all at sea in his identification of the different periods of Leonardo's art. Something yet more severe should be said of Richter and Müntz, who led the attack on the British picture, disparaging Leonardo at the same time. It will be remembered that a previous communication of M. Reinach showed from similar documentary sources the futility of such art criticism about Leonardo's Mona Lisa as "the ineffable, mysterious, plaintive, and haunting smile that had fascinated and perplexed the world century after century in the portrait of La Gioconda!"

Finance

CHAPTERS IN HIGH FINANCE.

To a rather unusual degree, the Wall Street community has displayed interest in the rearrangement of membership in the firm, announced by J. P. Morgan & Co., whereby George W. Perkins, a partner since 1901 and a leading figure in the spectacular finance of the ensuing decade, retires, and two new partners of highly conservative antecedents are admitted—W. H. Porter, now president of the Chemical Bank, and T. W. Lamont, vice-president of the First National. The public's particular ground for interest was undoubtedly the great place which this banking house has filled in American financial history during the decade past. In the financial world, personalities play at times as large a rôle as events; indeed, when one reviews the notable chapters in recent Wall Street history, it is not easy to say which is the more important key to the story of the period—the influence of personalities on events, or the influence of events on personalities. No doubt the conspicuous individual achievements in the financial history of years like 1901 and 1906 and 1908 and 1909 would have been impossible but for the particular underlying conditions in each of the four years. But, on the other hand, it is extremely doubtful if events would have shaped themselves exactly as they did, on any of the four occasions, but for the personal qualities, ideas, methods, and influence of the conspicuous financial leaders.

The history of the world's great banking houses, in this and in former generations, is a fascinating study. But it is apt to be difficult to discover from it just how large a part, in any given instance, the individuality of partners played. From the beginning of great financial operations, the power and prestige of such a house depended also on the private capitalists with whom it could surround itself. Sometimes, membership of that surrounding group has been the focus of public interest, rather than membership of the banking house which acted for it. But, on the other hand, there are numerous instances where the leadership of the banking house itself has been of so vigorous and personal a character as to obscure completely the individuality of outside capitalists numbered in its following.

The familiar episode of Mayer Anselm Rothschild's getting his start in high finance through safeguarding the Elector of Hesse-Cassel's fortune after Jena, and returning it with interest nine years later, in the Waterloo year, was an individual achievement. But the great place which his five sons acquired in European national finance resulted much more obviously from their power of massing the financial resources of their race. Nobody but the Rothschilds could have defeated, as punishment for the expulsion of the Jews, Russia's extensive plans of 1892 for borrowing in Paris; yet that action was hardly a matter of individual initiative. It was action by the group. But the bold and aggressive stand taken by Nathan Mayer Rothschild in defence of British public credit, during the darkest days of the Napoleonic period, was a personal achievement; even his associates began to criticise him as a man who took rash chances.

As a rule, the high traditions of great houses have been sustained through a series of generations; yet even in this there have been exceptions. Walter Bagehot pays the highest tribute to the older members of the great London banking house of Overend, Gurney & Co.; but he adds that, later on, "the rule in it passed to a generation whose folly surpassed the usual limit of imaginable incapacity." This led to 1866. The inside history of the house of Baring Brothers has not been convincingly written. That house, too, was a family institution, and the family was and still is a very remarkable one; Lord Cromer, the financial administrator of Egypt, is one of its members in the later generation. But something went very seriously astray with the business judgment of the house in 1889 and 1890. The episode was the more extraordinary in that the natural following of the house in Lombard Street was drawing cautiously away from Argentine investments, at the very hour when Baring Brothers were underwriting and bringing out loan after loan for the Buenos Ayres government.

Among financial houses of the really highest grade, commercial death has been extremely rare. But changes in relative position of such houses are constantly going forward. The house of Morgan cut no such large figure in New York finance, two or three decades ago, as it does to-day. In the United States government's operations in the money market of 1878 and 1879, August Belmont & Co. easily held the centre of the stage. Probably Wall Street would say that the successive steps which really gained for the Messrs. Morgan their more recent commanding position were the government bond syndicate operation of 1895, the railway reorganizations of 1897 and the railway combinations afterward, and the industrial recapitalizations of 1901. These were in very large measure individual achievements, made possible by the remarkable personality of the head of the house. One of the interesting problems of the day is, whether the country itself may not have passed into a new economic era, which will give no further opportunity for achievements of that peculiarly spectacular character. If so, the great finance houses will have different problems of policy to solve.

However this may be, the century or so in which high finance on the modern scale has prevailed, in Europe and America, has established at least these principles: First, continued maintenance of a great position of the sort, by any banking house, depends on continuance of absolute public confidence in its character, capacity, and financial judgment. Beyond this, it is essential that the career of such a house should be marked by continuing achievement in large affairs—along the lines, however, of real conservatism. That such attributes will be largely created by the personality of those who direct the great financial houses, is the teaching of all the century's history; and that explains why financial markets watch with the largest interest all changes which come, in the vicissitudes of time, to the membership of such houses.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American and English Genealogies in the Library of Congress. Preliminary catalogue. Washington.

Bingham, C., and Thompson, C. H. The Airship in Animal Land. Dutton.

Bjornson, B. Sigurd Slembe. Translated by W. M. Payne. Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. $1.50 net.

Financial.

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De Menil, A. N. Forest and Town: Poems. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $1.25 net.
Dolly Darling and her Pretty Clothes: Model and Painting Book for Children. Dutton.
Dryden. Poems of John Dryden. Edited by John Sargeaunt. Frowde.
Dutton's Holiday Annual. 23d Year. Verses and stories illustrated.
Easy Opera Melodies for the Piano; Opera Transcriptions for the Piano; Encore Songs (high voice). Ditson. 50 cents each.
Fea, A. Old English Houses. Scribner. $3 net.
Fishberg, M. The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment. Scribner. $1.50.
Guyot, Y. Economic Prejudices. Trans. by F. Rothwell. Scribner. $1.
Haney, J. L. Monsieur D'Or: a Dramatic Fantasy. Philadelphia: Egerton Press. $1.20 net.
Haultain, A. The Mystery of Golf. Second edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Hinckle, W. A. The Evolution of Religion. 2d edition. Boston: Sherman, French. 80 cents.
Holland. The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland (1802-5, 1808-9). Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. Longmans.
Hollingsworth, C. M. From Freedom to Despotism. Washington, D. C.: The author. $1.50 net.
Honey, J. A. South African Folk-Tales. Baker & Taylor. $1 net.
Ilbert, C. The Government of India. Supplementary chapter. Frowde.
Internoscia, J. New Code of International Law. International Code Co.
Jewett, S. Poems, edited by L. R. Jewett. Crowell. $1.25 net.
John Carter Brown Library, List of Books Printed in the Fifteenth Century. Providence, R. I.: Brown University.
Keith, T. Commercial Relations of England and Scotland, 1603-1707. (Girton College Studies No. 1.) Putnam
Knight, W. The Glamour of Oxford: Descriptive passages in verse and prose by various writers. Frowde.
Knowles, M. H., and Favard, B. des C. Perfect French Possible. Boston: Heath.
Lagerlöf, S. The Story of Gösta Berling. New edition, illustrated. Little, Brown. $2 net.
McComb, S. Christianity and the Modern Mind. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Macgregor, W. M. Some of God's Ministries. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Mackay, C. D. The Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays for Young People. Arr. for use in grammar grades. Holt. $1.10 net.
Mann, N. Import and Outlook of Socialism. Boston: James H. West Co. $1.50 net.
Marden, O. S. The Miracle of Right Thought. Crowell. $1 net.
Michell, L. Life of the Rt. Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes. 2 vols. Kenneriey. $7.50 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

The Week

It is with much regret that we have read the report of the majority of the Senate's Committee on Privileges and Elections in the case of Senator Lorimer. It is, of course, true that Senator Lorimer was not personally connected with any acts of bribery, and, so far as is known now, not enough votes were bought really to elect him. But that Mr. Lorimer should remain in his seat in the Senate when it is known that there was proved bribery, does not argue in the Senate a delicate sense of what constitutes fitness among its members. Of course, if Mr. Lorimer were a high-minded man instead of the cheap machine product that he is, he would have resigned long ago and gone back to the Legislature for a vindication. The whole thing is enough to make any American hang his head, particularly when he remembers that the House of Commons last winter disqualified a man who it thought had, in the course of his canvass, utilized too many automobiles to be within the strictest construction of the Corrupt Practices Act.

Boss Sullivan of Illinois is having greater success in his efforts to name the next Mayor of Chicago than he had in his attempt to designate the next Senator from New Jersey. Samples of his work are the expulsion from one of the ward organizations of four precinct committeemen, elected by the primary, because they were supporters of Carter H. Harrison for the Mayoralty nomination, and the conversion of another Harrison supporter, who explained his change of heart in these words:

> It is true I was for Carter Harrison for Mayor. I am now for Mr. Graham. I will tell you why. The credit man for a large business firm called on me and asked me to be for Mr. Graham. I do collecting for this firm. The credit man told me that Mr. Graham had a large interest in the firm, and that inasmuch as I was in its employ, I ought not to oppose Mr. Graham.

At the meeting at which these facts came out, a statement was read showing that patronage outside of civil service protection, valued at the exact sum of $26,621.84, was due to the Third Ward. The expelled committeemen declare that the organization has no power to drop members who were elected in the primary, but at the headquarters of the party such action will be accepted as final in the distribution of favors. A movement has been started among the Republicans to nominate Alderman and Prof. Charles E. Merriam for Mayor, on the ground that the New Jersey idea of "the schoolmaster in politics" might work well in Chicago.

It is a pity that a journal devoted to such high aims as those that actuate the *Survey* should not exercise more care as to the admission of extravagant or misleading statements. Thus in the most prominent article in a recent issue, dealing with health conditions in Pittsburgh and entitled "Tomfoolery with Public Health," Samuel Hopkins Adams says, with reference to tuberculosis:

> Pittsburgh's situation in respect to this most terrible of all scourges is desperate. I know of no other word by which adequately to characterize it. Not that it is worse than in many other American cities. Indeed, the whole problem of tuberculosis seems to me to be growing constantly graver in a national sense.

There follow certain statements calculated to arouse feeling, but having not so much as the slightest tendency, so far as we can see, to substantiate the above assertion. The reader, if he stops to think, must wonder on what basis Mr. Adams arrived at his discouraging conclusion that, after several years of unprecedented effort in combating tuberculosis, the situation is graver than ever. Our own suspicion is that he derived this conclusion entirely from the workings of his inner consciousness. The latest census report on mortality statistics, which is for the year 1908, tells a very different story. For the entire registration area of the United States, the annual number of deaths per 100,000 fell from 201.6 in 1904 to 193.6 in 1905, 184.2 in 1904, 183.6 in 1907, and 173.9 in 1908. In Pittsburgh, the rate was 181.6 in 1904, 185.1 in 1905, 160.0 in 1906, 139.1 in 1907, and 139.2 in 1908. Mr. Adams may have better sources of information than those accessible to the Census Bureau, but no indication of the possession of such facilities is vouchsafed by him in connection with his alarmist statement.

Mr. Rockefeller's final gift of $10,000,000 to the University of Chicago is accompanied by the resignation of his personal representatives from the board of trustees. In his statement, he refers to his "early and permanent conviction that this great institution, being the property of the people, should be controlled, conducted, and supported by the people, in whose generous efforts for its upbuilding" he has "been permitted simply to coöperate"; and in the minute adopted by the board of trustees on the occasion, it is emphatically asserted that Mr. Rockefeller has never suggested the appointment or removal of any professor, and has never "interfered, directly or indirectly, with that freedom of opinion and expression which is the vital breath of a university." It is gratifying to find these aspects of a university's life and significance made so conspicuous on an occasion in which the magnitude of the series of gifts now brought to a close might have overshadowed other considerations. The total of $35,000,000 is beyond all precedent, but for that very reason the importance of guarding against the suspicion of domination by the power of the purse has, from the beginning, been peculiarly great at Chicago.

The announcement that Columbia University and the College of Physicians and Surgeons are to be brought into alliance with the Presbyterian Hospital means much for medical education in New York. The gift of $1,300,000 by a donor as yet unknown which makes this plan possible proves once more that our rich men are as far-sighted in cherishing projects of benevolence as they are in money-making schemes, and that they are anxious to make the city of their pride preëminent in education and philanthropy as well as in finance. The joining of forces now made feasible should do for Columbia much that the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore has done for the Johns Hopkins University. With the new facilities for coördinated study of medicine, and with the near-by Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research going on to new conquests,

New York ought soon be to be in a position to attract ambitious medical students from all over the world.

Now that statistics have demonstrated the connection between high marks in college and success in life, one is prepared to meet with the further paradox that Greek is the best training in the world for a scientific career. Nothing short of this is the contention of a writer in the *Classical Journal*, who cites a Dartmouth professor's statement that the boys selected to assist in the science courses are almost uniformly those who offered Greek in preparation and no science; and that of an Amherst biologist who has found the same type of boy best equipped for work in his department. This is interpreted to mean that the Greek boy, before the end of his college days, has outstripped the science boy in his own field. All of this is in line with the privately expressed opinion of an eminent astronomer that Greek offers better training than science because it is generally better taught; scientists of first and even of second quality are apt to be too much engaged in research or otherwise to enter the classroom, whereas the best among the Hellenists devote themselves to teaching because there is nothing else for them to do with their talents. If there is here the suspicion of a fallacy, the argument itself is a sign of the times. An article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, attacking the classics, moreover, endeavors to reopen the battle of the books by asserting the intellectual and artistic superiority of the moderns over the ancients. The return of the debate to the realm of literature is almost refreshing; civil strife among the books is even at its worst preferable to the more modern warfare between them on the one side and the allied frogs and mice of the science laboratories on the other. Indeed, the time seems almost ripe for some reactionary to startle the world with an argument that the study of the classics is good in itself.

The death of Adams Sherman Hill takes away a man whose knowledge and ability had made him an influence in places far removed from his classroom. How much the higher regard in which the teaching of English is now held over its former low estate is due to the quiet work of this one instructor, it is impossible to estimate. But no one who knows anything of the extent to which his various rhetorics have long been used, not only by the ordinary teacher and his pupils, but by other text-book writers, can doubt that their author was the greatest single factor in bringing about the importance now everywhere attached to the study of English and the complete revision of the method of teaching the writing of English which came to pass at Harvard from 1880 on. He did a pioneer's work, but he did it so well that those who were capable of making the necessary improvements and advances upon it found themselves going back to him for the fundamentals. He was, moreover, within the classroom one of the most brilliant and stimulating of teachers. No one could sit under that keen, vigorous personality and not have his whole range of vision enlarged. Finally, it is interesting to note, he went straight to his teaching from the writing of newspaper English.

In the statement made here before the Legislative investigating committee by the president of a fire-insurance company, that he did not care anything about a $2,500,000 or $3,000,000 fire loss, that in fact he would rather have it, there is nothing surprising or shocking —the statement being understood to be made in a purely business sense. The business of a fire-insurance company is to insure. Setting aside terrific disasters which upset all calculations, the bigger the fire risk the greater the scale of the insurance business; and as for rates, they can be made high enough to cover the risk. But while all this is true from the standpoint of the insurance company, a very different aspect is presented from the standpoint of the insured, and of the community at large. Like other matters relating to fire insurance that have cropped up in the course of this inquiry, this brings up considerations of great importance that cannot be properly looked into by an ordinary Legislative committee, but which ought to be thoroughly studied and authoritatively reported on by a competent body of expert investigators. We refer to the matter of discrimination in rates of insurance granted to property according to the degree in which it is safeguarded against fire. To what extent these safeguards shall be adopted —both as to construction and as to defensive appliances—is dependent upon the policy adopted by the fire insurance companies; and the remark above quoted is a reminder of the absence in their case of any vital interest in the promotion of sound methods. In the mutual associations, of course, in which the most extreme standards are insisted upon, the insurance rate drops to a very small amount; but apart from this it is doubtful whether anything even remotely approaching a proper discrimination is practised.

"Free Trade Helping Our Island Traffic" is a newspaper headline over the encouraging report of the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs. Of course, it helps traffic; that is the purpose of free trade, precisely as it is the purpose of protection to keep down traffic between nations. Here we have another conspicuous example of the benefit of freer commerce and incidentally convincing evidence of the damage done by false ideas as to nationalities. A few years ago, in Spanish days, any one who suggested the removal of tariff barriers against Philippine products would have been decried as an enemy of American labor. He would have been asked whether he wished Philippine pauper-labor to take the bread out of the mouths of American workingmen, with their high standard of living. Now, with an approach to free trade, the only persons complaining are the Trusts that profited by the tariff. If we could conceive of the United States annexing France or Brazil, the tariffs against those countries would come off precisely as have those against Porto Rico and the Philippines, and as the duties upon Cuban products ought to disappear, as one contribution to a decreased cost of living. We have but to consider the world as a group of federated States to see that the folly of tariffs between them is as great as the absurdity of tariffs between California and Maine.

So far as the rest of Gen. Edwards's report is concerned, it is, if we may judge by the printed extracts, decidedly encouraging. He states that peace and order have reigned throughout the Philippine Islands, not a single call having been made upon United States troops, and this favorable report is hardly affected by the fact that since it was written United States cavalry has been

called out in one of the southern islands. It is evident, too, that the arts of peace have progressed greatly during the last twelve months. Many miles of railways have been laid, the number of Filipino depositors in the postal savings banks has risen from 4,927 to 8,547, and the Filipinos now constitute 65 per cent. of the depositors. There have been excellent crops. What Gen. Edwards calls the "Filipinization" of the civil service is also steadily progressing. Filipinos are put in more and more responsible positions and are found to be thoroughly reliable. So far as skilled workmen are concerned, there is no complaint that they will not work. Altogether, the report makes good reading—if only there were anything to be found in it to make one believe that the Filipinos hated the Americans less.

The cost of voluntary idleness is emphasized by a writer in the London *Spectator*. Calculations are often made regarding the waste caused by excessive drinking, or by bad housing, preventable disease, and premature death, says this writer, but probably the loss occasioned by sheer love of idleness, resulting in neglect, unemployment, and under-employment, outweighs them all. Especially does this seem to be true when it is considered how large a proportion of those other wastages could fairly be charged to it. "Men drink because they are dispirited, and are dispirited because they are idle." This analysis brings out the desperate problem of the social reformer. It is the lifting of those who will do nothing to lift themselves. In a less closely-knit social order than ours, one might shut his heart even if he could not shut his eyes, and let the dregs of humanity settle to their fate. But no such course can be thought of in a modern community, with its intimate inter-relations. Pity and selfishness unite to urge the doing of whatever can be done to keep the lowest level of society as high as possible.

The diplomatic tone of the French Government toward striking workmen is audible again in the measures announced for the purpose of preventing general strikes. Conciliation and arbitration are proposed as weapons "as powerful as the strike." The latter, in the interest of the public, must be forbidden, so far as employees of the state are concerned. On the other side, it is pointed out that the state, in setting up public monopolies, does not waive its right to interfere in behalf of the workingmen. There is something amusing in the reference to the Declaration of the Rights of Man as the source of these concrete provisions for preserving order and determining wages and rates. That declaration obligingly lends itself to any borrower, and the real process of the Ministerial reasoning has doubtless been to arrive at conclusions by the direct path of applying logic to existing conditions, and then to hitch the results to a document the authority of which no party would dream of questioning. This, too, is diplomatic. But what framer of the Declaration would have believed that the progress of international arbitration would have been such as to make it seriously available as an example for industrial war?

Germany's finances, as unfolded to the Reichstag by the Minister of Finance, Herr Wermuth, are in a better condition than for some years, but can hardly be said to be as yet on a satisfactory footing. Resort to loans is still necessary, though the sum to be borrowed under the present estimates is but $25,000,000, as compared with an average of at least $60,000,000 for the past ten years. The Finance Minister stated drily that "the market still showed considerable distaste for German loans." In regard to the yield of the new taxes enacted a year ago, Herr Wermuth admitted that the expectations of the Government had not been met. The product of the new taxes had been officially estimated to be $117,000,000; in actual result, they had yielded $72,000,000. An increased revenue from them of from $7,500,000 to $8,500,000 was estimated for 1911. While the Government had to confess that the new taxes had not turned out as well as was hoped, yet they evidently constitute a great and sure means of income. Let the Reichstag, appealed the Finance Minister, "devote all its efforts to rolling the rock of their finances up the hill." A voice from the Left cried out, "an apt metaphor." It is, indeed—for Germany and all other countries.

In Spain, Prime Minister Canalejas has won a great victory in finally getting his so-called "padlock bill" (*ley de cadenas*) through the Cortes. It is really but a moderate measure in the struggle with the Vatican, providing only that no more religious orders shall be established in Spain, and that those in existence shall be brought under stricter Government control; while the life of the law is limited to two years, in the obvious hope that before they expire negotiations with Rome may have resulted in modifying the Concordat so as to put the whole matter on a fair and permanent basis. Spain's troubles are something other and deeper than Clericalism. Social and economic causes really produce more unrest than the religious question. Yet there can be little doubt that the triumph of the Ministry in its attempt to curb the regular clergy, will strengthen the liberal movement in general, and help bring about those political and industrial and educational reforms which reflective Spaniards believe to be the crying need of their country.

A considerable stir in Italian universities has been caused by the decision of the Government that professors must take the oath required of all employees of the state. This oath, which in form dates back to the unification of Italy, runs as follows: "I swear to be faithful to the King and his royal successors, . . . and to discharge all of my official duties with an eye single to the inseparable well-being of King and country." The point is that not a few university professors in Italy are Socialists or Republicans, and cannot take this oath without mental reservations. It is something which has not been asked of them hitherto, as, indeed, the laws relating to education seem clearly to differentiate the occupants of university chairs from other public employees. To emphasize the absurdity of the requirement, it is pointed out that several professors in Italian universities are foreigners; they certainly cannot be compelled to swear allegiance to Victor Emmanuel and the royal family. Prof. Luigi Einaudi of the University of Turin has an article of vigorous protest in the *Corriere della Sera*, arguing with abundant citation of the statutes that the oath in question was never intended for teachers, and calling upon the authorities to recede from a position which would be a reproach to the nation and "disastrous to the liberty of learning."

LANDSLIDES AND DIRT.

Political landslides are in several respects true to their analogy. In politics, as in nature, when a great dislocation occurs, the loosened masses sweep along with them a vast amount of offensive rubbish. A landslip cannot discriminate, but takes in its rush barren rocks as well as fruitful soil; and if heaps of refuse are in its course, they, too, are borne onward and may appear to be the most prominent thing on the surface. And in the history of our political upheavals we know well that, along with good men, many of the unfit or even scoundrelly are carried into office. This has been true of both parties. The Cleveland landslide of 1892 gave a temporary grip on political power, in the States and in Congress, to many an incompetent, many a corruptionist, many a party traitor. And the successive Republican electoral sweeps from 1896 to 1908 brought to the front a more precious set of rascals than those whose presence in the Continental Congress John Adams recorded. Is the landslide of 1910 to be an exception to the rule?

Probably not in its entirety. A great deal of the wood, hay, and stubble that the landslide of last month fetched away with it, will doubtless remain as a vexatious incident of a political movement which was, in the main, needed and wholesome. But there is noticeable to-day one difference from former periods of the kind, and that is the encouraging anxiety of the Democratic party to take measures betimes to prevent the landslide from being obscured by the dirt. What we particularly mean is the effort put forth in the States which unexpectedly chose Democratic Legislatures, and which now have it in their power to elect Democratic United States Senators, to secure the choice of men from whom neither the party nor the nation will be compelled to walk backward with averted gaze. About this matter, there appears to be a new and gratifying sensitiveness, and a surer party sagacity. It is felt that action must be taken before the mischief is done. Loyal and sensible Democrats do not want to see the President, whom they hope to elect in 1912, hampered and betrayed as Cleveland was by the Gormans and Brices and Smiths and Murphys who were in the Senate of his day. That is the chief reason why the Senatorial contests in New Jersey and Ohio and New York are followed with such interest throughout the country. To avoid being handicapped and mortified and discredited by unworthy Senators after their election, the brains and morals of the Democratic party desire to take a bond of fate by preventing such a choice at all. That is the explanation of the opposition to McLean in Ohio, to Smith in New Jersey, and in New York to a man like Sheehan.

This is no time for a Senator with "claims" upon the party. The fact that a candidate has freely given money in past elections, that he has helped to keep up the party organization in times of discouragement, or that he is expert in laying pipes or pulling wires, cannot be allowed to weigh for a moment against a proved disqualification, whether in ability or character. The matter of an election by the Legislature ought to be treated exactly as if it were a question of a nomination to go before the people to be voted upon. In both New Jersey and New York, the Democratic party is now committed to the popular election of United States Senators. In either it ought to be flatly impossible for a man to be chosen who confessedly would not have a ghost of a chance if the voters could get at him directly. Fancy James Smith an avowed candidate and on a ticket that could be scratched! Fancy W. F. Sheehan nominated for Senator at the same time that John A. Dix was named for Governor! It was unthinkable before the election, and it ought to be unthinkable after.

Anyhow, such a thing cannot be done in a corner. We know what discussion of records and sifting of political and personal associations would have filled the press, if either of the men referred to had been a direct candidate for the Senatorship. But they will have to encounter the same sort of exposure and attack if they seek it from a Legislature, instead of from the people. Mr. Sheehan, for example, must be perfectly aware of the deadly ammunition which the Republican newspapers are prepared to expend upon his candidacy, if he announces it. Their guns are already shotted, waiting only the signal to fire. And their aim will be not only at Mr. Sheehan, but at the party which is asked to accept him. This, they will say, is the promised Democratic reform! This is the new leadership, this the cutting free from a discredited past!

There is no disguising the fact that the situation is critical. The very labor which high-minded and disinterested Democrats are putting forth shows how acute is their sense of the peril. A great party victory has been won, but the danger is that some unworthy intriguer, some "fellow in the cellarage," may render it empty by making one of its leading results contemptible. If the New York Democracy cannot elect a Senator whose views on public questions are known, who has taken his part in the intellectual and moral work of his time, who can speak and give counsel, whose election would be universally hailed as a sign of a new time and a proof that the Empire State is to be represented in the Senate by neither a money-bags nor a dummy nor a corruptionist, nor by a politician every drop of whose blood has eyes that look downward, then it may as well confess that the Democratic landslide of 1910 did little for it, except to cover it with dirt and disgrace.

THE "SEPARATION OF POWERS."

Prof. H. J. Ford of Princeton has an interesting article in the January *Scribner's* reviewing the origin of the American theory of sharply divided powers in government, and making some remarks upon its practical working. He has little difficulty in showing that Montesquieu—whose influence upon the framers of our Constitution is notorious—misunderstood the actual nature of the British Constitution, as, indeed, did those English commentators whom Montesquieu followed. The paper account of the relations of the English executive and the English legislature was very different from the fact itself. This has been shown by Bagehot and a host of others. In reality, there was not the complete separation of functions, "power being checked by power," which Montesquieu supposed. Even in the eighteenth century the executive was in England a great force in legislation; and the development of Cabinet government has brought it about that to-day the executive is the chief force in legislation.

In going over this ground, Professor Ford's main purpose is to suggest that the American doctrine of "separation of powers" is not only thus mistaken in its supposed derivation from English

practice, but is also a bad thing in itself. Entrenched as it is in long tradition, it ought rather to be regarded, in Professor Ford's opinion, as a harmful superstition. It paralyzes vigorous initiative, diffuses instead of concentrating responsibility, and has proved not merely a drag upon our legislative progress, but an active source of political corruption. Moreover, the theory is breaking down. We see it here quietly abandoned, there openly ignored. The commission form of municipal government, of which the vogue seems to be steadily on the increase, is a direct denial of the sacredness of the separation of powers. And in State and nation we more and more often find that resolute executives find ways to take part in the work of legislation. Professor Ford foresees an entire reconstruction of our forms of government, marked by an ever franker desertion of the ancient theory of divided powers, though he expresses the hope that this constitutional reorganization may be "gradual and safe."

Without denying the general historical soundness of Professor Ford's position, we may yet observe that there is such a thing as being misled in the political history of the United States, too, by a paper theory of separated powers. Because they are written in our Constitution, upheld by our jurists, and lauded by our orators, it does not follow that they have always been regarded like a law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. Some executives have a store of energy that insensibly passes from them into the coördinate branches of government. On the other hand, resolute and daring leaders in the legislative branch may trench upon executive powers. In the impeachment of Andrew Johnson they sought virtually to destroy the Presidency altogether, or to reduce it to no more than the importance of the Presidency of the Swiss Confederation. Even a member of the judiciary, like Marshall, may far overpass the limits which had been thought to mark his functions, and render himself a force to change or vivify the whole conception of the government. Indeed, the "powers" have never been kept in separate and water-tight compartments. They rather adjoin each other like fluids divided only by a thin membrane, through which the process of osmosis is continually set up. No one with his eye close on the fact could assert that the "powers" were rigidly separated under Jefferson or Jackson, under Lincoln or Roosevelt. Our paper theory collapses under the weight of facts as surely as did the English.

It is, however, when Professor Ford leaves the historical path for the speculative or—shall we say?—the dogmatic, that we feel most like questioning his views. He gives to his article the badly chosen title, "The Cause of Political Corruption"; and commits himself to the statement that a democracy cannot make the principle of separated powers work without corruption. He adds: "This is the secret of the disharmony between American society and American politics. The rule of the people cannot be made effective for lack of appropriate institutions." Now, if our author had confined himself to asserting that the governmental maladjustments which he signalizes are one cause of political corruption, there would be little to say; but in declaring that the evil upon which he dwells is "the" cause—alone sufficient to account for vote-buying and bribe-giving and stealing from the cities and robbery of the Treasury at Washington in the shape of bounties and pensions and needless offices—he seems to us to be as open to attack as any of the rash generalizers whom he corrects. Corruption is not wholly dependent upon political forms or governmental machinery. It may be facilitated by one system more than another, but the ultimate causes lie deep in the habits, the circumstances, the *ethos* of a given people. It was not the separation of powers which made the corrupt England before which Benjamin Franklin stood aghast. Completely fused powers did not prevent the government of Napoleon from being one in which plunder was rife. Boss Tweed had completely disposed of the "balances" of constitutional government. He had usurped all the powers; he was executive, legislative, and judicial, all in one; he was the whole thing in such a way that he could defiantly ask: "What are you going to do about it?" It is impossible to assert that the sink of corruption into which he dragged New York was due to "the" cause that Professor Ford points out. The analysis has to be pushed further. Certain types of politician, certain tempting opportunities, certain demoralizing measures of legislation—like protective tariffs and pensions—will work corruption under any system and can be prevented from doing so by no mere system. Both cause and remedy lie elsewhere.

There is nothing but praise for the spirit of cautious experiment in which Professor Ford would have the changes which he advocates undertaken. The new form of city government must be tried out, instead of being hastily made universal. The endeavor to give the executive more power over legislation had best at first be tentative rather than thorough. We are not yet ready for a "plebiscitary" Governor or President, one who appears as the alleged mandatory of the people and demands that all others yield to him. Not even on the score of efficiency in government are we prepared to put all power in the hands of one man. The separation of the powers makes for stability and even, sometimes, for orderly progress when the method of convulsion and instant "doing things" leads no whither. There is on this subject a passage in Montesquieu which Professor Ford does not quote, and which is, in substance, as follows: "The people with a hundred thousand arms sometimes destroy everything, and then, with their hundred thousand feet, find it impossible to move."

LET US STANDARDIZE.

Our colleges and universities have been long under fire, and in many ways, yet, strangely enough, the fundamental trouble with them has still been hidden. But now that—thanks to the report made by a mechanical engineer to the Carnegie Foundation—the light of modern industrial methods has been thrown upon them, there will no longer be any excuse for their persistence in evil. It may take a little time to put the new standards into operation, but that is merely a detail. The new day has dawned, and the only question is what institutions will be foremost in gaining the favor of far-sighted and broad-minded men of wealth by conforming their ways to the principles of industrial efficiency. Student-time-units per professor, number of pages of standardized lecture notes, coördination of janitor-work with teaching-time, and a score of other measurements of efficiency which will occur to every competent college president, will take the place of those vague and intangible

ways of estimating the merits of our institutions of learning which have hitherto prevailed. To argue the merits of the change would be a waste of words. In this age of industrial and commercial advance, a reform which means progress toward mechanical standardization of methods and values is sure to receive a universal welcome; its success is assured from the start.

But as the crying need of mechanical standardization has been so surprisingly overlooked in the college and university world, it will occur to every thoughtful person that there must be a number of other departments of human life, fully as important, in which the same defect exists and is equally in need of remedy. Nor does it require much looking about to find them. Take the case of mothers, for example, in their relation to infants and little children. It has probably not occurred to one mother in a thousand to consider whether the time she expends upon endearments and caresses, upon entertainment and instruction, is applied in the way calculated to produce the maximum results as regards either the happiness of the child or its future economic efficiency. Nor can it be expected that any individual mother could make such a calculation, even with the best will in the world. Only through systematic observation by trained experts can any trustworthy conclusion in these matters be arrived at. A certain amount of kissing and fondling is doubtless good for a child, but who shall say whether a considerable percentage of the time actually devoted by the ordinary mother to this purpose might not be better employed in other ways? It will be evident to any scientific and mechanical mind that actions in this field based upon spontaneous impulse, upon the inspiration of the moment, must, in the nature of things, be in the highest degree wasteful. The most important of all industries is that of rearing human beings, and yet in one of its chief phases it is allowed to go on in an utterly haphazard fashion, without supervision by experts, without any statistical tabulations, without any standard schedule. Surely it cannot be long before some beneficent multi-millionaire will establish a Foundation whose income shall be used to bring at least some approach to orderly and business-like methods into this domain.

It is needless to multiply examples; they exist around us on every hand. Who, for example, will not see that the inadequate hold of the Christian religion upon mankind through all these centuries has been due to the absence of scientific methods in the business of preaching? Had accurate statistics been kept of the number of souls saved by each minister or priest per annum, of the amount of time he spent in parochial visits on the one hand and in preparing his sermons on the other, of the percentage of attendance at his services, etc., a business organization would long ago have been built up that would put to shame the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard Oil Company. And, indeed, we can see in some professions that even a distant approach to mechanical systematization is capable of producing beneficial effects of a striking character. In the matter of acting, for example, the modern practice of playing the same part a thousand nights in succession has effected a revolution in this ancient art. We no longer have the erratic manifestations of mere personal genius which, in a more primitive day, caused people to go into childish raptures over a Booth or a Salvini or a Garrick; when the manager finds out what is wanted, he just sets the actor to work doing that thing night after night, knowing that in this, as in all other employments, precise mechanical repetition means the greatest economy of effort and the largest output. And again, in the author business, has not everybody observed the rise that has taken place in the standard of literary excellence since the practice of a monthly announcement of the six best sellers has provided us with a truly scientific method of finding out what's what?

While, therefore, the merits of a proposal to standardize our universities, to abolish life tenure of professorships, and regulate research speak for themselves, it is somewhat interesting, perhaps, to speculate on the probable origin of the idea. And here we venture a conjecture which we think must commend itself to the judicious. It is not so much to the defects of our own universities, we imagine, that the scheme owes its inception but rather to the notorious failure of the universities of Germany, in which these defects have been far more pronounced. There they have never even had such a thing as a college president; and the professors have not only had an absolute life tenure, but have been allowed a degree of liberty in teaching that is simply scandalous. This has been going on for generation after generation, and everybody knows the result. German students have been slipshod and inaccurate, and no foreigner has gone to a German book for enlightenment or to a German university for training. As for research, these Germans have simply run riot; a German professor will spend years of his own time and that of his students in some obscure research, without asking anybody's advice or consent. And the consequence has been not only that deplorable intellectual sterility to which we have already referred, but a backwardness in the arts and industries depending on the applications of science —the chemical industries, for example —which has made modern Germany a laughing stock to her European neighbors. If we wish to avoid a like fate, we must hasten to standardize our universities, set time-clocks on the professors, and guard with scrupulous care against the spending of either time or money on any research that has not obtained the formal approval of the president of the university, the board of trustees, and the Consolidated Audit Company.

RAILWAY REGULATION AND RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT.

We do not fancy that anybody is going to take seriously the suggestion made last Thursday before the Railroad Securities Commission by Mr. Robert Mather, a man formerly prominent in railway management, as to the logical next step in connection with Government regulation. Indeed, it may be set down as highly probable that Mr. Mather, and other serious and competent railway men who talk in a somewhat similar way, do not mean any such proposal as he made to be taken practically, but rather as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the policy of rate-regulation. "Federal regulation," he said, "has put the railroads of this country in the position of not having got sufficient means or credit to go ahead with their work of development, and in view of such impairment of credit, it is urgently essential that something should be done. . . . When such a condition is brought about, and when

the great mass of second-class securities are made undesirable by Federal regulations, I say it is time that the Government should extend its credit to the railroads in order to assist them in their difficulties."

To prove that any such condition actually exists would not be easy. Of course, there can be found particular railway properties whose "second-class securities"—securities other than first-mortgage bonds and the like—are at the present time "undesirable," but there has never been a time when that was not the case; and we venture to say that, if a general comparison were made, railway stocks would be found to-day in quite as good standing in comparison with gilt-edge bonds as they have been at most periods before government regulation was thought of. It is a tendency that few persons whose interests are affected can resist, to ascribe adverse phenomena that have occurred since the passage of some obnoxious law to the operation of that law, and even to see such phenomena where they do not exist. A remarkable example, to which we drew attention at the time, was furnished some months ago by no less a man than Mr. James J. Hill, who found that extraordinary losses had fallen upon our trade across the Pacific in consequence of the workings of the Hepburn act; the fact being that his comparisons were made with the enormous figures of the years of the Russo-Japanese war, which happened to occur shortly before the Hepburn act was passed. It is easy to have a blind eye to the things one is not anxious to see.

It is fair to suppose, indeed, in justice to such a position as that represented by Mr. Mather's talk, that, in the minds of those who hold it, it rests rather upon the abstract logic of the case than upon the facts adduced in its support. "The Government having gone so far," says Mr. Mather, "it should go still farther." Having in a sense put a limit on profits, it ought to guarantee that the resources necessary for successful operation and maintenance shall be provided. The answer to this may not be entirely simple, but it is adequate. In the first place, the existing procedure itself cannot be reduced to any strictly logical scheme; for, like the mongrel system it displaces—a system that was itself half-competitive, half-monopolistic—it deals with conditions of an exceedingly heterogeneous character in an exceedingly complicated manner. There is no exact limitation of profits. The rate fixed in any one case is the resultant of a thousand comparisons and a thousand considerations of equity. And, secondly, it must be pointed out that if logic is your cry, you cannot stop at the action contemplated by Mr. Mather. If mere logic declares the next step after regulation of rates to be government guarantee of securities, much more emphatically does it declare that the next step after that—a step which must follow much more swiftly—is government ownership. Of one thing we may be sure, the business is not going to be settled by abstract logic, but by considerations of practical wisdom and expediency.

However, we do not wish to be understood as denying that the consideration at the bottom of this and similar pleas is of most serious importance. It will not do for either the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Railroad Securities Commission or the public to lose sight of the cardinal importance of maintaining such an attitude toward the whole question of regulation as will continue to attract the investment of capital in railway betterments. There is not, we believe, on the part of either of the official bodies, any reason to fear that this consideration will be neglected; in the case of the public, there is, of course, always more or less danger of a thoughtless or short-sighted insistence on immediate gains at the cost of permanent well-being. There is a vast amount of improvement that our railway system needs, and any policy that brings a little immediate advantage at the cost of discouraging the investment of capital for the procuring of these improvements would be a costly error. But it is in the power of the great railway men themselves to do more than any one else toward forming a sound public opinion on the whole subject. This they can do by taking a sound position themselves; accepting regulation as established, and stating their case not as special pleaders, but as men who, knowing the facts better than anybody else, can and will present them to the public with entire fairness and impartiality.

LOGIC AND LIFE.

The rare conjuncture by which, according to Japanese zodiacal symbolism, the festival of a certain shrine fell recently upon the Dog's day of the Dog's month of the Dog's year, was responsible for several serious injuries. Upon the occasion of this festival charms made of paper are sold, having the power, if tradition does not err, of protecting the possessor against disasters by water. The coincidence of the three "Dogs" induced the belief that water-charms purchased on that day would be especially effective, and the result was a rush through the temple gates as soon as they were opened, in which several of the eager charm-buyers were hurt. The fate which superstition thus met—the incurring of a present misfortune in the attempt to provide by fanciful means against future trouble—seems altogether fitting to our irreverent Western way of thinking. We have so long been emancipated from such gross credulity that it is difficult to appear tolerant of it. Who among us fears a comet? What have we ever found terrifying in the notion of the evil eye? When could any one accuse us of beating drums to drive away a pestilence? Our actions are governed by reason.

A little consideration, nevertheless, suffices to explain the irrational mental processes which we stigmatize as Oriental. It is only because we are, happily, accustomed to the idea of effect following hard upon cause, that we take it as a matter of course that the swallowing of a certain amount of any well-advertised nostrum is succeeded by improvement in the bodily condition. Let due allowance be made for unfamiliarity with the reasoning behind the facts, and is it so strange that, to an unenlightened being, there should not be that connection between remedy and recovery concerning which the demonstration of experience confirms the forecast of reason? Could we wonder, indeed, if to the savage mind there seemed something in the mysterious performance not far removed from his own trusted use of charms? Both are rewarded, often, by the desired effect. And does one lose faith in reason because it makes an apparent mistake now and then? If we are to leave off our pills and powders whenever we fail to discern their beneficial results, too many of us will drift into forgetting

them altogether. We must, therefore, be charitable to the foolish Oriental.

We shall be the more inclined to such charity if we think of the difficulty of showing an unreasoning being the sagacity which determines our public policy. The great rule of self-government, as we have carefully developed it, is the election to office of men whom we value for their avowed unlikeness to those whom we elected on the last occasion preceding, coupled with a violent effort to get them to be really different. It would be hard, perhaps impossible, to demonstrate to a less astute type of mind than our own the advantage of this double process over the simpler one of choosing men who would do what we want without coercion. It would be fully as difficult to justify the rivalry of the Occidental nations in the race to see which of them can soonest exhaust its credit by the ingenious device of employing large numbers of men to operate great fleets during the time necessary to build new ones to replace those which are not quite so new. Even the thoroughly logical presentation of the questions recently confronting the English voters would probably, to a low type of intellect, appear confused. We cannot be too thankful, when we contemplate these results of our devotion to the mandates of reason, that we have been able to throw off those fetters of superstition and prejudice by which the unfortunate Orient is still bound.

In taking a broad view of the sovereignty of reason in the Western world, however, we are compelled by candor to risk the disapproval of our readers by expressing satisfaction over certain limitations in the application of logic to life. We do not feel at all sure that the absolute distrust of instinctive impulses is invariably correct. Not to speak of that large field of love and friendship in which, even with us, the affections often dispute the supremacy with reason, there is something to be said for the man who makes up his mind regarding public affairs mainly from his unreasoned impressions. It may not be desirable to adopt the practice of judging a stranger by his photograph, but character is to be discerned at least as accurately by the effect of acts, big and little, upon one's susceptibilities, as by those grosser scales to which we are shut up in arriving at our formal opinions in the courts. There is nothing inherently ridiculous in the statement that one does not like the look of things in relation to a person or a situation. It is not logical, and it is unreasoning, but it is often thoroughly reasonable. The fact that it is open to great abuse is no more against it than the corresponding fact that the same thing is true of the processes of induction and deduction. Viewed rightly, the real triumph of logic is its recognition of its own limitations.

SAMUEL BUTLER OF "EREWHON."

So multiform were the genius and art of Samuel Butler, he did so many things so surprisingly well, that the world has almost dismissed him as a dilettante.* Personally I feel that the career of Samuel Butler is the refutation of that stupidest of moral don'ts, *Ne sutor, etc.*, yet being also convinced that the worst judgment of the world is usually right so far as it goes, I cheerfully conform to it to the extent of making "Erewhon" and its sequel, "Erewhon Revisited," the central theme of this essay.

I.

"Erewhon" grew out of certain meditations of the Cambridge graduate become sheep rancher in New Zealand, and its background is that epic landscape of mountain and ravine in which Butler pitched many a camp. A Johnian at Cambridge, he had taken as high a rank in classics as befits a gentleman, studied the music of Handel, and learned to sketch. The various religious ferments of the early fifties had worked upon him; doubting most of the Thirty-nine Articles, he had given up the churchly career to which he was destined; he was equally to develop doubts as to the new Darwinian hypothesis, and as to the ruling code of social morals. In four years of the high pastures of New Zealand, these doubts fructified into very definite convictions. Of course he knew his Aristotle, but what is more important, he worked out anew an ethic of moderation which underlies all his literary work. Fanaticism under whatever sanction is the great bane of the world; the great virtue is moderation. Believe nothing too strongly, be guided in faith and action by the example of "nice people." These nice people were to Butler as solemn and guiding a reality as ever the *spoudaios* was to Aristotle. Be not virtuous overmuch, temper your individual ardor, hatred, or admiration, by study of the attitude of those whom you perceive to have an instinctive genius for life.

Whether the Erewhonians are to be reckoned as nice people is one of those ambiguities that surround the study of Butler, but I think we may so regard them. They are of soft manners and rare personal beauty. This is due to the fact that they punish sick folk drastically as enemies to the state. Here they follow to an extreme Butler's favorite doctrine that we must treat people strictly by facts and not by what we imagine to be their intentions or deserts. The British philistine, Mr. Higgs, who blunders over the range to Erewhon is kindly received because he is physically a fine man and has in his rare blondness a "meritorious complexion." A rich man the Erewhonians quite frankly venerate, estimating his worth by the weight of his accumulations. They are nice people, too, in taking all their most sacred principles with a grain of salt. They have an official religion, but accompany it with the unadmitted cult of Ydgrun. Grundy is the real divinity of Nowhere—hereafter I shall not resolve Butler's obvious anagrams. The High Ydgrunites, with whom the wisdom of the people resides, are elaborately trained in colleges of unreason, where they waste many a year in translating Erewhonian into the hypothetical language. By this perfectly useless training, they are spared the dangers of real knowledge and gain a generous detachment from sordid concerns. In supporting the Musical Banks which in return for real coin of the realm supply a droning psalmody and a token currency, the Erewhonians especially show their liberality. Nobody believes in the banks, and everybody knows that the currency is trash, but all loyal Erewhonians encourage their women to attend the banks, and all insist that the token coinage has an ineffable and mystic value. Stern towards disease, towards moral delinquency the Erewhonians were of an amazing charity. That a man was poor, or dirty, or had a cold seemed an obvious reason for shunning or even punishing him, but that a man had inadvertently and exceptionally committed a theft or homicide was merely a cause for sympathy and correction of the defect of judgment or temper.

This admirable system of compromises had not been attained without a struggle. In the past lay fears and fanaticisms. Mr. Higgs was amazed at being imprisoned for possessing a watch; later he saw the relics of wonderful machines in museums, and learned that at a certain point in its history Erewhon had abolished the machine. Wise men had seen that by natural selection machines would become ever more complicated and durable, and that were the slight step of acquiring consciousness and will once taken by the machine, mankind would straightway become the helpless parasite of the organisms his own ingenuity had created. This excellent if over-sub-

Erewhon, or Over the Range; Erewhon Revisited; The Way of all Flesh; Unconscious Memory. By Samuel Butler. New Uniform Edition. London: A. C. Fifield; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

tic parody of Darwinism was written as a separate article years before "Erewhon" was conceived; it is the germ of the book. The problem of animal food had brought the commonwealth to a direr pass. An apostle of the rights of animals had converted the land to a vegetable diet. But meat was eaten in dens of ill-repute. General youth battened on the forbidden food, though exposure meant tragic disgrace. Dietetic hypocrisy was rife when the deliverer arose. He was a venerable professor of the College of Unreason, and he pursued the eminently Erewhonian tactics of accepting the dogma of animal rights while elucidating the new doctrine of the rights of vegetables. Between starvation or double sacrilege the Erewhonians promptly chose the latter.

For various causes Mr. Higgs's standing grew doubtful, and he determined to escape in a balloon. Enlisting the queen's curiosity, and professing an intercessory visit to the refractory Rain God, Mr. Higgs set sail with an Erewhonian sweetheart hidden in the car, and after perils by sea and land, returned to London.

Such intimations may dimly suggest the ingenuity of the satire; they leave untouched the masculine charm of the style. There is a tang about Butler which we get only when men of action trespass in literature. As I read "Erewhon," I think of such writing as Burton's in "Mecca and Medina," or the Memoirs of Grant, or of a Machiavelli endowed with humor. Butler has the Swiftian merits of verisimilitude. One gets not merely the sense of real mountain and torrent, but those mere figments, the Erewhonians, fit with all their overt perversities into some credible fringe of one's experience. One of the rare passages in literature is the account of Mr. Higgs's progress over range and torrent bed towards the land he had glimpsed. He "pumps" a sullen Maori servant, and the process suggests a veritable Homeric simile:

> As upon a cold day in winter, when one has churned (as I had often had to do), and churned in vain, and the butter makes no sign of coming, at last one tells by the sound that the cream has gone to sleep, and then, upon a sudden, the butter comes, so I had churned at Chowbok, until I perceived that he had arrived, as it were, at the sleepy stage, and that with a continuance of quiet, steady pressure the day was mine.

This massive unconventional quality is in every paragraph that Butler ever wrote, and, as here, the solidity of the phrase and thought is enlivened by underlying humor.

II.

Four of the best chapters of "Erewhon" were written as independent fantasies before 1870. The book was knocked together in the winter of 1870-1871. George Meredith read the manuscript for Dickens's publishers, and advised its rejection, on the ground that it was over-philosophical and little likely to interest the public. Butler commends this opinion. Published anonymously, "Erewhon" was a nine days' wonder, and still lives feebly on the lips of men. Thirty years later it was somewhat amplified and overhauled, but one may doubt if it will ever be galvanized into real popularity. For Butler lacked the simplicity of intention that, rightly or wrongly, the world requires of a moralist. And this is what ails the author of "Erewhon." With all the ingredients of a perfect satire, inferior in penetration and phrase to none of its illustrious predecessors, we never quite know where to find the author. He is disconcertingly Puck-like. Are the Erewhonians held up for our imitation, or are we mocked in them? Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes, apparently both. We are not attacked in the forms, but impishly pelted from a score of coverts by a throng of shifting antagonists. This very mobility is the charm of Butler; it is, I think, not incompatible with literary and moral integrity, but it is a disastrous grace for a universal satire. When one is surveying the moral order, one will not simultaneously play ducks and drakes, or will do so only on the clear understanding that it is play.

Shortly after "Erewhon" an anonymous hoax, "The Fairhaven," which revealed while professing to harmonize the inconsistent accounts of the Resurrection, was hailed by the orthodox press. Already Butler was following up the anti-Darwinian lead. "Life and Habit," 1877; "Evolution Old and New," 1879; "Unconscious Memory," 1880; and "Luck and Cunning," 1886, were so many formidable attacks upon the doctrine of a mechanical natural selection. At the time Darwinism had so completely become the orthodoxy of the Extreme Left that Butler was disregarded as merely a trouble-maker. It would not be surprising if he were revived as a prophet, so fully did he anticipate the most recent criticism of mechanical natural selection. In fact, most of the now popular vitalistic hypotheses he advanced thirty years ago. I have no competence to appraise this part of his achievement, but I can appreciate the athletic merit of his polemic. "Unconscious Memory" is perhaps the central manifesto of this campaign. In it Butler insisted that apparently purposeful habits and adaptations of any organism must, in fact, be purposeful. And this led him to the assertion that a degree of life and memory inhered in all matter. Alum crystallizes because it has an unconscious memory of the pleasure of previous successful crystallizations. Equally important and more plausible is Butler's theory that the embryo in the fullest sense partakes of the life of the parents. There is an actual overlapping of what we call soul from parent to child, and whoever produces his kind enjoys in his offspring an actual if partial survival after death. By his fiftieth year the recluse of Clifford's Inn had pretty well purged his bosom of this perilous stuff, and settled down to the gratification of various accomplishments and the crowning of his career as a satirist. A legacy made the frugal life from now on a matter not of necessity but of choice. Between 1880 and 1900, he published "Alps and Sanctuaries," 1881, and "Ex Voto," 1888, both devoted to art and nature about Varallo. In 1898 and 1908 appeared his prose translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, as a kind of guarantee that his treatise of 1897, "The Authoress of the Odyssey," however revolutionary, had been based on serious study. He endeavored to memorize these epics entire, an attempt which succeeded with the sonnets of Shakespeare, which he edited with a commentary in 1899. Here he faced the problem of sin and depravity without blinking, brought the breath of reality into a subject traditionally stifled under evasions and empty apologetics. In these years fall also two cantatas and minor musical compositions in collaboration with his friend, H. Festing Jones, as well as a biography of Butler's grandfather, master of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield. And then at sixty-five Butler took up the dropped thread of satire, and wrote an "Erewhon Revisited." Stricken in his beloved Palermo, he was brought back to London to die in mid-June of 1902.

III.

The balloon in "Erewhon" has every look of a shift to end the story. If so, it illustrates that luck in which Butler was so firm a believer. What more admirable starting point for a satire on the founding of a religion than the miraculous ascension and disappearance of a marked individual bent on placating the rain god. If the rain comes, the vanished intercessor of necessity becomes a god. Soon after "Erewhon," Butler tells us, the notion of deifying Higgs occurred to him. It was thirty years before the convenient season came, and then "Erewhon Revisited" was struck off in a single impulse, in a matter of four months.

After twenty years in England, Mr. Higgs is impelled to pass once more over the range. The smoke of factories now pollutes the air of Erewhon. His first encounter is with two pundits, Hanky and Panky, who, on an outing, are discussing the management of a new religion, Sunchildism. With dismay, Higgs perceives that he himself is the Sunchild, recognizes distorted fragments of his religious talk of twenty years ago, and worst of all learns that a temple is

about to be dedicated to himself in the town of his earlier captivity now rechristened Sunchildtown (pronounce Anglicé Sunch'ton). Proceeding to town, he marks the preparations. In booths are sold the Sayings of the Sunchild, with grotesque or ingenious commentaries; the hoardings offer "dedication trousers" at a bargain. Horror stricken, he determines to speak out at the dedication, and the pundits, suspecting his identity and scenting the peril to the new faith, plot to make away with him. Deliverance comes, as it always does with Butler, through certain "nice people." Yram, the jailer's daughter, had pitied him in his captivity. A by-product of that compassion is George the ranger, with plenary police power from the King. Mr. Higgs is among friends, not to say kin. Yram is now wife of the admirable Mayor of Sunch'ton, who made the best of things and fathered George. Of the whole family, Mrs. Humdrum, an incarnation of prosaic good sense, is the confidant and abettor. How among them they outwitted Hanky and Panky and sent Higgs back over the range, constitutes one of the drollest comedies of intrigue within my knowledge. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Humdrum's solution required perjury of every party to the contest. "Nothing is perfect, and Truth makes her mistakes like other people; when she goes wrong and reduces herself to such an absurdity as she has here done, those who love her must save her from herself, correct her, and rehabilitate her." So opines Mrs. Humdrum. It is some relief that, in private, the King is to be told the facts.

At the risk of his life, Higgs speaks out at the dedication. On reflection, he sees that Sunchildism is so deeply ingrained in the morality of Erewhon that an uprooting would be disastrous and decides to let well enough alone. There is an amazing interview, in which the theologians ask him "as a man of the world," what is to be done about Sunchildism. Higgs's answer is short. They must do away with the absurder beliefs that have sprung up about the ascension. For the rest, he is delighted to note that their best moralists have far improved upon his own crude missionary efforts. The conclusion of the matter is:

> You Musical Bank managers are very much such a body of men as your country needs—but when I was here before, you had no figurehead; I have unwittingly supplied you with one. . . . Sunchildism is still young and plastic; if you will let the cock and bull stories about me tacitly drop, and invent no new ones, beyond saying what a delightful person I was, I really cannot see why I should not do for you as well as anyone else.

Some idea of the sheer audacity of the invention this bare analysis may give. The novelist's sense for spiritual emergencies, the shrewd and plausible characterization of the actors, the tonic sweep of the whole narrative the reader, since my term is near, must take on faith. As compared with the first "Erewhon," which was loosely knit and episodical, the second is magnificently composed and unified. Yet the author admits his fear that the first "is the better reading of the two." And here Butler was right. A certain Voltairean neatness and unmitigated flow of wit are possibly the defects of this great satire. There is no space for such horror and compassion as here and there sparkle in the dense texture of Swift's "Gulliver." With a content of intellectual passion and ingenuity hardly inferior to Swift's, it seems in comparison an artificial masterpiece after the fashion of the *contes* of Voltaire or Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony." Some such pale and secondary immortality as these works enjoy may pretty certainly be predicted for it. The earlier "Erewhon," with all its nonchalances, comes nearer to drawing blood.

IV.

If there is any teaching in "Erewhon Revisited," and often I doubt if the fable has a moral, it is this: we must put up with the worst paradoxes of religion, lest worse befall us in the way of individual fanaticisms. The wise man attenuates the incompatibilities of his credo by the simple expedient of not believing too much. Butler himself was a broad-churchman and a communicant. His single novel, "The Way of All Flesh," illustrates in actual life a catechism the first article of which may be read, "What is the first duty of man?" Answer, "To glorify God, but not excessively."

This novel, begun in 1870 and finished in 1884, coincides with Butler's studies of heredity and is their human commentary. We see the Pontifex family in three generations. George, a self-made business man and moderately the British prig and philistine, begets Theobald, rector of a stupid parish, and in his own household a tyrant without spirit or imagination. There is perhaps no other character in fiction of so formidable a moral clamminess. The theme of the book is chiefly the reaction of the son Ernest against the father. Unhappily, the attempt is thwarted by circumstances and by the unwisdom of Ernest himself. For if the Rev. Theobald is a cold fanatic, the Rev. Ernest bids fair to be merely a hot one. Caught by every wind of religious enthusiasm, he pays both with his person and in his pocket for a dozen preposterous causes. Now he plans to found a college of moral pathology at the instance of the insidious, and, one guesses, depraved, college-mate, Pryer. Again he risks his moral sanity by aimlessly living among the poor whom he does not understand. And here the flesh has its revenge upon him; he finds himself not unjustly imprisoned for a moment of madness that made the evangelist seem a ravisher. Prison is both the beginning of new fanaticisms and of wisdom. How he tried to make a new life as a working man, married a drab, shipwrecked once more, it would be superfluous to tell. External redemption comes to the enthusiast through the luck of having enlisted the interest of an aunt and her executor. "Nice people" pull him out of the bog he has trodden for himself, and he begins philosophy. In all his spiritual vagaries an occasional vision of choice souls who are virtuous or peccant with instinctive discretion has haunted him. Out of this thought he evolves a system of morals. We read, for example, "That vice pays homage to virtue is notorious; we call this hypocrisy; there should be a word found for the homage that virtue not unfrequently pays, or, at any rate, would be wise in paying, to vice." As to the church: "We should be churchmen, but somewhat lukewarm churchmen, inasmuch as those who care very much about either religion or irreligion are seldom observed to be very well bred or agreeable people. The Church itself should approach as nearly to that of Laodicea as was compatible with her continuing to be a church at all, and each individual member should only be hot in striving to be as lukewarm as possible." And the sum of the teaching is this:

> That a man should have been bred well and breed others well; that his figure, head, hands, feet, voice, manner, and clothes should carry conviction upon this point, so that no one can look at him without seeing that he has come of good stock—this is the desiderandum. And the same with a woman. The greatest number of these well-bred men and women, and the greatest happiness of these well-bred men and women, this is the highest good; towards this all government, all social conventions, all art, literature, and science, should directly or indirectly tend.

At first reading of such extracts, we seem to face a remorseless intelligence. But the whole tenor of Butler's life and work contradicts so easy an explanation. The man was reverent beneath his mockery and ever conscious of the tears latent in things mortal. Indeed his habitual mood is so sensitively complex as to baffle the analyst. Yet his own theory of alert and delicate compromise may help us. He felt at liberty, within bounds, to exercise all the functions of his spirit. Out of his most serious reflections wriggles some imp of cerebral tomfoolery. To both he gives their right in the sun. Secure in his own predilection for health, beauty, and sanity, he casts the reins upon the neck of his Pegasus and hurtles perilously near the props of society. Nothing will be knocked down, he knows,

that ought not to fall, but the spectacle of such caracoling is perforce terrifying to slow wits and persons with smug vested interests. The man was absolutely detached, and society, dearly loving an actor, cannot abide a spectator who avows the rôle. Moreover, Butler was an Ishmaelite. Every Victorian movement found in him a foe. Religion he robbed of its supernatural warranties, leaving it only the sanction of the salutary dulness of its directors and devotees. Scientific materialism, vague humanitarianism, socialism, and the official skepticism of the Huxley sort, he branded as merely so many forms of offensive bad breeding and worse thinking. Of the Briton's sense of national divine election he made pure comedy. The great compromisers, the Kingsleys, Tennysons, and other prophets of "far off divine events," he alienated by holding up an ideal immediate, human, and Greek. To some irreducible minimum of Christianity he clung, as the road to serene athletic paganism. His gospel of an authoritative genius for living in "nice people" might be called a red-blooded version of Matthew Arnold's doctrine of the remnant, but I doubt if the two prophets could for five minutes have endured each other's society. Finally he seemed to commit the unpardonable sin of not caring. In this, they did him an injustice. Butler cared, cared tremendously for his Aristotelian art of life. But his counsel of consulting as to life those who evidently have *savoir vivre* was too simple, too elementary, too uninspiring for the expansive romanticism of the times. He had not even the art, like Beaumarchais, of being dangerous without seeming so. Yet his rugged skepticism and placid faith may stand when many of the prophets have vanished. So Attic is the man's intelligence, so akin to the temper of Socrates, so genuinely Aristophanic his wit that I cannot believe the world will let him die utterly. And when the gospellers of to-day have extinguished themselves in humorless counsels of perfection, possibly Butler's simple formula of directing life by those who live it successfully may come to honor. The Carlyles and Tennysons will never be taken more seriously than they have been. For the more detached intelligences, the Montaignes, Emersons, and Butlers, the future may well hold increasing possibilities.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Correspondence

GLADSTONE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My letter in the *Nation* for November 24 was misinterpreted by Mr. Pershing in his communication, published December 1. Gladstone without doubt meant to be taken seriously when he spoke of our Constitution. What I found fault with was the effort of text-book writers to stimulate interest in their works at the expense of Gladstone's intelligence. Let us read the context in which the quotation occurs. The following is from "Kin Beyond Sea," published in the *North American Review*, September, 1878:

Their [the colonies'] infancy had been upon the whole what their manhood was to be, self-governing and republican. Their Revolution, as we call it, was like ours in the main, a vindication of liberties inherited and possessed. It was a conservative revolution, and the happy result was that, notwithstanding the sharpness of the collision, . . . the thirteen colonies made all provision for the future in conformity, as to all that determines life and manners, with the recollections of the past. The two constitutions represent rather the differences than the resemblances of the nations. The one is a thing grown, the other is a thing made; the one a *praxis*, the other a *poiesis;* the one the offspring of tendency and indeterminate time, the other of choice and of an epoch. But as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from the womb and the long gestation of progressive history, so the American Constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the mind and purpose of man.

It has long been customary to use this last clause as a foil in teaching young pupils that the Constitution was not made out of whole cloth—that it was based on certain "sources," as the student of literary evolutions might say. It seems unfair to misuse a man's words, using his name, even for this laudable purpose. Of course it was perfectly well known to Gladstone, as to every other careful student of literature and politics, that the human mind creates nothing, in the sense that the twisted use of his words would imply. He probably did not know our colonial charters and State Constitutions, and therefore could not have referred this or that clause of the Constitution to its source; but he was familiar with the processes by which the instrument was evolved. It seems scarcely necessary to call attention to the fact that his comparison is to emphasize the universally recognized truth that, whereas the English government is based on conventions, ours began with a written basis which our statesmen voluntarily selected and promulgated.

Critics of the work of the Convention of 1787 should avoid two extremes of statement. One assumes that the Fathers undertook their work completely oblivious of colonial experience. Such an error could be committed by the very young or by those entirely unfamiliar with history, but by no other. A second error, and one that now seems more common, is to minimize the work of the Convention and call the Constitution "simply the recorded and well-arranged statement of what experience showed to be the safest method of governing the American States." If this quotation, which is from a recent book by a distinguished scholar, were pressed to the limit as that from Gladstone's essay has been, it would be almost as ridiculous as to say that certain of Shakespeare's plays are simply the dramatization of parts of Hollinshed's "Chronicle."

A great deal of scholarly authority was put behind the misuse of Gladstone's expression by Professor Johnston's essay, "The First Century of the Constitution," in the *New Princeton Review* for September, 1887, cited by Mr. Pershing. It may be remarked that John Fiske, after reading Professor Johnston's essay, took Gladstone's words at their face value (see the "Critical Period," p. 223). Now let us see what Professor Johnston really said:

The verdict of approval [of the Constitution], however, has taken the form which implies a certain *fiat* power in the Convention. The first number of the *Federalist* [by Jay], issued in the month following the adjournment of the Convention, speaks in this wise: "It seems to have been reserved to the people of this country to decide, by their conduct and example, the important question whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force." The implications of this passage are only carried out to their logical conclusion in Mr. Gladstone's often-quoted sentence: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the mind and purpose of man." Is this sentence, in its full force, within the range of possibility? Is it possible for even the wisest and most patriotic body of human beings, through debate in less than four months, to create out of nothing a scheme of government which shall endure with no practical change for a hundred years of the most active national life modern times have known?

It should be remembered that John Jay, who is here quoted, was one of the most learned lawyers of his day, and one of the ablest statesmen in America. Is it probable that he did not know the Constitution was not created "out of nothing"? Professor Johnston says that his interpretation of Gladstone's expression is possible only if it is taken "in its full force." He might more fairly have said, "if the meaning is altered somewhat."

EDGAR DAWSON.

New York, December 19.

JULES CLARETIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Eliot Gregory's letter in the *Nation*, of December 8, describing the fête at the Théâtre Français to M. Jules Claretie on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the management, is extremely interesting. M. Claretie is a most brilliant and versatile man. At the time of his appointment he was, as Delaunay says in his memoirs, "publiciste, romancier, et critique connu plus de vingt ans," already a member of the French Academy; and it is universally admitted that, for tact and business ability as theatrical manager, he has been as remarkable as for his achievements in letters. No doubt he well deserved the honor of this fête. But Mr. Gregory makes two statements which amazé me. He says:

In 1885 he received from his predecessor, M. Perrin, a theatre singularly abandoned by the public, and a troop of actors composed chiefly of nullities, brightened by one or two burnt-out stars, and from this discouraging beginning was able to build up an ensemble that has remained for almost a generation without its equal in Europe.

In short, according to Mr. Gregory, M. Claretie regenerated the Français. A little further on, Mr. Gregory says: "He opened its doors wide to the youth of that day—Lavedan, Brieux, Rostand, Rivoire, Pailleron, owed their start to his timely

and enlightened aid." What were the obligations to M. Claretie of the first four, I do not know, but he certainly did nothing as manager to start M. Pailleron. M. Pailleron was born in 1834, six years before M. Claretie. His "Dernier Quartier" was played at the Français in 1863. Then several more plays were accepted there, and in April, 1881, was produced at the Français "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," which had instant and tremendous success, has been played year after year, and still keeps the stage. In 1881, also, M. Pailleron was elected to the Academy.

These are a few members of the large cast at the first performance of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie": MM. Got, Delaunay, Coquelin; Mesdames Madeleine Brohan, Reichemberg, Broisat, Jeanne Samary. All these persons were playing in 1885. Got and Delaunay were elderly men, but delightful until their retirement some years later. Coquelin was then, I think, forty-four, and, though he retired from the Français in 1886, he continued to be a star of the first magnitude until his death, a year or two ago. Madeleine Brohan retired in 1885, by no means broken down at fifty-two. Madame Broisat, in 1885, was thirty-seven. The lovely Suzanne Reichemberg was thirty-four and looked about twenty. Jeanne Samary, one of the most brilliant actresses of the nineteenth century, was twenty-eight, and looked particularly fresh and youthful, *dulce loquens dulce ridens*, until her untimely death some years later. In 1885 there were many other great players at the Français. Madame Jouassin, admirable in light comedy, retired, in 1887, aged fifty-eight. Mlle. Bartet, mentioned by Mr. Gregory as still the most graceful and beautiful of *doyennes*, played Denise in 1885. Mlle. Baretta, a little younger and in the first rank, a year or two before had married Worms, another fine actor, who died only the other day. In 1885 he was forty-eight. MM. Féraudy and Truffier were then young, but played leading parts, as they still do, and Coquelin Cadet, eight years younger than his brother, was perfect in some parts. How can any one who ever saw the company in which these persons were prominent say that it was composed chiefly of nullities, brightened by one or two burnt-out stars?

I never had Mr. Gregory's advantage of knowing any of them personally, but they so often delighted me that I resent the statement. I saw the company in London in 1871 on the occasion of its famous flight from Paris, and I saw it constantly in Paris in 1873 and 1876. By 1885 it had lost Bressant by death, and the erratic Sarah and Croizette by resignation, but it had gained others, and I maintain that it had, as a whole, quite as much talent as it had fourteen years earlier, and had in no way lost its prestige. I have seen its performances on six different visits to Paris since 1885, last of all in 1909, and, although among the theatres of the world I believe it still *facile princeps*, I do not believe that M. Claretie would assert that he now had anything like as accomplished actors as he had twenty-five years ago.

G. H. Fisher.

Philadelphia, December 18.

DANTE AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 16, 1909, I proposed an interpretation of the mysterious words of Love to Dante in the "Vita Nuova," chapter xii: *Ego tamquam centrum circuli, cui simili modo se habent circumferentiæ partes; tu autem non sic* (I am as the centre of a circle, to which all parts of the circumference bear a like relation; but thou art not so). Although the poet feigns not to understand this symbolic self-definition of Love at the time, he would appear finally to have realized its significance, when, initiate in heavenly mysteries, he says:

> Already my desire and will were rolled—
> Even as a wheel that moveth equally—
> By the Love that moves the sun and the other stars.

He too had become, like Love, "as the centre of a circle, to which all parts of the circumference bear a like relation." The term "equally" (*egualmente*) indicates that the wheel to which Dante compares himself regenerate, like the circle of which Love is as the centre, is a true circle; there is no inequality.

This symbolizing of moral perfection by the geometric "equality" of a circle, and comparison of the love "which is nobleness" to the centre of a circle, is anticipated by St. Augustine in his dialogue entitled "De Quantitate Animæ."* To illustrate how the incorporeal soul may exert power even over the material body, Augustine has recourse to pure mathematics. By a series of Socratic questions, he brings his young interlocutor, Evodius, to agree that of all plane figures the circle is the most perfect in "equality," in that its circumference is everywhere "equivalent" (*coneors*), its "equality" is broken by no angle, and from its centre to all parts of the circumference equal lines can be drawn (*et a cujus medio ad omnes extremitatis partes pares liniæ duci possunt*). We are reminded at once of Love's words to Dante.

But why Evodius's instinctive preference for such geometrical "equality," or symmetry? Really, explains his mentor, the instinct is at bottom the recognition of "high and inviolable justice." Justice is based on equity; equity is so called from equality. Thus the circle is a *natural* symbol of justice.

The determinant and measure of a circle, however, is the mathematical point, its centre. For a circle is described by the revolution of the point at the end of the radial line about the fixed point at the other end. And by definition, a mathematical point, having neither length, breadth, nor thickness, is incorporeal. In potency and incorporeality, therefore, it is a natural symbol of the soul; and, when the moving centre of a circle, a natural symbol of a just soul, that is, of a soul "conforming equally on all sides to reason."

Certainly, Augustine's explanation exactly fits the self-definition of Dante's Love, "lord of nobleness," or virtue. Virtue for Dante, as for Augustine, is "a certain divine harmony of relations" (*divina quadam congruentia rationum*) in the soul.

Love denies to Dante present possession of this "divine harmony" of soul; hence the tribulations which follow in the "Vita Nuova." A later passage in Augustine's treatise helps to motivate these tribulations.

In this passage Augustine traces in Neo-Platonic fashion the seven grades of ascent of the human soul back to God. In the first, or lowest grade, the soul is life-force without consciousness, that which we have in common with the plants; in the second grade, it is sentient, but not rational, that which we have in common with the brutes; in the third grade, it is rational, but not moral. The wisdom of this third grade is worldly wisdom. With the fourth grade, divine wisdom enters in to purge the soul of worldliness and selfishness; in the fifth grade, the purged soul confirms itself in its "new life" by works of piety and charity; and in the sixth grade, it yearns in contemplation from afar for that blessedness of union with God, which is its Sabbath, or seventh grade. But no grade in this ascent, no rung in this ladder of love, may with impunity be skipped; there are no short cuts to blessedness. The highest good is, indeed, to behold God; but "whosoever would do this before they are cleansed and healed, are so stricken by that light of truth that they see in it not only no goodness, but even much evil, and, therefore, deny to it the name of truth, and with their lusts and miserable pleasures, refusing health, flee away in their darkness, which is even their death." So Dante, yearning for the reward of Beatrice (blessedness) before he is healed and cleansed, is tempted to call love an evil thing, to flee from Beatrice, from blessedness itself, because it chastens; and he is racked by conflicting impulses until he feels his death at hand. He is saved by turning his over-presumptuous soul back to the neglected fourth grade of self-purgation, finding his peace in selfless worship. Only will he be worthy of the reward (*mercede*) of Beatrice, or blessedness, when his love shall have become also as the centre of a circle that is moved, like a wheel, equally,

> By the Love which moves the sun and the other stars.

Jefferson B. Fletcher.

Columbia University, December 20.

*Patrologiæ Latinæ Tom. xxxii, 1035 et seq. Dante himself cites the dialogue in the epistle to Can Grande, sect. 28.

INFLATION OF DICTIONARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The further improvement of dictionaries will so much depend on a clearer general recognition of what language is, that I hope your recent editorial on "The Way of Words" will not add currency to the notion that our actual English vocabulary has been enormously increasing. The great numerical gains between the Johnson of 1818 and the Webster of 1909 represent an addition, not only of English words previously unrecorded, but of variant spellings, obsolete and proposed; of the Latin nomenclature for plant and animal species, common to scientists of all lands; and of phrases which, besides idioms and compounds, include a host of such "readers' handbook," entries as *army organization*, *Arn.* (abbreviation of Arnold), *arpent d'ordonnance*, and *American Socrates* (*i. e.*, Benjamin Franklin!). If, disregarding these,

one were to count as words only distinct, ultimate, and independent sense-units, the recent total of 400,000 would probably shrink by three-fourths. Even then the question how many actual words remained would rest upon ambiguities. One must first settle what differences of function and form are variations in the same word, and what yield different words. Thus the new Webster enters *mountain* as an adjective, to cover its attributive uses—in "*mountain* laurel," etc.—but every common name in the language may thereby count as two words. Its separate entry of transitive and intransitive uses doubles the showing for most verbs. Many thousand entries result merely from the unstable lines between English parts of speech. As to forms, one must note that the count which you cite took in both title-words and "the inflected forms which appear in small capitals." Every compared adjective, therefore, gives three words; every verb, from three to five. It is plain that before we can make any profitable comparison with the early totals quoted by Dr. Long, we must know precisely how the count was made in each case.

The rivalry of modern dictionaries in the matter of numerical totals has been subject to one rule: every form recorded must be taken from actual use. What this comes to practically is that its occurrence must be provable by a printed, or at least a documentary, source. For thousands of words, however, the proof of their occurrence is quite irrelevant. I refer to what Sir James Murray has called 'perpetual nonce-words." No feature of English speech is more characteristic than its stock of free formatives—*non-, anti-, pro-, semi-, sub-, un-, -ation, -ly, -ness, -ish,* etc.—by which one may improvise needed words at will. Every vigorous and accurate thinker uses scores of such words, not half of which ever fall under the eyes of dictionary compilers. Take the list under *un-*. You find *unhealth, unhealthful, unhealthfully, unhealthfulness unhealthy, unhealthily, unhealthiness;* but you find no corresponding list for *wealth.* Yet *unwealth, unwealthy,* etc., would be unimpeachable English words, every one of which has doubtless occurred in uttered or written speech; nor can you fairly urge against it that, taken alone, it looks superfluous, for given certain exigencies of context, it becomes the sole word "pour fixer les nuances." To ransack books and papers for such forms is time wasted. They can be derived equally well by some formula of permutation. And, be it noted, these words have always belonged to the language as what Berkeley might have called its "latent possibilities of experience." Self-evident derivatives, in fact, together with more or less self-evident compounds, make it futile to talk of "the number of words in the language," for at any period their number is virtually unlimited.

Imposing as the modern dictionary appears, a scrutiny of the character of its entries will show that so far as concerns a census of words, its hundred thousands might as well be millions. In fact, entries of the classes I have mentioned represent a selection from almost numberless terms equally legitimate as words. Botany and zoölogy alone have thousands of names now excluded as not "of popular or semipopular interest," and if animate species threaten to run short, the quantitative classification of rocks will supply *ad libitum* such verbal gems as *dargase, scotare, umptekase, quardofelie, dofemane.* Clearly, an omnium gatherum, which unites with a word-book of spoken and written English so much that is extraneous to the business of thinking, does not in the least reflect the status of our medium of mental exchange. The vocabulary by which ideas are expressed is quite unaffected by the presence or lack of labels for sixty-odd species of parrot or for 3,000 distinguishable grasses. And of this central vocabulary, no one can say that it is "passing into the hands of the favored few," or that its growing volume will swamp all but the genius and the specialist. Growth, indeed, it does show, but the growth that interests a dictionary chief is not its mere accretion of speech material, but rather the slow crystallizing within it of distinctions that make for clarity. Mr. F. Sturges Allen, chief of the latest Webster staff, has remarked that the present-day thesaurus, which includes virtually all word-forms in sight, does a service to the next generation by reducing to absurdity the superstition that a word gains standing by its mere inclusion. The question whether or not a given form is entered will then give way to questions about the formative laws that yield it; and in tracing a word's sense-progress dictionaries may aim to record less of the accidents of its career, and more, so to speak, of its intentions: of the larger notional drift reflected in its development. Much that gives bulk to the English vocabulary can be disregarded, once its analytic principle has been decanted off.

ALFRED D. SHEFFIELD.

Cambridge, Mass, December 17.

ERRORS IN THE CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have noted a number of errors in the two new volumes of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" ("The Drama to 1642"), to which it may be worth while to call attention, as they were not mentioned in your review of December 15, and as the History will be used by scholars for reference. As these mistakes were remarked in a mere preliminary glance through the volumes some weeks since, one is justified in supposing that others remain to be discovered.

In Volume V I have noted the following:

Page 234, line 7: For "nine and thirty" read "seven and thirty." You justly criticise the amazing system which Professor Saintsbury employs in this chapter on Shakespeare, but I know of no system, or lack of system, that can count as Shakespeare's more than thirty-seven plays, unless one has recourse to Mr. Tucker Brooke's "Apocrypha"!

Page 461, line 6 from bottom: The reference should be to Vol. IV, not Vol. VI.

Page 463, line 15 from bottom: There should here be added a reference to the bibliography of Vol. IV, chap. vi, where Greene's lyric poetry is given.

Page 468, line 20 from bottom: The last entry under "Symonds, J. A.," should appear under "Ellis, H." A confusion has here occurred owing to the fact that J. A. Symonds wrote the "General Introduction" to the Mermaid Series which was published in the volume of Marlowe's plays. But the special essay on Marlowe is the work of Havelock Ellis.

Page 476, line 6: "The Comedy of Errors" is omitted from this bibliographical list of Shakespeare's plays. This may be because there are no special studies of the play; but neither are there any of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" which is, nevertheless, included in the list.

Page 482, line 22: For "Furness, H. H." read "Furness, H. H., Jr."

The following corrections should be made in Volume VI:

Page 344, line 2: For "W. H. Furness" read "H. H. Furness," and correct the entry in the index.

Page 482, line 13: Havelock Ellis edited both volumes of Middleton's plays in the Mermaid Series. Swinburne did not edit Vol. I. The Introduction, however, is a reprint of his essay on Middleton, originally published in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1886.

Page 483, line 22: The bracketed note should follow the entry under "Stork" not that under "Zeitlin."

See also the index under "Mantuan," where reference is given to page 364. At that place I have found no mention of the poet, unless we are supposed to consider certain "Italian sources" as a sufficiently clear designation!

I have by me notes of other minor errors. Professor Saintsbury misquotes, but that is to be expected; a title in the text, though ostensibly quoted verbatim, does not agree with that given in the bibliography; the title of a recent sumptuous edition of Shakespeare is incorrectly given; the index is defective in more than one place

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Baltimore, December 21.

Literature

BOOKS ON AFRICA.

The Basutos: The Mountaineers and Their Country. By Sir Godfrey Lagden, K.C.M.G. With 70 illustrations and 9 maps. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

Service and Sport in the Sudan: A record of administration in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. By D. C. E. ff. Comyn. With 29 illustrations and 3 maps. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

In the Torrid Sudan. By H. Lincoln Tangye. With maps and illustrations. Boston: R. G. Badger. $3 net.

To Abyssinia through an Unknown Land. By Capt. C. H. Stigand. With 36 illustrations and 2 maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

In the Heart of Africa. By the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg. Translated by G. E. Maberly-Oppler. With maps and numerous illustrations. New York: Cassell & Co. $5 net.

A Voice from the Congo. By Herbert Ward. With illustrations from photographs, sculpture, and drawings by

the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

In Africa: Hunting Adventures in the Big-Game Country. By John T. McCutcheon. With photographs and cartoons by the author. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50.

Basutoland comprises the Drakensberg range, the Switzerland of South Africa, and has been in the possession of its people for nearly a century. It first came into touch with the whites in 1833, when its chief, Moshesh, asked for a missionary to come and live with him, and give him advice in governing. Largely through the wisdom of their chief the Basutos have fared well. In 1854 he published an ordinance against the introduction of spiritous liquor, which contains the statement, "We deem that a good chief and judge cannot claim to be competent to execute his duties, if he make use of anything of an intoxicating nature." Independence being endangered by the encroachments of the Dutch settlers, Moshesh procured in 1842 the protection of the British Crown.

The narrative of the events during his rule occupies the larger part of the two volumes. They were mainly little wars, intertribal and with their neighbors in the Orange Free State, boundary disputes and negotiations with the British officials, of whose mistakes and unjust acts there is no attempt at concealment. Prominent among these was the issue of a command to the Basutos to give up their firearms, which caused serious trouble for several years, until the policy was abandoned and the act repealed. It is hardly necessary to add that there are countless instances of the heartless treatment of the natives by the Boers. Basutoland is still virtually independent, though under the supreme authority of the Crown. In 1903 a large share of the government was delegated to a National Council partly selected by the chiefs and partly nominated by the government. At its first meeting it adopted a code of laws, one of which provided for the "statutory punishment for seduction and abduction of women." Its present condition is as remarkable as its history. There is no pauperism, and "it has a balance in the bank of £150,000, without any debt or liabilities whatever." According to the latest statistics available, there are 248 schools with 12,195 pupils, and two years ago "78,000 men went abroad at intervals for work, not all absent at the same time." Their social and economic life is founded on the communal ownership of land, which has prevented Europeans from purchasing or otherwise gaining occupation. Sir Godfrey's work, it must be confessed, is not easy reading, so much of it is taken up with detailed accounts of small matters and with long extracts from documents.

Major Comyn's book, like Sir Godfrey's, describes the author's rich first-hand experiences with natives—in his case the Sudanese. For the larger part of the four years, he was a member of the civil administration, his principal duties being dispensing justice, settling disputes, building stations, opening roads, the cultivation of oases, and "patrolling." This meant going from village to village to come in touch with the sultans, as the chiefs are termed in many tribes, though they may be lords of only two hundred men. He also did much exploring in the little-known regions bordering on Abyssinia in the southeast and on the Nile and Congo watershed in the west. Many times he was obliged to defend his camp from the attacks of lions. In one instance, he says:

> The fires were lighted, and shortly afterwards we began to see lions walking round our camp, the firelight playing on them, and showing, as they stood and stared at intervals, the corners of their cruel mouths drooping. There were quite thirty of them.

Elephants were very numerous in many places, and here is his account of an experience with giraffes:

> I fear I will be dubbed a dreamer, or worse, when I state that one day a herd which numbered from 500 to 800, followed the gunboat so closely that we could distinguish the markings on their heads. They evidently took our yellow funnel for the neck of their Mahdi. This herd moved in quite a military formation. The thick mass in the centre was surrounded by advanced guard, flankers, etc. That it should have followed us is not extraordinary, for the giraffe is intensely curious.

The "self-sacrificing earnestness and practical intelligence" of these "pioneers of administration" are well attested by "In the Torrid Sudan," of which the main purpose, however, is to recount the author's extensive journey. Starting from Khartum, Mr. Tangye ascended the Dinder, one of the affluents of the Blue Nile, to the Abyssinian frontier, which he was not allowed to cross. Here is a post established to prevent the slave-trade, and so effective is its work that "only one case of slave-running occurred in 1908." From this place, he crossed to the White Nile, through a region which he characterizes as a "breezeless, burning, shadeless furnace—the home of great loneliness." In the one hundred and sixteen miles traversed, there were only two places in which water could be found. Up the main river, he came to the marsh land where dwells "man in the raw state, perhaps nearly as God created him in the first instance." Much interesting information is given of these Nuers, Dinkas, and Shilluks, who attain an enormous height, the leg being of great length, probably because of the constant necessity of wading. Among other things, he learned that the laws of the Dinka are "drawn up in a well-defined code. . . . Many provisions have resemblance to laws detailed in the earliest books of the Bible."

The almost unknown region, lying between British East Africa and Abyssinia, is the portion of Africa which Capt. C. H. Stigand has chosen to describe. With a modest following of thirty porters and a headman he made his explorations, which he describes in "To Abyssinia through an Unknown Land." There are vivid pictures of life on the trek, and much information, including some folk-lore tales, is given about the twenty different tribes encountered, some of which had never before seen a white man. In three of them the custom prevailed of strangling the first-born child and throwing the body away to be eaten by the crocodiles or hyenas, in obedience, they asserted, to a decree of their ancestors.

Duke Adolphus Frederick, in his explorations "In the Heart of Africa," was accompanied by a scientific staff consisting of topographer, geologist, botanist, zoölogist, ethnologist, bacteriologist and doctor, and seven hundred men were employed as carriers. Some idea may be gained of what it costs to maintain such an expedition by the fact that "during the first fourteen days" they "disposed of 20,000 bunches of bananas." The research work was confined to the northwestern part of the German East African Protectorate, and considerable space is given to reports by leaders of parties sent out to make special investigations. The most original work was the investigation of the animal and plant world, and more especially of the geological conditions of the Virunga volcanic region, then virtually unknown. From one of its eight gigantic peaks eleven eruptions were observed:

> The columns of vapor, illuminated as if by a smelting furnace, shot up from the broad mouth of the crater like pillars of fire to the heavens, gleaming blood-red, and then fell down to earth again, sparkling and scintillating in a glorious rain of glowing ashes.

Many craters, one over a mile in diameter, and lava tunnels and caves were found, and elephants were tracked to heights of above 7,000 feet. The natives said they "always kept to the mountain slopes and never shifted their quarters to the plains." The homeward journey was made through the Congo State. The account leaves a favorable impression of some of the Belgian officials and their methods of government. The stations were well-built and attractive, with gardens and with rubber, cotton, and coffee plantations, and the natives seemed on good terms with their rulers. One station at which "foreign visitors had never before been received" was the headquarters of a district which, it had been recently discovered, was rich in alluvial gold. A mining industry had been started with twenty-one engineers and prospectors and eight hundred

workmen. To bring this region, in which all the creeks and rivers carry gold, into nearer touch with the civilized world, the government had just decided to build an automobile road to Lake Albert, and "the first 130 miles were finished in the spring of 1909." When completed, Kilo will be only fourteen days distant from the Indian Ocean. While passing through the Congo territory the duke was impressed with the way in which Stanley's memory was cherished by the natives. Prominent Europeans are designated by his name, "Bulamatari," breaker of rocks. "The governor and heads of districts are frequently given this name; I myself was honored with it at times."

The aim of Herbert Ward in "A Voice from the Congo" is to call forth sympathy for his African friends, among whom, while in the Belgian service, he passed the five most impressionable years of his life. The stories which he tells reveal in the native a rare amount of noble devotion and loyalty. Among the interesting men who flit across his pages are Tippoo Tib the great slave-hunter, Stanley, and Capt. Deane, the gallant defender of Stanley Falls against the attack of the Arabs. But his references to them are rather disappointing, as is the lack of information in regard to the Congo State as it existed in his time, now more than twenty years ago. Some of his anecdotes and observations are trivial and unworthy of publication. The seventy-two illustrations are, many of them, of unusual interest. They include reproductions of photographs of the native, of his implements, and of some remarkable sculptures, one of which, a bronze statue of a Congo chief, won a gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1908. There is also given the music of two native songs.

For graphic description of the romantic life and adventures of the hunter after big game, "In Africa," by John T. McCutcheon, the well-known cartoonist of the Chicago *Tribune*, can be heartily commended. The object of the expedition, of which he was a member and Mr. Akeley the head, was to obtain specimens for the American Museum of Natural History in New York; the familiar region of British East Africa, the home of the lion and elephant, being the hunting-ground. Its success was partly due to Col. Roosevelt, who had promised to coöperate in the work; for a time the two expeditions were joined. The farthest point reached was Mt. Elgon on the Uganda frontier; the wonderful caverns on its slopes were explored. They have been inhabited from ancient times, "and in places the solid rock was worn smooth and deep by the bare feet of centuries of naked people." At the end Mr. McCutcheon had a unique adventure. Riding in a carriage drawn by two mules, just outside of Nairobi, the seat of government of the protectorate, he came suddenly upon three lions, two immense males and a female, and pursued them for hours unsuccessfully. In addition to his narrative, he describes with great care the different species of big game which are to be found in this region, and gives much useful information for intending sportsmen. The only criticism which we have to make is that his material has not been wisely edited.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Barrier. By René Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. Bazin is professor of law at the University of Anger, and member of the most intellectual society in the world, the French Academy. But he is also a member of that great church which still —when every tendency of the times makes for the fusion and identification of the divine with the human—insists with some vestiges of its ancient power upon the absolute distinction between the spiritual realm and the kingdom of this world. For him, therefore, religion is not the facile bond that unites a heterogeneous multitude in church teas, expensive music, and social reform. It is, indeed, the bond of true believers. But it is also, as of old, the dividing sword between father and son, and lover and beloved. Within its circle is the warmth of the world; without, the coldness of an eternal separation. The note of M. Bazin's novels is a rare spiritual sensitiveness which impresses one as being at once essentially feminine, eminently French, and distinctively Roman Catholic. It is the protest of a sense which is rapidly becoming obsolete as a human faculty—the sense of *religious* purity.

The hero of the book is Reginald Breynolds, son of an English baronet, who is a political and religious Tory. Reginald, an officer in the army, is a curious latter-day Newman. For him the question of "the Real Presence in the sacrament," upon which he has been brooding in the Indian jungle, constitutes "the essence of religion." He settles the question as did the Cardinal, and thus establishes the barrier between himself and his father. Félicien Limerel is a young Frenchman reared in a family nominally Roman Catholic, but in practice entirely worldly. Félicien, after painful struggles, loses his faith and becomes a skeptic. His unbelief constitutes the barrier between him and his cousin, Marie, with whom he is desperately in love. Marie is the type and touchstone of religious purity. She loves, or loved, Félicien, but to her marriage is a sacrament to be celebrated only with believers. When Reginald goes to Rome, the two young people who are within the pale are powerfully attracted to each other. They refrain from union, however, for the present, out of delicacy for the memory of Félicien. The book is, of course, an anachronism for those outside the timeless church. It is not necessary to recognize the validity of "the barrier"; but unless one is interested in the religious questions involved, the story is naught, for the characters are quite insignificant except as they illustrate the plot.

Cynthia's Chauffeur. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode.

In the rôle of hired chauffeur, a young English lord of distinguished military, diplomatic, and scientific attainments conducts an American heiress and her chaperon on an extended trip. This arrangement permits him to dazzle the lady with his knowledge of English history and poetry, to save her from a ducking in the Wye, to protect her from the matrimonial designs of an unscrupulous French count, and to fall in love with her himself; but the discerning reader will readily see that it will never enable him to win the heart of "Cynthia, who is proud and queenly, and who will strive against the dictates of her own heart because it is not seemly that she should wed her father's paid servant." However, when Cynthia's predilection has been reinforced by a sight of his mansion in Cavendish Square, and my lord in his own titled person has granted satisfaction to the wicked count, and fallen, desperately wounded, on the sands of Calais, the experienced eye sees the way clear to an international alliance. And when, learning of his ensanguined plight, and realizing that she has missed the next train to Calais, Cynthia moans, "Would I could fly there!" no reasonable reader can refuse full sanction to her ardor.

A year or two more and Mr. Tracy will be able to put an aeroplane at the immediate disposal of similarly placed heroines. For the present he has had to content himself with a motor-car as the vehicle of romance. And never before has the intractable automobile been subdued to so sympathetic a part in human drama.

Fraternity: A Romance of Inspiration. New York: Harper & Bros.

When, last summer, J. Pierpont Morgan heard that this novel was to be republished, he took occasion to congratulate the publishers: "I consider it," he wrote, "one of the most helpful books published during these latter years that has come under my cognizance." Now, what he admires the book for is its exemplification of "the spirit that should animate human kind in the endeavor to develop civilization through a real cooperation." This is magnanimous in one whose immense fortune has sprung from competition. But we do not doubt Mr. Morgan's sincere admiration for a book whose spirit does not seek expression in the embarrassing form of prac-

tical theory. The vague socialism it preaches does not profess to embody itself in any such Utopian scheme as newer writers, from Bellamy to Wells and London, have been wont to offer. Such moral as it has lies in the spectacle of a single disinterested and aspiring life. The hero is a young Welsh schoolmaster, a man of generous spirit and warm aspiration. The machinery and flavor of his private romance is Trollopean. He falls in love with a Welsh girl pupil, and runs away from her as soon as he finds that she loves him, because he regards her as his social (and pecuniary) superior. His own origin is obscure; but everything is readily brought out right in the end by the revelation of a very respectable birth and a sufficient inheritance as his due. Where he breaks with the Trollopean tradition is in giving up his birthright to the half-brother who has been brought up in expectation of it. However, he accepts a small competency as his share, and we are comfortably sure that this marriage with the Welsh girl does not entail those material uncertainties on her part which sometimes fall to the lot of those who try to live on terms of coöperation in a world where competition still rules. The book, from its quaintness of method (for Trollope is already quaint), and its fresh, if vague, enthusiasm, is pleasant to read. We doubt whether Mr. Morgan is justified in believing "that great good will come from an enlarged promulgation of its principles"; or rather we doubt if such promulgation is likely to result from the present republication. The principles in question may be found in every primer of modern socialism; and in much modern fiction which is chiefly effective because it is of to-day.

Out of Drowning Valley. By S. Carleton Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Here is a complicated web of adventure woven around the good old theme of a fabulous gold mine. The whole train of breath-taking dangers and narrow escapes is run off with such speed and smoothness, and is related with such a vigorous, convincing plainness of phrase, that the reader has no chance to be either critical or incredulous. Even the obliging landslide, whose strangely opportune intervention saves Scarlett and his boyish sweetheart from death in the flooded cavern, excites unmixed sentiments of admiration and relief.

THE SERMON OF THE DEED.

Twenty Years at Hull-House, with Autobiographical Notes. By Jane Addams. With illustrations by Norah Hamilton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

"Which is better," asks Professor Cooley in his "Social Organization, "fellowship or distinction? There is much to be said on both sides, but the finer spirits of our day lean toward the former, and find it more human and exhilarating to spread abroad the good things the world already has than to prosecute a lonesome search for new ones. I notice among the choicest people I know —those who seem to me most representative of the inner trend of democracy —a certain generous contempt for distinction and a passion to cast their lives heartily on the general current." This penetrating observation is suggested by Miss Jane Addams's new book on her life at Hull-House. About a third of the material has previously appeared in the magazines; but unlike the author's previous books setting forth conclusions based on her experience, this traces the experiences themselves with the invaluable sidelight emanating from her own early history.

Miss Addams was born in the village of Cedarville, Illinois, in 1860, the daughter of a Hicksite Quaker who, from 1854 to 1870, was a member of the State Senate, and sufficiently conversant with politics to enjoy the intimate confidence of Lincoln. Her mother died when the future founder of Hull-House was a baby. Despite her physical infirmity—a curvature of the spine—her childhood was a joyous one. The family was well-to-do, if not prosperous; there was an ample air of public interest and public spirit stirring in the household circle; and more than the ordinary heritage of culture. She records that even as a child, her "mind was busy, however, with the old question eternally suggested by the inequalities of the human lot" (p. 14). Like her older sisters before her, Miss Addams went to the seminary, now college, at Rockford, Illinois, one of the earliest schools in the West for the higher education of women, and dubbed, because of affinity of spirit, "The Mount Holyoke of the West." All the fine enthusiasms of those early days of collegiate education for women found in Miss Addams hospitable lodgment, though she records with a bit of waggishness how once upon occasion, in an intercollegiate oratorical contest, she was pitted against no less a competitor than William Jennings Bryan (p. 55). Her father's death occurred soon after she left college. Diverted from the professional study of medicine by a long illness, she spent some years in study, and in travel and residence abroad, until Hull-House in Chicago was opened in 1889. She speaks with an amusing impatience of "the snare of preparation," and with true feminine relief at the thought that "I had at last finished with the everlasting preparation for life," however ill-prepared I might be" (p. 88).

The social settlement has become so familiar an institution that an estimate of its nature and functions is less necessary than an insight into the convictions and character of the best known of its early founders in this country—and this, for the reason that Miss Addams's work has had so strong a formative influence upon settlements everywhere in the United States. The fundamental motive which seems to have actuated her proceeded from her conviction of the utter futility of a detached attainment of moral excellence. This root idea she expresses at times negatively in terms of revolt, or at least of reaction, against a premature overdose of individualistic cultivation, "a moral revulsion against this feverish search after culture" (p. 75). Positively, the same dominant impulse she describes almost passionately as a belief in the supreme moral worth of democracy in social relationships. During the eight years that fell wasted in "the snare of preparation" she "was absolutely at sea so far as any moral purpose was concerned, clinging only to the desire to live in a really living world and refusing to be content with a shadowy intellectual or æsthetic reflection of it" (p. 64). At times, a note almost bitter against the intellectual surfeiting of college training is sounded—"lumbering our minds with literature that only served to cloud the really vital situation spread before our eyes" (p. 70). Or again, when she avers that the "first generation of college women had taken their learning too quickly, had departed too suddenly from the active emotional life led by their grandmothers" . . . had lost that simple almost automatic response to the human appeal" (p. 71).

Her positive attachment to democracy, in the sense of "universal fellowship" in the life-adventure of the race, will appear most clearly if treated conjointly with Miss Addams's second ruling trait, a curious detachment coupled with skepticism about any system, religion, or panacea which falls short of her dominating idea of "universal fellowship." She herself ascribes her rejection of the evangelical assault upon her at college as due to her father's insistence upon "moral integrity" in the forum of conscience as the supreme law of the soul. But some years after, when all outside pressure was withdrawn, she voluntarily was baptized and became a communicant. The recital of the episode is exquisite—as "mere literature" finer than St. Augustine's conversion, in our opinion—but, while explicit as to the absence of disturbance of soul or strong compunction, she adds this revelatory comment:

> There was also growing within me an almost passionate devotion to the ideals of democracy, and when in all history had these ideals been so thrillingly expressed as when the faith of the fisherman and slave had been boldly opposed to the accepted moral belief that the well-being of a privileged few might justly be built upon

the ignorance and sacrifice of the many? (p. 79).

After this one does not wonder that the single-taxer who sought to convert her to his cult by sudden prayer for her in her presence went away sorrowful (p. 57); or that she failed to convert herself to Socialism, though she conscientiously made the effort (p. 186).

It is interesting to notice how this underlying conviction and motive determine her attitude—and incidentally the attitude of settlement workers so largely—upon public issues. Of factory legislation in behalf of the weak, children and women, they approve (p. 174). With trades-unionism so far as "it is a general social movement concerning all members of society and not merely a class struggle" (p. 213), they are in sympathy. For a discriminating State regimentation they stand, for "if certain industrial conditions are forcing workers below the standard of decency, it becomes possible to deduce the right of State regulation" on the ground that "the very existence of the State depends upon the character of its citizens" (p. 229).

There is a fortunate sanity of temper and attitude flowing from the ground idea of "universal fellowship" in social relations which, while misrepresented and at times maligned, has kept the settlements close on the track of their quest of social betterment. Even when outbreaks of individual anarchists have driven the proud logicians into panic and grotesque absurdity, the settlement workers, and Miss Addams in particular, have emerged with signal credit. Even their hero-worship has been in a way transfigured by their guiding motive. Miss Addams confesses that, instead of Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship" which she had once purposed to give to young boys of promise, she actually presented Schurz's "Abraham Lincoln." Moreover, in retrospect as to "the actual attainment of these early hopes," she remarks, "so far as they have been realized at all, [they] seem to have come from men of affairs rather than from those given to speculation" (p. 193).

The various experiments of Hull House, its failures and triumphs, its inner life as well as its outer activities, are all set forth engagingly in this volume, with a surprising modesty as regards general scientific conclusions such as the professional sociologist would expect. Miss Addams has generally a direct way of putting things, and an enjoyment of humorous by-products. Occasionally, however, there is a note of wistful pathos—"the sense of universality thus imparted to that mysterious injustice, the burden of which we are all forced to bear and with which I have become only too familiar" (p. 27).

Miss Addams's narration of her visit to Tolstoy, and her appraisal of Tolstoyism, will be of particular interest at this juncture. The prophet in his peasant's garb glanced disapprovingly at her large sleeves which were then in vogue, and, "pulling out one sleeve to an interminable breadth, said quite simply that 'there was enough stuff on one arm to make a frock for a little girl' (p. 268). He would have said something similar about an historic alabaster box of ointment. Miss Addams is fortunate in her illustrator. There are an arresting power and a suggestive charm about some of the plates that entitle the artist to distinction.

The Literature of the South. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $2.50 net.

It is significant—and ominous—that the recognized authorities on American and, more especially, on Southern literature have carefully refrained from attempting any such elaborate history of Southern literature as this well-printed volume is designed to be. Why they have refrained is quite apparent after one has read the present book. Mr. Moses has done a large amount of reading and he has brought together a mass of more or less valuable material, including a useful bibliography of twenty-four pages. His general point of view, which implies the treatment of literature as the product of social conditions, is admirable in principle. His judicial attitude toward such creative Southern literature as he can discover is praiseworthy. He is capable of warm, yet not undue, appreciation, as is shown in his sympathetic and pleasing chapter on the poets of the civil war. Yet one closes the volume with the conviction that the work was scarcely worth while, unless it was the writer's purpose to put it beyond all doubt that the literature of the South possesses as a whole insufficient æsthetic value to merit elaborate treatment apart from the general body of American literature.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Moses does not seem to meet a single one of the conditions entailed by his historical point of view. He often fails to give definite and well-ordered facts just where they are most needed (*e. g.*, in the case of Hugh S. Legaré); and the perplexed though honestly inquiring reader lays down the volume knowing little more in the way of detailed knowledge than when he took it up. Again, the statement of causes in the form of "social forces" is neither clear nor succinct. Finally, owing partly to poor arrangement of material, Mr. Moses fails, in our judgment, to establish the connection between his causes and his results.

To illustrate these defects is an easy task. Although one-third of the book is taken up with a consideration of the social conditions that are supposed to have produced Southern books and writers, the author is continually driven to acknowledge the extreme poverty of the resulting literature. The chapters on the Colonial period, amounting to eighty-seven pages, close with the anticlimactic admission that the period "produced nothing large in the South"; and that, so far as concerns the authors, "As Englishmen they came to see and as Englishmen they wrote" (pp. 86-87). The twelve pages devoted to Jefferson (pp. 130-142) deal with everything but his writings; and this is true of the treatment accorded to the South Carolina statesmen and to the orators of the civil war. Worse still, one is first astonished, then wearied, with the analysis of social conditions in the "New South." All this may belong to a treatise on present-day economics, but it seems sadly out of place in a history of literature. And when at last Mr. Moses actually abandons his judicial point of view and descends into the arena to do battle for his own opinions as against those of Mr. Cable (p. 435) and Mr. Dubois (p. 445), the reader's patience almost comes to an end.

This result would have been avoided in part if the writer had not massed and distributed his material so carelessly. Irrelevant matter is everywhere, and even misleading chapter headings are not lacking. For example, Chapter vi, Revolutionary Literature (pp. 142-159), has for its sole sub-heading Poetry and Poets, although the first twelve pages of the chapter treat writers of miscellaneous prose. Again, though chapters headed Social Forces deal in every other case solely with social conditions, Chapter xiii (pp. 295-338) devotes its last thirteen pages to specific literary criticism. And why is Lanier placed in the civil-war period? Superfluous digressions such as that on William and Mary College (p. 140); irrelevancies, such as the gentle admonition to Miss Glasgow (p. 463); inconsistencies, such as the including of Poe (Chapter xii) after he has been ruled out by definition, abound throughout the book.

Faulty structure, in conclusion, is supplemented by a worse than faulty style. Obscurity, turgidity, incoherence in sentence structure, and violations of usage occur in scores of passages. We are told, for example, that "We glean of Jefferson's position through his own writing, through the opinions of others" (p. 142). A hundred pages later we have the phrase, "redolent with savage uncouthness" (p. 240). Farther on we encounter such jargon as the following: "This digression from the logical sequence of literary development is purposely done to arrive at the conclusion that democratization, as it applies to literature, virtually means a deepening realization of social and economic con-

ditions, and does not demand the relinquishment of environment" (p. 464). Such a style and such inability to handle the materials he is so well qualified to amass will render Mr. Moses's future work as disappointing as the present volume if he does not seek to remedy his defects as a writer.

The World of Homer. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Mr. Lang can more easily write a new book on the Homeric question than the reviewer of its predecessors can find a fresh formula with which to welcome it. He has not appreciably altered his opinions. The Iliad is in the main the work of one supreme poet working as Shakespeare and Scott did with preëxisting materials, and it presents a consistent picture of a coherent civilization. "The World of Homer" is the sub-Mycenæan world which burned its dead and piled cairns over their ashes, purchased its wives of their fathers for a bride price, wore the peplos fastened by a safety-pin, and, though it knew something of iron, still belonged to the age of bronze that preceded Ionia and the return of the Heracleidæ. Of so much Mr. Lang is certain. On other matters he preserves an open mind. He neither affirms nor denies that the Achæans were dolicho-blonds; and if, as many scholars have maintained, they were chivalric invaders from central Europe, he is willing to leave to ethnologists the determination of their precise connection with the autochthonous civilization of the Grecian peninsula. They may have brought the Greek language with them, or they may have learned it from the "Pelasgians."

If a critic were to object that a new volume is not needed to tell us this, Mr. Lang would reply that fresh archæological evidence accumulates rapidly, and that so long as the disintegrators persist in embodying their fallacies in big books, the philological world is out of joint and his facile pen is destined to set it and them right. In this he has our entire sympathy. No one, of course, can prove that any particular book, episode, or line of Homer may not be an interpolation. But the so-called scientific analysis of the Iliad has always been a pure bluff. On the linguistic and statistical side this bluff has recently been "called" by Professor Scott, Mr. Shewan, and Miss Stawell; and Mr. Lang does common sense a good service in reminding us once more how little support this pseudo-science receives either from sound archæology or sane literary criticism. He might have added that it usually brings bad luck and betrays its practitioners into mistranslation or misinterpretation of the text, as it does Professor Murray on pp. 144 and 217 of his "Rise of the Greek Epic," and even Miss Stawell when she ventures into this field (cf. *Nation*, Vol. xc, p. 189); but it would be invidious to multiply instances.

Two recent works have either escaped Mr. Lang's observation or have appeared since his book went to press. One is the admirable summary and dismissal of the Homeric question in the introductory chapter of Mr. Mackail's "Lectures on Greek Poetry." The other is Dr. Mülder's portentous volume on "Die Ilias und ihre Quellen," received with much applause in Germany. This book goes far to show that the Homeric question will remain a permanent phenomenon of pathological psychology. Mülder rejects as futile the past literature of disintegration and proclaims his belief in a real Homer. He then, with a sudden *volte-face*, reinstates the banished scholasticism and all its vicious methods by an attempt to demonstrate the precise way in which Homer worked up his material. For an illustration: when Hector's charioteer, struck in the temple by a stone from the hand of Patroclus, falls headlong from his chariot, Patroclus mockingly compares him to a man diving for "oysters." Mülder's critical *flair* detects here "what no scholar has ever observed before": the oysters, we are gravely told, *are* the charioteer's eyes, which he dives after as they lie on the ground, and Homer, working over the old story of the last battle of Patroclus, introduces the irrational use of a big stone as a weapon solely in order to knock out the eyes and so "place" his own special, original contribution, this horrid Teutonic *aperçu*. This, we think, fixes the high-water mark of Homeric philology. Mülder has "left no hyperbole for his successors," as Isocrates would put it. Mr. Lang may do justice to Mülder in his next book. We can only echo the schoolboy who translated Ὦ μοι ἐγών by "O my eye!"

China as I Saw It: A Woman's Letters from the Celestial Empire. By A. S. Roe. With 39 illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

It is a refreshment to discover that the author of these letters learned enough of the colloquial tongue to make the greater part of her trip through China without an interpreter. For a period of eighteen months, she lived in or wandered about the great triangle defined by the cities of Peking, Ch'entu, and Hangchow, visiting the Yangtse region and parts of three northern provinces, but leaving untouched the southern half of China proper. This itinerary does not perfectly satisfy the implication of the title that the author saw the whole Empire, but she at least refrains from those dangerous generalizations which spoil the accounts of many travellers. The reader who goes astray by applying what she says to the people of the South has himself to blame, for she tells us nothing of how that other half lives. The style is sufficiently fresh, and an occasional quaint phrase lifts her narrative above the level of monotony: at Shanghai the river "consists half of brown mud and half of brown boats"; there is a street in Kuei Fu "oozing with pedestrians"; the common cooking oil everywhere in evidence in China happily suggests "the musty odor of mouse-traps and black-beetles." The main impression which the author conveys is not, however, one of humorous portrayal; she emphasizes, rather, her sober interest in the land which she has come to study, and gets, on the whole, little fun out of the discomforts of travel. Not much is told us of the temples and tombs; politics are wholly ignored; the work of the missionaries—who were everywhere her hosts— is referred to with respect rather than with active sympathy.

The reader accustomed to works on China gets a fresh sense of the old order changing, even there where he finds that stock-in-trade of former travellers, the Examination Hall, described as a ruin, and the institution a thing of the past. But the new order does not impress the author as very firmly established:

> Side by side with the ruined cells stands the new government school, built of wood and plaster—new, showy, and unsubstantial. The thin wooden frames to doors and windows are painted a brilliant royal blue, the slender walls are of dazzling white, the buildings—chiefly one-story high and built round courts—look as fragile as bathing sheds. One asked one's self—how long would they last? And one thought of old China, rigid and unchanging through the centuries, and new China, starting like a growth of mushrooms in the night, breaking out in patches in unexpected places.

Upon returning from a summer spent in Japan, the author ventured alone by rail from Tientsin to Tai yuen, the capital of Shansi. Here is a Provincial "university" erected with money which Protestant missionaries refused to accept as indemnity for the Boxer massacres, besides schools and colleges of sorts. More than four thousand students are trained in the new learning in this city alone. Female education, though bravely started here, is not yet on the same plane with that imparted to boys, instruction in foreign languages being especially hard to obtain, owing to the lack of qualified teachers. It was, perhaps, for this reason that Miss Roe was allowed to take a class for a few weeks in her friend's school, after which experience she has this to say of her pupils:

> There is a great charm about these Chinese girls with their dainty, courteous ways and dark eyes which light up merrily at the least encouragement. But everything in China has its surprises, and the gentle

little school-girls are no exception to the rule. My hostess once planned to give them a treat on her birthday. They were to choose what it was to be. Picture to yourself those dainty little maidens had but one wish—they wanted to go to the execution ground to see the beheading!

On the whole, though we are not brought into very intimate contact with the people, we leave these pages with an agreeable impression of the Chinese, not only as a shrewd and mightily laborious folk, but as an alert and kindly folk, lacking but one quality to make them great, and that quality is moral character.

Notes

The index of the *Nation*, July 1 to December 31, will be printed with the issue of January 5.

Richard G. Badger is to publish at once "The Individual and Society," by James Mark Baldwin. At the present moment Professor Baldwin is in Mexico, delivering the opening series of lectures at the New National University of Mexico.

"The Burial of Olympia," the subject to which the *Geographical Journal* for December gives the largest space, is a study of the present conditions of the city famous for its worship of athletics, by Ellsworth Huntington. With the Yale Expedition he visited it in September, 1909, and after careful observation of the ruins and the neighboring region came to the conclusion that its burial, synonymous as it were with the decay of Greece, was due to pulsatory climatic changes such as he had discovered in central Asia, and to malaria. The absolute correctness of this theory was questioned by a number of eminent scientists in the animated and lengthy discussion of the paper when read before the Royal Geographical Society, and much light was thrown upon this interesting problem. P. A. Talbot describes an extraordinary tribe, the Ekoi of southern Nigeria, among whom he, as member of the government service, was the first white man to live. He describes them as among the happiest people on earth, one reason for which is possibly the charming superstition which "forbids all quarrelling in a house where there are little children. The latter, so they say, love sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices, and if these are not to be found in the family into which they have reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth, till a chance offers to return again amid less quarrelsome surroundings."

Perhaps the recent discovery of the North Pole explains the convenient reprint of Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" (Frowde), though without any such particular occasion their inclusion in the "World's Classics" would scarcely be disputed. There is in the account of this voyage of half a century ago an angle of human interest and picturesqueness which contrasts pleasantly with the stricter science expected in authentic records today. Lord Dufferin possessed something of the capacity for observation of that earlier traveller, Sir Walter Raleigh, and more than his restraint, and gave out to the world a vast amount of impressions concerning the countries where his little schooner yacht touched, especially Iceland. The introduction to the present volume by R. W. Macon, master of University College, Oxford, is the frankest eulogy, yet interesting, too.

The Third Volume of H. O. Sommer's "Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances" (Carnegie Institution) contains part i of the famous Old French prose-romance, "Lancelot del Lac." This is the third member of the so-called Walter Map, or Vulgate, cycle of the Arthurian romances —the cycle which Dr. Sommer is engaged in publishing—and it is much the longest, being equal in bulk (approximately) to all the rest put together. The editor intends issuing this romance in three parts (including the "Agravain"), and the whole will not fall far short of being double the length of "David Copperfield." To be sure, it is hardly the work of a single hand. As was explained in our notice (May 26, 1910) of the first two volumes of this publication, Dr. Sommer's edition is merely a printed transcript of the British Museum MS. Additional 10292-4, with occasional collations from other MSS. In the present volume these collations are much more meagre than in the previous volumes. Nevertheless, this third volume is of very superior interest to the first and second—containing respectively the "Estoire del Saint Graal" and the "Merlin"—for no text of the "Lancelot" has been printed since the sixteenth century, which was not true of the two romances just mentioned. Only time will show whether the MS. used by Dr. Sommer is one of the better MSS. of this work. It is a reasonable conjecture, however, that the large collection of MSS. of the prose romances in the libraries at Paris—much the largest in the world—will be found to contain the best text of the "Lancelot" as well as of the other branches of the cycle. In the case of the "Lancelot" it is known that the MSS. show very material variations.

As regards the intrinsic interest of the present romance, one must confess that, despite the unparalleled reputation which it enjoyed in the Middle Ages, it is not easy reading for the twentieth century man—much less easy than the admirable modernization by Paulin Paris, which has rendered the main outlines of the story familiar to students of mediæval literature for the past thirty years or more. The endless fighting and the absurd extravagances of the *amour courtois*, which constitute so large a part of the book, weary the modern reader. After making these deductions, however, we still have in this romance an interesting reflection of feudal society in war and in peace. The narrative of the wars of Claudas leaves one with a vivid impression of feudal strife—its confusion and its violent contrasts of treachery and loyalty—and it would be hard to point to more charmingly tender pictures of childhood than we have here in the early histories of Lancelot and Lionel. On the other hand, the account of Lancelot's love-affair with Guinevere is stiff and artificial with the artifice of the "Courts of Love." But for the author of the "Mort Artu," who breathed into the two lovers something of the passion of their great originals—Tristan and Iseult—it is safe to say that their story would not be still a living one, as it is, in the modern world. The Middle Ages, however, were not conscious of the above-mentioned defects, and the scene—contained in this volume—in which Lancelot first kisses Guinevere has been rendered forever memorable by the greatest poet of the period in the incomparable episode of Paolo and Francesca.

A country with a most unique political status is Sarawak, situated in the northwestern portion of Borneo. Although it is nominally an independent state, governed by its Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, as an absolute monarchy, with an administrative council, it is at the same time under British protection. S. Baring-Gould and C. A. Bampfylde, late resident of Sarawak, have recently produced as collaborators a readable volume entitled "A History of Sarawak under its Two White Rajahs" (London: Henry Sotheran & Co.). The story reads like a fairy tale. Sir James Brooke, the first rajah, was born at Benares, in India, in April, 1803, and was the son of an Englishman in the employ of the East India Company's Civil Service. While he was on a yachting tour in Malaya, Brooke visited Sarawak, and later aided its weak native governor in suppressing an insurrection; in return he was made Rajah and Governor of Sarawak, a feudatory province of Brunei. Rajah Brooke gained the good will of the natives, steadily strengthened his position, brought about various territorial accessions, and succeeded in forcing the Sultan of Brunei to bequeath to him the governorship of Sarawak in perpetual right. He immediately set himself to the task of putting the government of his state on a sound footing, of reorganizing the revenue system, suppressing piracy and head-hunting, and bringing about peace and freedom from oppression. In his policy and actions Sir James Brooke was guided by no personal ambition, the great desire of his heart having been the amelioration of the lot of the oppressed natives whom he came to love. His services as Rajah, instead of enriching, left their author "broken by illness and weariness of heart, with threatening poverty." He died in 1868, after twenty-seven years as ruler, leaving behind him "one of the noblest records of a life devoted to the cause of humanity." The present Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, is a nephew of the first Rajah, and has administered the state since the death of his uncle, nearly half a century ago. The guiding principle of his policy has been sympathy between the ruled and the rulers, with the result that the wheels of government run with a singular smoothness. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, who was sent out from the United States by the University of Chicago to study British and other tropical colonies, published in 1905 his preliminary report, wherein, after commenting severely on the methods adopted in the Philippines by the United States, he turned to Sawarak as offering a sharp contrast. He declared that in no other country which he had ever visited were there to be observed "so many signs of a wise and generous rule, such abundant indications of good government, as are to be seen on every hand in Sarawak."

Walter G. Shotwell's "Life of Charles Sumner" (Crowell), though compressed by means of thin paper into a manageable volume, is in reality of considerable compass,

extending as it does to more than three hundred and twenty thousand words. For readers who wish an abundance of personal details, old-fashioned summaries of writings and speeches, and a general tone of unquestioning approval, the book should prove eminently acceptable. The narrative shows intelligent use of Pierce's "Memoir," and acquaintance, often intimate, with the Massachusetts politics of the time. Unfortunately, however, for the historian, Mr. Shotwell's point of view is so exclusively that of Sumner that the critical value of the work is slight. Only once or twice does he seek to defend Sumner against imputation or animadversion, and then only at quite unimportant points, while of "apparatus" there is none, not even a footnote. There is no indication that the author, any more than the man whose life he writes, understands the real nature of negro slavery, or the causes of secession, or the profound political issues involved in reconstruction. It is, indeed, curious that, a generation after Sumner's death, it should be thought worth while to offer the public a biography which, however meritorious as a piece of orderly narration, is historically no more enlightened than Sumner himself might have written had he framed his own Apologia.

"Italian Fantasies" (Macmillan), by Israel Zangwill, is a highly colored book written largely in neo-Carlylese. The author is for the full emotional flavor, and quite frankly scorns those writers who deal in tinctures. He summons up what he loves to call the "Magnificences," accosts them, buffets them when they need it. He is best, it seems to us, in rather simple description, as in the essay on the Gonzaga Palace at Mantua; he is most characteristic when he muses cosmically on life and death, anent the Naples Aquarium, or overhears the gossip of the carpenter's family concerning Jesus. Machiavelli, Lucrezia Borgia, Dante, St. Francis, are among the biographical topics. For your reviewer almost everything seems shockingly overwritten. But tastes differ, and Mr. Zangwill's style and favorite doctrine may be judged from an extract that represents him favorably:

> Only less arrogant [than seeking "impressions" of nations] is it to place one's soul in patronizing "Appreciation" before some great historic structure—a cathedral, a mosque, a palace, a library. These works of man so immensely transcend any man's works that he fits into them as ludicrously as a mouse. A cathedral that represents the genius and labors and sacrifices of generations towers so immensely out of all proportion to any individual that he can only recover a reasonable relation to it by fusing himself into the life and stature of the race. To be solely concerned with its impingement upon his own soul is an impertinence, to pass his life in contriving such impingements is to live by robbery, and to enjoy these secular products of human solidarity on the Paterian pretext that the only reality is the fleeting and isolated Ego, is peculiarly paradoxical.

Many readers will, with us, on the whole, approve the sentiment, while preferring rather to take the chances with the isolated ego of Pater than with Mr. Zangwill vociferously "fusing himself with the life and stature of the race." It is doubtful if an immoderate person can understand Italy. Getting excited about Italy is a different matter. It may be symptomatic that the single illustration in this volume, a good color print after Stefano da Zevio's Madonna of the Rose Garden, reproduces the least Italian picture ever painted by an Italian artist.

"The Favourites of Henry of Navarro" (Badger), by Lo Petit Homme Rouge, covers wide historical ground, gathers together a number of facts hitherto not accessible in one volume, gives the authorities upon both sides of disputed questions, and with admirable impartiality sums up the five women—Marguérite de Valois, Corisanda (Diane, Duchess of Gramont), Gabrielle D'Estrées, Henriette D'Entragues, and Marie de' Medici—most closely associated with Henry's life. At the same time he sketches briefly the almost numberless women with whom Henry had ephemeral *liaisons*, and crowds his pages with persons not familiar to the general reader. The author writes pleasantly enough, though his time-worn trick of taking the reader into his confidence with, "We will now return," or, "As we shall see further on," soon becomes irritating, but through the very scope of his effort to be at once accurate and comprehensive, his book falls between two stools. It is too sketchy for the serious student; the reader familiar with French history will find in it little that is new except a few unimportant facts concerning Henry's various mistresses, and those who do not know French history will be confused by the accumulation of facts, events, dates, and authorities, compressed into one volume, and made less clear by the author's failure to arrange them in logical sequence. He also fails to make his men and women live for us, except Henry himself, whom (alas for Ivry and the oriflamme of war!) we see very vividly—a gross, uncleanly creature. The book is illustrated with six portraits, is well indexed, and has carefully prepared footnotes, and an appendix containing the names of the women associated with Henry's life, the names of his natural children and their descendants, and two songs attributed to him.

Dr. Delos F. Wilcox, in "Great Cities in America" (Macmillan) considers the organization of government in Washington, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Boston. Charter change is now going on so rapidly in this country that any fresh collection of data is valuable, but it is one thing to gather facts, and another thing to interpret their significance. Dr. Wilcox tells about "the political pirates in control of the city administration" of Philadelphia, and in his summary of conditions in great cities he observes that "everywhere are proofs of extravagance, waste, and downright thievery." If one asks why, the answer that Dr. Wilcox's work seems to give is that there is a peculiar depravity of human nature in American cities. He intimates that this is to be attributed to immigration, remarking that "the presence of the children of so many nations in one community offers the greatest obstacle to the municipal salvation of the great cities of this country." But is there a marked influx of immigrants from any country lacking decent municipal institutions, and is there a great city in the world that does not have a mixed population? Sounder analysis might discover that the American defect is rather in the character of the institutions than in the character of the people living under them.

"The Humane Movement," by Roswell C. McCrea (The Columbia University Press), is a descriptive survey of the work and methods of humane societies. The matter includes programmes of lectures, a directory of names of officers of societies, names of special policemen employed, sample educational leaflets, etc. The bibliography is also strikingly comprehensive, ranging from children's books of animal stories to such weighty treatises as Hobhouse's "Mind in Evolution" and Wassman's "Comparative Studies in the Psychology of Ants and Higher Animals." In the chapter on antivivisection a quotation is made from a prize essay to the effect that it does not matter how vivisection may be restricted or what scientific gains may accrue, the taking of life is a sin and should be condemned as such. "It would be better indeed to die of lockjaw, diphtheria, tuberculosis, cancer, scrofula, or all combined, than to be responsible for such offence." Under the head of "bird protection," statistics are cited to the effect that 200,000,000 bird lives are sacrificed annually to supply the demands of fashion, but it does not appear that this inspires such a degree of indignation as in the case of a small sacrifice of life for the advancement of medical science. The gist of State laws for the protection of children and of animals is given in a tabulated synopsis difficult to follow and really not economical of space. Within the 110 pages thus occupied on a system resulting in numerous blank compartments, it would have been feasible to have given a codified statement of the laws themselves.

"How to Judge a Book" (Houghton), by Edwin L. Shuman, is described with sufficient accuracy by its sub-title, "a handy method of criticism for the general reader." Mr. Shuman believes that it differs from other volumes of similar purpose by respecting "the right of every individual to shape his reading primarily by his own tastes, rather than by the dictates of any other man's taste, however enlightened." "He believes, furthermore, that the general reader is primarily interested in contemporary fiction. Accordingly, a large part of his book is occupied with an analysis and valuation of the constituent elements of fiction, with numerous applications to contemporary writers. Except for his recommendation to begin with one's interests and work upward to the masterpieces, instead of beginning with the masterpieces and working downward to one's interests, he proposes nothing especially novel or debatable.

Like a voice from the thirteenth century is Comte de Colleville's "Un Crime du Second Empire: le Guet-Apens de Castelfidardo" (Paris: F. Juven). In it the aged Legitimist relates with mediæval fervor the formation and ignominious snuffing out of the Papal army, which the fanatic Mérode organized in 1860 and the boastful turncoat Lamoricière led to defeat at Castelfidardo and Ancona. Colleville's thesis is that the Papalists were betrayed by Napoleon III into believing that he would not allow the Italians to attack their nondescript army. The count, who is an immovable Ultramontane, brings no new proof to support his insinuation; but perhaps his

own display of pious zeal is the best historical contribution in his book. He and a few of his friends evidently took seriously Lamoricière's declaration that they were crusaders defending the Pope against new Islamites, to wit, the people of Italy.

The merit of W. Cunningham's "Christianity and Social Questions" (Scribner) is a clear understanding of the nature of the Christian religion, and a firm belief that Christian organizations for social betterment must hold to Christian principles and methods. Dr. Cunningham's chapters on "Mundane Theocracies" and "Non-Christian Methods of Reform" are specially to the point. He insists that the task of the church is a spiritual one, and can be accomplished only by spiritual strength and through spiritual means. His presentation of the case against what is termed Christian Socialism is a strong one. At all points his reasoning is cogent, and he possesses abundant mastery of facts, as might be expected from his earlier volumes on "Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects" and "Growth of English Industry and Commerce." The present volume he defines as "an attempt to set forth, from a Christian standpoint, the relative importance of all the forces which make for human welfare, or militate against it."

In his medley of reminiscences of his pastorate of the American Church at Berlin from 1894 to 1908, Dr. J. F. Dickie presents a curious example of ex-cathedra optimism running riot in literature. Nearly everything is lovely in Berlin, and nearly everybody with whom the author comes in contact is perfect; hence "In the Kaiser's Capital" (Dodd) ought to satisfy his Imperial Majesty, to whom the volume is by permission dedicated. We are gravely told that "there is nothing he (the Emperor) touches that he does not adorn" (witness a six-page sermon at sea quoted in full); "whoever has looked at close range into that eye never ceases to admire and marvel"; the Empress is "that noblest of all women"; and even for the Jew-baiter, Stoecker, Dr. Dickie has a kind word after his funeral: "it was universally acknowledged that a great man had gone home to God." And so we need not be surprised that even certain sinister aspects of the Thiergarten lose all sombreness in the eyes of the genial doctor. "When one has grown weary of the weight of life and wishes to throw it back to God who gave it, out to the Thiergarten he goes and shoots himself there. It is red with the blood-spots of many a suicide, and yet kind Nature washes out the stains . . . The gladsome faces of the riders as they gallop past you in groups effectually vanish (sic) every dreary thought, and the Thiergarten has only pleasant associations." Perhaps the severest censure of which the author's kind heart is capable is reserved for a deplorable feminine weakness which crops out in connection with the Berlin registration office. "I have known," Dr. Dickie remarks sadly, "matrons of seventy or unmarried ladies of a similar age to give themselves out as forty-five or, at most, fifty." The book contains a number of anecdotes of distinguished men—the bright sayings recorded, including the author's own, always come "quick as a flash"—but the authenticity of at least one of them is open to question:

At a little dinner where the Emperor was present Harnack was placed between two young American ladies. They were sisters, and I heard him tell this story: "Once before I was placed between two sisters. Their name was Hagen. I noticed that the name of the one was A. Hagen, and the name of the other was C. Hagen. My host came up to me afterwards and said that he hoped that the young ladies and I had had a good time together. I answered in one of the few *bon mots* I have made in my life—'between A. Hagen and C. Hagen I found B. Hagen (*Behagen, i. e.*, comfort and pleasure).'"

This story has often and often been told. It refers to the Hagen sisters, charming actresses who flourished more than half a century ago. The *bon mot* is generally credited to the Vienna actor and wit, Friedrich Beckmann.

Robert Lynd's "Home Life in Ireland" (McClurg) does not pretend to be scientific; it is a series of desultory and pleasantly written essays on the Irish people, their characteristics, and their lives. The author is an Ulster man, so that he is more interested in the industrial than the agricultural problems of his country, but he is an ardent Home Ruler, and an admirer of the Sinn Féin movement, to which he devotes a chapter. The Sinn Féin policy is to unite all Irishmen, whether Unionists or Nationalists, for Irish ends. They are invited by the Sinn Féin, as Dean Swift invited them in the eighteenth century, to boycott English goods. "Burn everything that comes from England," said Swift, "except the coals and the people." The strength of Sinn Féin seems to lie in having a non-political as well as a political side, though one cannot imagine that a Sinn Féin enthusiast would long remain a Unionist. Mr. Lynd thinks that the Sinn Féin school of Nationalism is the one with which the future will have to reckon. He admires the work of the Gaelic League, and believes that the revival of that language is essential for Ireland's regeneration. The book is attractively got up and well illustrated from photographs of scenes of Irish peasant life.

The annual statement of the *Deutsche Zentralstelle für Internationalen Briefwechsel*, the object of which is to promote a regular interchange of letters between the pupils of the German and those of the French, British, and American schools, announces that it has during the past year received for distribution from German students 3,139 registrations, 2,012 of which were in English, and 1,127 in French, making a total since the foundation of the bureau in 1897 of 31,392. A marked increase in the number of English letters is noted. There is bitter complaint that the number of French schoolgirls who are studying German is hopelessly inadequate to the task of coping with the epistolary ardor of the French-learning *mädchen*; they, as well as the French-speaking Swiss and Belgians, are all too busy learning English. It has been difficult, too, to find enough students in Great Britain who are willing to write German letters. In fact, the whole enterprise would have fared badly, if it had not been for the extraordinarily lively interest in the German language among the high schools of North America. German students have been fairly put to their trumps to muster a sufficient number of English replies. The bureau complains that it finds it hard to decipher German script when written by an American hand, and that the ambiguity of American baptismal names makes it difficult to tell the girls from the boys, a matter of some importance in an enterprise of this kind. A number of letters from teachers and students point out the merits of the scheme. A pupil, by sending his name through his teacher to *Die Deutsche Zentralstelle für Internationalen Briefwechsel*, Fechnerstrasse 6, Leipzig, may obtain the "Rules" for a two-cent stamp. Membership costs six cents (international money order), and for an adult, fifteen cents. Those desiring French correspondence should address *Review of Reviews*, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W. C.

Adams Sherman Hill, professor of rhetoric and oratory in Harvard from 1876 to 1904, and since then emeritus professor, died at his home in Boston, December 26. Dr. Hill was born in Boston in 1833, and graduated at Harvard in 1853, receiving a degree from the law school two years later. For thirteen years he acted as law reporter, correspondent, and editor in Washington, New York, and Chicago, and was then called to Harvard. His books are: "Principles of Rhetoric" (1878), "Our English" (1889), "Foundations of Rhetoric" (1892), and "Beginning of Rhetoric and Composition" (1903).

Science

Edison, His Life and Inventions. By F. L. Dyer and T. C. Martin. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.

The authors announce this biography as the authentic and authorized life of Mr. Edison, and, being intimate associates of the inventor, they have had his constant assistance during its preparation. Few men have been subjected to more searching and contrary criticism; on the one hand, he is hailed as a wizard before whose spell the doors of the temple of nature open wide to disclose the mysteries of the universe; on the other hand, he is sneered at as a charlatan, who has gathered about him able and unsophisticated young men and then appropriated their achievements. He is, of course, neither the one nor the other; many failures record the difficulty of dominating natural forces, and for his successes he has always provided the ideas which have been put into practicable shape by himself and his associates.

There are two types of the inventor. The first is the man who guards jealously his ideas and works them out in isolation; the results of such a method may be of the highest importance, but they must depend less on the complexity of detail than on the novelty of the idea; the other type, of which Edison is certainly our most distinguished example, takes the scientific and philosophic ideas of the time and develops them on a large scale for practical and commercial use. A glance at Edison's most important achievements shows them to be almost exclusively of this latter charac-

ter. The scientific principles of the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light and dynamo, the separation of iron ore by magnets, the manufacture of cement, and the many other problems which have engaged his attention had been discovered and described by others, but they all lacked the touch which has adapted them to a large and practical use. It is evident that no man can carry out such complex undertakings unaided; he can only direct the computations and experiments to be made by a corps of assistants, reserving for himself critical and decisive manipulations. Such a method of work will always arouse criticism; in literature Dumas used the same plan, but it is significant that when the master mind was removed the Dumas novel ceased, and the same will be true when Edison releases his guiding hand.

It is quite safe to say that no man has modified so profoundly the material civilization of his age as Edison. He has with an unerring instinct been able to see the practical possibilities which lie in scientific discoveries. He is a great reader and, with the aid of a retentive memory, he coördinates to his purpose many apparently unrelated laws and facts of science. Added to these advantages, he has a patience and industry which are truly astonishing. Nothing is more extraordinary than the power of continuous application, without rest and sleep, which he has enjoyed and practised, together with the curious influence of personality that can excite others to sustained effort beyond their natural inclination.

But this book does not owe its principal interest to a description of invention and mechanical developments. The subject of the biography has an individuality so strong and so unusual that we follow his career with the keenest attention. From the time of his early boyhood, when he started a chemical laboratory in the baggage car of the train on which he sold papers, through his struggles and wanderings as a telegraph operator, and during his later experiences as an inventor and master of great industries, his whole life is a record of a unique personality. Life presents itself to such a man in an aspect quite out of the ordinary, and its story gives us the same kind of pleasure as the drama or novel.

"The Gait of the American Trotter and Pacer" (Jenkins), by Rudolf Jordan, jr., is a painstaking, serious study. The object of the book is to ascertain just what a horse does with his legs when he is moving. That, at any rate, is the scientific purpose. The practical purpose is to inquire into the sorts of shoeing best suited to different gaits; that is, admitting that the varieties of conformation and action in horses are infinite and that each horse is a law unto itself, the author seeks for certain underlying principles of motion and shoeing which are applicable to all horses. He proposes a method for studying the tracks of horses, which is to drive a horse over a cultivated field provided with proper measurements, the details of which are too complicated to explain in a mere word. The book is often rather vaguely expressed. Much is said, for instance, of "pointing," by which is meant, we suppose, the direction of the feet with relation to the direction of the horses. But there is no definition. We are, however, not disposed to find fault with so earnest and conscientious an inquiry; it is addressed chiefly to horsemen.

Prof. R. P. Williams has had very extensive experience in teaching chemistry. It is to be doubted, however, if all the claims made by him in the preface of his "Essentials of Chemistry, Experimental, Descriptive, Theoretical" (Ginn) are substantiated. Undoubtedly, he has accumulated a large amount of material, but teachers of chemistry in these days have found it wise to omit much that has been given in the past. Pedagogic methods do not now call for the inclusion of out-of-date methods in a modern text, just as we now no longer speak of electrical phenomena in terms current in the days of Faraday and Davy. Except for the half-dozen pictures of famous chemists, the illustrations in the book are of little or no use and often mean nothing. It is to be regretted that the author has perpetuated the erroneous statement that Drummond invented the limelight (p. 60). The student is also likely to get a thoroughly wrong impression from the definition of a base given on page 138, where it is stated that a base turns red litmus blue. He might conclude that anything which turns red litmus blue must be a base, whereas it is well known that several normal salts produce this change in color. On page 187 it is noted that nearly one million tons of sulphuric acid are made in the United States each year. These figures are about ten years old. The book is backward, too, in having no mention in the index of radium and radioactive phenomena.

Capt. George Ernest Shelley, the distinguished ornithologist, nephew of the poet, died recently at Bournemouth. His publications are "Birds of Egypt" (1872), "Monograph of the Nectarinidæ" (1880), and "Birds of Africa" (1896).

Drama

"William Rowley, His 'All's Lost by Lust,' and 'A Shoemaker, a Gentleman,' with an Introduction on Rowley's Place in the Drama," by Charles Wharton Stork (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania), grapples with one of the most difficult problems of the Elizabethan drama. With only four extant plays wherein Rowley's name stands alone on the title-page, to furnish a standard of his characteristics, and with the knowledge that he had a hand in a great many other plays, one might well be discouraged from this Psyche-like task of sorting out his work. Yet, if Dr. Stork has misgivings, he never betrays them, and, once started, does not look back. The results of his study are scarcely convincing. His method may be observed from the following passage. Speaking of "A Fair Quarrel," which early records stamp as the joint work of Middleton and Rowley, he states confidently:

My analysis of the play agrees, scene for scene, with that of Miss Wiggin, who gives Middleton the main plot, excepting I and III, 2, and Rowley the minor plot. Rowley's rapidity of dramatic movement made him the more suitable of the two to write the opening scene. Act III, scene 2, I give to Rowley, because of the primitive womanliness of Anne, who is most gentle and winsome, qualities quite foreign to Middleton's heroines, etc.

Any one who has happened to make a study of this problem will no doubt examine Dr. Stork's statistics of his impressions with considerable interest. More than that, by the very nature of the case, they do not deserve to be called. Included in the volume is the text of the two plays mentioned in the title, the first play having been recently reprinted for the Belles-Lettres series; the second is based upon the only known edition of 1638. Both plays are accompanied by brief textual notes.

It is a relief to find that of the recent works of Germany's much-discussed actor-author, Frank Wedekind, at least one, "Der Stein der Weisen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is not sex-ridden, as his writing is wont to be. It is a one-act play in verse, called an incantation, and is introduced Shaw-fashion by a bit of personal history. For the author tells us that it owes its inception to a controversy with the *Berliner Tageblatt* which had employed an offensive phrase in rejecting some of his work. Accused of self-adoration Wedekind was reminded of the words of Ibsen, and resolved to sit in judgment upon himself. The result was Basilius Valentinus, a necromancer, in which he attempts to reflect his own personality with a few touches reminiscent of Faust. There is also a *famulus*, Leonhard, who reminds one of Wagner, besides another itinerant scholar named von Blutenburg. The little play contains more original ideas than the prose plays of the author. The figure of Porphyrius, the monk, who has come to deliver the papal ban, is, of course, a caricature; but Guendolin, the fool, who stands for humor, is a delightful impersonation. Basil is wont to call him whenever beset with annoyances that sap his strength; but even the fool, like the *famulus*, rebels against the cruel task-master. Although Basil parts with the philosopher's stone to bribe him, Guendolin wounds the master with his own bow and arrow and leaves him, taking the stone as a cap ornament. At Basil's death, Porphyrius, who has been his prisoner, makes escape. When Leonhard reappears and finds himself released from bondage, he sets out to enjoy his freedom by taking unto himself a wife and rearing children—a genuine bit of Wedekind irony.

A still later play of Wedekind's returns to his favorite theme. "In allen Wassern gewaschen" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a one-act tragedy presenting an extraordinary phase of that trade which has been the subject of recent investigation in this country. There is a variety of cleverly drawn characters, among them the agent Salzmann. The woman in the case is of unusual intelligence, but hopelessly infatuated with a bankrupt sovereign, whose throne she hopes to save. The American nabob who figures in the transaction has, however, nothing American about him, unless his monstrous name, Chagnaral Tschamper from Atakama, is meant to suggest the ra-

cial conglomerate of America's population. In repulsiveness the work surpasses anything so far achieved by the radical wing of Young Germany. In comparison Wedekind's earlier works are Puritan in spirit and speech. He may have had an ethical motive in writing it, just as he had in his tragedy of adolescence, "Frühlings Erwachen" ("Spring's Awakening"), which is available in a poor English translation. When Brandes called Wedekind the Mephisto among the writers of his generation, he certainly came nearer summarizing in one word the salient traits of Wedekind's individuality than did the French critic who regards him as a moralist. For there is probably no other writer in Germany to-day who takes such a diabolical delight in obscuring his ethical motives by a more than brutal frankness and an insistent undernote of cynicism.

Music

HUMPERDINCK'S NEW OPERA.

For the second time within a few weeks, the Metropolitan Opera House has had the honor of establishing the traditions for a new European opera. Time was when such traditions were not regarded as worth having, a conspicuous instance being that of Wagner rehearsing his "Tannhäuser" in Paris, raising the dust on the stage in stamping the correct time, to which the conductor paid no attention whatever. We have changed all that. Just as Giacomo Puccini came all the way from Italy to make sure that the music of "The Girl of the Golden West" was taken in exact accordance with his intentions, so Engelbert Humperdinck has been here from Germany a month, advising Alfred Hertz and the singers in regard to details of the execution of his "Königskinder." He will do the same thing in Berlin and some of the other German cities in which the novelty is to be produced forthwith; but nowhere else will he find artists so able to give points, as well as take them, as here, where his cast includes Geraldine Farrar, Louise Homer, Hermann Jadlowker, Otto Goritz, and Albert Reiss, all of whom, at the dress rehearsal, on which this report is based, showed their best powers.

Though new as an opera, "Königskinder" is not altogether a novelty. After the extraordinary success (1893) of his fairy opera—"Hänsel and Gretel"—a success comparable only to that of "Cavalleria Rusticana," or of "Pinafore"—it was taken for granted that Humperdinck would at once produce another opera. Instead of doing so, he began to write incidental music to plays. One of these plays was "Königskinder," by "Ernst Rosmer," which is the assumed name of Frau Max Bernstein of Munich, whose father, Heinrich Porges, was Wagner's Boswell, and one of his principal aids at the production of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth (1882). He was called there the "Blumenvater" because he was responsible for the good musical behavior of the flower girls in the second act of that work. Humperdinck was another important helper at that festival, and by an odd coincidence he, also, had assisted in training the flower girls, having been sent to them separately by Wagner in the cities where they lived, to convey his directions before they went to Bayreuth. These details help to explain why not only the music of "Königskinder," but the play also has an unmistakable Wagnerian flavor. This was already noticeable when this work was produced as a melodrama, with incidental music, and it is emphasized in the opera, in which the composer has expanded these incidental numbers and added to them much new matter.

Humperdinck followed a correct instinct in converting this melodrama into an opera. When spoken words and music go together, the music obscures the words and the words jar on the musical sense. Schumann, Richard Strauss, Max Schillings, and other prominent composers have tried to wed music to plain words, but never with success. In the case of "Königskinder" the conversion of the play into an opera was distinctly called for, because the story really demands musical treatment. It is one of the best plays ever written by a woman, being not only well constructed, but remarkably clever as an imitation "Märchen." It is, indeed, so much like the typical fairy tale that one naturally looks over one's copy of Grimm —and then of Andersen—in the firm conviction that it must be in one of these books; but though there are tales of King's children and goosegirls in them, they are not like Ernst Rosmer's. Her goosegirl is an enchanted princess living in the pine forest with a sorceress, who vainly tries to teach her the arts of witchcraft. The girl exercises them, however, in her own way, over a prince who comes along. He tries to elope with her, but magic bonds prevent her from leaving. A Woodcutter, a Broommaker, and a Fiddler from the town of Hellabrun come to consult the witch as to the best way of getting a successor to their late king. She tells them to take for their sovereign the first person entering the town-gate at the stroke of twelve, and allows the goosegirl to go with the Fiddler. The next day, when the gates are opened, it is she, with her flock of geese, who appears, to the indignation of the townspeople, who drive her away, together with the Prince, who, disguised as a swineherd, had knelt before her and put his crown on her head. He now tries to find his kingdom again, but they go astray in the forest, dwell for a time in a cave, and finally, in a storm, having found the witch's abode and eaten some poisoned cake left by her, die and are buried under a shroud of snow before the townspeople and their children, having at last become enlightened, find them.

Humperdinck is totally unlike the other prominent opera composers of the day. To him melody and emotion are the main elements in an opera, as no one who has heard "Hänsel and Gretel" need be told. The new score is fashioned along the same lines, the vocal melody being simple—sometimes like a folktune—while the orchestral score is of Wagnerian texture and beauty. Unlike Strauss and Debussy, who make dissonance the rule and consonance the exception, he uses dissonance only when it is called for by a discord in the plot or dialogue. An essay might be written on the difference this makes in the effect of the music; for one thing, it restores the thrill of modulation, which has always been one of the most powerful engines of emotion, but which becomes inert if the key is changed in every bar. The preponderance of euphony over cacophony also affects the orchestral coloring, which, in "Königskinder," is often of ravishing beauty. That Humperdinck understands the art of building a climax is repeatedly attested; even in "Hänsel and Gretel" there is nothing more effective than the music which, when the gates open, hovers like a halo about the princely goosegirl. Of absolute musical invention there is perhaps less than in "Hänsel and Gretel"; but as compared with Puccini's latest score, "Königskinder" is a well of melody undefiled. It will help to perpetuate the name of the creator of a new kind of music drama, the fairy opera.

One of the most interesting features of the MacDowell Club Christmas festival, held at the Plaza on Monday evening of last week, was the singing of rare old English madrigals and carols by a choir of twenty-five solo voices from the MacDowell chorus, under the direction of Mr. Kurt Schindler. Mr. Schindler is a connoisseur in the field of musical research, and music-lovers will not soon forget the concert of old French madrigals given by him last winter. The sixteenth and seventeenth century English madrigals, which had their first production here last Monday, proved no less interesting than the French; most of them were collected by Mr. Schindler in England last summer from various sources. The MacDowell choir will also assist at the Philharmonic concerts of January 3 and 6, when all the pieces on the programme will be by French composers, and the soloist the eminent Parisian operatic tenor, Edmond Clément. The full choir includes one hundred and fifty picked singers, and it has, in the short time of its existence, come to occupy an important place in the musical life of this city, much like the St. Cecilia Club of Boston, which is now under the Boston Symphony management.

Josef Hofmann is quoted as saying that "an artist does not go to Berlin to be heard, but to be criticised."

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The organizer of a series of Sunday concerts in a Southern city sends us a set of five programmes, containing nothing but the most serious music by the great masters, including arias of sacred music. "I am sorry to say," he writes, "that the ministers, in their fear of an open Sunday, are trying to stop us. Think of it! A real, live string quartet playing the classics weekly in a city of 25,000 souls, and some of the best intelligence in the town trying to stop it!" There was similar opposition to Sunday concerts in New York two decades ago; now we have several every Sunday, and no minister has ever been able to report any harm resulting from them.

Louis Conterno, for nearly twenty-five years leader of the band of the Fourteenth Regiment, died December 22. He was the composer of several marches, including "The Owl," "American Valor," "Red Cloud," "Formation," and "The Coming Regiment."

Art

Worcester Porcelain: A description of the ware from the Wall period to the present day, illustrated by ninety-two collotypes and seventeen chromo-lithographs. By R. L. Hobson, B.A., author of the catalogues of, and guides to, the British pottery and porcelain in the British Museum. London: Bernard Quaritch.

This is far more than a sumptuous work for the library table; it is an invaluable monograph for collectors of one of the most interesting occidental porcelains. As a piece of plate making and printing it is a monument to the publisher's enterprise and good taste. The author says modestly that "it is chiefly on the illustrations that this book bases its claim to consideration," and these are, indeed, extraordinary. The resources of chromo-lithography have made it possible to portray in the actual colors and—a very different matter—to a considerable extent in the actual tone, a group of the finest procurable specimens of old Worcester, most of them from private collections. Viewed without reference to its reading matter, the volume makes a miniature museum of the porcelains produced in a single city from the beginning of the industry in 1751, down to to-day.

The accompanying letter press, however, is not perfunctory. Some chapters, indeed, might be criticised as being a little overweighted with citations from original documents and other details. But the narrative is very readable, as a whole, and it treats the history of an interesting artistic product as no Anglo-Saxon pottery has before been treated. To the earlier researches of R. A. Binns and J. E. Nightingale, and to the chemical investigations of Henry Eccles, the author, naturally, is indebted. His book, however, is not a mere compilation, for it records numerous discoveries and surmises of his own. Mr. Hobson properly emphasizes eighteenth-century Worcester. The products of the factory in the early part of the succeeding century underwent the deterioration which marked all the arts and which reached its worst degradation in the mid-Victorian period. The first porcelains sent out from Worcester had a Georgian elegance and fineness of proportions, and a certain trigness of technical finish, that were all their own. The glaze of that period, as Mr. Hobson observes, was always soft and glossy, and yet without the "fatness" that is common to most of the soft paste porcelains. It never "crazed," or split up into a network of fine cracks, a circumstance that probably gave it that fitness for general use to which the factory owed its survival.

The enthusiasm of John Wall, M.D., Oxford graduate, successful practitioner at Worcester, and painter of such talent that he might be called an amateur Gainsborough, originally led several of his wealthy fellow citizens who were anxious to bring a new manufactory to the city to decide in favor of porcelain making. One argument was that the introduction of high class artists and artisans would increase the Whig voting strength. Otherwise Worcester had no such natural claim to become a potting centre as had the Staffordshire towns. It is generally asserted that almost none of the materials for ceramics was at close hand. The river Severn, however, offered inexpensive transportation of the required clays, and Mr. Hobson's researches have definitely established the fact that the use as an ingredient of soapy rock from further down the river was not, as often stated, a later development, but that it began with the first firings. The introduction of this material was probably due to Dr. Wall himself, who may have learned it as a trade secret from somebody connected with an ill-fated porcelain enterprise at Bristol, regarding which some information has been unearthed.

From this beginning the Worcester soft paste porcelain industry soon became as well established and as characteristic an institution as the annual music meeting which has also survived to this time. It was, in fact, before the west county notables assembled for musical edification that the first public exhibition of the porcelain was made, on September 20, 1752. "What would the modern collector not give," asks Mr. Hobson, "for a true and faithful report of that exhibition, accurately describing the novelties offered and retailing the verdicts of the local connoisseurs?" Such a record, he cannot reproduce, though he exhibits a number of pieces known to belong to the first years of the factory, including at least one bowl which is believed to have been decorated by Dr. Wall himself.

The subsequent story of the factory at Worcester belongs to the history of the fictile arts in Great Britain. The works were sold in 1772. Dr. Wall died four years later. George the Third visited the shops in 1788, and showed his royal approval in a practical way. For a time, a competing enterprise was conducted in the same city, which the older industry eventually absorbed. Since 1862, a joint stock company has controlled the factory.

In covering the technical and artistic questions raised by a study of the output of an enterprise which has been obliged to be self-supporting, since the government has never subsidized it, Mr. Hobson shows his customary good judgment. He is not insular in matters of opinion. He is without illusions as to the artistic excellence of the ware when it is compared with the best porcelains of other countries. He knows what an exotic British porcelain is. The derivation of the Worcester patterns of various periods from Meissen, from Sèvres, from the Far East, is traced ingeniously and patiently, for Mr. Hobson finds that "the tracking of the Worcester designs and pursuing them to their ultimate source is a fascinating task for the collector who is something more than a dilettante. It is, besides, a sure way of enlarging one's horizon and of gaining that wider knowledge of porcelain in general without which the collector specialist is but a one-eyed creature." He likes best the Rococo period, "the brightest phase in the history of European porcelain. Careless, gay, and extravagant, it reflected perfectly the irresponsible spirit of the age of Boucher and Fragonard—an age of gallants and coquettes, of pretty costumes and picturesque poses." His work, however, of tracing the connections between Worcester and the other pottery centres in the decades after the reaction had taken place in "favor of the more sober pseudo-classic forms which were but ill-suited to the brightly glazed material," is equally thorough and painstaking.

Much attention is paid to the cribbing of Oriental patterns by the earlier Worcester artists, and their methods are interestingly compared with those followed since the more recent revival of the Japanese taste in European decorative art, beginning about 1868. "The Worcester decorators," Mr. Hobson writes, "adopted it with enthusiasm, but this third edition of Japanese patterns differed entirely from its predecessors. It was no longer a close imitation of the Japanese porcelain ornament which engaged their attention, but rather the utilization of designs of every kind, whether on ivory, metal, lacquer, or pottery." In comparing the present-day Worcester ware with that of the Wall period, Mr. Hobson, though conceding the remarkable manipulative skill of some of the artists now employed, maintains that "the modern porcelain is cold-

er and harder, and the general effect of the finished ware is less harmonious."

"A Painter's Progress" (Scribner), by Will H. Low, takes up the life artistic as experienced by the writer. Upon this leading thread are strung many ensamples from ancient and modern art, and there are sixteen illustrations. The six chapters were so many lectures delivered before the Art Institute of Chicago on the Scammon foundation. It is easy to see why they pleased. Mr. Low takes up certain vital problems of the artist with entire informality and with the warrant of one who knows. It is amusing to read that when for want of funds he was about to leave Paris, Carolus Durand could not be dissuaded from addressing his pupil's "municipality" for a subsidy. Needless to say, the petition never reached the city fathers of Albany. Mr. Low recalls that precisely such a subsidy given on the recommendation of a humble teacher by a poor village made possible the brilliant career of Paul Baudry. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on the education of the artist. Mr. Low believes in beginning with sculpture, and makes the novel suggestion of using modern sculpture for drawing classes, saving the antique as a reward for the proficient. On the more general issue he writes:

The study and production of the artist's profession, especially as understood in Europe, constitutes in itself a liberal education, and he is a dullard indeed who arrives at a respectable proficiency in art without having gleaned by the way a fairly good education.

We should be inclined to amend this statement by saying that life and society afford the artist more readily than they do most men an equivalent for formal schooling. The professional training of an artist no more implies culture than that of a dentist does. Mr. Low's account of his long service of the Leah of illustration is very interesting. It was in the end illustration, the drawings for Keats's "Lamia," that emancipated him. His advice to young artists is to hold their ideals intact, bide their time, and meanwhile do any work required for self-support. Here it is better to do something quite apart from your more personal ambitions. Our best bope for the future Mr. Low sees in the growing desire for civic art. He tells of a grimy miner who, standing before one of his own mural panels at Wilkes-Barre, remarked, "Well, I suppose that picture makes me a bit poorer, for it's paid for by the people of this county, but somehow I'm glad it's there." The present writer is glad that Mr. Low stood before artistic Chicago in confessional mood.

From Munich comes the report of the death of Ludwig von Löfftz, at the age of sixty-four. He was a pupil of Diez, and professor at the Munich Academy of Art.

The antiquary, Albert Hartshorne, has died at Worthing in his seventy-second year. He wrote on monumental effigies and other kindred subjects, among his books being "The Recumbent Monumental Effigies in Northamptonshire," "Old English Glasses," and "The Sword Belts of the Middle Ages."

The death is announced, in his fifty-sixth year, of Pierre Lagarde, the artistic director of the Paris Opéra. He had exhibited many times at the Salon.

Jean Robie, a member of the Belgium Academy, has died at the age of eighty-nine. He obtained a medal at the Paris Salon in 1851.

Finance

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

The closing week of the year is traditionally a period for retrospect and introspection; for "taking of stock" in the largest sense of the term; sometimes for regrets concerning the past and good resolutions concerning the future; always for cool and deliberate survey of the events which have marked the twelvemonth past. In a year so crowded as 1910 has been with surprises, anomalies, perplexities, and disappointments, it is natural that the reckoning should be cast with more than the usual care, and of this we shall undoubtedly see abundant evidence in the financial outgivings of the next few days.

Whether the last week of such a year is a period when Wall Street's forecast of the financial future can be trusted for its prophetic insight is perhaps a different question. In the closing week of 1905, prices advanced with seeming enthusiasm, in the face of very severe stringency in the money market, which, as the sequel proved, was a far more correct barometer of the coming year's disturbed conditions than was the Stock Exchange.

The closing week of 1902 was similarly marked by a vigorous rise on the Stock Exchange; but call money went at 9 per cent., time loans pressed close at the maximum legal rate, and the New York banks reported loans $10,000,000 in excess of net deposits, whereas even at the close of the feverishly active financial year 1901, deposits had shown a $43,000,000 excess. It was the money market again whose prophecy turned out correct; the year 1903 was a period of heavy liquidation, forced by the bank position. On the other hand, no one in Wall Street can have forgotten the atmosphere of financial gloom and pessimism which prevailed in the closing days of 1903 and 1907. In each of those two instances the mood of Wall Street, as we can judge it nowadays, reflected what had happened, not what was about to happen. For 1904 and 1908 were years of surprisingly substantial recovery.

The last week of 1909 is not so far away as to make it possible to forget the singular incorrectness with which the Wall Street community looked forward to the immediate future. Talk on the Stock Exchange had to do with the coming "January rise" and the resumption, after the easing-off of the money strain, of the boom in stocks which had been carried through the autumn. How promptly, how completely, and with what disconcerting effect on financial plans and expectations, the violent financial reaction of 1910 began with the first month of the year, is now a part of history.

What was the matter? This question has been asked often enough in the course of 1910; it will be reëxamined by many thoughtful people, during the next few days. Most serious men who reflect upon it will arrive at three conclusions: First, the panic of 1907, here and abroad, was an economic event which meant more than our great financiers were willing to admit. Second, the excessively rapid recovery of 1908, with its "Sunshine movement" and its resumption of widespread speculation for the rise in every market, meant very much less than was asserted at the time Third, the great law of supply and demand has continued in operation upon every market and with all its usual consequences—among them, the consequence that the increasing of supply when demand is already insufficient, and the making good, through use of extended credit, of deficiencies in real demand, are sure eventually to cause reaction more violent because of its artificial postponement.

But all this is no new discovery. Precisely the same things were said, immediately after the panics of 1857 and 1873 and 1893, about the unreality and needlessness of those panics. Precisely the same early and premature attempt to resume the previous booming was witnessed in 1859 and in 1874 and in 1895. And precisely the same secondary reaction overtook all the markets before they had really begun to build on stable ground for the great achievements of the future.

But if this has been so regular a sequel to first-class financial panics, it will certainly be asked by some one, How did it happen that our great financial leaders and our conspicuous captains of industry were so completely deceived when exactly the same combination of circumstances arose again after 1907? The problem is really curious—perhaps it is more psychological than

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financial. Some people who have reflected on the matter might reply that our financiers are opportunists, and pursue the practice of making the most of the visible tendencies of the hour. Others might possibly suggest that if large financiers have great blocks of securities of their own which they are holding on borrowed money, and which they must sell to the investing public, they must strenuously combat the impression that anything in the general situation will encourage postponement of such investment buying.

Still others would probably account for the attitude of the leaders by their innate hopefulness, by their knowledge of the unpopularity of pessimism, even when warranted by the facts, and by their somewhat habitual belief that booming things artificially is the preliminary to a genuine boom. Mr. Harriman's exploits in the markets of 1908 were applauded, even by Europe, on the ground that they had averted the natural consequences of 1907. But after all, considered in longer retrospect, did they avert such consequences? Perhaps the comment of to-day would be, that employment of concentrated credit may make the financial stream run up-hill for a season, but will always find it more or less difficult to keep it at the top.

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Bardeen, C. W. A Little Fifer's War Diary. Syracuse: The Author.

Bennett C, E. Syntax of Early Latin. Vol. I, The Verb. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.

Bjerknes, V., and others. Dynamic Meteorology and Hydrography. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Bosworth, Mrs. F. The Monteiths. Knickerbocker Press.

Bruce, C. The Broad Stone of Empire. 2 vols. Macmillan. $9 net.

Carver, W. O. Missions and Modern Thought. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Clark, A. H. The Clipper Ship Era. Putnam. $2 net.

Constitutional Year Book for 1910. London: National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations.

Cunningham, A. British Credit in the Last Napoleonic War. (Girton College Studies No. 2.) Putnam.

Goldman, E. Anarchism and Other Essays. Mother Earth Pub. Assn. $1 net.

Kinglake's Eothen. Introduction by D. G. Hogarth and notes by V. H. Collins. Frowde. 60 cents.

Lawson, Lady. Highways and Homes of Japan. Stokes.

Leonard, J. W. History of the City of New York, 1609-1909. Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.

Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings. Edited, with introduction, etc., by C. R. Gaston. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Meredith, Junior. The Heiress of Cranham Hall. Broadway Publishing Co.

Parker, H. Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon, collected and translated. Vol. I. London: Luzac.

Pennington, A. S. The Argentine Republic. Stokes.

Scott's The Fortunes of Nigel; The Abbott. Frowde.

Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream. Introduction and notes by H. N. Hudson. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Stebbing, W. Five Centuries of English Verse. (Previously published under title of "The Poets: Chaucer to Tennyson.") 2 vols. Frowde.

Stevens, G. T. An Illustrated Guide to the Flowering Plants of the Middle Atlantic and New England States. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Tortugas. Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Vol. IV.

Turner, J. K. Barbarous Mexico. Chicago; Kerr. $1.50.

Wegefarth, W. D. Smiles and Sighs. (Poems.) Chicago: Carrie Jacobs-Bond & Son.

Wenley, R. M. Kant and His Philosophical Revolution. Scribner. $1.25.

Xenophon's Anabasis, Books I-IV. Edited by M. W. Mather and J. W. Hewitt. American Book Co. $1.50.

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